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# **'THE DIVINE COMEDY.**

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THE DIVINE COMEDY

OF

DANTE ALIGHIERI

TRANSLATED IN TERZA RIMA

BY

JOHN DAYMAN, M.A.

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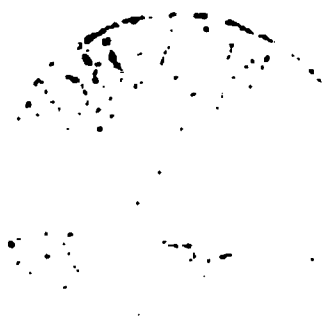
1865.



**BODL. LIB.  
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TO ALL  
WHO SPEAK AND LOVE  
THE LANGUAGES OF ITALY AND ENGLAND  
THIS VERSION IN TERZA RIMA  
OF  
THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE  
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED  
BY  
THE TRANSLATOR.





## PREFACE.

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THE FIRST PART of this translation, the 'Inferno,' was published in the year 1843. The 'Purgatorio' was finished in MS. in 1852, the 'Paradiso' at the end of 1864; and the whole is now given to the public in the sexcentenary of the Poet's birth. I do not intend to occupy the reader's time with any detail of the domestic afflictions or professional avocations which have interrupted the progress of the work; still less to offer these as an excuse for its imperfections. I have bestowed as much time and pains as I justifiably could on its completion, and the whole has been a labour of love. In truth, the Father of modern poetry is an edifying as well as pleasant companion; to commune with him in leisure hours is to seek an influence qualified to elevate no less than to refine. The grandeur of Dante's general conception, his boldness of imagery, his fertility of invention and illustration, his profound reflections on human life and character, his wonderful command of a language almost in its infancy, but which his master-hand has wielded to express at will the sublime and the terrible or the tender and pathetic—these are merits universally acknowledged in him by all who enjoy his great poem. But, perhaps, only those students whose researches have made them acquainted with the poetical literature fashionable throughout Europe in his age, and who have compared him with the later writers of whom Italy, for other reasons, is justly proud, can fully appreciate that unrivalled *purity* of mind which distinguishes the mighty Florentine. Here Dante stands alone; as far removed from Boccaccio,

Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso, as he is from the *lais* and *sirventes* of the Provençal troubadour; dealing by his example a rebuke to his successors as pungent as any which his pen has inflicted on delinquents of his own times.

In attempting to make the 'Divina Commedia' better known to English readers, it might have been held only a fitting mark of deference to my original to reproduce it, if practicable, in the metre of the poet's own choice. But on the appearance of my 'Inferno,' its Terza Rima was denounced as the one 'deleterious ingredient' which corrupted the version throughout, and as placing it on this very principle in disadvantageous contrast to Mr. Cary's. In self-defence, therefore, I may be allowed to enter more fully into the question of metrical structure as subservient to a poet's object generally, and in particular to that of Dante.

Augustus William Schlegel, in his Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature, while combating the false opinion too long received amongst us, that Shakspeare wanted art, lays down this important maxim of æsthetics. 'The poetic spirit requires to be limited, that it may move within its range with a becoming liberty; as has been felt by all nations on the first invention of metre. It must act according to laws derivable from its own essence, otherwise its strength will be evaporated in boundless variety. . . . The works of genius cannot, therefore, be allowed to be without form; but of this there is no danger. That we may answer this objection of want of form, we must first come to an understanding respecting the meaning of form, which most critics, and most especially those who insist on a stiff regularity, understand merely in a mechanical and not in an organical sense. Form is *mechanical*, when through external influence it is communicated to the material merely as an accidental addition, without reference to its quality; as, for example, when we give a particular shape to a soft mass that it may retain the same after its induration. *Organical* form, on the contrary, is innate; it unfolds itself from within, and acquires its

determination along with the complete development of the germ. We discover such forms in nature throughout the whole range of living powers, from the crystallisation of salts and minerals to plants and flowers, and from them to the human figure. In the fine arts, as well as in the province of Nature, the highest artist, all genuine forms are organical, that is, determined by the quality of the work. In a word, the form is nothing but a significant exterior, the speaking physiognomy of each thing . . . which gives a true evidence of its hidden essence.'

In order to illustrate his principle (of which he may have borrowed the first hint from Coleridge\*), Schlegel, in an elaborate analysis of *Romeo and Juliet*, exhibits the thorough formation of a work, even in its minutest part, according to a leading idea; the dominion of the 'animating spirit over all the means of execution.'

To verify this canon of sound criticism as fully as it deserves, would lead me beyond the legitimate bounds of a preface: I can only indicate its correctness by a few examples taken from ancient and modern poetry.

We know from contemporary evidence that the great masters who founded and perfected the Attic drama were sedulously observant of metre as an instrument of expression. Notwithstanding the obscurity in which a large portion of their lyric rhythms is now involved, enough remains intelligible to fill us with admiration for that exquisite nicety of ear with which they adapted sound to sense. Let the classical reader turn to the closing scene in the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus, and ask himself why, commencing with a rush of anapæsts which demands utterance even more than commonly rapid, the poet suddenly, and out of its usual place, intrudes the pause of a monometer? It is, that he may arrest us to listen, in breathless suspense, for the shock of that earthquake, in which his Titan hero is to disappear. Or take the opening of the first Chorus in the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles; who is not thrilled by a mysterious awe from

\* *Liter. Remains*, vol. ii. p. 150.

the march of its dactylic hexameters, as they come sounding to him the very echoes of that Delphic oracle which they welcome, though with trembling, into Thebes? In that age, indeed, when Attic genius was at its zenith, when Pericles ruled and Phidias sculptured, when Thucydides wrote history and Sophocles tragedy, the critics of the day carried their ideas of the importance belonging to metre and its changes so far that, in his comedy of the Frogs, Aristophanes heaps bitter reproach on Euripides as a wilful corrupter of the tragic choral verse: he had, it seems, enervated it by rhythms of an effeminacy such as might chime in with his vulgarised cast of plot and characters, and with the laxity of moral and religious sentiment, by which he had degraded his art from its lofty ideal grandeur.

Now to the exactness of ancient metrical structure we moderns have no pretension. That finely balanced system of *quantity*, which assigned its own value to every syllable, nay, to every letter of every word, according to its position in the verse, is as much a thing of the past, as the Roman legionary camp with its parallel streets and minuteness of distribution. Those strict canons of prosody, which lopped off all redundancies, and tolerated no defective member—which, while they counted no part unimportant, yet sternly subordinated each to the perfection of the one harmonious whole—affect our poetry no more than the laws of Solon or of the Twelve Tables affect our property or life. And if we may discern in the framework of classical versification, as in classical architecture, a faithful reflection of their political and social condition—if in one, as in the other, the value of any one part was regulated solely by its relation to the whole—if the syllable or word was as rigidly subject to the line or strophe, as the individuality of the citizen was sunk in the state, we shall then understand how such a revolution in the laws of song was inevitable.

Even while Latin was still the language of the civilised world, the barriers of its prosody were burst by the uncon-

trollable impulses of a new and authoritative faith.\* Already the early Christian poets had begun to disregard *quantity*, to replace it with *accent* and with *rhyme*, and the wound thus dealt was soon rendered incurable by the incursions of barbarian dialects in all their rugged freedom, until the Latin tongue itself broke up to mingle with them, and absolute dominion over the realm of poetry, as over the provinces of her material empire, was wrested from the grasp of Rome.

I cannot here pursue the enquiry, how far our modern partiality to rhyme may be, in its turn, the true instinctive exponent of our altered habitudes of thought, and feeling, and spiritual aspiration. Something of deeper significance than is commonly supposed may underlie a principle of versification so widely accepted. It is remarkable that, while our rhymed poetry leaves each member of the single line comparatively independent of its neighbours, *the verses themselves are less so than before*. The expectation of terminal consonances is ever leading the reader onwards to a farther goal, as it were, of the poet's aim. And this principle is still more developed in the *quatrain*, acknowledged in its mournful but musical cadences to be the proper vehicle of elegiac feeling.

But from whatever cause it sprung, the change of metrical structure was, so far as it went, complete, and, in spite of recent attempts in English and German, is I believe destined to be lasting. Two compensative agents, *rhyme* and *alliteration*, were adopted, sometimes separately, sometimes in conjunction, by the innovators, whether they wrote in Latin or in their vernacular idiom. Each was carried to excess in the infancy of the new style; but each to this day maintains a powerful influence on the imagination. And if in the 'progress of poesy,' the order of the physical creation may seem to have been reversed, and the more perfect form to have preceded the less perfect, yet we may well be content to accept this latter, endeared to us by so many effusions of genius and taste.

\* See on this subject, Archbishop Trench's Introduction to his Collection of Sacred Latin Poetry.



The mollusc, though it cannot boast the intrinsic excellence of a vertebrated framework, has often room within its simpler external covering to exercise life and energy sufficient for all its wants; and its hold on the everlasting rock is tighter than human foot could fasten.

It must not, however, be forgotten that if we have lost the *prosody* of the ancients, we adopted and still retain several of their *rhythms*. In the employment of these the modern muse can find ample scope for the embodiment of her moods, various as they may be. Even where the metre of two poems is generically the same, a difference of aim in their respective authors will develope itself in distinctions of cadence, nice, perhaps, and subtle, yet perceptible to the critical mind as that 'speaking physiognomy' which indicates 'the hidden essence.' Let the English reader, with this object, compare two of the finest lyrics which our nineteenth century has produced, Wolfe's 'Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore,' and Byron's Hebrew Melody on the Destruction of Sennacherib's Army. In both, the predominant foot is the same—a scholar would not hesitate to class them as radically anapæstic. Yet in the former, how beautifully has the instinct of genius marked for us, by rhythmical pauses, doubt and caution mingling with hot haste—a painful apprehension on the senses of the bystanders from an enemy near at hand—on their minds, from evil tongues at home; while in the latter, one impetuous torrent of song, without stop or pause, brings down the rush of the invading host and the swoop of the destroying angel, each in its turn, as irresistible.

Enough, I trust, has been produced to exemplify Schlegel's axiom, that the true poet is sure to find appropriate form in which to convey his idea. It could be as easily, but not so pleasantly, demonstrated by its contrary. One has only to turn to some popular hymn-book to find lilting, jiggish measures utterly discordant from the solemn nature of their subjects, and grating on the ear and mind with a painful sense of irreverence. But I pass on from these general illustrations to apply the rule in particular to Dante and his 'Divina Commedia.'

The tripartite arrangement of Dante's great poem may, doubtless, be ascribed to his belief as a Roman Catholic in the nature of the intermediate state between this life and the next. But the same reasoning will hardly account for his evident preference of *ternary* structure throughout. The proper action of the poem begins at the last line of the first or introductory canto, and is thence continued through thirty-three in Hell; thirty-three on the Mount of Purgatory, and thirty-three in Paradise. Hell is divided into *nine* circles ( $3 \times 3$ ); the Mountain into the like number of stages, including the Base, round which the Negligent wander, and the Summit, which is occupied by the garden of Eden; the remainder containing those spirits who, on *seven* separate ledges, are doing penance for the seven deadly sins. Again, *nine* celestial spheres,—viz. seven planets, the region of fixed stars, and the Primum Mobile—conduct the poet into the Divine Presence, where all is, as it were, summed up in the Vision of the Almighty. Now are these coincidences accidental? Are they due to the mere caprice of the author? I could as easily believe it a chance, that each main division of Dante's threefold song ends with the same word, '*stelle*.'

They are all evidently developments of his 'leading idea,' they are so many workings of the 'animating spirit' within. That leading idea was THE GLORY OF THE TRIUNE GOD. For Dante was by deliberate conviction, in heart and soul (to venture on a word our orthodox theology seems to want), a *Triunitarian*. The doctrine of Jehovah manifest in Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, was the very main-spring of his 'sacred poem.' This doctrine meets us at the outset in the celebrated inscription over the gate of hell; in the third canto of the 'Purgatory' it is formally attested by Virgil; in the 'Paradise,' as might be expected, it is again and again presented; and finally realised in the Beatific Vision of our poet pilgrim, when he stands face to face with his Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier in highest Heaven.

What then so natural—what, on Schlegel's principle, so *necessary*—to Dante, as the adoption of a vehicle which, by the consonance of its terminations perpetually drawing

*three* verses into *one* metrical whole, should keep the predominant thought of the poet ever before his readers? Such a structure he certainly *has* chosen, and it stamps his work throughout with that image which he had proposed to himself as its climax. Consequently, any version in any language, whatever its other merits, which neglects this essential element of the poet's plan, must so far fall short of transfusing his spirit.

I may further urge, in support of these views, how appropriate is the ever-recurring cadence of the Terza Rima to that *orbicular* construction within which the poet's visions successively present themselves. Its circling movement once begun, and thenceforward continuous at the author's will, being, so to speak, intrinsically *unlimited*, is perhaps, of all rhymed forms which human genius could have devised, the one best fitted to suggest the *illimitable*.

Nor is the soundness of this theory affected by the success or failure of this present translation. The rule may still hold good, that the spirit of the mighty departed can only be invoked within his proper circle, though the hand which has attempted to trace that circle here should prove too little an adept in the magic of song, or too feeble and timid, to execute a task so perilous. The Terza Rima may still be that metrical hexagon, based on its triangle, which, of conceivable figures, is fittest to fill all space, even if no instincts but those of the Attic bee can rightly construct and replenish it with honey.

Yet it is not pretended that Dante was the first to whom the triple rhyme offered itself as the appropriate form for expressing Christian mysteries. The following magnificent hymn by an early ornament of the Church, whom the poet encounters in Paradise, will perhaps throw some light upon this subject. For the English reader I have translated it below.

## DE GLORIA ET GAUDIIS PARADISI.

DAMIANI.

Ad perennis vitæ fontem mens sitivit avida,  
 Claustra carnis præsto frangi clausa quærit anima;  
 Gliscit, ambit, eluctatur, exul frui patria.

Dum pressuris et ærumnis se gemit obnoxiam,  
 Quam amisit, dum deliquit, contemplatur gloriam.  
 Præsens malum auget boni perditæ memoriam.

Nam quis promat summæ pacis quanta sit lætitia?  
 Ubi vivis margaritis surgunt ædificia,  
 Auro celsa micant tecta, radiant triclinia!

Solis gemmis pretiosis hæc structura nectitur,  
 Auro mundo, tanquam vitro, urbis via sternitur;  
 Abest limus, deest fimus, lues \* nulla cernitur.

Hiems horrens, æstus torrens, illic nunquam sæviunt;  
 Flos perpetuus rosarum ver agit perpetuum,  
 Candent lilia, rubescit crocus, sudat balsamum.

Virent prata, vernant sata, rivi mellis influunt;  
 Pigmentorum spirat odor, liquor et aromatum;  
 Pendent poma floridorum non lapsura nemorum.

Non alternat luna vices, sol, vel cursus siderum;  
 Agnus est felicitatis urbis lumen inocciduum,  
 Nox et tempus desunt ei; diem fert continuum.

Nam et sancti quique velut sol præclarus rutilant,  
 Post triumphum coronati mutue conjubilant,  
 Et prostrati pugnas hostis jam securi numerant.

Omni labe defæcati carnis bella nesciunt,  
 Caro facta spiritalis et mens unum sentiunt,  
 Pace multa perfruentes scandalum non perferunt.

Mutabilibus exuti repetunt originem,  
 Et præsentem veritatis contemplantur speciem;  
 Hinc vitalem vivi fontis hauriunt dulcedinem.

Inde statum semper idem existendi capiunt,  
 Clari, vividi, jucundi, nullis patent casibus;  
 Absunt morbi semper sanis, senectus juvenibus.

\* Nix liquefacta.

Hinc perenne tenent esse, nam transire transiit ;  
 Inde virent, vigent, florent ; corruptela corrui,  
 Immortalitatis vigor mortis jus absorbuit.

Qui scientem cuncta sciunt, quid nescire nequeunt ;  
 Nam et pectoris arcana penetrant alterutrum ;  
 Unum volunt, unum nolunt, unitas est mentium.

Sicut cuiquam sit diversum pro labore meritum ;  
 Caritas hoc facit suum quod amat in altero,  
 Proprium sic singulorum fit commune omnium.

Ubi corpus, illic jure congregantur aquilæ,  
 Quo cum angelis et sanctæ recreantur animæ ;  
 Uno pane vivunt cives utriusque patriæ.

Avidi et semper pleni, quod habent desiderant,  
 Non satietas fastidit, neque fames cruciat ;  
 Inhiantes semper edunt, et edentes inhiant.

Novas semper melodias vox meloda concrepat,  
 Et in jubilum prolata mulcent aures organa,  
 Digna, per quem sunt victores, Regi dant præconia.

Felix cœli quæ præsentem Regem cernit anima,  
 Et sub sede spectat alta orbis volvi machinam,  
 Solem, lunam, et globosa cum planetis sidera.

Christe, palma bellatorum, hoc in municipium  
 Introduc me post solutum militare cingulum,  
 Fac consortem donativi beatorum civium.

Præbe vires inexhausto laboranti proelio,  
 Nec quietem post procinctum deneges emerito,  
 Teque merear potiri sine fine præmio.

#### OF THE GLORIES AND THE JOYS OF PARADISE.

FOR the fount of life eternal thirstily the spirit yearns ;  
 Swift the soul to break her prison in the flesh, a prisoner, burns,  
 And, like panting, writhing, struggling exile, homeward ever turns.

While she groans beneath her burden, sorrow-laden, tempest-tost,  
 Still she contemplates the glory that her old rebellion cost,  
 And the present curse enhanceth memory of the blessing lost.

Who shall dare the joyous fulness of celestial peace unfold,  
Round whose palace-courts, uprising, lines of living pearls are told,  
Towers and roofs and festal couches blend a radiance all gold ?

In that fabric's artful jointure costly gems alone are seen ;  
Purest gold, the city's pavement, there reflects a crystal sheen :  
Filth it knows not, mire allows not ;—thaw nor mud nor aught unclean.

Winter searching, summer scorching, never wreak their fury there ;  
Bloom of roses buds unfailing for unfailing spring to wear ;  
Balm is gushing, saffron blushing, lily blanching ever fair.

Meadows showing green, and growing corn, with honied rills are fed ;  
Perfumed breath of unguent odours,—liquid spice—around is shed :  
While with fruit that falleth never flowery groves bend overhead.

Sun, nor moon, nor starry course, do changing seasons there obey,  
For the Lamb is that blest city's light of undeclining ray ;  
He, o'er night and time triumphant, bringeth in perpetual day.

Nay, His saints are each one shining as the sun's meridian glow :  
Crowned by victor's wreath, in loud hosannas now their greetings flow ;  
And at last secure they number conflicts of the prostrate foe.

Pure from all alloy, they know the warfare of the flesh no more ;  
Mind with body raised to spirit feels her union at the core ;  
They, in perfect peace reposing, bear not now the cross they bore.

To their native source they gather, freed from all things mutable ;  
There, embodied truth in presence ever contemplating, dwell ;  
Thence imbibe a vital sweetness, drinking deep at living well.

Thus derived, unaltered being is their gracious heritage :  
Full of light and life and gladness, they can smile at fortune's rage ;  
Health untainted by diseases—youth is theirs untouched by age.

Hence their hold, To Be for ever : all that passeth now is past :  
Theirs to freshen, thrive, and flourish, sinful slough behind them cast ;  
Vigour of the life undying swallows up the death-due last.

Knowing Him that knoweth all things, nought can be to them  
unknown,  
For they fathom each another's inmost secrets as his own ;  
One thing will they, One thing nill they—consciously their minds  
are one.

4

Though to each a differing guerdon do his labours' rate recal,  
 Love, the good she loves in other, to her own share maketh fall;  
 Thus the several gains of many turn to common wealth of all.

Where the Body lies, must eagles flocking come by right of kind;  
 Saintly souls on That are nourished, with angelic hosts combined:  
 Denizens of earth or heaven, One the bread of life they find.

Craving still, and still replenished, what they covet they possess;  
 As their fulness hath no loathing, so their hunger no distress:  
 Always ope they longing mouths to feed, nor, feeding, long the less.

Ever new the voice of music makes harmonious anthems ring,  
 Long-drawn swell of solemn organs charmed ears enrapturing;  
 To the King by whom they conquered hymning worthy praise they  
     sing.

Gazing on that kingly Presence throned in heaven, how blest the soul!  
 While beneath her feet she views this universal framework roll,  
 Sun, and moon, and, mixed with planets, sphery stars, from pole to  
     pole.

Christ, thou palm of holy warriors, entrance to my spirit give,  
 Once my soldier's-belt unbuckled, freeman of this guild to live:  
 Make me with those happy dwellers partner in thy donative.

While I toil in unexhausted battle, thou the strength afford:  
 Nor, when war's alarms are over, grudge thy veteran rest, O Lord:  
 Thee to earn, I serve—be thou for endless ages my reward.

April 2, 1859.

Those who are familiar with the 'Paradise' must see that Dante has more than once availed himself of Damiani's ideas; a fact which lends still more countenance to the presumption that he might borrow a hint from its metrical vehicle also, with such variation as suited his main design. But, indeed, the *Terza Rima* had itself been already employed in Italian poetry, by one at least of Dante's immediate predecessors, that Fra Guittone d'Arezzo, who is noticed in the 'Purgatory,' c. xxiv. v. 56, and whose poems fill the eighth volume of the '*Raccolta de' Giunti*, 1527.'

This attempt to elucidate a point which has not, to my knowledge, been handled by any previous critic, leaves



little room for further remarks here. The obligations of our Milton to the great Florentine are well known, and the genius of Lord Macaulay has been worthily employed in comparing the two. The English poet, as if even his wings grew damp under the sombre influences of our climate (he himself pathetically deplores the chilling *moral* darkness which had gathered over his latter days) falls far short of that *distinctness* of vision in which Dante has presented his journey to the spirit-world. In Dante, the secrets of the gloomiest abyss stand forth in outlines so sharp and clear, that we could fancy the skies of his native Italy were penetrating with him into the depths he fathoms; while the mysteries, sublime as they are, into which Milton initiates us, may only be witnessed by torchlight.

But Dante's age no less than his climate—the age of Cimabue and Giotto—was favourable to this vividness of portraiture. A profound thinker of our own day\* has pointed out, as the distinguishing feature of the Feudal society, the consciousness of personal importance. He assigns to it as a salutary result, the freedom and fulness of individual energy; so that, according to him, if Feudalism did little for the mass, as such, she did much for the atoms that compose it. Now this personal importance and energy largely help to weave the web of the 'Divina Commedia;' studied under such an aspect it becomes the instructive exhibition of internal springs which were moving mankind in the poet's times. His perpetual appeal, for instance, to the love of distinction as surviving even the torments of hell—the grounds on which some of the dead entertain, others reject, that appeal—all forcibly illustrate the peculiar feeling of the society in and for which he was writing. In fact, as a great poet is the interpreter no less than the teacher of his age, it is no disparagement to Dante that we partly attribute to the spirit of his times that bold and striking *individuality* which stamps his characters as compared with those of Tasso or

\* Guizot, on European Civilisation, Lecture III.

Milton ; and that, too, in spite of the advantage which the latter derive from their plan, allowing them to exhibit their heroes in varied and continuous action.

Another peculiarity of Dante, tending to the same result, but affecting style rather than matter, is the *unvarnished homeliness* of many of his images. There was once in repute with us a whole school of critics, servile followers of French authorities, who would have condemned this as below the dignity of any poem higher than burlesque. But those similes only deepen our impression of the terrible reality of the poet's vision ; in them, as in Hamlet's equally *undignified* apostrophes to his father's ghost throughout the harrowing oath-scene, one feels how the wonders of a world beyond have identified themselves already with the speaker's daily existence, and therefore are become 'familiar in his mouth as household words.'

The last quality to which I shall advert in our poet, is the skill with which he has availed himself of that sole indigenous element derivable from his prototypes, whether Latin or Etruscan—the *satirical*. This, naturally the meanest and most prosaic of all, becomes in his hands a chief agent for creating the sublime and the terrific. Nor can we fail to observe how much the structure of his tiercet helps him here, by giving to his sarcasms the epigrammatic point and finish, which evaporate and are lost wherever rhyme, his chosen rhyme, is discarded.

But as to Dante's use of bitter irony itself, let the reader study the tale told by Guido di Montefeltro in Canto xxvii. of the *Inferno*, and ponder well the lesson it enforces. Were we as well persuaded of Shakspeare's acquaintance with the 'Divina Commedia' as we are of Goethe's, we might believe the germs of two, the most tremendous of poetical conceptions, Iago and Mephistopheles, to have been gathered from the depths of Dante's hell.

The Italian text (which has been printed to satisfy the scholar in that language, that I have endeavoured to produce a faithful translation) is generally that of Brunetti, itself

a reprint from the Florentine edition of 1839. In justice to myself, no less than to others, I have abstained throughout from making any acquaintance with other English versions; and the candid reader will ascribe whatever coincidences he may discover to our common original.

Of the strange hypothesis of a *gergo*, and an anti-papal intention in Dante, on which S. Rossetti has bestowed, and I think wasted, so much time and ingenuity, the poem itself, carefully studied, will furnish the best refutation. But though Dante was too devoted an Italian, as well as Churchman, to attempt the overthrow of the Papacy, those very feelings made him loathe the spectacle of pontiffs migrating to Avignon to become stipendiaries and dependents of France; while his disgust at the simony and other corruptions then so prevalent might reasonably lead him to assume a character, and adopt a language, not even yet so palatable to English taste as they will be—those of A CONSERVATIVE CHURCH REFORMER.

It remains to add, that the great Father of Modern Poetry was born at Florence, May 8, A.D. 1265, of noble parentage, and in his earlier days was attached to the Guelph party there. He was present at the battle of Campaldino, fought in June, A.D. 1289, and soon after married Gemma Donati. In A.D. 1300 he was elected one of the Priori, and carried a law for the temporary expatriation of the chiefs of the Bianchi and Neri. The latter of these two factions induced Pope Boniface VIII. to send Charles of Valois, brother of Philippe le Bel, to Florence in the professed character of peace-maker; but with his connivance they obtained a general proscription of their rivals, and in January, A.D. 1302, Dante was condemned to a fine and two years' exile, which sentence was changed in the March following to that of death by burning. The poet then became a wanderer, chiefly in Northern Italy, cherishing hopes of his restoration, which all eventually failed him; and he died at Ravenna, September 14, A.D. 1321.

SKELTON RECTORY :

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# CONTENTS.



## THE INFERNO.

- C. I. Dante finds himself astray in the Wood. Apparition of certain wild Beasts. The shade of the Poet Virgil presents itself, and invites Dante to follow. . . . . PAGE 3
- C. II. Invocation of the Author's Genius. Dante suggests a Doubt, which is resolved by Virgil giving account of the Commission he had received from Beatrice; and the two Poets advance on their Journey . . . . . 11
- C. III. Inscription over the gate of Hell. Punishment of the Slothful. Arrival of the Travellers on the bank of Acheron, and their interview with Charon . . . . . 19
- C. IV. The first Circle of Hell. Limbo. Meeting of the Poets; enumeration of the Ancient Worthies here seen by Dante . . . . . 25
- C. V. Judgment-seat of Minos. Second Circle of Hell, and Punishment of the Incontinent. Story of Francesca di Rimini . . . . . 35
- C. VI. Third Circle of Hell. Cerberus. Punishment of the Gluttons, among whom is found one Ciaccio, a Florentine: from him Dante obtains certain Information respecting their native Town . . . . . 43
- C. VII. Fourth Circle of Hell. Plutus. Punishments of the Prodigal and the Avaricious. The Lake of Styx in the Fifth Circle of Hell. Punishment of the Irascible . . . . . 49
- C. VIII. Fifth Circle of Hell continued. The Poets embark with Phlegyas. Encounter with Philip Argenti, and Arrival before the Dolorous City . . . . . 55
- C. IX. Vision of the three Furies. Descent of an Angel to the help of the Poets. Sixth Circle of Hell, and Punishment of the Unbelieving . . . . . 63
- C. X. Sixth Circle of Hell continued. Meeting with Farinata degli Uberti and Cavalcante dei Cavalcanti, the former of whom predicts the exile of Dante from Florence . . . . . 71
- C. XI. Sixth Circle of Hell continued. Tomb of Pope Anastasius. Virgil

describes to Dante, as they journey downwards, the Crimes punished in the three remaining Circles . . . . .	PAGE 79
C. XII. Descent to the Seventh Circle of Hell. The Minotaur. Punishment of the Violent against their Neighbour. Parley with three Centaurs, and forage of the River of Blood . . . . .	85
C. XIII. Second Division of the Seventh Circle of Hell. Punishment of the Violent against themselves. The Harpies. Interview with Pier delle Vigne. Chase of two shades by Hell-hounds . . . . .	93
C. XIV. Third Division of the Seventh Circle of Hell. Punishment of the Violent against God, Nature, and Art. Capaneus. Origin of the Infernal Rivers . . . . .	103
C. XV. Third Division of the Seventh Circle of Hell continued. Meeting with Brunetto Latini, who foretells the exile of Dante . . . . .	111
C. XVI. Third Division of the Seventh Circle of Hell continued. Interview with Guidoguerra, Aldobrandi, and Rusticucci. Apparition of a monstrous shape from below . . . . .	117
C. XVII. Geryon. The Violent against Art. The Descent of the Poets from the Seventh to the Eighth Circle of Hell . . . . .	125
C. XVIII. Eighth Circle of Hell. Malebolge. First Pouch. Punishment of Seducers. Second Pouch. Punishment of Flatterers . . . . .	133
C. XIX. Third Pouch. Punishment of the Simoniacal. Conversation with Pope Nicholas III. . . . .	139
C. XX. Fourth Pouch. Punishment of the Soothsayers. Legend of Manto, and the Foundation of Mantua . . . . .	149
C. XXI. Fifth Pouch. Punishment of the Peculators. Virgil's parley with the Malebranche, a band of whom escorts the Poets . . . . .	157
C. XXII. Fifth Pouch continued. Cunning displayed by a Navarrese to elude the vengeance of the Malebranche. Their consequent scuffle and separation from the Poets . . . . .	163
C. XXIII. Pursuit of the Poets by the Demons. Sixth Pouch. Punishment of Hypocrites. Frati Godenti of Bologna. Caiaphas . . . . .	171
C. XXIV. The Poets recover their footing on the Bridge of the Seventh Pouch. Punishment of Robbers. Wonderful Transformation. Prophecy of Vanni Fucci . . . . .	179
C. XXV. Seventh Pouch continued. Apparition of the Centaur Cacus. Encounter with three Florentine Spirits, two of whom undergo a strange metamorphosis . . . . .	187
C. XXVI. Eighth Pouch. Punishment of False Counsellors. Spirits of Ulysses and Diomed, the former of whom relates the manner of his own death . . . . .	195
C. XXVII. Eighth Pouch continued. Count Guido di Montefeltro receives from Dante news of Romagna, and in return describes the cause of his own condemnation to this place . . . . .	203
C. XXVIII. Ninth Pouch. Punishment of Schismatics and Causers of Divisions. Mahomet. Pier di Medicina. Bertrand de Born . . . . .	211
C. XXIX. Dante sees his kinsman, Geri del Bello. Tenth Pouch. Punishment of the Alchymists. Griffolino and Capocchio . . . . .	219
C. XXX. Tenth Pouch continued. Punishment of Forgers and Coiners. Quarrel between Master Adam and Sinon . . . . .	227

- C. XXXI. Vision of the Giants around the Wall of the Ninth Circle of Hell. Horn of Nimrod. Ephialtes. The Poets are conveyed by Antæus to the Ninth Circle. . . . . PAGE 235
- C. XXXII. Ninth Circle of Hell, divided into four compartments, each within the other. Cäina, the place of such as betrayed their kindred. Camicion de' Pazzi. Antenora, place of the betrayers of their country. Bocca degli Abati . . . . . 243
- C. XXXIII. Count Ugolino. Tolommea, place of those who betrayed such as trusted them. Frate Alberigo. The living found among the dead . . . . . 251
- C. XXXIV. Giudecca, place of the betrayers of their benefactors. Vision of Lucifer and his three victims. Passage of the centre of Earth, and return of the Poets to upper air . . . . . 259

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## PURGATORY.

- C. I. The Poets meet with Cato the Younger, who instructs them in the requisite process for pursuing their journey . . . . . 271
- C. II. An Angel ferries the souls over the sea to the Hill of Purgatory. Interview with Casella. The reproof of Cato . . . . . 277
- C. III. Dante feels alarm at seeing no shadow fall from Virgil. Approach to the mountain. Company of the Negligent. Manfred of Sicily . . . . . 285
- C. IV. The poets begin to climb the hill. Dante's weariness. Astronomical results of the site of Purgatory. Others of the Negligent. Balacqua . . . . . 293
- C. V. Virgil's rebuke. Souls singing the Miserere. Interview with Buonconte de Montefeltro and others . . . . . 299
- C. VI. The Poets leave the Negligent. Pierre de la Brosse. Meeting with Sordello. Apostrophe to Italy . . . . . 307
- C. VII. Sordello converses with Virgil. The Poets halt during the night. Sordello describes the Emperor Rodolph and other monarchs 315
- C. VIII. Visit of two guardian angels. The poets descend into a hollow. Meeting with Nino da Gallura. The serpent foiled . . . . . 323
- C. IX. Dante in a dream is carried by an Eagle upwards, and on waking is informed by Virgil how his dream has been realised. The portal of Purgatory and its angelic guardian . . . . . 331
- C. X. The poets enter Purgatory. Sculptures inculcating Humility. Souls of the Proud, and their appropriate penance . . . . . 339
- C. XI. Paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer. Dante meets with Humbert Aldobrandeschi; and with Oderisi the Illuminator. Provenzano Salvani . . . . . 345
- C. XII. The Poets in their journey traverse a pavement sculptured with subjects from sacred and profane history, and from mythology. They meet an angelic guide . . . . . 353
- C. XIII. Second stage of Purgatory. Penance of the Envious. Meeting with Sapia . . . . . 361



- C. XIV. The poets encounter Guy del Duca and Reignier de Calboli. Satirical description of the course of the Arno. Voices of Cain and Aglauros . . . . . PAGE 369
- C. XV. Evening. Approach of an Angel. Conversation of the Poets. Dante's Vision . . . . . 377
- C. XVI. Penance of the Irascible. Conference with Mark of Lombardy. Erroneous notion of the influence of the stars exposed. Papal aggression . . . . . 385
- C. XVII. The Poets emerge from the smoke, and mount to the Fourth Circle. Visions of the Revengeful. Discourse of Virgil on Love, how perverted . . . . . 393
- C. XVIII. Farther discourse of Virgil on Love and Free-will. Penance of the Slothful. Abbot of San Zeno . . . . . 399
- C. XIX. Vision of False Happiness. An Angel conducts them to the Fifth Circle. Penance of the Avaricious. Pope Adrian V. 407
- C. XX. Apostrophe to Avarice. Interview with Hugh Capet. His description of his successors. Earthquake on the mount . 415
- C. XXI. The Poets are joined by the Spirit of Statius, who accompanies them, and relates his story, and the cause of the earthquake 423
- C. XXII. The Poets journey upward to the Sixth Circle. Statius sets Virgil right regarding his cause of penance, and continues his story. Mysterious Tree and Spring . . . . . 431
- C. XXIII. The Poets meet with Foresé, who severely censures the manners of the women of Florence . . . . . 439
- C. XXIV. Dante obtains further information from Foresé. The Poets approach another Tree, and are invited by an Angel to climb higher . . . . . 445
- C. XXV. The Poets approach the last circle of the Hill of Purgatory. Penance of the Incontinent. Metaphysical discourse of Statius . . . . . 453
- C. XXVI. Dante meets here with Guido Guinicelli, and the Provençal Arnault Daniel. . . . . 461
- C. XXVII. Virgil remonstrates with Dante on his dread of the fire around them. The vision of Leah. The Poets ascend to the terrestrial Paradise, and Virgil releases Dante from his guidance . . . . . 469
- C. XXVIII. Dante, traversing the Terrestrial Paradise, reaches the bank of the River Lethe, where he sees Matilda gathering flowers, and is by her resolved of certain doubts . . . . . 475
- C. XXIX. The Poets and Matilda skirt the banks of the stream. Vision of the Seven Candlesticks. The Twenty-four Elders and the Chariot drawn by a Gryphon . . . . . 483
- C. XXX. Dante meets with Beatrice, and takes leave of Virgil. Her reproof of his inconstancy . . . . . 491
- C. XXXI. Beatrice extorts from Dante the confession of his fault, and, as soon as Matilda has bathed him in Lethe, unveils herself to him . . . . . 499
- C. XXXII. Dante accompanies Beatrice and the Celestial Train to the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. His sleep and vision 507

- C. XXXIII. Further communings of Dante with Beatrice. He drinks of the fountain Eunoë, and prepares to ascend to heaven  
PAGE 515

## PARADISE.

- C. I. Dante and Beatrice ascend from the Earthly Paradise to the First heaven. His amazement at the glories which encompass them. Beatrice answers him by expounding the order of the worlds 525
- C. II. Apostrophe of the Poet to his readers. Dante and Beatrice enter the First World, The Moon. Beatrice confutes the erroneous notion of the Poet concerning Dense and Rare . . . . . 531
- C. III. Vision of Spirits who failed to perform their vows. Interview with Piccarda, who explains the reason of their appointed place. The Empress Constance . . . . . 539
- C. IV. Beatrice expounds to Dante two questions: the first, of the actual and apparent Place of the Blessed; the second, of the Will of Man, both Absolute and Mixed . . . . . 545
- C. V. Beatrice continues her discourse on the nature of Vows. Ascent to the Heaven of the Planet Mercury, the Seat of the Famous, to one of whom Dante makes appeal . . . . . 553
- C. VI. The Emperor Justinian. Historic survey of the triumphs of the Roman Eagle. The Pilgrim Steward . . . . . 561
- C. VII. The Spirits disappear. Beatrice resolves a doubt conceived by Dante, and reasons on the Immortality of the Soul, and Resurrection of the Body . . . . . 569
- C. VIII. Ascent to the Heaven of the Planet Venus. The Poet converses with Charles Martel, King of Hungary, who reasons with him on the cause of Degeneracy in Race . . . . . 577
- C. IX. The Poet meets with Cunizza, sister of Azzolin the Cruel, who predicts the troubles about to fall on the March of Treviso, and with Fulke, Bishop of Toulouse . . . . . 585
- C. X. Dante treats of the order of Creation, and specially of the Solar path. Ascent of the Sun. He meets and listens to Thomas Aquinas describing his companions in that Heaven . . . . . 593
- C. XI. Thomas of Aquinum, reading the poet's thought by the aid of Divine intuition, relates to him the life of Saint Francis . . . . . 601
- C. XII. S. Bonaventura relates the life of S. Dominic to the Poet, and acquaints him with the names of some of his associates . . . . . 607
- C. XIII. Song and Dance of beatified Souls. Thomas Aquinas resumes his discourse to remove certain doubts in the Poet . . . . . 615
- C. XIV. Thomas Aquinas, at the request of Beatrice, clears up other questions for Dante. Ascent to the Fifth Heaven in the Planet Mars. Starry vision of the Crucifix . . . . . 623
- C. XV. The Poet's Interview with his ancestor Cacciaguida. Contrast of Ancient and Modern Florence . . . . . 629

- C. XVI. Cacciaguida recounts to Dante the Time and Place of his Birth, the amount and character of the Population then contained in Florence, and the Names of Families then flourishing but since decayed . . . . . PAGE 637
- C. XVII. Cacciaguida foretels the future exile and various sufferings of Dante, and finally exhorts him to compose his great Work . 647
- C. XVIII. The Glory of Beatrice enhanced. Ascent to the Sixth Heaven, the Planet Jupiter, seat of just Rulers. Vision of starry letters . . . . . 653
- C. XIX. The Poet's question concerning the possible salvation of the Unbaptized is answered; and the offence of several nominally Christian princes exposed . . . . . 661
- C. XX. The mystic Eagle names Six Spirits who form its eye, and resolves the Poet's doubt concerning two of them who were not acquainted with the Christian Faith . . . . . 669
- C. XXI. Ascent to the Heaven of the Planet Saturn, abode of the Contemplative. Vision of the celestial Ladder. Interview with Peter Damiani . . . . . 675
- C. XXII. Dante meets and converses with S. Benedict. He mounts the mysterious ladder, and enters the Eighth Sphere, that of the fixed stars, in the constellation Gemini . . . . . 683
- C. XXIII. Glorious Vision of the Triumph of Christ. Salutation of the Virgin Mary by the Saints . . . . . 691
- C. XXIV. Prayer of Beatrice. Descent of the Apostle Peter, who examines Dante respecting his Faith . . . . . 697
- C. XXV. The Apostle James appears, and examines Dante concerning his Hope, propounding three questions, of which the second is answered by Beatrice, the other two by Dante. Arrival of the Apostle John . . . . . 705
- C. XXVI. The Apostle John examines Dante respecting his Charity. Dante sees and communes with Adam . . . . . 713
- C. XXVII. Saint Peter indignantly exposes the corruptions of the Church of Rome. Ascent to the Ninth Heaven, of which Beatrice describes the nature . . . . . 719
- C. XXVIII. Vision of the Deity, the central point of the Angelic Hierarchy, of which the order and names are detailed by Beatrice to Dante . . . . . 727
- C. XXIX. Beatrice describes to Dante the cause and order of Creation in the Angelic ranks. Censure of the preachers his contemporaries . . . . . 735
- C. XXX. Ascent to the Empyrean. The Poet receives a miraculous gift of sight to look upon the Elect Angels and Saints . . 743
- C. XXXI. Description of the heavenly host of Angels and Saints. Beatrice ascends to her appointed throne, and in her stead Saint Bernard appears to Dante . . . . . 751
- C. XXXII. S. Bernard points out to Dante the place and degree of certain Saints of the Old and New Covenants, and resolves the Poet's doubt as to infants. Hymn of Praise to the Virgin . 757
- C. XXXIII. Bernard addresses his prayer to the Virgin. The Beatific Vision of Unity in Trinity is revealed to Dante . . . . . 765

## ERRATA.

INFERNO, C. v. line 141, *for hath read had.*  
 VI. „ 26, *before fist insert full.*  
 „ 69, *for both read doth.*  
 X. „ 47, *for sides read sires.*  
 XVI. „ 28, *transpose this and the.*  
 XVII. „ 54, *for now read not.*  
 XVIII. „ 97, *for sorts read sort.*  
 „ 121, *before memory insert if.*  
 XXI. „ 69, *put a comma after sound.*  
 XXII. „ 109, *put a speech-mark after beneath.*  
 XXIII. „ 75, *put a speech-mark after strange.*  
 XXV. „ 128, *for foot read face.*  
 XXIX. „ 27, *for bel read del.*  
 „ 51, *put a period after putrefy.*

PURGATORY, C. I. line 31, *for warden read warder.*  
 „ 72, *put a semicolon after sake.*  
 II. „ 21, *put a period after watch.*  
 VIII. „ 53, *erase the stop after breast.*  
 XI. „ 84, *for land read laud.*  
 „ 120, *for thee read thy.*  
 XIX. „ 19, *for sang read sung.*  
 XX. „ 33, *for heir read their.*  
 XXIV. „ 116, *for trees read tree.*  
 XXXI. „ 18, *put a comma after less.*

PARADISE, C. IX. line 64, *erase the stop after intent.*  
 „ 120, *for wrapt read rapt.*  
 X. „ 78, *put a comma after unshaken.*  
 „ 94, *put a period after powers.*  
 XX. „ 47, *erase the stop after gained.*  
 XXII. „ 67, *for nor read for.*  
 XXVI. „ 8, *for if read of.*  
 XXIX. „ 13, *for food read good.*



# L' INFERNO.



Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram,  
Perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna.

VIRG. *Æn.* vi.

## CANTO PRIMO.

*Il poeta trovasi in oscura foresta ; vuol salire un colle e trè fieri gli contrastan la via ; incontra l' ombra di Virgilio che l' incuora e promette guidarlo in Inferno e Purgatorio. Ambi pongonsi in cammino.*

NEL mezzo del cammin di nostra vita  
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,  
Che la diritta via era smarrita.  
Ahi quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura  
Questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte,  
Che nel pensier rinnova la paura !  
Tanto è amara, che poco è più morte :  
Ma per trattar del ben ch' i' vi trovai,  
Dirò dell' altre cose, ch' io v' ho scorte.  
I' non so ben ridir com' io v' entrai ;  
Tant' era pien di sonno in su quel punto,  
Che la verace via abbandonai.  
Ma poi ch' io fui al piè d' un colle giunto,  
Là ove terminava quella valle,  
Che m' avea di paura il cor compunto,  
Guardai 'n alto, e vidi le sue spalle  
Vestite già de' raggi del pianeta,  
Che mena dritto altrui per ogni calle.  
Allor fu la paura un poco queta,  
Che nel lago del cor m' era durata  
La notte, ch' i' passai con tanta pieta.  
E come quei, che con lena affannata  
Uscito fuor del pelago alla riva,  
Si volge all' acqua perigliosa, e guata ;  
Così l' animo mio, che ancor fuggiva,  
Si volse indietro a rimirar lo passo,  
Che non lasciò giammai persona viva.

<sup>1</sup> In his *Convito*, Dante has placed the acme of man's natural powers at the age of 35; and since it appears, from a passage in Canto xxi., that he supposes himself to have made his journey to the in-

visible world in A.D. 1300, the date which Boccaccio, Leonard Aretin, and others assign to his birth, A.D. 1265, is here confirmed by the poet himself.

<sup>2</sup> The thick wood is supposed to

## CANTO I.

**ARGUMENT.**—*Dante finds himself astray in a Wood. Apparition of certain wild Beasts. The Shade of the Poet Virgil presents itself, and invites Dante to follow.*

<sup>1</sup>MIDWAY the journey of our life along,  
I found me in a gloomy woodland dell,  
The right road all confounded with the wrong.  
Ay me ! how hard a thing it were to tell  
How rough and stern and savage showed the wood,  
Which, yet remembered, yet is terrible !  
Scarce bitterer death's bitter. But the good  
Which I therein discovered to unfold  
Aright, will I of other things prelude  
Encountered there. Yet ill by me were told  
How first I entered there, so full of sleep  
Was I, that moment when I ceased to hold  
The way of truth : <sup>2</sup> till pausing at a steep  
Whose foot I reached, the barrier of that glen  
Which caused my stricken heart with fear to leap,  
His beamy shoulders to mine upward ken  
Displayed the clothing of that planet sphere  
Which surely guides the feet of other men,  
Whate'er their track. Now calmer lay the fear  
Which chilled my ponded heart's blood round the core,  
That livelong night of agony so drear ;  
And like to him that, struggling late for shore  
With gasped breath, now on the perilous surge  
Turneth him round, and dreamily doth pore,  
So turned my soul, though terror-spurred to urge  
Her onward flight, and viewed the dark defile  
Whence never yet might living one emerge.

be the crowd of human passions  
and vices ; the slumber, that of the  
spirit overpowered by these ; the  
hill, that of virtue. Happily for  
his fame, however, the poet recurs

much more rarely to this allegory  
in the course of his grand poem,  
than the perverted ingenuity of his  
commentators has represented.



Poi ch' ebbi riposato il corpo lasso,  
 Ripresi via per la piaggia diserta,  
 Sì che il piè fermo sempre era il più basso ; 30  
 Ed ecco, quasi al cominciar dell' erta,  
 Una lonza leggiera e presta molto,  
 Che di pel maculato era coperta.  
 E non mi si partia dinanzi al volto ;  
 Anzi impediva tanto il mio cammino,  
 Ch' io fui per ritornar più volte volto.  
 Tempo era dal principio del mattino ;  
 E il sol montava in su con quelle stelle  
 Ch' eran con lui, quando l' amor divino  
 Mosse da prima quelle cose belle ; 40  
 Sì che a bene sperar m' era cagione  
 Di quella fera alla gaietta pelle,  
 L' ora del tempo, e la dolce stagione :  
 Ma non sì, che paura non mi desse  
 La vista, che mi apparve, d' un leone.  
 Questi pareva, che contra me venesse  
 Con la test' alta e con rabbiosa fame,  
 Sì che pareva che l' aer ne temesse :  
 Ed una lupa, che di tutte brame  
 Sembiava carca nella sua magrezza, 50  
 E molte genti fe' già viver grame.  
 Questa mi porse tanto di gravezza,  
 Con la paura, che uscìa di sua vista,  
 Ch' io perdei la speranza dell' altezza.  
 E quale è quei, che volentieri acquista,  
 E giugne il tempo, che perder lo face,  
 Che in tutt' i suoi pensier piange e s' attrista :  
 Tal mi fece la bestia senza pace,  
 Che venendomi incontro, a poco a poco  
 Mi ripingeva là, dove il Sol tace. 60  
 Mentre ch' io rovinava in basso loco,  
 Dinanzi agli occhi mi si fu offerto  
 Chi per lungo silenzio pareva fioco.  
 Quando vidi costui nel gran deserto,  
 Miserere di me, gridai a lui,  
 Qual che tu sii, od ombra, od uomo certo.  
 Risposemi : Non uomo, uomo già fui,

\* By the panther is meant carnal appetite; by the lion, pride and ambition; by the wolf, avarice, or, as some explain it, envy. In the effect which the last-named

animal produced on him, the poet probably alludes to his banishment, and the plundering of his house at Florence.

My weary frame reposed, that desert pile  
 Of hills, again a wayfarer, I trode,  
 My lower foot my firmer eye the while.  
 And lo ! or e'er the steep-ascending road  
 Began, <sup>3</sup> a Panther, light and wondrous fleet,  
 In radiant coat of many colours glowed ;  
 And never ceased her form my look to meet,  
 Hindering my farther way, that many a time  
 I turned with purpose of a swift retreat.  
<sup>4</sup>It was the blessed hour of morning prime ;  
 The sun was mounting heaven, and on his wings  
 Hung every star that sang the Love sublime  
 Which gave to motion all those beauteous things.  
 The Panther, in her gay apparel dight,  
 Prompted my heart with hope's imaginings—  
 The hour, the day, the season of delight,  
 Inspired no less ; yet every hope was weak  
 To quell the dread which shook me from a sight  
 Of ravening Lion, bent on me to wreak,  
 With head up-tossed, his hunger-whetted ire—  
 For fear of him the very air did quake.  
 There too a Wolf, with covetous desire  
 Seeming o'ercharged in her gaunt meagreness,  
 And many hath she to miser-life brought nigher.  
 On my lorn spirit so heavily did press  
 Her hideous vision—strivings all were vain,  
 My hope to win that height grew ever less.  
 And e'en as he that gladly maketh gain,  
 Happening on losses in his fatal hour,  
 From every thought draws wretchedness and pain,  
 So me the beast confronting to devour  
 Drove, step by step, with unrelenting course,  
 Down where the silent sun no more hath power.  
 While ruining to lowest place perforce  
 I sank, before mine eyes a shape was shown,  
 Who <sup>5</sup> seemed with very length of silence hoarse.  
 Him when I spied in that vast desert lone,  
 I shrieked aloud, ' Have mercy on me, thou—  
 Be thou or bodiless shade, or flesh and bone.'  
 Who answered, ' Man I was, man am not now ;

<sup>4</sup> Dante here follows Virgil,—  
Georg. ii. 336.

<sup>5</sup> The long silence is supposed  
to allude to that utter neglect in

which Virgil's writings had lain  
from the irruption of the barba-  
rians into Italy to Dante's own  
times.

E li parenti miei furon Lombardi,  
 E Mantovani per patria ambedui.  
 Nacqui *sub Julio*, ancorchè fosse tardi, 70  
 E vissi a Roma, sotto il buon Augusto,  
 Al tempo degli Dei falsi e bugiardi.  
 Poeta fui, e cantai di quel giusto  
 Figliuol d' Anchise, che venne da Troia,  
 Poichè il superbo Ilion fu combusto.  
 Ma tu perchè ritorni a tanta noia?  
 Perchè non sali il diletto monte,  
 Ch' è principio e cagion di tutta gioia?  
 Or se' tu quel Virgilio, e quella fonte, 80  
 Che spande di parlar sì largo fiume?  
 Risposi lui con vergognosa fronte.  
 O degli altri poeti onore e lume,  
 Vagliami il lungo studio e il grande amore,  
 Che m' han fatto cercar lo tuo volume.  
 Tu se' lo mio maestro e il mio autore:  
 Tu se' solo colui, da cui io tolsi  
 Lo bello stile, che m' ha fatto onore.  
 Vedi la bestia, per cui io mi volsi:  
 Aiutami da lei, famoso saggio,  
 Ch' ella mi fa tremar le vene e i polsi. 90  
 A te convien tenere altro viaggio,  
 Rispose, poi che lagrimar mi vide,  
 Se vuoi campar d' esto loco selvaggio:  
 Chè questa bestia, per la qual tu gride,  
 Non lascia altrui passar per la sua via,  
 Ma tanto lo impedisce, che l' uccide:  
 Ed ha natura sì malvagia e ria,  
 Che mai non empie la bramosa voglia,  
 E dopo il pasto ha più fame che pria.  
 Molti son gli animali, a cui s' ammoglia. 100  
 E più saranno ancora, infin che il veltro

\* Virgil was born in Andes, afterwards called Petula, a town distant two or three miles from Mantua. (*Vide Tiraboschi Storia D. L. I. Part iii. L. 3, 19, note (a.)*) The words 'Ancor che fosse tardi' have given rise to much controversy, as the year of Virgil's birth was A.U. 684, and Caesar became *perpetual Dictator*, A.U. 709, five months before his death. Vellu-

tello's explanation is the most approved, who interprets those words to mean that, although Virgil was born in Julius Caesar's time, the latter did not establish his sovereignty in Rome till many years after.

' Lombardi understands this of Dante's Latin verses, upon which, as Petrarch afterwards, the poet was likely to value himself more

Of <sup>6</sup> Lombardy my parents both ; and they  
 Did Mantua for their native home avow.  
*Sub Julio* was I born, though late of day,  
 And under good Augustus lived in Rome,  
 What time the false and lying gods held sway.  
 I was a poet ; and that just one's doom  
 I sang, Anchises' son, who came from Troy,  
 When fiery wrath did Ilion's pride consume.  
 But wherefore turnest thou to such annoy ?  
 Wherefore not climb the mount delectable,  
 The original and cause of every joy ?'  
 ' And art thou Virgil's self, the living well  
 Whence flowed of eloquence so copious tide ?'  
 I answered, while my shame-struck visage fell—  
 ' O thou, of bards the lustre and the pride,  
 Now speed me long devotion, loving heart,  
 Which to the volume of thy book applied  
 Me duteous. Thou my chief, my master, art,  
 Thou the sole archetype from whence I learned  
 'Whate'er my charms of style that fame impart.  
 See, see the bestial shape, whereat I turned !  
 She thrills my pulse, my blood with cold doth cake—  
 Help, Master, by thy praise of wisdom earned.'  
 ' Meeter for thee a different path to take,'  
 Replied the sage, my tearful cheeks surveying,  
 ' Wouldst thou deliverance from this savage brake ;  
 For the fell beast who late, thy steps waylaying,  
 Caused thee to shriek, lets none a passage find  
 Across her walk, but hindereth e'en to slaying.  
 Baleful she is, and of so curst a kind,  
 Her ravenous maw no glut can satisfy,  
 But eats and leaves a hungrier greed behind.  
 Many the brutes with whom she does ally,  
 And shall be more ; until <sup>8</sup> the good greyhound,

than on his power over his native language.

<sup>6</sup> This is now generally agreed to mean Il Can Grande, younger brother of Alboin, and who shared with him the lordship of Verona. He was elected captain of the Ghibelline League, and through him, probably, Dante cherished the hope of restoration to those civil rights of which the wolf (envy) had deprived him. As Boccaccio asserts

that Dante composed the first seven cantos of his poem previously to his banishment, and the Can Grande was born 1291, it is reasonably concluded that this passage was added at a later period. The expression 'Questi non ciberà terra ne peltro' intimates that the objects of the Can Grande's ambition should be neither extensive lands nor hoards of money.

Verrà, che la farà morir di doglia.  
 Questi non ciberà terra nè peltro,  
 Ma sapienza e amore e virtute,  
 E sua nazione sarà tra Feltro e Feltro.  
 Di quell' umile Italia fia salute,  
 Per cui morì la vergine Cammilla,  
 Eurialo, e Turno, e Niso di ferute :  
 Questi la caccerà per ogni villa,  
 Fin che l' avrà rimessa nello inferno, 110  
 Là onde invidia prima dipartilla.  
 Ond' io per lo tuo me' penso e discerno,  
 Che tu mi segui, ed io sarò tua guida,  
 E trarrotti di qui per luogo eterno,  
 Ove udirai le disperate strida,  
 Vedrai gli antichi spiriti dolenti,  
 Che la seconda morte ciascun grida :  
 E vederai color, che son contenti  
 Nel fuoco, perchè speran di venire, 120  
 Quando che sia, alle beate genti :  
 Alle qua' poi se tu vorrai salire,  
 Anima fia a ciò di me più degna ;  
 Con lei ti lascerò nel mio partire :  
 Chè quello imperador, che lassù regna,  
 Perch' io fui ribellante alla sua legge,  
 Non vuol che in sua città per me si vegna.  
 In tutte parti impera, e quivi regge,  
 Quivi è la sua cittade e l' alto seggio :  
 O felice colui, cu' ivi elegge !  
 Ed io a lui : Poeta, io ti richieggo 130  
 Per quello Iddio, che tu non conoscesti,  
 Acciocch' io fugga questo male e peggio,  
 Che tu mi meni là dov' or dicesti,  
 Sì ch' io vegga la porta di san Pietro.  
 E color, che tu fai cotanto mesti.  
 Allor si mosse, ed io li tenni dietro.

\* The two Feltros are Feltre in  
 the March of Treviso, and Monte  
 Feltro in Romagna (not in the

March of Ancona, see Canto xxvii.  
 v. 37).

For this appointed, plague her that she die.  
 Nor earth nor pewter shall his food be found,  
 But wisdom, love, and virtue ; and his birth  
 Ordained where <sup>9</sup>either Feltro sets a bound ;  
 The saviour of that <sup>10</sup>low Italian earth  
 For which young Turnus, chaste Camilla bled,  
 And Nisus and the compeer of his worth.  
 Then shall from town to town the chase be sped,  
 Till, hunted home, she to the abyss descend,  
 Whence erewhile Envy bade her lift the head.  
 Now for thy weal I counsel and perpend  
 Thou follow hence where I shall lead thee on  
 Through realm eternal, whither if thou wend,  
 Thine ear shall hear the shrieks of hope foregone,  
 Thine eye shall see the souls of eld in woe,  
 That ever call the second death upon :  
 Shall other see content to undergo  
 The penal flame, because they hope to rest  
 In happier seats, though none their hour may know.  
 Wherein if thou, with higher aim possessest,  
 Seek entrance, I must quit thee and resign  
 My charge to <sup>11</sup>spirit worthier and more blest.  
 Who reigns above in Empery Divine,  
 For that I lived rebellious to His word,  
 Wills none to enter there with aid of mine.  
 There is He King, that everywhere is Lord,  
 There stands His city, there His throne of state,  
 Blest whom His choice doth mansion there accord !  
 And I to him : ' Poet, I supplicate,  
 By His great name, the God thou knewest not,  
 That I may shun both this and worser fate,  
 E'en as thou saidst, O bring me to the spot  
 Whence I may see Saint Peter's gate, and theirs  
 That ever wail their miserable lot.'  
 I said, and follow close, while on he fares.

<sup>10</sup> The epithet *umile* here seems borrowed from Virgil's '*humilem-que videmus Italiam*.'—*Æn.* 3.

<sup>11</sup> Beatrice, of whom more is said in Canto ii.

## CANTO II.

*Dopo d'aver invocate propizie le muse, il Poeta dubbioso di sua virtù vorrebbe desistere dal viaggio; confortato da Virgilio riprende animo, e si pone per lo cammino alto e silvestro.*

Lo giorno se n' andava, e l' aer bruno  
 Toglieva gli animai, che sono in terra,  
 Dalle fatiche loro; ed io sol uno  
 M' apparecchiava a sostener la guerra  
 Sì del cammino e sì della pietate,  
 Che ritarrà la mente, che non erra.  
 O Muse, o alto ingegno, or m' aiutate:  
 O mente, che scrvesti ciò ch' io vidi,  
 Qui si parrà la tua nobilitate.  
 Io cominciai: Poeta che mi guidi, 10  
 Guarda la mia virtù, s' ella è possente,  
 Prima che all' alto passo tu mi fidi.  
 Tu dici, che di Silvio lo parente,  
 Corruttile ancora, ad immortale  
 Secolo andò, a fu sensibilmente.  
 Però se l' avversario d' ogni male  
 Cortese fu, pensando l' alto effetto,  
 Che uscir dovea di lui, e il chi, e il quale,  
 Non pare indegno ad uomo d' intelletto:  
 Ch' ei fu dell' alma Roma e di suo impero 20  
 Nell' empireo ciel per padre eletto:  
 La quale, e il quale (a voler dir lo vero)  
 Fur stabiliti per lo loco santo,  
 U' siede il successor del maggior Piero.  
 Per questa andata, onde gli dai tu vanto,  
 Intese cose, che furon cagione  
 Di sua vittoria e del papale ammanto.  
 Andovvi poi lo Vas d' elezione,

<sup>1</sup> Æneas became father of Silvius by Lavinia. For his descent into the infernal regions, see the sixth book of the *Æneid*.

<sup>2</sup> 'From every cause, either of a civil or of an ecclesiastical nature, it was easy to foresee that Rome must enjoy the respect, and would soon claim the obedience, of the

provinces. The society of the faithful bore a just proportion to the capital of the empire, and the Roman Church was the greatest, the most numerous, and, in regard to the West, the most ancient of all the Christian establishments, many of which had received their religion from the pious labours of the mis-

## CANTO II.

**ARGUMENT.**—*Invocation of the Author's Genius. Dante suggests a Doubt, which is resolved by Virgil giving account of the Commission he had received from Beatrice; and the two Poets advance on their Journey.*

THE day went down, and all that earth inherit  
 And breathe the breath of life, the dusky air  
 Delivered from their toils. I gird my spirit,  
 In wakeful loneliness, the strife to bear,  
 Which part my wanderings, part my pity wrought,  
 The which unerring memory shall declare.  
 Now help me, Muses! help, energetic thought!  
 Now, memory, scribe of all that smote mine eyes,  
 Here let thy nobleness to light be brought.  
 'Bard,' I began, 'who dost my steps advise,  
 Look well, my virtue's potency avail,  
 Ere thou commit me to the great emprise.  
 The mighty <sup>1</sup> sire of Silvius (thine the tale)  
 Yet corruptible, did of immortal being  
 In sensible coherence pass the pale.  
 But what if the Enemy of ill, foreseeing  
 His lofty sequent glories, did him grace?  
 The effect, the form, the substance all agreeing  
 Who understandeth deems him not too base;  
 He in empyrean heaven was chosen sire  
 Of nursing Rome, and her imperial place;  
 And, sooth to say, <sup>2</sup>that Rome and her empire  
 Were doomed foundations for the hallowed ground,  
 Where sits the heir of mightiest Peter's tire.  
 Him that adventure, which thy vaunts resound,  
 Gave weightier things to know, whose late event  
 His conquest and the Papal mantle crowned.  
 Thither the <sup>3</sup>Vessel of election bent

sionaries. Instead of *one* apostolic founder, the utmost boast of Antioch, of Ephesus, or of Corinth, the banks of the Tiber were supposed to have been honoured with the preaching and martyrdom of the *two* most eminent among the apostles; and the bishops of Rome very prudently claimed the inheritance

of whatever prerogatives were attributed either to the person or to the office of St. Peter.'—*Gibbon's Dec. and Fall*, c. xv.

<sup>3</sup> That is, to the unseen world. St. Paul speaks of himself as having been caught up into the third heaven—into Paradise.—2 Cor. xii. 2, 3.



Per recarne conforto a quella fede,  
 Ch' è principio alla via di salvazione. 30  
 Ma io perchè venirvi! o chi 'l concede?  
 Io non Enea, io non Paolo sono:  
 Me degno a ciò nè io nè altri crede.  
 Perchè se del venire io m' abbandono,  
 Temo che la venuta non sia folle:  
 Se' savio, e intendi me' ch' io non ragiono.  
 E quale è quei, che disvuol ciò che volle,  
 E per novi pensier cangia proposta,  
 Sì che del cominciar tutto si tolle;  
 Tal mi fec' io in quella oscura costa: 40  
 Perchè, pensando, consumai la impresa,  
 Che fu nel cominciar cotanto tosta.  
 Se io ho ben la tua parola intesa,  
 Rispose del magnanimo quell' ombra,  
 L' anima tua è da viltate offesa:  
 La qual molte fiate l' uomo ingombra,  
 Sì che d' onrata impresa lo rivolge,  
 Come falso veder bestia, quand' ombra.  
 Da questa tema acciocchè tu ti solve,  
 Dirotti, perch' io venni, e quel ch' io intesi, 50  
 Nel primo punto che di te mi dolse.  
 Io era tra color che son sospesi,  
 E donna mi chiamò beata e bella,  
 Tal che di comandare io la richiesi.  
 Lucevan gli occhi suoi più che la Stella:  
 E cominciommi a dir soave e piana,  
 Con angelica voce, in sua favella:  
 O anima cortese Mantovana  
 Di cui la fama ancor nel mondo dura  
 E durerà quanto il mondo lontana: 60  
 L' amico mio, e non della ventura,  
 Nella diserta piaggia è impedito  
 Sì nel cammin, che volto è per paura:  
 E temo che non sia già sì smarrito,  
 Ch' io mi sia tardi al soccorso levata,  
 Per quel ch' io ho di lui nel Cielo udito.

<sup>1</sup> In Limbo, of which we have a description in Canto iv.

<sup>2</sup> On the much-disputed question concerning the person of Beatrice, whether it be real or allegorical, Lombardi's remark seems worthy of notice, that Dante's own mind

was familiarised to the representation of abstract ideas by real personages, as in Tobit the Divine aid is personified by Raphael the archangel; and, that we must receive his Beatrice under this two-fold character—as an earthly female,

His steps for comfort to that faith divine,  
 Of saving life the spring and instrument.  
 But I—to enter there what plea were mine ?  
 I nor Æneas am, nor holy Paul ;  
 Nor I, nor other for me claims such sign.  
 If, then, I came abandoned to thy thrall,  
 'T were peril of my foolishness. But thou  
 Art wise—thy better thoughts my thoughts forestal.'  
 As one that what he wished unwisheth now,  
 And, changing purpose in a newer drift,  
 Doth his first motion wholly disallow,  
 So wrought I then beneath that gloomy clift,  
 Who, meditating, quenched the venturous hope  
 That in her first beginning rose so swift.  
 ' If of thy words I rightly read the scope,  
 Thy stumbling soul,' replied that hero-ghost,  
 'With its own cowardice is loth to cope ;  
 Man oftentime she, cumbering to his cost,  
 Turns recreant from each generous aim away,  
 Like startled beast by mocking shadow crost.  
 To re-assure thee from this base dismay,  
 Mine errand, and what after-things portended  
 I learnt when pity touched me, will I say.  
 I was among their host that wait <sup>4</sup> suspended—  
<sup>5</sup>A lady called me, blest and beautiful ;  
 To her commands a willing ear I bended :  
 To match her eyes the brightest star were dull,  
 And with angelic voice she thus began,  
 Sweetening her accents in a lowly lull :  
 ' O Spirit of the courteous Mantuan,  
 Whose fame yet walks the world, and shall advance  
 Coëval with her motion's utmost span—  
 A friend, beloved of me, but not of Chance,  
 On the wild mountain from his path is driven  
 By very fear—such his thwart hinderance :  
 And I, for his amazement sore misgiven,  
 Doubt lest my succouring haste prove all too late,  
 So bore the tidings heard of him in heaven.

and as theology or Divine wisdom. The Introduction to Neander's 'History of the Early Church' contains some striking remarks on the idealistic theology of the Alexandrian Jews, of which Philo gives the most celebrated specimen ; and

in which we find a literal acceptance of facts and persons in sacred history combined with the most absurd attempts to spiritualise them. (See Rose's Translation of *Neander*, vol. i. p. 48.)

Or muovi, e con la tua parola ornata,  
 E con ciò che ha mestieri al suo campare,  
 L' aiuta sì, ch' io ne sia consolata.  
 Io son Beatrice, che ti faccio andare : 70  
 Vegno di loco, ove tornar disio :  
 Amor mi mosse, che mi fa parlare.  
 Quando sarò dinanzi al Signor mio,  
 Di te mi loderò sovente a lui.  
 Tacette allora, e poi comincia' io :  
 O donna di virtù, sola, per cui  
 L' umana spezie eccede ogni contento  
 Da quel ciel, che ha minori i cerchi sui :  
 Tanto m' aggrada il tuo comandamento,  
 Che l' ubbidir, se già fosse, m' è tardi ; 80  
 Più non t' è uopo aprirmi il tuo talento.  
 Ma dimmi la cagion, che non ti guardi  
 Dello scender quaggiuso in questo centro  
 Dall' ampio loco, ove tornar tu ardi.  
 Da che tu vuoi saper cotanto addentro,  
 Diretti brevemente, mi rispose,  
 Perch' io non temo di venir qua entro.  
 Temer si deve sol di quelle cose  
 Ch' hanno potenza di fare altrui male :  
 Dell' altre no, che non son paurose. 90  
 Io son fatta da Dio, sua mercè, tale,  
 Che la vostra miseria non mi tange,  
 Nè fiamma d' esto incendio non m' assale.  
 Donna è gentil nel ciel, che si compiangere  
 Di questo impedimento, ov' io ti mando,  
 Sì che duro giudicio lassù frange.  
 Questa chiese Lucia in suo dimando,  
 E disse : Or abbisogna il tuo fedele  
 Di te, ed io a te lo raccomando.  
 Lucia nimica di ciascun crudele 100  
 Si mosse, e venne al loco dov' io era,  
 Che mi sedea con l' antica Rachele.  
 Disse : Beatrice, loda di Dio vera,  
 Chè non soccorri quei che t' amò tanto,  
 Che uscì per te della volgare schiera ?  
 Non odi tu la pietà del suo pianto,  
 Non vedi tu la morte che il combatte  
 Su la fumanza, ove il mar non ha vanto ?

\* This is supposed to be the Divine clemency, as Lucia is interpreted the Divine grace. The allegorising commentators of the

Go, then, and with thine eloquence ornate,  
 And all that else he shall for rescue need,  
 In aiding him cheer me disconsolate.  
 Beatrice am I, thine embassy that speed ;  
 The place I left I thirst again to see ;  
 Love caused my coming, Love commands me plead.  
 When I in presence of my Lord shall be,  
 Thine oft-remembered praise shall greet his ears.'  
 Thus ending silent, I rejoined, ' On me  
 O Queen of Virtue, in whose right appears  
 The human kind of every creature best,  
 That heaven hath girded in sublunar spheres,  
 So welcome falls thy bidding and behest,  
 Mine instant service lags behind my will,  
 Nor farther needs thy meaning be exprest.  
 But tell me why thou reckest not of ill  
 To plunge thee downward in this nether wheel,  
 From the broad bosom of thy wished-for hill ?'  
 ' Briefly,' the dame replied, ' will I reveal,  
 Since thou so inward things art fain to know,  
 Why for mine entering here no dread I feel :  
 Whate'er hath power to work another's woe  
 Is only terrible, nor may too much  
 Be shunned ; nought else, none other fear we owe.  
 I am, through grace of God, created such  
 Of quality, that nor the flame can harm  
 Of this dire furnace, nor your misery touch.  
 There is <sup>6</sup> a maid in heaven, whose gentle charm,  
 Mourning the impediment whereof I send  
 Thee vanquisher, hath crippled the stern arm  
 Of judgment. She called Lucia to befriend  
 Her suit, and thus : ' The faithful one, thine own,  
 Hath need of thee, whom I to thee commend.'  
 Lucia, the foe of every tyrant known,  
 Came where I sat with her of ancient days,  
 The pensive Rachel, communing alone.  
 ' Beatrice,' she said, ' of God the very praise,  
 How comes thou aid not him who loved so well,  
 Whom from the vulgar herd thy love did raise ?  
 Canst thou not hear what shrieks his anguish tell ?  
 Not see the death he combats, on a tide  
 That yields no vantage to the ocean-swell ?'

earlier Christian times understood    the contemplative life.  
 by Leah, the active—by Rachel.

Al mondo non fur mai persone ratte  
A far lor pro, ed a fuggir lor danno, 110  
Com' io, dopo cotai parole fatte,  
Venni quaggiù dal mio beato scanno,  
Fidandomi nel tuo parlare onesto,  
Che onora te e quei che udito l' hanno.  
Poscia che m' ebbe ragionato questo,  
Gli occhi lucenti lagrimando volse ; -  
Perchè mi fece del venir più presto.  
E venni a te così, com' ella volse,  
Dinanzi a quella fiera ti levai,  
Che del bel monte il corto andar ti tolse. 120  
Dunque che è ? perchè, perchè ristai ?  
Perchè tanta viltà nel core allette ?  
Perchè ardire e franchezza non hai ?  
Poscia che tai tre donne benedette  
Curan di te nella corte del cielo,  
E il mio parlar tanto ben t' impromette ?  
Quale i fioretti dal notturno gelo  
Chinati e chiusi, poi che il Sol gl' imbianca  
Si drizzan tutti aperti in loro stelo ;  
Tal mi fec' io, di mia virtute stanca : 130  
E tanto buono ardire al cor mi corse,  
Ch' io cominciai come persona franca :  
O pietosa colei che mi soccorse,  
E tu cortese, che ubbidisti tosto  
Alle vere parole che ti porse !  
Tu m' hai con desiderio il cor disposto  
Sì al venir, con le parole tue,  
Ch' io son tornato nel primo proposto.  
Or va, che un sol volere è d' ambedue :  
Tu duca, tu signore e tu maestro : 140  
Così gli dissi ; e poichè mosso fue,  
Entra per lo cammino alto e silvestro.

Never on earth have mortals faster hied  
To make their profit, and their loss to shun,  
Than downward I from seat beatified  
Sped me, when as the unwelcome word was done ;  
Trusting thine honest style, that glory erst  
To thee, and since to them that heard thee, won.'  
Thus ending parley, with a gracious burst  
Of tears, on me her glistening eyes she threw,  
And warmed to quicker speed the zeal that first  
Moved me ; till, even as she willed, I flew  
To yon fair mount, and thee from brute assault,  
That barred thy shorter path, in safety drew.  
What wilt thou, then ?—and wherefore, wherefore halt?  
Wherefore so craven flattery at thy heart ?  
Wherefore of freeborn ardour this default,  
While to the female sainted three thou art  
Their dear concernment in the courts of light,  
And promise of such good my words impart ?'  
Even as flowerets, by the chill of night  
Low bent and folded, i' the sun's blanching beam  
Lift them, all opened, on their stalk upright,  
So I my fainting energy redeem—  
So gushed the tide of courage through my veins,  
And such my word, as brave man might beseem.  
' O pitiful the fair that helped my pains !  
And courteous thou, whose spirit, swift obeying,  
The impress of her truthful speech retains.  
Thine own persuasive words, my heart o'erswaying,  
Have to such longings waked her from her sloth,  
That I reclaim me to my former saying.  
Go, then ; the will is one to lead us both,  
My Guide, my Lord, my Master !' As I spake,  
He moved his onward step, and, nothing loth,  
I entered in that deep and tangled brake.

## CANTO III.

*Giunto il Poeta alla soglia dell' eterno pianto, letta la terribile iscrizione, è assalito da nuovo tremore; Virgilio lo invoglia dello andare. Veggon da prima le genti vissute senz' infamia e senza lodo, indi Caronte che colla barca fa varcare l' Acheronte alle anime de' peccatori.*

PER me si va nella città dolente,  
 Per me si va nell' eterno dolore,  
 Per me si va tra la perduta gente.  
 Giustizia mosse il mio alto fattore :  
 Fecemi la divina potestate,  
 La somma sapienza e il primo amore.  
 Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,  
 Se non eterne, ed io eterno duro :  
 Lasciate ogni speranza, voi, ch' entrate.

Queste parole di colore oscuro 10  
 Vid' io scritte al sommo d' una porta :  
 Perch' io : Maestro, il senso lor m' è duro.  
 Ed egli a me, come persona accorta :  
 Qui si convien lasciare ogni sospetto ;  
 Ogni viltà convien che qui sia morta.  
 Noi sem venuti al luogo ov' io t' ho detto  
 Che tu vedrai le genti dolorose,  
 Ch' hanno perduto il ben dello intelletto.

E poichè la sua mano alla mia pose,  
 Con lieto volto, ond' io mi confortai, 20  
 Mi mise dentro allo segrete cose.  
 Quivi sospiri, pianti ed alti guai  
 Risonavan per l'aer senza stelle,  
 Perch' io al cominciar ne lagrimai.  
 Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,  
 Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira,  
 Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle,  
 Facevano un tumulto, il qual s'aggira  
 Sempre in quell' aria senza tempo tinta,  
 Come la rena quando il turbo spira.

Ed io, ch' avea d'error la testa cinta, 30

<sup>1</sup> Power, according to the schoolmen, is the attribute of the Father; wisdom, of the Son; love, of the Holy Ghost.

<sup>2</sup> *Ed io: Maestro, il senso lor m' è duro.* Though I have rendered this line according to its most obvious meaning, yet I am in doubt.

## CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.—*Inscription over the gate of Hell. Punishment of the Slothful. Arrival of the Travellers on the bank of Acheron, and their interview with Charon.*

‘THROUGH me the path to city named of Wail ;  
 Through me the path to woe without remove ;  
 Through me the path to damnèd souls in bale !  
 Justice inclined my Maker from above ;  
 I am by virtue of the ‘*Might Divine*,  
 The Sùpreme Wisdom, and the Primal Love.  
 Created birth none antedates to mine,  
 Save endless things, and endless I endure :  
 Ye that are entering—all hope resign.’  
 These words upon a door’s entablature  
 Writ in dark characters I traced, and said  
 ‘*Master, their meaning is to me obscure.*’  
 And he to me, like teacher well-arèd,  
 ‘Behoves thee all suspicion here reject,  
 All coward thought here number with the dead :  
 Now are we come to where I told thee wrecked  
 Thou must behold the joyless souls, ungraced  
 By Him, the chiefest good of intellect.’  
 Thus ending, while his hand with mine embraced,  
 Me, gathering comfort from his cheerful guise,  
 Within that world of secret things he placed.  
 Sighs there, and moaning sobs, and shriller cries  
 Rebounded echoing through the starless air,  
 And early forced the tear-gush from mine eyes :  
 Tongues of all strain, dread language of despair,  
 Words born of anguish, accents choked with ire,  
 And voices loud and hoarse were mingling there  
 With sound of hands, to swell one uproar dire  
 That aye goes eddying round that timeless gloom,  
 As the sand eddieth in the whirlwind’s gyre.  
 ‘Master, what would this din ?’ asked I, to whom

The Italian commentators on Dante from the Acc. della Crusca to Biagioli and Rossetti, explain *duro* to be *painful*, not *difficult*, in which

case the following might be substituted; ‘*Hard is their meaning, master, to assure;*’ this agrees better with Virgil’s answer.



Dissi : Maestro, che è quel ch' i' odo ?  
 E che gent' è, che par nel duol sì vinta ?  
 Ed egli a me : Questo misero modo  
 Tengon l'anime triste di coloro,  
 Che visser senza infamia e senza lodo.  
 Mischiate sono a quel cattivo coro  
 Degli angeli che non furon ribelli,  
 Nè fur fedeli a Dio, ma per sè foro.  
 Cacciarli i Ciel per non esser men belli : 40  
 Nè lo profondo inferno gli riceve,  
 Che alcuna gloria i rei avrebber d' elli.  
 Ed io : Maestro, che è tanto greve  
 A lor, che lamentar gli fa sì forte ?  
 Rispose : Dicerolti molto breve.  
 Questi non hanno speranza di morte,  
 E la lor cieca vita è tanto bassa,  
 Che invidiosi son d' ogni altra sorte.  
 Fama di loro il mondo esser non lassa,  
 Misericordia e giustizia gli sdegna : 50  
 Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa.  
 Ed io, che riguardai, vidi un' insegna,  
 Che girando correva tanto ratta,  
 Che d' ogni posa mi pareva indegna :  
 E dietro le venia sì lunga tratta  
 Di gente, ch' i non avrei mai creduto,  
 Che morte tanta n' avesse disfatta.  
 Poscia ch' io v' ebbi alcun riconosciuto,  
 Guardai e vidi l' ombra di colui  
 Che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto. 60  
 Incontanente intesi, e certo fui,  
 Che quest' era la setta dei cattivi,  
 A Dio spiacenti ed a' nemici sui.  
 Questi sciaurati, che mai non fur vivi,  
 Erano ignudi e stimolati molto  
 Da mosconi e da vespe ch' erano ivi.

\* Such a neutral party among the angelic host is alluded to by Clement of Alexandria.—*Strom.* vii.

\* Buttura explains the word *alcuna* of this celebrated line to mean *nessuna*, and censures Rivarol for thus translating the passage—'Et l'abîme leur refusa ses profondes retraites, de peur que les coupables ne se glorifiasent d'avoir de tels compagnons de leur peines.' If *alcuna* be rightly in-

terpreted here by *nessuna*, I still adopt Rivarol's explanation.

\* The penalty in this, as in many other instances throughout the poem, is ingeniously devised to counteract the natural bias of the criminals: the inert being condemned to perpetual motion.

\* Esau, the Emperor Diocletian, Pope Celestine the Fifth, have each been suggested as the object of the poet's scorn in this passage ;

Error had blindfold bound the head: 'Say, who  
 The tribe that seem thus vanquished by their doom?'  
 And he to me—'The miserable crew  
 Of souls now lingers in this piteous mood,  
 To whom, alive, nor blame nor praise was due.  
 Commingled are they with <sup>3</sup> that caitiff brood  
 Of angel natures, which nor dared rebel,  
 Nor faithful were to God; for self they stood.  
 These, for her beauty's sake, must heaven expel,  
 Nor the abyss receive, lest their dispraise  
 Redound <sup>4</sup> for glory to the sons of hell.'  
 And I—'Good master, what the grief that weighs  
 On them, to cause the exceeding bitter cry?'  
 'Brief answer best,' he said, 'their state conveys.  
 These are forbidden e'en the hope to die;  
 So unregarded is their life and base,  
 All other fates they view with envious eye.  
 For their report existence hath no place;  
 Justice and mercy laugh them both to scorn:  
 —Talk we no more of them, but look and pass.'  
 And I beheld, and lo! a pennon borne  
 In reckless whirl careering: seemed, it found  
 No spot so vile, whereon it might sojourn.  
 And, lengthening after, such <sup>5</sup> the rout went round  
 Of souls, I hardly might my thought persuade  
 That half their number death had ever bound.  
 There 'mid remembered faces I the shade  
 Of that <sup>6</sup> apostate saw, and took record,  
 Who to his own high right turned renegade:  
 Incontinent I knew them, well assured  
 The miscreant palterers they, nor hot nor cold,  
 Of God and of his enemies abhorred.  
 They, most misfortuned, <sup>7</sup> who did ne'er behold  
 True life, were naked all, and sorely stung  
 Of wasps and hornets, native there of old.

but Lombardi has justly argued that Dante *never* represents himself as recognising any one whom he has not personally known, and he therefore suggests that some fellow-citizen is meant, possibly Torrigiano dei Cerchi, who had, by his refusal to support the party of the Bianchi, in Florence, incurred the poet's high displeasure. One account, professedly taken from

an ancient chronicle, states that the Florentine people had offered the chief place in the republic to this Torrigiano, which he had declined from reluctance to incur the necessary expense.

<sup>7</sup> This line, and the twenty-seventh of the first Canto, illustrate each other: the poet means that their life was not worthy of the name.

Elle rigavan lor di sangue il volto,  
 Che mischiato di lagrime, a' lor piedi,  
 Da fastidiosi vermi era ricolto.  
 E poi che a riguardare oltre mi diedi, 70  
 Vidi gente alla riva d' un gran fiume :  
 Perch' io dissi: Maestro, or mi concedi,  
 Ch' io sappia quali sono, e qual costume  
 Le fa parer di trapassar sì pronte,  
 Com' io discerno per lo fioco lume.  
 Ed egli a me : Le cose ti fien conte,  
 Quando noi fermerem li nostri passi  
 Sulla trista riviera d' Acheronte.  
 Allor con gli occhi vergognosi e bassi,  
 Temendo no 'l mio dir gli fusse grave, 80  
 Infino al fiume di parlar mi trassi.  
 Ed ecco verso noi venir per nave  
 Un vecchio bianco per antico pelo,  
 Gridando : Guai a voi anime prave :  
 Non isperate mai veder lo cielo.  
 I' vegno per menarvi all' altra riva,  
 Nelle tenebre eterne, in caldo e in gelo :  
 E tu che se' costì, anima viva,  
 Partiti da cotesti che son morti.  
 Ma poi ch' ei vide, oh' io non mi partiva, 90  
 Disse : Per altre vie, per altri porti,  
 Verrai a piaggia, non qui, per passare,  
 Più lieve legno convien che ti porti.  
 E il duca a lui : Caron, non ti crucciare :  
 Vuolsi così colà, dove si puote  
 Ciò che si vuole, e più non dimandare.  
 Quinci fur quete le lanose gote  
 Al nocchier della livida palude,  
 Che intorno agli occhi avea di fiamme rote.  
 Ma quell' anime ch' eran lasse e nude, 100  
 Cangiar colore e dibattero i denti,  
 Ratto che inteser le parole crude.  
 Bestemmiavano Iddio e i lor parenti,  
 L' umana specie, il luogo, il tempo e il seme  
 Di lor semenza e di lor nascimenti.  
 Poi si ritrasser tutte quante insieme,  
 Forte piangendo, alla riva malvagia,  
 Che attende ciascun uom che Dio non teme.

\* The fable of Charon and his ferry-boat is supposed to have been derived by the Greeks from an an-

cient Egyptian custom, by which, on the decease of any individual, certain judges assembled together

These ever on their cheeks big blood-gouts hung,  
 That mixed with tears went trickling to their feet,  
 Licked up of loathly worms which round them clung.  
 Shuddering I strain mine onward gaze, and meet  
 Figures that lined a mighty river's flow,  
 Then said, 'The boon, dear master, I entreat,  
 Their quality and custom'd use to know,  
 Wherefore so forward these to cross the tide  
 As through the glimmering light their gestures show.'  
 'The riddle shall be read,' my chief replied,  
 'And all unveiled, when as our steps we stay  
 On melancholy Acheron's dark side.'  
 I heard abashed, and trembling lest my say  
 Irked him, with downcast eyes that told my shame,  
 From speech withdrew me, till we made our way  
 Far as the stream : when lo ! to meet us came  
 'An ancient boatman, hoar with many a year,  
 Crying, 'Woe to you, souls of evil name !  
 Ne'er hope to see the bright celestial sphere :  
 I come to waft you to another shore,  
 Where, cold or heat, still endless night is near.  
 And thou there, soul whose day is not yet o'er,  
 Come from those dead forth, and be separate.'  
 But when he saw me parted none the more,  
 'Through other roads,' he said, 'by other freight  
 Must be thy landing, not by this way, prest :  
 Far lighter bark is destined to thy weight.'  
 And thus my guide—'Rest, angry Charon, rest :  
 So is it willed to be, where might and will  
 Go hand in hand, and brook no farther quest.'  
 He ended, and those grisly cheeks were still  
 Of him, the pilot of the livid lake,  
 Whose eyeballs' orbit fiery wheels did fill.  
 But when they caught the ruthless words he spake,  
 Those weary naked sprites, the bank who lined,  
 Changed colour, and with gnashing teeth outbrake :  
 God they blasphemed, their parents and their kind,  
 The place, the time, the seed prolific,  
 That embryo sowed them, and to life consigned.  
 Then wailing loud, their troop they gathered all,  
 And back recoiled them to the baleful verge,  
 Ordained to men from godliness who fall.

in a boat to determine the claims      honours.—*Rollin*.  
 of the deceased to posthumous

Caron dimonio, con occhi di bragia,  
 Loro accennando, tutte le raccoglie ; 110  
 Batte col remo qualunque s' adagia.  
 Come d' autunno si levan le foglie  
 L' una appresso dell' altra, infin che il ramo  
 Rende alla terra tutte le sue spoglie ;  
 Similmente il mal seme d' Adamo  
 Gittansi di quel lito ad una ad una,  
 Per cenni, come augel per suo richiamo.  
 Così sen vanno su per l' onda bruna,  
 Ed avanti che sian di là discese,  
 Anche di qua nova schiera s' aduna. 120  
 Figliuol mio, disse il Maestro cortese,  
 Quelli che muoion nell' ira di Dio  
 Tutti convegnon qui d' ogni paese :  
 E pronti sono a trapassar lo rio,  
 Chè la divina giustizia li sprona  
 Sì che la tema si volge in disio.  
 Quinci non passa mai anima buona ;  
 E però se Caron di te si lagna,  
 Ben puoi saper omai che il suo dir suona ;  
 Finito questo, la buia campagna 130  
 Tremò sì forte, che dello spavento  
 La mente di sudore ancor mi bagna.  
 La terra lagrimosa diede vento,  
 Che balenò una luce vermiglia,  
 La qual mi vinse ciascun sentimento :  
 E caddi, come l' uom cui sonno piglia.

## CANTO IV.

*Scesi Dante e Virgilio nel primo cerchio veggon l'anime oneste di coloro che non ebbero battesimo, e sol per questo prive della vista di Dio. L' ombre famose d' Omero, d' Orazio, d' Ovidio e di Lucano si fanno incontro a Virgilio ed accolgono Dante nella loro schiera.*

RUPPEMI l' alto sonno nella testa  
 Un greve tuono sì, ch' io mi riscossi,  
 Come persona che per forza è desta :  
 E l' occhio riposato intorno mossi,  
 Dritto levato, e fiso riguardai

\* It is observable that, on the three occasions of his passage from our world into Hell, from Hell in-

to Purgatory (*Purg.* c. ix. v. 11), and from Purgatory into Paradise (*Purg.* c. xxxii. v. 68), the poet

Oft Charon's demon eyes that muster urge,  
 Live coals, with beckoning gleam, and oft he wields  
 His oar, of every laggard wight the scourge.  
 As lightly to the touch of Autumn yields  
 A leaf, and soon another; few, then fewer  
 Cling to their branch, whose plunder strews the fields,  
 So one by one did Adam's seed impure  
 From that high bank obedient cast them down,  
 At signal made, as falcon to her lure.  
 So voyaging they crossed the waters brown,  
 And still, or yet their farther way was sped,  
 Came a fresh host the nearer brink to crown.  
 'Tis here, my son,' the courteous master said,  
 'From every clime, from every land convene,  
 Who died with God's high anger on their head.  
 If eager they to cross the gulf between,  
 Thoughts of eternal justice are the goad  
 That turns to longing what had terror been.  
 Here never soul of good man finds a road;  
 Content thee then; if Charon chafe and fret,  
 'Twas but his proper spite on thee o'erflowed.'  
 He ended, and a quivering shock, that yet  
 Appals me, shook those murky realms of pain,  
 So dread, the memory bathes my limbs in sweat.  
 The heaving ground, tear-sodden, clave in twain,  
 And out a ruddy gleam flashed quick as thought,  
 Whereat <sup>9</sup> all sense and reason fled my brain,  
 And I fell, as a man by sleep o'er-raught.

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#### CANTO IV.

**ARGUMENT.**—*The first Circle of Hell. Limbo. Meeting of the Poets; enumeration of the Ancient Worthies here seen by Dante.*

ON the dead trance that held my senses broke  
 Sudden a mighty thunder, that in doubt  
 I shook myself, like one by force awoke;  
 And, starting to my feet, on all without  
 Bent steady gaze with eye refreshed by sleep,

falls into a trance, by which Lombardi understands him to intimate that man cannot enter into the

contemplation of the invisible world except with a mind disburdened (as in sleep) of earthly impressions.

Per conoscer lo loco dov' io fossi.  
Vero è che in su la proda mi trovai  
Della valle d' abisso dolorosa,  
Che tuono accoglie d' infiniti guai.  
Oscura, profond' era e nebulosa, 10  
Tanto che, per ficcar lo viso al fondo,  
Io non vi discerneva veruna cosa.  
Or discendiam quaggiù nel cieco mondo ;  
Incominciò il poeta tutto smorto :  
Io sarò primo, e tu sarai secondo.  
Ed io, che del color mi fui accorto,  
Dissi : Come verrò, se tu paventi  
Che suoli al mio dubbiare esser conforto ?  
Ed egli a me : L' angoscia delle genti, 20  
Che son quaggiù, nel viso mi dipigne  
Quella pietà, che tu per tema senti.  
Andiam, chè la via lunga ne sospigne :  
Così si mise, e così mi fe' entrare  
Nel primo cerchio che l' abisso cigne.  
Quivi, secondo che per ascoltare,  
Non avea pianto, ma' che di sospiri,  
Che l' aura eterna facevan tremare :  
E ciò avvenia di duol senza martiri,  
Ch' avean le turbe, ch' eran molte e grandi, 30  
E d' infanti e di femmine e di viri.  
Lo buon Maestro a me : Tu non dimandi  
Che spiriti son questi che tu vedi ?  
Or vo' che sappi, innanzi che più andi,  
Ch' ei non peccaro : e s' elli hanno mercedi,  
Non basta, perch' ei non ebber battesimo,  
Ch' è porta della fede che tu credi :  
E se furon dinanzi al Cristianesimo,  
Non adorar debitamente Dio :  
E di questi cotai son io medesmo. 40  
Per tai difetti, e non per altro rio,  
Semo perduti, e sol di tanto offesi,  
Che senza speme vivemo in disio.  
Gran duol mi prese al cor quando lo intesi,  
Perocchè gente di molto valore  
Conobbi, che in quel limbo eran sospesi,  
Dimmi, Maestro mio, dimmi, Signore,  
Comincia' io, per voler esser certo  
Di quella fede che vince ogni errore :  
Uscinne mai alcuno, o per suo merto,  
O per altrui, che poi fosse beato ? 50

If haply thus to learn my whereabouts.  
Sooth is, I found me on the bordering steep  
Of dolorous abyss, which vents the din  
Of countless shrieks in one wild thunder-sweep.  
Dark, deep it was, and clouded thick within,  
That with down-searching eyes and straining sense,  
Assured sight of nothing might I win.  
'Now low to lower in yon blind immense  
Plunge we,' the bard began, all changed to pale,  
'I will be first, and be thou second hence.'  
And I, who marked his wonted colour quail,  
Answered, 'How might I venture, thou being shaken,  
That ever art my stay when doubts assail?'  
But he—'Their anguish, that of hope forsaken  
Lie there, doth on my lineaments portray  
Pity, by thee for coward fear mistaken.  
Then come, the road is long, nor brooks delay.'  
He spake, and moved, and through the foremost zone  
That cinctures Hell's abyss, he led the way.  
Here never aught of louder plaint or moan  
Disturbed the listener's hearing; but the air  
Trembled eternally with sighs alone.  
The cause, a grief where torment hath no share,  
Endured of crowded hostings not a few,  
Men, women, infants, all assembled there.  
And thus the good preceptor—'Canst thou view  
So vast a throng, nor ask of whom the spirits?  
I will thou learn, ere we our path pursue,  
These were not sinners; yet, whate'er their merits,  
Suffice not them, wanting baptismal rite,  
That portal of the faith thy soul inherits.  
And if they rose before the Christian light,  
Duly they honoured not their Maker's name;  
But what these are, am I: our fates unite.  
For such default, and not for deeper blame,  
Heaven have we lost; yet this our only smart,  
Our hope is not, our longing still the same.'  
When thus I heard, great sorrow wrung my heart  
For many a soul—of worth and honour they—  
I knew that in that limbo had their part.  
'Tell me, dear master, tell me, lord, I pray'—  
Thus I, concerned to prove in very deed  
The faith that o'er all error gaineth sway;  
'Went ever spirit hence by right of meed,  
His own or others', called to happier race?'



E quei, che intese il mio parlar coverto,  
 Rispose: Io era nuovo in questo stato,  
 Quando ci vidi venire un possente  
 Con segno di vittoria incoronato.  
 Trasseci l'ombra del primo parente,  
 D' Abel suo figlio, e quella di Noè,  
 Di Moisè legista e ubbidiente;  
 Abraam patriarca, e David re,  
 Israel con suo padre, e co' suoi nati,  
 E con Rachele, per cui tanto fe', 60  
 Ed altri molti; e fecegli beati:  
 E vo' che sappi che, dinanzi ad essi,  
 Spiriti umani non eran salvati.  
 Non lasciavam l' andar, perch' ei dicessi,  
 Ma passavam la selva tuttavia,  
 La selva dico di spiriti spessi.  
 Non era lungi ancor la nostra via  
 Di qua dal sommo; quand' io vidi un foco,  
 Ch' emisperio di tenebre vincia.  
 Di lungi v' eravamo ancora un poco, 70  
 Ma non sì ch' io non discernessi in parte,  
 Che orrevol gente possedea quel loco.  
 O tu, che onori ogni scienza ed arte,  
 Questi chi son ch' hanno cotanta orranza,  
 Che dal modo degli altri li diparte?  
 E quegli a me: L' onrata nominanza,  
 Che di lor suona su nella tua vita,  
 Grazia acquista nel ciel che sì gli avanza.  
 Intanto voce fu per me udita:  
 Onorate l' altissimo poeta: 80  
 L' ombra sua torna, ch' era dipartita.  
 Poichè la voce fu restata e queta,  
 Vidi quattro grand' ombre a noi venire;  
 Sembianza avevan nè trista nè lieta.  
 Lo buon Maestro cominciommi a dire:  
 Mira colui con quella spada in mano,  
 Che vien dinanzi a' tre sì come sire.  
 Quegli è Omero poeta sovrano,  
 L' altro è Orazio satiro, che viene,  
 Ovidio è il terzo, e l' ultimo è Lucano. 90  
 Perocchè ciascun meco si conviene

<sup>1</sup> Whether Virgil died B.C. 19, according to Petavius, or A.D. 3, according to Ruseus, the interval between his death and the Cruci-

fixion was brief enough to justify the expression here used.

<sup>2</sup> The article of the Creed, regarding the Descent into Hell, is

And he, my hidden meaning prompt to read,  
 Made answer, <sup>1</sup> ' I was stranger in this place,  
 When I the advent of a Great One saw,  
 Whose brow the signs of crowning conquest grace.  
<sup>2</sup> He our first father's spirit did withdraw,  
 Abel, and him that built the saving bark,  
 Moses, who gave, nor less obeyed, the law,  
 David the king, with Abraham patriarch,  
 Israel, his sire, and sons : and her, the best-  
 Beloved, his hard-won Rachel. Of less mark  
 Were others whom he chose, and made them blest :  
 And meet thou know, their franchisement until,  
 No human spirit entered into rest.'  
 Discoursing thus, we halted not, but still  
 Traversè the wood unbroken journey made,  
 The wood I mean which spirits thronged to fill.  
 Nor from the cresting edge, to cross the glade,  
 Long had we parted, when I marked a flame  
 Arched in with hemisphere of sullen shade ;  
 Which or we gained, brief interval there came,  
 Nor so removed, but partly I descried  
 Souls harboured there of honourable name.  
 ' O thou, of Science and of Art the pride,  
 Say whom such high prerogative hath crowned,  
 Their portion thus from others' to divide ?'  
 And he to me : ' Their worthiness, renowned  
 In praises echoing through thine upper sphere,  
 For this preferment grace in heaven hath found.'  
 While yet he spake, a voice fell on mine ear :  
 ' Give glory to the bard of loftiest strain,  
 His long-departed spirit welcome near.'  
 When hushed that voice, and all was mute again,  
 I saw four stately forms approach, who wore  
 Upon their grave aspect nor joy nor pain ;  
 And thus my kindly guide began his lore :  
 ' Mark him who wields <sup>3</sup>a trenchant blade in hand,  
 Advancing prince-like other three before ;  
 'Tis Homer, sovereign of the poet band ;  
 The next is Horace, Satire's favourite son ;  
 Ovid the third ; the last doth Lucan stand.  
 Sith each a title to the name hath won

here obviously taken by Dante in its most literal sense.

<sup>1</sup> An ancient bas-relief in the library of the Colonna Palace, the

subject of which is the apotheosis of Homer, represents him holding a sword in his hand, in token of the wars his poem celebrates.

Nel nome, che sonò la voce sola ;  
 Fannomi onore, e di ciò fanno bene.  
 Così vidi adunar la bella scuola  
 Di quel signor dell' altissimo canto,  
 Che sovra gli altri com' aquila vola.  
 Da ch' ebber ragionato insieme alquanto,  
 Volsersi a me con salutevol cenno :  
 E il mio Maestro sorrise di tanto :  
 E più d' onore ancora assai mi fenno, 100  
 Ch' essi mi fecer della loro schiera,  
 Sì ch' io fui sesto tra cotanto senno.  
 Così n' andammo infino alla lumiera,  
 Parlando cose, che il tacere è bello,  
 Sì com' era il parlar colà dov' era.  
 Venimmo al piè d' un nobile castello,  
 Sette volte cerchiato d' alte mura,  
 Difeso intorno d' un bel fiumicello.  
 Questo passammo come terra dura :  
 Per sette porte intrai con questi savi : 110  
 Giugnemmo in prato di fresca verdura.  
 Genti v' eran con occhi tardi e gravi,  
 Di grande autorità ne' lor sembianti :  
 Parlavan rado, con voci soavi.  
 Traemmoci così dall' un de' canti  
 In luogo aperto luminoso ed alto,  
 Sì che veder si potean tutti quanti.  
 Colà dritto, sopra il verde smalto,  
 Mi fur mostrati gli spiriti magni,  
 Che di vederli in me stesso n' esalto. 120  
 Io vidi Elettra con molti compagni,  
 Tra' quai conobbi ed Ettore ed Enea,  
 Cesare armato con gli occhi grifagni.  
 Vidi Cammilla e la Pentesilea,  
 Dall' altra parte, e vidi il re Latino,  
 Che con Lavinia sua figlia sedea.  
 Vidi quel Bruto che cacciò Tarquino,  
 Lucrezia, Julia, Marzia e Corniglia.

\* The seven walls, according to some expositors, allegorise the four moral and three speculative virtues: according to others, the seven liberal arts which formed the Greater Course of the scholastic instruction. Lombardi prefers the former explanation. The stream is supposed to be eloquence; and its easy

passage by the poets, to allude to these words of Cicero (*De Nat. Deor.* ii. 11): 'Nor should I have dreaded a rhetorician, however eloquent; for I am not to be confounded by a torrent (flumine) of empty words.'

\* The Electra here mentioned is the daughter of Atlas and mother

Wherein the lonely voice proclaimed my right,  
 They do me grace, and, gracing, well have done.'  
 Thus I beheld the goodly school unite  
 Of him, the minstrel-lord of loftiest style,  
 Who far beyond them soars his eagle flight.  
 And they, in mutual converse joined awhile,  
 With beck of welcome all to me inclined,  
 Whereat my master smiled a gracious smile.  
 And for mine honour's increase they designed  
 To me in their companionship a room,  
 That I was sixth amid that might of mind.  
 So, journeying on to where light broke the gloom,  
 Things we discoursed of comely tale when told;  
 As comely now that silence be their doom.  
 Before the basement of a lordly hold  
 We paused, with <sup>4</sup> seven high walls encompassèd,  
 Round which, in graceful wheel, a streamlet rolled.  
 O'er this, as o'er dry land, lightly we tread;  
 Thence portals seven I entered with those Wise,  
 And gained a mead of freshest verdure spread.  
 Shades there abide, whose slow and serious eyes  
 With grave authority consign their look,  
 And rarely heard their mellow accents rise.  
 Thus drew we sidelong from a corner nook  
 To open place and high, whence our regard  
 In free broad light their utmost numbers took.  
 There straightway passed upon the verdant sward  
 The spirits of the mighty, shown to me—  
 Their vision yet I boast my great reward.  
 I saw <sup>5</sup> Electra there, of whose degree,  
 With many more, Hector, Æneas, moved;  
 Cæsar, with falcon eyes, armed cap-a-pie.  
<sup>6</sup> Penthesilea, Camilla, maids approved  
 In war, apart I saw; and king Latine,  
 With his fair <sup>7</sup> child, of rival chiefs beloved.  
 Brutus I saw, foe sworn to Tarquin's line;  
<sup>8</sup> Cornelia, <sup>9</sup> Julia, <sup>10</sup> Marcia, chaste Lucrece,

of Dardanus the founder of Troy;  
 she is ranked by Ovid, in his *Fasti*,  
 iv. 31, among the Pleiades.

<sup>5</sup> Penthesilea, a queen of the  
 Amazons, who came to the help of  
 Troy, and was slain by Achilles.

<sup>7</sup> Lavinia, daughter of Latinus,  
 betrothed to Turnus; she afterwards  
 became the second wife of Æneas.

<sup>8</sup> Cornelia, daughter of Scipio  
 Africanus and mother of the Grac-  
 chi.

<sup>9</sup> Julia, daughter of Cæsar, and  
 wife of Pompey the Great.

<sup>10</sup> Marcia, wife of Cato Uticensis,  
 given by him to his friend Horten-  
 sius, after whose death she returned  
 to her former husband.

E solo in parte vidi il Saladino.  
 Poi che innalzai un poco più le ciglia, 130  
 Vidi il Maestro di color che sanno  
 Seder tra filosofica famiglia.  
 Tutti l' ammiran, tutti onor gli fanno.  
 Quivi vid' io e Socrate e Platone,  
 Che innanzi agli altri più presso gli stanno.  
 Democrito, che il mondo a caso pone,  
 Diogenes, Anassagora e Tale,  
 Empedocles, Eraclito e Zenone :  
 E vidi il buono accoglitor del quale, 140  
 Dioscoride dico: e vidi Orfeo,  
 Tullio e Lino e Seneca morale :  
 Euclide geometra e Tolommeo,  
 Ippocrate, Avicenna e Galieno,  
 Averrois che il gran comento feo.  
 Io non posso ritrar di tutti appieno ;  
 Perocchè sì mi caccia il lungo tema,  
 Che molte volte al fatto il dir vien meno.  
 La sesta compagnia in duo si scema :  
 Per altra via mi mena il savio duca,  
 Fuor della queta, nell' aura che trema ; 150  
 E vengo in parte, ove non è che luca.

<sup>11</sup> Salaheddin, the celebrated rival of our first Richard in the wars of the Crusades.

<sup>12</sup> Aristotle is placed the first in honour by Dante, in perfect conformity with the opinions prevalent in his age.

<sup>13</sup> Thales of Miletus, one of the Seven sages ; he held water to be the fundamental principle of all things.

<sup>14</sup> Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ, preceptor of Pericles, of whose

opinions very contrary accounts are given ; some assigning to him the merit of having first distinguished between an intelligent cause and the material universe ; others asserting that his principles tended toward atheism.

<sup>15</sup> Diogenes of Sinope, chief of the Cynics.

<sup>16</sup> Democritus of Abdera, who taught the ancient atomic theory of the world. (See Cudworth, *Int. Syst.*)

And, seated all alone, great <sup>11</sup> Saladine.  
 Mine eyebrows slightly raising, <sup>12</sup> him of Greece  
 I saw, the master of that brotherhood  
 In philosophic home who seek for peace.  
 Him all with reverence, all with wonder viewed :  
 I Socrates and Plato saw 'mid these ;  
 Foremost of all, they both beside him stood.  
<sup>13</sup> Thales, <sup>14</sup> Anaxagoras, <sup>15</sup> Diogenes,  
<sup>16</sup> Democritus, the world to chance who laid,  
<sup>17</sup> Heraclitus, <sup>18</sup> Zeno, and <sup>19</sup> Empedocles,  
 Him that of herbs the various worth displayed,  
<sup>20</sup> Dioscorides, with whom pale Orpheus went ;  
 Grave Seneca, with Tully's, Livy's shade ;  
<sup>21</sup> Ptolemy and Euclid, souls of kindred bent ;  
<sup>22</sup> Avicenna, Galen, learned Hippocrate ;  
<sup>23</sup> Averröes, who made the grand comment.  
 Not every name can I in full relate ;  
 The lengthened theme so drives me, that too few  
 Are evermore my words the deeds to mate.  
 Our band, that numbered six, disparts in two :  
 Me to the trembling air, by other track,  
 From that sweet calm my sapient guide withdrew,  
 Then led where all was lustreless and black.

<sup>11</sup> Heraclitus of Ephesus, remarkable for the obscurity of his doctrines, derived all things from a fiery principle.

<sup>18</sup> Zeno, founder of the Stoic school.

<sup>19</sup> Empedocles of Agrigentum, author of a philosophical treatise in Greek hexameters.

<sup>20</sup> Dioscorides of Anagarba, in Cilicia, who wrote on the qualities of plants and minerals.

<sup>21</sup> Ptolemy, the geographer ; author of the mundane system, named after him the Ptolemaic.

<sup>22</sup> Hippocrates, Galen, Avicenna, the latter an Arabian, all famous for medical science.

<sup>23</sup> Averroes, also of Arabic descent, born at Cordova, in Spain ; he flourished in the twelfth century, and his 'grand commentary' was written to explain Aristotle's works.

## CANTO V.

*Oltre sen vanno i due Poeti e giungono ove Minosse condanna l'anime  
alla meritata pena. In questo cerchio un orribil turbo mena gli  
spiriti, che la ragion sommettono al talento: Paolo e Francesca  
stretti da Amor sì forte che mai non fian divisi.*

Così discesi del cerchio primaio  
Giù nel secondo, che men loco cinghia,  
E tanto più dolor, che pugne a guaio.  
Stavvi Minos orribilmente, e ringhia :  
Esamina le colpe nell' entrata,  
Giudica e manda, secondo che avvinghia.  
Dico, che quando l' anima mal nata  
Gli vien dinanzi, tutta si confessa;  
E quel conoscitor delle peccata  
Vede qual loco d' inferno è da essa : 10  
Cignesi colla coda tante volte,  
Quantunque gradi vuol che giù sia messa.  
Sempre dinanzi a lui ne stanno molte :  
Vanno a vicenda ciascuna al giudizio ;  
Dicono e odono, e poi so giù volte.  
O tu, che vieni al dploroso ospizio,  
Gridò Minos a me, quando mi vide,  
Lasciando l' atto di cotanto ufizio,  
Guarda com' entri, e di cui tu ti fide :  
Non t' inganni l' ampiezza dell' entrare. 20  
E il duca mio a lui : perchè pur gride ?  
Non impedir lo suo fatale andare :  
Vuolsi così colà, dove si puote  
Ciò che si vuole, e più non dimandare.  
Ora incomincian le dolenti note  
A farmisi sentire : or son venuto  
Là dove molto pianto mi percolte.  
Io venni in loco d' ogni luce muto,  
Che mugghia, come fa mar per tempesta,  
Se da contrari venti è combattuto. 30  
La bufera infernal, che mai non resta,  
Mena gli spirti con la sua rapina,  
Voltando e percotendo li molesta.  
Quando giungon davanti alla ruina,

<sup>1</sup> Dante has here, with little ceremony, converted the

## CANTO V.

ARGUMENT.—*Judgment-seat of Minos. Second Circle of Hell, and Punishment of the Incontinent. Story of Francesca di Rimini.*

So PLUNGED I downwards from that upper ring,  
To where the second girds a narrower space,  
And louder howlings tell of sharper sting.  
There <sup>1</sup>Minos, ghastly shape, with grinning face,  
Sits in the gate, of sins takes evidence,  
Dooms and apportions each by self-embrace.  
I say, whene'er the' ill-omened soul goes hence  
To stand at his tribunal, all is told,  
And he, Justiciar named of all offence,  
Discerns what mansion each of Hell must hold;  
For every step he wills them banished lower,  
Him doth his tail as many turns infold.  
Ever before him criminals large store  
Stand: each in turn his judgment undergoes;  
They speak, they hear, then sink to rise no more.  
'Ho! traveller, to this hostelry of woes  
Wending!' so Minos when he saw me nigh:  
And, speaking, gave his awful work repose—  
'Look how thou enter, and on whom rely,  
Nor fondly deem this broadest gate the best.'  
And thus my guide to him: 'What means that cry?  
Think not his fatal journey to arrest;  
So is it willed to be, where might and will  
Go hand in hand, and brook no farther quest.'  
Now 'gan the notes of anguish, fierce and shrill,  
Compel mine audience; now the' uncounted sum  
Of mingling outcries on my heart to thrill:  
The place I entered of all light was dumb,  
And bellowed like the sea with tempest hoarse,  
If chance opposing winds to conflict come.  
The hurricane of hell with ceaseless course  
Of maddened whirls the struggling souls doth sweep,  
Rolls, tumbles, buffets them with torturous force.  
Aye, as they turn to front that headlong steep.

Cretan monarch and legislator into a monster.



Quivi le strida, il compianto e il lamento,  
 Bestemmian quivi la virtù divina.  
 Intesi, che a così fatto tormento  
 Eran dannati i peccator carnali,  
 Che la ragion sommettono al talento.  
 E come gli stornei ne portan l' ali, 40  
 Nel freddo tempo, a schiera larga e piena,  
 Così quel fiato gli spiriti mali,  
 Di qua, di là, di giù, di su gli mena :  
 Nulla speranza gli conforta mai,  
 Non che di posa, ma di minor pena.  
 E come i gru van cantando lor lai,  
 Facendo in aer di sè lunga riga ;  
 Così vid' io venir, traendo guai,  
 Ombre portate dalla detta briga :  
 Perch' io dissi : Maestro, chi son quelle 50  
 Genti, che l' aer nero sì gastiga ?  
 La prima di color, di cui novelle  
 Tu vuoi saper, mi disse quegli allotta,  
 Fu imperatrice di molte favelle.  
 A vizio di lussuria fu sì rotta,  
 Che libito fe' licito in sua legge  
 Per torre il biasmo, in che era condotta.  
 Ell' è Semiramis, di cui si legge,  
 Che succedette a Nino, e fu sua sposa :  
 Tenne la terra, che il Soldan corregge. 60  
 L' altra è colei che s' ancise amorosa,  
 E ruppe fede al cener di Sicheo ;  
 Poi è Cleopatra lussuriosa.  
 Elena vidi, per cui tanto reo  
 Tempo si volse, e vidi il grande Achille,  
 Che con amore al fine combatteo.  
 Vidi Paris, Tristano ; e più di mille  
 Ombre mostrommi e nominolle a dito,  
 Che amor di nostra vita dipartille.  
 Poscia ch' io ebbi il mio dottore udito 70  
 Nomar le donne antiche e i cavalieri,

\* Dido, whom Virgil, in the opening of the fourth Æneid, has made to express herself thus to her sister Anna:—

'But first let yawning earth a passage rend,  
 And let me through the dark abyss descend ;  
 First let avenging Jove with flames on high  
 Drive down this body to the nether sky,  
 Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie,  
 Before I break the plighted faith I gave ;  
 No ! he who had my vows shall ever have ;  
 For whom I loved on earth, I worship in the grave.'

*Dryden's Translation.*

There rise the shriek, and wailing, and lament :  
 There on the Might Divine they curses heap.  
 Then understood I of that woe's intent,  
 How framed with sinners in the flesh to deal  
 Who to their passion have their reason bent.  
 And like as starlings in their aëry wheel  
 Some winter's day float wide upon the wing,  
 So doth those guilty souls the whirlwind's reel  
 Now up, now down, now this, now that way fling ;  
 Nor aught to comfort them may soothing hope,  
 If not of rest, of milder sufferance bring.  
 And like to cranes that underneath the cope  
 Of heaven a long line trailing chaunt their dirge,  
 Did shadows onward borne by that fell swoop  
 With long-drawn screamings on my sight emerge,  
 Till I—' Whence are they, master, that so keen  
 From the black welkin feel their penal scourge ?'  
 Instant he answered, ' She, the foremost seen,  
 Of whom the historic tale thou hast bespoke,  
 Was, in her hour, of many a language queen ;  
 So fast enthralled to lechery's base yoke,  
 Her foul decree made Lust and Law the same,  
 If haply thus her proper stain to cloak.  
 Semiramis is she, by ancient fame  
 The successor of Ninus, and his wife ;  
 Her land the Soldan's heritage became.  
 Next her, <sup>2</sup> the self-destroyed, who paid with life  
 Her broken fealty to Sichæus' ghost :  
 Cleopatra next, of vile allurements rife.  
 Helen I saw, the ten long years who cost  
 Revolving ills ; and <sup>3</sup> Thetis' son, who died  
 Still struggling with his loves till all was lost.  
 Paris and <sup>4</sup> Tristan—thousand shades beside  
 To name aright his guiding finger taught,  
 Lovers, whose love did them from life divide.  
 While, my wise teacher naming each, I caught  
 The style of dames and cavaliers antique,

<sup>2</sup> Achilles became successively enamoured of Deidamia, Briseis, and Polyxena, daughter of Priam. His attachment to the last of these ladies is said to have cost him his life ; being enticed into an ambush, he was shot by Paris in his vulnerable heel.

<sup>4</sup> Tristan, one of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table, nephew of Mark King of Cornwall, by whom he was murdered in revenge for his adultery with Isotta, the queen of that monarch.

Pietà mi vinse, e fui quasi smarrito.  
 Io cominciai : Poeta, volentieri  
 Parlerei a que' duo, che insieme vanno,  
 E paion sì al vento esser leggieri.  
 Ed egli a me : Vedrai, quando saranno  
 Più presso a noi ; e tu allor li prega  
 Per quell' amor che i mena ; e quei verranno.  
 Sì tosto come il vento a noi li piega,  
 Mossi la voce : O anime affannate, 80  
 Venite a noi parlar, s' altri nol niega.  
 Quali colombe dal disio chiamate,  
 Con l' ali aperte e ferme, al dolce nido  
 Volan per l' aer dal voler portate :  
 Cotali uscir della schiera ov' è Dido,  
 A noi venendo per l' aer maligno,  
 Sì forte fu l' affettuoso grido.  
 O animal grazioso e benigno,  
 Che visitando vai per l' aer perso  
 Noi che tignemmo il mondo di sanguigno : 90  
 Se fosse amico il Re dell' universo,  
 Noi pregheremmo lui per la tua pace,  
 Poichè hai pietà del nostro mal perverso.  
 Di quel che udire e che parlar ti piace  
 Noi udiremo e parleremo a vui,  
 Mentrechè il vento, come fa, si tace.  
 Siede la terra, dove nata fui,  
 Su la marina dove il Po discende  
 Per aver pace co' seguaci sui.  
 Amor, che al cor gentil ratto s' apprende, 100  
 Prese costui della bella persona  
 Che mi fu tolta, e il modo ancor m' offende ;  
 Amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona,  
 Mi prese del costui piacer sì forte,  
 Che come vedi ancor non mi abbandona.  
 Amor condusse noi ad una morte :  
 Caina attende chi 'n vita ci spense.  
 Queste parole da lor ci fur porte.  
 Da che io intesi quelle anime offense  
 Chinai 'l viso, e tanto il tenni basso, 110

\* Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna, a lady of great beauty and elegance, became the wife of Lancelot, son of Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, a man of merit, but deformed in person. The accomplishments of Paolo, a

relation of her husband, were unhappily placed in too striking contrast with the defects of the latter. It is said that the lady had Paolo shown to her as her future husband, and was only undeceived on the morning after her marriage.

Me pity vanquished, and astounding thought.  
 Thus I began : ' Poet, I fain would speak  
 To <sup>6</sup>yonder pair, that, buoyant as the feather,  
 Float undivided down the gusty reek.'  
 And he to me : ' The moment watch, when hither  
 The twain approach : and they shall come, appealed  
 In name of Love, who bound them thus together.'  
 Whom, as they tempest-driven toward us reeled,  
 I there accosted : ' Come and tell your tale,  
 Perturbèd souls, if none your lips have sealed.'  
 As love-invited turtles, on the gale  
 Each balanced pinion opening, seek their nest,  
 So true the' impulsive ardour doth prevail,  
 Such they from Dido's company addressed  
 Their flight to greet us through the air malign,  
 So strong my cry from sympathizing breast.  
 ' O breathing creature, gracious and benign,  
 That down the lurid air thy way dost wend  
 To visit us, who left our blood for sign  
 Upon the crimsoned earth, were He our friend  
 Who reigns Supreme, thy grief for us accurst  
 Should to our orisons thy peace commend ;  
 And as to listen or to speak ye thirst,  
 So will we listen, so will speak again,  
 While the hushed wind relaxeth of his worst.  
 The town where I was born sits by the main,  
 Where Po declineth to the broad sea brink,  
 Yearning for peace with all his urgent train.  
 Love, which the gentle heart is quick to drink,  
 Made him ye see for that fair person burn,  
 Which how I lost yet harrows me to think.  
 Love, that to none beloved spares love-return,  
 Bonds of delight in him around me cast  
 So strong, thou seest, as I not yet may spurn.  
 Love led us onward to one death at last—  
<sup>6</sup>Caina waits for him who quenched in blood  
 Our being.' Such the word her lips that passed.  
 When of those tortured souls I understood,  
 Bowing me down, so low I held my face—

Francesca became an unfaithful  
 wife, and being surprised in the  
 company of her paramour by the  
 injured Lancelot, they were both  
 slain on the spot with a single  
 blow.

<sup>6</sup> Caina is that portion of the  
 lowest depth of the Poet's Hell  
 which confines the treacherous  
 murderers of their kindred. The  
 derivation of the name is obvious.

Finchè il poeta mi disse : che pense ?  
 Quando risposi, cominciai : O lasso,  
 Quanti dolci pensier, quanto disio  
 Menò costoro al doloroso passo !  
 Poi mi rivolsi a loro, e parla' io,  
 E cominciai : Francesca, i tuoi martiri  
 A lagrimar mi fanno tristo e pio.  
 Ma dimmi : al tempo de' dolci sospiri,  
 A che e come concedette amore,  
 Che conosceste i dubbiosi desiri ?  
 Ed ella a me : Nessun maggior dolore,  
 Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
 Nella miseria ; e ciò sa il tuo dottore.  
 Ma se a conoscer la prima radice  
 Del nostro amor tu hai cotanto affetto,  
 Farò come colui che piange e dice.  
 Noi leggevamo un giorno per diletto  
 Di Lancillotto, come amor lo strinse :  
 Soli eravamo e senza alcun sospetto.  
 Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse  
 Quella lettura, e scolorocci il viso :  
 Ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse.  
 Quando leggemmo il disiato riso  
 Esser baciato da cotanto amante,  
 Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso,  
 La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante :  
 Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse :  
 Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.  
 Mentre che l' uno spirto questo disse,  
 L' altro piangeva sì, che di pietade  
 Io venni men così com' io morisse :  
 E caddi, come corpo morto cade.

120

130

140

' Many commentators, finding no passage in Virgil's poems expressive of this sentiment, have had recourse to Boethius 'De Consolatione Philosophiæ.' But Lombardi's conjecture is much more natural, that it applies to Virgil, who has himself, in the preceding Canto, told Dante that he and his

companions in Limbo were—

—' di tanto offesi,  
 Che senza speme vivemo in desio.'  
 (Canto iv. v. 41, 42).

\* Lancelot du Lac—perhaps the most distinguished of the Round-Table Knights—was the lover of Ginevra, Arthur's queen. Their

'On what,' the bard demanded, 'dost thou brood?'  
 Whom, finding speech, I answered: 'Ah! alas!  
 How many sweetest thoughts, how warm a glow,  
 Lured on these lovers to the dolorous pass!'

Then toward them turned again: 'Thy racking woe,'  
 I said, 'Francesca, wrings from out mine eyes  
 The pious drops that sadden as they flow.  
 But tell me, in your hour of honied sighs,  
 By whom and how love pitying broke the spell,  
 And in your doubtful longings made too wise.'  
 And she to me: 'No keener pang hath hell,  
 Than to recal, amid some deep distress,  
 Our happier time: ' thy teacher knows it well.  
 Yet if desire so strong thy soul possess  
 To trace the root from whence our love was bred,  
 His part be mine, who tells and weeps no less.

'T was on a day when we for pastime read  
 Of <sup>8</sup> Lancelot, how love snared him to ruin:  
 We were alone, nor knew suspicious dread.  
 Oft on that reading paused our eyes, renewing  
 Their glance; and from our cheeks the colour started;  
 But one sole moment wrought for our undoing:  
 When that we read of lover so true-hearted  
 Kissing the smile so coveted before,  
 He that from me shall never more be parted  
 Kissed me with lip to lip, trembling all o'er.  
 The <sup>9</sup> broker of our vows, it was the lay,  
 And he who wrote—that day we read no more.'  
 The other spirit, while the first did say  
 These words, so moanèd, that with soft remorse  
 As death hath stricken me, I swooned away,  
 And down I fell, heavily as falls a corse.

adventures formed the subject of many romances by the poets of the chivalric age, and have once more become familiar in English literature by the 'Idylls of the King.'

\* I cannot agree with Lombardi here, that the Poet, in the midst of so pathetic a tale, made his Francesca gravely inform her

hearers that Galeotto (*gondolier*) was the name at once of the book and the writer: a more frigid interruption of the current of passionate feeling could hardly have been produced by the waving of Lucifer's own wings over the scene;

'Onde Cocito tutto s'aggelava.'

## CANTO VI.

*Terzo cerchio de' Golosi : Cerbero scuoiava e squartava i peccatori e co' latrati introna ' l'anime sì, ch'esser vorrebber sorde.' Colloquio con Ciacco sulle discordie di Firenze.*

AL TORNAR della mente, che si chiuse  
 Dinanzi alla pietà de' duo cognati,  
 Che di tristizia tutto mi confuse,  
 Nuovi tormenti e nuovi tormentati  
 Mi veggio intorno, come ch' io mi mova,  
 E come ch' io mi volga e ch' io mi guati.  
 Io sono al terzo cerchio della piovra  
 Eterna, maledetta, fredda e greve :  
 Regola e qualità mai non l' è nova.  
 Grandine grossa, e acqua tinta, e neve 10  
 Per l' aer tenebroso si riversa :  
 Pute la terra che questo riceve.  
 Cerbero, fiera crudele e diversa,  
 Con tre gole caninamente latra  
 Sovra la gente che quivi è sommersa.  
 Gli occhi ha vermigli, e la barba unta ed atra,  
 E il ventre largo, e unghiate le mani ;  
 Graffia gli spirti, gli scuoiava, ed isquatra.  
 Urlar gli fa la pioggia come cani :  
 Dell' un de' lati fanno all' altro schermo ; 20  
 Volgonsi spesso i miseri profani.  
 Quando ci scorre Cerbero, il gran vermo,  
 Le bocche aperse, e mostrocci le sanne :  
 Non avea membro che tenesse fermo.  
 E il duca mio distesse sue spanne ;  
 Prese la terra, e con piene le pugna  
 La gittò dentro alle bramose canne.  
 Qual è quel cane che abbaiando agugna,  
 E si racqueta poi che il pasto morde,  
 Che solo a divorarlo intende e pugna ; 30  
 Cotai si fecer quelle facce lorde  
 Dello demonio Cerbero che introna  
 L' anime sì, ch' esser vorrebber sorde.

<sup>1</sup> Cerberus is first named by Hesiod, Theog. v. 311, who assigns him fifty heads. Later poets commonly represent him with only three,

## CANTO VI.

*ARGUMENT.—Third Circle of Hell. Cerberus. Punishment of the Gluttons, among whom is found one Ciacco, a Florentine: from him Dante obtains certain Information respecting their native Town.*

MY MIND returning that had shrunk astounded  
 Before my pity for that kindred pair,  
 When purely sorrow my whole man confounded,  
 Which way I move, which way I turn, and where  
 Throughout surrounding space mine eyes I strain,  
 New tortures and new tortured ones are there.  
 I am in that third circle, which the rain,  
 Endless, accursèd, chill, and heavy, drinks,  
 Whose kind and measure aye unchanged remain.  
 Big hail, and snow, and blackening water sinks  
 Down the murk air in headlong torrent rolled,  
 All which the soil receiving rots and stinks.  
<sup>1</sup> Cerberus, a ruthless beast of uncouth mould,  
 Barks hell-hound like, with triple gorge and grim,  
 O'er those whom yonder slough engulphed doth hold.  
 Red are his eyes, black and of greasy trim  
 His beard, and huge his paunch; his clawed hands quell  
 The mangled sprites; he flays, and limb from limb  
 Rends them: like dogs that hailstorm makes them yell,  
 And side for side alternate shield they take,  
 Writhing them oft, those wretched hosts of hell.  
 When he descried us, Cerberus, giant snake,  
 Oped all his mouths, and showed his fangèd jaws:  
 —Was not in me the part that failed to quake!  
 With outspread palms my guide a portion draws  
 From the soaked earth, which in fist conveying,  
 He grasps, then hurls it down those greedy maws.  
 Like ravenous cur that, silenced of his baying,  
 Bends his whole aim and vehemence to englut  
 The bait once tasted, all his rage allaying,  
 So wrought those demon cheeks begrimed in smut  
 Of the Dog-fiend, whose thunder to make less,  
 Fain would the souls their ears were ever shut.

like his ancestor Geryon. He is placed by some at the mouth of the Acheron, by others at the gates of Hades.



Noi passavam su per l' ombre che adona  
 La greve pioggia, e ponevam le piante  
 Sopra lor vanità che par persona.  
 Elle giacean per terra tutte quante,  
 Fuor d' una che a seder si levò, ratto  
 Ch' ella ci vide passarsi davante.  
 O tu, che se' per questo inferno tratto, 40  
 Mi disse, riconoscimi, se sai :  
 Tu fosti, prima ch' io disfatto, fatto.  
 Ed io a lei : L' angoscia che tu hai  
 Forse ti tira fuor della mia mente,  
 Sì che non par ch' io ti vedessi mai.  
 Ma dimmi chi tu se', che in sì dolente  
 Luogo se' messa, ed a sì fatta pena,  
 Che s' altra è maggio nulla è sì spiacente.  
 Ed egli a me : La tua città, ch' è piena  
 D' invidia sì, che già trabocca il sacco, 50  
 Seco mi tenne in la vita serena.  
 Voi, cittadini, mi chiamaste Ciacco :  
 Per la dannosa colpa della gola,  
 Come tu vedi, alla pioggia mi fiacco ;  
 Ed io anima trista non son sola,  
 Chè tutte queste a simil pena stanno  
 Per simil colpa : e più non fe' parola.  
 Io gli risposi : Ciacco, il tuo affanno  
 Mi pesa sì, che a lagrimar m' invita ;  
 Ma dimmi, se tu sai, a che verranno 60  
 Li cittadin della città partita ?  
 S' alcun v' è giusto : e dimmi la cagione,  
 Perchè l' ha tanta discordia assalita.  
 Ed egli a me : Dopo lunga tenzone  
 Verranno al sangue, e la parte selvaggia.  
 Cacerà l' altra con molta offensione.  
 Poi appresso convien, che questa caggia  
 Infra tre soli, e che l' altra sormonti  
 Con la forza di tal che testè piaggia.  
 Alto terrà lungo tempo le fronti, 70  
 Tenendo l' altra sotto gravi pesi,  
 Come che di ciò pianga, e che ne adonti.

<sup>2</sup> Ciacco, in the dialect of Florence, means *hog*.

<sup>3</sup> Florence, divided between the factions of the Bianchi and Neri.

<sup>4</sup> The Bianchi, supposed to be so called from the native district of

the Cerchi their leaders, the woody Val di Nievole.

<sup>5</sup> Charles of Valois, brother of Philip the Fair, and founder of the French dynasty of Valois. Like our own John, he bore the

We stepped, our foot upon the phantom press  
 Thrown prostrate by that grievous hail, and trode  
 What seemed their substance, was their nothingness.  
 They all and each upon the ground lay strowed,  
 Save one who raised him hurriedly to sit,  
 When full in front he marked us take our road.  
 'Thou that art borne across this hellish pit,'  
 He said, 'my memory, if thou canst, revive;  
 Ere mine went out, thy lamp of life was lit.'  
 And I: 'Thy racking torments haply drive  
 Thine image from my mind, whereon to trust  
 Would thus persuade, I ne'er saw thee alive.  
 But tell me who thou art, that now art thrust  
 In place so dire, and punishment so wrought,  
 If other sting more, none may more disgust?'  
 And he to me: 'Mid thine own city, fraught  
 With envy such, e'en now the sack runs o'er,  
 Once, in the life serene, my place was sought:  
 Ye townsmen called me by the name I bore,  
 'Ciacco; for gluttony's pernicious blot  
 Me, as thou seest, yon hailstorm bruise sore:  
 Nor me alone, sad spirit; for the lot  
 Of kindred pain is meted to all these  
 For kindred crime.' He other word spake not.  
 Whom there I answered, 'Ciacco, thy disease  
 Oppresseth e'en to bid my tears fall down:  
 But whither, tell me, if thy soul foresees,  
 Shall come the men of that <sup>3</sup>divided town?  
 Who there is righteous; and the cause relate  
 Why discord blasts her with so withering frown.'  
 And he made answer: 'They from long debate  
 Shall come to bloodshed; and the <sup>4</sup>forest side  
 Shall chase their foes with working of much hate.  
 Within three suns shall downfall them betide  
 Full swift, their rivals mounting by <sup>5</sup>his power,  
 Whose trimming bark now close ashore both ride.  
 Long time shall they with haughty forehead tower,  
 And on the opposer galling burdens lay,  
 Weep he submissive, or indignant lour.

surname of Lackland. Being sent  
 by Boniface VIII. to settle the  
 disputes of the different factions in  
 Florence, he pursued the tempo-  
 rising policy of which Ciacco here  
 accuses him, until a convenient

opportunity presented itself for  
 banishing the leaders of the Bian-  
 chi or Ghibelline party, and among  
 them Dante himself. The three  
 suns are three years.

Giusti son duo, ma non vi sono intesi :  
 Superbia, invidia ed avarizia sono  
 Le tre faville che hanno i cori accesi.  
 Qui pose fine al lacrimabil suono.  
 Ed io a lui : Ancor vo' che m' insegni,  
 E che di più parlar mi facci dono.  
 Farinata e il Tegghiaio, che fur sì degni,  
 Jacopo Rusticucci, Arrigo e il Mosca, 80  
 E gli altri che a ben far poser gl' ingegni,  
 Dimmi ove sono, e fa ch' io li conosca ;  
 Chè gran desio mi stringe di sapere,  
 Se il ciel gli addolcia o lo inferno gli attosca.  
 E quegli : Ei son tra le anime più nere ;  
 Diversa colpa giù gli aggrava al fondo :  
 Se tanto scendi, gli potrai vedere.  
 Ma quando tu sarai nel dolce mondo,  
 Pregoti che alla mente altrui mi rechi :  
 Più non ti dico e più non ti rispondo. 90  
 Gli diritti occhi torse allora in biechi :  
 Guardommi un poco, e poi chinò la testa :  
 Cadde con essa a par degli altri ciechi.  
 E il duca disse a me ; Più non si desta  
 Di qua dal suon dell' angelica tromba ;  
 Quando verrà la nimica podesta,  
 Ciascun ritroverà la trista tomba,  
 Ripiglierà sua carne e sua figura,  
 Udirà quel che in eterno rimbomba.  
 Sì trapassammo per sozza mistura 100  
 Dell' ombre e della pioggia, a passi lenti,  
 Toccando un poco la vita futura :  
 Perch' io dissi : Maestro, esti tormenti  
 Cresceranno ei dopo la gran sentenza,  
 O fien minori, o saran sì cocenti ?  
 Ed egli a me : Ritorna a tua scienza,  
 Che vuol, quanto la cosa è più perfetta,  
 Più senta il bene, e così la doglienza.  
 Tuttochè questa gente maledetta  
 In vera perfezion già mai non vada, 110  
 Di là, più che di qua, essere aspetta.  
 Noi aggirammo a tondo quella strada,

\* It cannot now be ascertained who these two worthies were, but Guido Cavalcanti is generally believed to have been one.

' Farinata degli Uberti, Teg-

ghiaio Aldobrandi degli Adimari, Arrigo de' Fisanti, Mosca degli Uberti or Lamberti. The first is met with again in Canto x. The second, with Jacopo Rusticucci, in

<sup>6</sup>Two righteous are there, much misprizèd they !  
 Pride, Avarice, and Envy, these the three  
 Live coals that on their kindling bosoms prey.'  
 His tear-compelling note here ended he ;  
 Whence I : ' Unsated of thy lore, I would  
 Thou grantedst boon of further talk to me.  
<sup>7</sup>Farinata, and that worthy brotherhood,  
 Tegghiaio, Rusticucci, Arrigo,  
 Mosca, with all who gave their mind to good,  
 Say where are these, and cause that I may know ;  
 For great the longing seizes me to hear  
 If heaven above them sweeten, or below  
 Hell poison.' ' Them,' he said, ' in lower sphere  
 With blacker souls a different guilt hath blended,  
 If deep enough thou plunge, they must appear.  
 But thou, to that sweet upper world ascended,  
 Bring me, I pray thee, back to others' mind :  
 No more ; mine answers and my speech are ended.'  
 His eyes, direct before, he squint inclined,  
 A moment looked on me, then drooped his head,  
 And fell with it beside those other blind.  
 ' Henceforth he wakes no more,' the master said,  
 ' Until the' angelic trumpet burst the gloom ;  
 When HE shall come, the' Avenging Power they dread,  
 These shall revisit each his joyless tomb,  
 Put on his flesh and form, and hear the sound  
 That thunders through eternity his doom.'  
 So step by step, 'mid hail with spectres drowned  
 In foul sludge mingled, we, the future age  
 Handling in measure, our slow passage wound ;  
 For thus I asked him : ' Shall these torments rage,  
 The judgment past, with fury more intense,  
 Or scorch as now, or of their heat assuage ?'  
 Who answered : ' Get thee to thy <sup>8</sup>wisdom, whence  
 'T is taught, the creature to perfection nigher  
 Of good and eke of ill hath keener sense.  
 Albeit this cursèd race may ne'er aspire  
 The true perfection of their kind to feel,  
 Yet lower scale expect they not, but higher.'  
 Discoursing more, which I may not reveal,

Canto xvi., and Mosca in Canto xxviii.

<sup>8</sup> The Aristotelic philosophy, which teaches that the more per-

fect the human nature, the more exquisite is its sense, whether of pleasure or pain.

Parlando più assai ch' io non ridico :  
 Venimmo al punto dove si digrada :  
 Quivi trovammo Pluto il gran nemico.

## CANTO VII.

*I prodighi e gli avari vengono ai due cozzi nel quarto cerchio. Bella descrizione della fortuna fatta da Virgilio. Gli iracondi son puniti nel quinto cerchio e co' denti fanno scempio di sè medesimi.*

Pape Satan, pape Satan aleppe,  
 Cominciò Pluto colla voce chioccia ;  
 E quel Savio gentil, che tutto seppe,  
 Disse per confortarmi : Non ti noccia  
 La tua paura, chè, poder ch' egli abbia,  
 Non ti torrà lo scender questa roccia.  
 Poi si rivolse a quell' enfiate labbia,  
 E disse : Taci, maledetto lupo :  
 Consuma dentro te con la tua rabbia.  
 Non è senza cagion l' andare al cupo : 10  
 Vuolsi nell' alto là dove Michele  
 Fe' la vendetta del superbo strupo.  
 Quali dal vento le gonfiate vele  
 Caggiono avvolte, poichè l' alber fiacca ;  
 Tal cadde a terra la fiera crudele.  
 Così scendemmo nella quarta lacca,  
 Prendendo più della dolente ripa,  
 Che il mal dell' universo tutto insacca.  
 Ahi giustizia di Dio, tante chi stipa  
 Nuove travaglie e pene, quante io viddi ? 20  
 E perchè nostra colpa sì ne scipa ?  
 Come fa l' onda là sovra Cariddi,  
 Che si frange con quella in cui s' intoppa ;  
 Così convien che qui la gente riddi.  
 Qui vid' io gente più che altrove troppa,

<sup>1</sup> This first line has often employed the ingenuity of commentators. Lombardi asserts that it is a medley of languages intended to display the influence of the Demon of Wealth in all countries, and that the whole sentence, if complete, would have been of this

nature: "Holla! Satan, holla! great Satan, how little art thou respected!" But I accept the conjecture of the anonymous commentator (London, Murray, 1822), who thus reads the line in Hebrew:

פֶּה סָטָן פֶּה סָטָן פֶּה סָטָן פֶּה סָטָן  
 Aleph Satan Peh Peh Satan Peh Peh

Around that street to reach the point where low  
 A stair descends, we moved in circling wheel;  
 Here we encountered Plutus, the grand foe.

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### CANTO VII.

**ARGUMENT.**—*Fourth Circle of Hell. Plutus. Punishments of the Prodigal and the Avaricious. The Lake of Styx in the Fifth Circle of Hell. Punishment of the Irascible.*

'SHOW, Satan, mighty Satan, show thy face,'  
 Plutus began with stammering accents hoarse;  
 And he, the Gentile sage, that learned was  
 In all, said, for my comfort, 'Let not force  
 Of dread self-nourished harm thee: all too weak  
 Is his permitted power to bar thy course  
 Down yonder chasm.' Then to that bloated cheek  
 Turned him, and cried: 'Accursèd wolf, be hushed;  
 On thine own heart thy wasting frenzy wreak.  
 Not warrantless to night's dark realm we rushed;  
 So is it willed on high, where <sup>2</sup> Michüel  
 The proud adulterous host with vengeance crushed.'  
 As the strained canvas which the wind doth swell  
 Wavers, and twists, and falls, if snap the mast,  
 So prone to earth the savage monster fell.  
 'Then downward we to that fourth hollow passed,  
 Yet fathoming the lamentable steep  
 That hoards the bane o' the universe so fast.  
 Justice of God! who might such travail heap,  
 Such unimagined pangs as there I saw?  
 And wherefore drains our guilt the cup so deep?  
 Like the wild wave that round <sup>3</sup> Charybdis' jaw  
 Doth break itself, encountering adverse tide,  
 So here the dancers by the roundel's law.  
 Here souls more numerous I than elsewhere spied

<sup>2</sup> Michael the Archangel. The word *adulterous* is here used in the spiritual sense which the Scriptures so often assign to it.

<sup>3</sup> The Straits of Messina, in ancient geography, were famous for the rocks of Scylla and whirlpool

of Charybdis on their opposite sides. It is impossible to say how far the Phœnicians' commercial jealousy combined with the Græek liveliness of imagination to people Sicily and the seas beyond it with monstrous and terrific apparitions.

E d' una parte e d' altra, con grand' urli,  
 Voltando pesi per forza di poppa :  
 Percotevansi incontro, e poscia pur li  
 Si rivolgea ciascun, voltando a retro,  
 Gridando : Perchè tieni e perchè burli ? 30  
 Così tornavan per lo cerchio tetro,  
 Da ogni mano all' opposto punto,  
 Gridando sempre in loro ontoso metro :  
 Poi si volgea ciascun, quando era giunto  
 Per lo suo mezzo cerchio all' altra giostra ;  
 Ed io che avea lo cor quasi compunto,  
 Dissi : Maestro mio, or mi dimostra  
 Che gente è questa, e se tutti fur cherchi  
 Questi chercuti alla sinistra nostra.  
 Ed egli a me : Tutti quanti fur guerchi 40  
 Sì della mente, in la vita primaia,  
 Che con misura nullo spendio ferçi.  
 Assai la voce lor chiaro l' abbaia,  
 Quando vengono a' duo punti del cerchio,  
 Ove colpa contraria li dispaia,  
 Questi fur cherchi, che non han coperchio  
 Piloso al capo, e Papi e Cardinali,  
 In cui usa avarizia il suo soperchio.  
 Ed io : Maestro, tra questi cotali 50  
 Dovre' io ben riconoscere alcuni,  
 Che furo immondi di cotesti mali.  
 Ed egli a me : Vano pensiero aduni :  
 La sconoscente vita, che i fe' sozzi,  
 Ad ogni conoscenza or li fa bruni ;  
 In eterno verranno agli due cozzi ;  
 Questi risurgeranno del sepulcro  
 Col pugno chiuso ; e questi co' crin mozzi.  
 Mal dare e mal tener lo mondo pulcro  
 Ha tolto loro, e posti a questa zuffa :  
 Qual ella sia, parole non ci appulcro. 60  
 Or puoi, figliuol, veder la corta buffa  
 De' ben, che son commessi alla fortuna,  
 Perchè l' umana gente si rabbuffa.  
 Chè tutto l' oro, che' è sotto la luna,  
 E che già fu, di queste anime stanche,  
 Non potrebbe farne posar una.

<sup>4</sup> In perfect consistency with this part of his poem Dante has filled the *Bolgia* of the Simoniacal with Popes (see Canto xix.).

Avarice is the besetting sin of old age, and the higher clerical dignities are seldom attained till late in life : the celibacy of the Romish

Straining the breast to roll up burdens, flock  
 With wolvish howls, from one and other side.  
 Headlong they clashed, and instant from the shock  
 Recoiling each wheeled with a backward swing,  
 And screamed 'Why gripe?'—'Why bowl?' in mock  
 Ever they turned them through the pitchy ring [for mock.  
 From all hands to the opposing quarter bent,  
 And shrill their scurril rhyme would ever sing.  
 Arriving there, each wheeled and jousting went  
 His own half-circle for a fresh career :  
 While I, of pity feeling some indent  
 At heart, said, 'Master mine, what race is here  
 Pronounce, and say if all were clerks, who shorn  
 With clerkly tonsure on our left appear.'  
 Then answered he : 'These in their living morn  
 Were so distort of mental sight oblique,  
 They in their spending knew no measured bourne :  
 And clear reproof their mutual snarlings strike,  
 When of that orb they reach the double goal,  
 Where counterbuffs them sin the most unlike.  
 These <sup>4</sup> with no hair to crown them, every soul  
 Clergy and popes and cardinals have been,  
 Whom Avarice ruled with tyrannous control.'  
 And I : 'O Master, 'mid such host, I ween,  
 Some certain ones I well might recognise,  
 That with these very plague-spots went unclean.'  
 And he to me : 'Vainly thy thoughts devise ;  
 The undiscerning life that soiled them there,  
 Now smirching hides them from discerning eyes.  
 Endless shall they to meet those shocks repair,  
 And join the resurrection from the grave,  
 Part with clenched fist, and part with curtal hair.  
 What cost them brighter world was, ill to save  
 Or ill to give, and doomed to yonder scuffle,  
 Whose quality I waste not words to brave.  
 Now may'st thou, son, behold how brief the shuffle  
 Of goods by shifting Fortune held in store,  
 For which the human kind so fiercely ruffle :  
 Since all below the moon of golden ore  
 That lies, or all those weary souls possessed,  
 Could purchase none a moment's peace the more.'

clergy may have a similar influence,      unwarlike were likely to surround  
 and in the times of Dante those      themselves with wealth as a means  
 whose profession rendered them      of protection.



Maestro, dissi lui, or mi d' anche :  
 Questa fortuna, di che tu mi tocche,  
 Che è, che i ben del mondo ha sì tra branche ?  
 E quegli a me : O creature sciocche, 70  
 Quanta ignoranza è quella che vi offende !  
 Or vo' che tu mia sentenza ne imbocche :  
 Colui, lo cui saver tutto trascende,  
 Fece li cieles, e diè lor chi conduce,  
 Sì che ogni parte ad ogni parte splende,  
 Distribuendo ugualmente la luce :  
 Similmente agli splendor mondani  
 Ordinò general ministra e duce,  
 Che permutasse a tempo li ben vani,  
 Di gente in gente e d' uno in altro sangue, 80  
 Oltre la difension de' senni umani :  
 Perchè una gente impera, e l' altra langue,  
 Seguendo lo giudicio di costei,  
 Che è occulto, come in erba l' angue.  
 Vostro saver non ha contrasto a lei :  
 Ella provvede, giudica e persegue  
 Suo regno, come il loro gli altri Dei.  
 Le sue permutazion non hanno triegue :  
 Necessità la fa esser veloce ;  
 Sì spesso vien chi vicenda consegue. 90  
 Quest' è colei, ch' è tanto posta in croce  
 Pur da color che la dovrian dar lode,  
 Dandole biasmo a torto e mala voce.  
 Ma ella s' è beata, e ciò non ode :  
 Con l' altre prime creature lieta  
 Volve sua spera, e beata si gode.  
 Or discendiamo omai a maggior pieta :  
 Già ogni stella cade, che saliva  
 Quando mi mossi, e il troppo star si vieta.  
 Noi ricidemmo il cerchio all' altra riva 100  
 Sovra una fonte, che bolle e riversa  
 Per un fossato che da lei deriva.  
 L' acqua era buia molto più che persa :  
 E noi, in compagnia dell' ondo bige,  
 Entrammo giù per una via diversa.  
 Una palude fa, che ha nome Stige,  
 Questo tristo ruscel, quando è disceso  
 Al piè delle maligne piaggie grige.  
 Ed io, che a rimirar mi stava inteso,

\* For a description of the source whence Acheron, Styx,

‘Master,’ said I, ‘resolve me yet my quest :  
This Fortune, whom thou touchest of, describe,  
Whose gripe all worldly good hath thus comprest.’  
And he to me : ‘Ah ! sottish creature-tribe !  
What scandals doth your ignorance beteem !  
I will that thou my sentence straight imbibe.  
He who of wisdom reigns o’er all Supreme,  
The heavens created and their guides assigned,  
That every part on other part should beam,  
The light dividing with impartial mind :  
And, patterned thence, He one ordained to sit  
Ministrant head o’er sheen of earthly kind,  
Those unsubstantial goods, as time should fit,  
To change from blood to blood, from race to race,  
Beyond the’ impediment of human wit.  
Hence one seed rules, another yielding place  
Decays, obedient to her judgment given,  
Who works in secret, like the snake i’ the grass.  
In vain your wisdom against her hath striven :  
She first foresees, then judges, and her throne  
Maintains, as theirs the other Gods of heaven.  
To her mutations truce was never known :  
From high necessity her swiftness sprung ;  
So quick supplanter makes thy turn his own.  
’Tis she that on her cross is often hung  
Of such as owe her praise, yet, all forgot,  
Wrong and upbraid her with malignant tongue.  
But happy she abides and heareth not,  
Amid the first created ones in bliss  
Rolling her orb, rejoicing o’er her lot.  
Now yet to deeper torment in the abyss  
Sink we ; the stars are setting all, that erst  
Rose when I came ; to linger were amiss.’  
We clave the round, the farther bank traversed  
Over a <sup>b</sup> spring whose bubbling currents gush  
Down a slope channel that themselves have burst.  
That tide was of the darkest purple flush,  
And we, descending there by uncouth way,  
Entered, companions of the swart wave’s rush.  
In stagnant pool, hight Styx, dilated lay  
The waters of that sorrow-laden brook,  
Skirting at base those envious headlands gray.  
And I, who gazing, eager insight took,

Phlegethon, and Cocytus are derived, see Canto xiv.

Vidi genti fangose in quel pantano, 110  
 Ignude tutte e con sembiante offeso.  
 Questi si percotean, non pur con mano,  
 Ma con la testa e col petto e co' piedi,  
 Troncandosi coi denti a brano a brano.  
 Lo buon Maestro disse: Figlio, or vedi  
 L' anime di color cui vinse l' ira :  
 Ed anche vo' che tu per certo credi,  
 Che sotto l' acqua ha gente che sospira,  
 E fanno pullular quest' acqua al summo,  
 Come l' occhio, ti dice u' che s' aggira. 120  
 Fitti nel limo dicon : Tristi fummo :  
 Nell' aer dolce che dal sol s' allegra,  
 Portando dentro accidioso fummo :  
 Or ci attristiam nella belletta negra.  
 Quest' inno ci gorgoglian nella strozza,  
 Che dir nol posson con parola integra.  
 Così girammo della lorda pozza  
 Grand' arco tra la ripa secca e il mezzo,  
 Con gli occhi volti a chi del fango ingozza :  
 Venimmo appiè d' una torre al dassezzo. 130

## CANTO VIII.

*Nella navicella di Flegiàs i due Poeti passano il pantano. Filippo Argenti affacciarsi alla barca e vien rispinto da Virgilio. Arrivat alla città di Dite sette volte cinta di mura e di fosse ; mille demoni chiudon la porta nel petto a Virgilio. Dante è di nuovo preso da paura.*

Io dico seguitando, ch' assai prima  
 Che noi fussimo al piè dell' alta torre,  
 Gli occhi nostri n' andar suso alla cima ;  
 Per due fiammette che vedemmo porre,  
 E un' altra da lungi render cenno,  
 Tanto ch' a pena il potea l' occhio torre,  
 Ed io rivolto al mar di tutto il senno  
 Disse : Questo che dice ? e che risponde  
 Quell' altro foco ? e chi son quei che il fenno?

<sup>1</sup> The opening of this Canto has been produced by some as evidence that Dante wrote the seven preceding while yet a citizen of Florence, and resumed his work at this

point after his exile ; but this basis appears to me too slight to support the theory raised upon it.

<sup>2</sup> Mazzoni argues from the Scholiast on Thucydides iii. 22,

Within the bog saw shapes in miry plight,  
 All naked, and of bitter-angered look.  
 These moved not hand alone themselves to smite,  
 But head, and breast, and feet; and gnawed for grief  
 Their own limbs piecemeal with untiring bite.  
 'Behold, my son,' thus spake the worthy chief,  
 'Those human souls who fell o'ercome with ire;  
 And further this receive with sure belief,  
 Under yon tide are sunken, that suspire  
 And o'er its surface raise the' ebullient spume.  
 Look round, and of thine eyes the proof require.  
 Clogged in that swamp, they murmur, "Sullen gloom  
 Was ours, where sunbeams cheer the laughing sky,  
 For inly still we nursed a sluggard fume;  
 And sullen yet in this black slime we lie."  
 Such anthem doth their gurgling windpipe sound,  
 While bootless they for perfect utterance try.'  
 Thus by the filthy fen large arc we wound  
 Between the dry bank and the wash, and cast  
 A look on each whose voice the quagmire drowned,  
 Till 'neath a tower we halted at the last.

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### CANTO VIII.

**ARGUMENT.**—*Fifth Circle of Hell continued. The Poets embark with Phlegyas. Encounter with Philip Argenti, and Arrival before the Dolorous City.*

<sup>1</sup> FOLLOWING the tale I tell—ere yet we gained  
 That lofty tower, and paused beside the base,  
 High as his crown our eyes upward we strained,  
 Where we a <sup>2</sup> pair of tiny lights saw place,  
 And yet one other, countersign returning  
 So far beyond, mine eye could hardly trace;  
 Then turned I to the ocean of all learning,  
 And said, 'This fire, what spake it? What replied  
 That other fire? And who have set them burning?'

that the double beacon-light indicated that their reception at the City of Dis would be hostile; but Lombardi, with more probability,

supposes it meant to announce the number of strangers arrived at the tower.

Ed egli a me: Su per le sucide onde 10  
 Già puoi scorgere quello che s' aspetta,  
 Se il fummo del pantan nol ti nasconde.  
 Corda non pinse mai da sè saetta,  
 Che sì corresse via per l' aere snella,  
 Com' io vidi una nave piccioletta  
 Venir per l' acqua verso noi in quella,  
 Sotto il governo d' un sol galeoto,  
 Che gridava: Or se' giunta, anima fella?  
 Flegiàs, Flegiàs, tu gridi a voto,  
 Disse lo mio signore, a questa volta: 20  
 Più non ci avrai, se non passando il loto.  
 Quale colui che grande inganno ascolta  
 Che gli sia fatto, e poi se ne rammarca,  
 Tal si fe' Flegiàs nell' ira accolta.  
 Lo duca mio discese nella barca,  
 E poi mi fece entrare appresso lui,  
 E sol, quand' io fui dentro, parve carica.  
 Tosto che il duca ed io nel legno fui,  
 Secando se ne va l' antica prora  
 Dell' acqua più che non suol con altrui. 30  
 Mentre noi correvam la morta gora,  
 Dinanzi mi si fece un pien di fango,  
 E disse: Chi se' tu che vieni anzi ora?  
 Ed io a lui: S' io vegno non rimango;  
 Ma tu chi se', che sì sei fatto brutto?  
 Rispose: Vedi che son un che piango.  
 Ed io a lui: Con piangere e con lutto,  
 Spirito maledetto, ti rimani:  
 Ch' io ti conosco, ancor sie lordo tutto.  
 Allora stese al legno ambe le mani: 40  
 Perchè il Maestro accorto lo sospinse,  
 Dicendo: Via costà con gli altri cani.  
 Lo collo poi con le braccia mi cinse,  
 Baciommi il volto, e disse: Alma sdegnosa,  
 Benedetta colei che in te s' incinse.  
 Quei fu al mondo persona orgogliosa;  
 Bontà non è che sua memoria fregi:

\* Phlegyas, son of Mars by Chryse, was king of the Lapithæ, and father of Ixion and Coronis. Provoked by the violence which Apollo had offered to his daughter, he marched an army to Delphi and burnt the temple of the God. Daniello asserts that he is placed

among the Irascible, from the violence of his temper: Lombardi, that his duty as ferryman to the infernal city indicates rather his impiety. I believe that both are right: his headstrong resentment led him to defy the Gods. The Phlegyans, of whom he is the

And he to me : ' Thou o'er the greasy tide  
 The one they wait for may'st already view,  
 Unless the marsh-fog interpose to hide.'  
 Launched from the string was never arrow flew  
 Speeding away through air so rapid flight,  
 As while he spake, a pigmy bark that drew  
 Toward us across the wave, shot on my sight.  
 A single sailor held her pilotage,  
 And cried aloud, ' Art come, then, felon sprite ?'  
 ' Ah ! ' Phlegyas, Phlegyas, vain thy noisy rage  
 This turn : ' replied my lord, ' across the mire  
 To waft us is the limit of thy gage.'  
 As one whose peevish murmurs vent his ire  
 To hear the practice of some monstrous cheat  
 Done him, so Phlegyas o'er his angry fire.  
 Down to the skiff my leader bent his feet,  
 Embarked, and caused me follow close behind,  
 Nor seemed a load, till I the crew complete.  
 Now to our voyage my guide and I consigned,  
 On went the vessel, and her antique prow  
 To cut the 'unwonted depth of wave inclined.  
 While the dead channel rapidly we plough,  
 Rose one that asked, choking with slimy clot,  
 ' O come before thine hour, say, who art thou ?'  
 I answered : ' If I come, I tarry not ;  
 But who art thou, disfigured with such stain ?'  
 ' Thou seest,' he said, ' the mourner's is my lot.'  
 And I to him : ' With mourning and with pain  
 Abide, damned spirit, henceforth and for aye :  
 I know thee yet, though filthiness engrain.'  
 With that he stretched both hands our boat to stay ;  
 The wary master saw, and backward flung,  
 Crying, ' Hence ! to thy fellow-dogs away !'  
 Then on my neck with clasping arms he hung,  
 And kissed my face, and said, ' Disdainful heart,  
 Blessèd the mother's womb that round thee clung.  
 A misproud sinner once *he* played his part,  
 Nor goodness hath, his memory to adorn,

mythical head, are themselves a  
 race antecedent to history, and  
 their legend yet remains an inex-  
 plicable enigma. (See Bp. Thirl-  
 wall's History of Gr., Chap. iv.)

' So Virgil, describing the em-  
 barkation of the Sibyl and Æneas  
 on board the bark of Charon :—

' He clears the deck, receives the  
 mighty freight,  
 The leaky vessel groans beneath  
 the weight ;  
 Slowly she sails, and hardly stems  
 the tides :  
 The pressing water pours within  
 her sides.' *Dryden's Æneid*, vi.

Così è l' ombra sua qui furiosa.  
 Quanti si tengon or lassù gran regi,  
 Che qui staranno come porci in brago, 50  
 Di sè lasciando orribili dispregi !  
 Ed io : Maestro, molto sarei vago  
 Di vederlo attuffare in questa broda,  
 Prima che noi uscissimo del lago.  
 Ed egli a me : Avanti che la proda  
 Ti si lasci veder, tu sarai sazio :  
 Di tal disio converrà che tu goda.  
 Dopo ciò poco vidi quello strazio  
 Far di costui alle fangose genti,  
 Che Dio ancor ne lodo e ne ringrazio. 60  
 Tutti gridavano : A Filippo Argenti.  
 Lo Fiorentino spirito bizzarro  
 In sè medesmo si volgea co' denti.  
 Quivi il lasciammo, che più non ne narro  
 Ma negli orecchi mi percosse un duolo,  
 Perch' io avanti intento l' occhio sbarro :  
 Lo buon Maestro disse : Omai, figliuolo,  
 S' appressa la città che ha nome Dite,  
 Co' gravi cittadin, col grande stuolo.  
 Ed io : Maestro, già le sue meschite 70  
 Là entro certo nella valle cerno,  
 Vermiglie, come se di foco uscite  
 Fossero. Ed ei mi disse : Il foco eterno,  
 Ch' entro l' affoca, le dimostra rosse,  
 Come tu vedi in questo basso inferno.  
 Noi pur giugnemmo dentro all' alte fosse,  
 Che vallan quella terra sconsolata :  
 Le mura mi parean che ferro fosse.  
 Non senza prima far grande aggirata,  
 Venimmo in parte, dove il nocchier, forte, 80  
 Uscite, ci gridò, qui è l' entrata.  
 Io vidi più di mille in sulle porte  
 Dal ciel piovuti, che stizzosamente  
 Dicean : Chi è costui, che senza morte  
 Va per lo regno della morta gente ?  
 E il savio mio Maestro fece segno  
 Di voler lor parlar segretamente.  
 Allor chiusero un poco il gran disdegno,  
 E disser : Vien tu solo, e quei sen vada,

\* According to Boccaccio, Philip  
 Argenti was of the noble family of  
 the Cavicciuli, a branch of the

Adimari, and was remarkable for  
 the brutal violence which he dis-  
 played on the slightest provocation.

Whereof his maddening phantom feels the smart.  
 How many kings now *there* set up their horn,  
 That here shall wallow as in filth the swine,  
 And leave their names to execrable scorn !'  
 Then I : ' O master, huge delight were mine  
 To see him in that swinish draff lie drowned,  
 Or e'er we landed on the lake's confine.'  
 And he to me : ' Before the shelving bound  
 Salute thy vision, this thy longing aim  
 Shall pleasure thee with full fruition crowned.'  
 'T was but a moment, and so bitter shame  
 I saw pursue him from that sluttish crowd,  
 I therefore yet praise God and bless His name.  
 ' At ' Philip Argenti ! ' all cried out aloud :  
 With his own teeth the fretful Florence ghost  
 Turned on himself, his inward sting avowed.  
 Of him no more—we left him there for lost,  
 While sudden sound of grief assailed mine ear,  
 And full in front my gazing eyes engrossed.  
 Thus the good master : ' Now, my son, is near  
 The city that of ' Dis derives her style ;  
 Great is her host, her citizens austere.'  
 And I : ' O master, many a mosque-like pile  
 Issuing all ruddied as from fire, I well  
 Distinguish yonder ' mid the steep defile.'  
 And he returned : ' The fire time cannot quell  
 Blazing within them lends the crimson glow  
 Which thou beholdest in this nether hell.'  
 Thus inward still through every fosse we row,  
 Of that discomfortable realm the fence ;  
 One iron mass the circling rampires show.  
 Nor wound we not in wide circumference,  
 Until the burly steersman at our side  
 Shouted, ' Lo, there the entry ! get you hence !'  
 More than a thousand o'er the gates I spied  
 ' That fell when heaven rained angels. ' Who dares tread,'  
 They kindling all with fiery anger cried,  
 ' By death untouched, the kingdom of the dead ?'  
 With that my wise preceptor signal gave  
 For conference in secret to be sped :  
 They of their high disdain did something wave,  
 And called, ' Come singly thou, let him begone

\* Dis, Pluto. The fabrics of this city are described as 'mosque-like,' probably with reference to Mahometanism as the exhalation of the bottomless pit. (See Rev. ix.)



Che sì ardito entrò per questo regno. 90  
 Sol si ritorni per la folle strada :  
 Provi se sa ; che tu qui rimarrai ;  
 Che scorto l' hai per sì buia contrada.  
 Pensa, Lettor, s' io mi disconfortai  
 Nel suon delle parole maledette :  
 Ch' io non credetti ritornarci mai.  
 O caro duca mio, che più di sette  
 Volte m' hai sicurtà renduta, e tratto  
 D' alto periglio che incontra mi stette,  
 Non mi lasciar, diss' io, così disfatto : 100  
 E se l' andar più oltre c' è negato,  
 Ritroviam l' orme nostre insieme ratto.  
 E quel signor, che lì m' avea menato,  
 Mi disse : Non temer, che il nostro passo  
 Non ci può torre alcun : da tal n' è dato.  
 Ma qui m' attendi ; e lo spirito lasso  
 Conforta e ciba di speranza buona,  
 Ch' io non ti lascerò nel mondo basso.  
 Così sen va, e quivi m' abbandona  
 Lo dolce padre, ed io rimango in forse ; 110  
 Che sì e no nel capo mi tenziona.  
 Udir non pote' quello ch' a lor porse :  
 Ma ei non stette là con essi guarì,  
 Che ciascun dentro a pruova si ricorse.  
 Chiuser le porte que' nostri avversari  
 Nel petto al mio signor, che fuor rimase,  
 E rivolsesi a me con passi rari.  
 Gli occhi alla terra, e le ciglia avea rase  
 D' ogni baldanza, e dicea ne' sospiri :  
 Chi m' ha negate le dolenti case ? 120  
 Ed a me disse : Tu, perch' io m' adiri,  
 Non sbigottir, ch' io vincerò la pruova,  
 Qual ch' alla difension dentro s' aggiri.  
 Questa lor tracotanza non è nuova,  
 Che già l' usaro a men segreta porta,  
 La qual senza serrame ancor si trova.  
 Sovr' essa vedestù la scritta morta :  
 E già di qua da lei discende l' erta,  
 Passando per li cerchi senza scorta,  
 Tal che per lui ne fia le terra aperta. 130

' Alluding to the resistance made by them at the time

Who thus presumes our awful haunts to brave.  
His late foolhardy path must he alone  
Prove if he know, thou tarrying, who before,  
His escort, hast this gloomy region shown.'  
Bethink thee, reader, if my heart full sore  
At sound of those accursed words was riven,  
Too well believing we returned no more.  
'O my loved leader! thou, times more than seven,  
Hast wrought me sure deliverance, and freed  
When front to front danger and I had striven:  
Leave me not thus in helpless hour of need,  
And if no farther progress fate award  
Our steps reverse together let us speed.'  
Then answered he, my leader and my lord,  
'Fear not, for none is puissant to deny  
Our path; such Giver doth the gift accord.  
Here wait me, and to thy wearied soul apply  
Such cheering food as better hopes may send:  
I will not leave thee in this gulf to lie.'  
Thus the sweet sire abandons me to wend  
His way alone. I doubtful stand aloof,  
While *Yes* and *No* within my brain contend.  
What pleadings there he urged for our behoof  
I might not hear: nor had they parleyed long,  
When running home all put their speed to proof.  
Then on my master's breast that hostile throng  
Shut fast their gates; who rudely thus repelled  
Bent his slow steps to join me. Deep the wrong  
His downcast eyes betrayed, his brow lay quelled,  
Shorn all her boldness; and he sighed this wail:  
'Ah! who the doleful mansions has withheld?'  
Then thus to me: 'Let not thy courage quail,  
Seeing my wrath; our onward course to mar  
Turmoil who will within, I must prevail.  
Nor new device is their presumptuous war,  
'Already at less hidden gate essayed,  
Which yet remains despoiled of bolt and bar.  
O'er it thou saw'st the deadly scroll displayed,  
And now within it One descends the steep,  
Threading the zones unpiloted, whose aid  
Shall burst for us these barriers of the deep.'

of the Saviour's descent into Hell, noticed in Canto iv.

## CANTO IX.

*Pensosi per l' entrata i Poeti scorgon le Furie che han serpi e ceraste invece di capelli. Evitano la vista del Gorgone: un Angelo del Ciel messo, sgrida i Demonj ed apre la porta. Sesto cerchio de' miscredenti.*

QUEL color che viltà di fuor mi pinse,  
 Veggendo il duca mio tornare in volta,  
 Più tosto dentro il suo nuovo ristrinse.  
 Attento si fermò com' uom che ascolta;  
 Che l' occhio nol potea menare a lunga  
 Per l' aer nero e per la nebbia folta.  
 Pure a noi converrà vincer la punga,  
 Cominciò ei: se non... tal ne s' offerse.  
 Oh quanto tarda a me ch' altri giunga!  
 Io vidi ben sì com' ei ricoperse 10  
 Lo cominciar con l' altro che poi venne,  
 Che fur parole alle prime diverse.  
 Ma nondimen paura il suo dir dionne,  
 Perch' io traeva la parola tronca  
 Forse a peggior sentenza ch' ei non tenne.  
 In questo fondo della trista conca  
 Discende mai alcun del primo grado,  
 Che sol per pena ha la speranza cionca?  
 Questa question fec' io; e quei: Di rado 20  
 Incontra, mi rispose, che di nui  
 Faccia il cammino alcun per quale io vado.  
 Ver' è che altra fiata quaggiù fui  
 Congiurato da quella Eriton cruda,

<sup>1</sup> This passage has occasioned much dispute among the commentators, some of whom, assuming (in contradiction to Lucan and Dante themselves) that the occasion alluded to by Virgil here is that described in the *Pharsalia*, accuse Dante of an anachronism, Virgil being then alive: but Lombardi has shown that the account of Lucan cannot be reconciled with the journey which Virgil describes himself to have made: in the first place, Erictho, in Lucan, chooses a corpse from the battle-field:--

'Among the dreadful carnage  
 strewed around

One for her purpose fit at length  
 she found;  
 In his pale jaws a rusty hook she  
 hung,  
 And dragged the wretched, lifeless  
 load along.'

*Rowe's Lucan, book vi.*

After sundry incantations she compels the spirit to re-enter the body, interrogates it respecting the fortunes of war, and receives its answer, which commences thus:--

'Seek not from me the Parcae's  
 will to know:

I saw not what their dreadful  
 looms ordain,

## CANTO IX.

**ARGUMENT.**—*Vision of the three Furies. Descent of an Angel to the help of the Poets. Sixth Circle of Hell, and Punishment of the Unbelieving.*

My cheeks revisited of that pale hue,  
 Which craven fear laid on, my leader marking,  
 Repressed the sooner what on his glowed new.  
 Sudden he stopped, as one attent to hearken,  
 For weak his eye far in those depths to dive,  
 So murk the air, the plighted mists so darken.  
 'Doubtless 't is ours to conquer when we strive,'  
 Began he; 'if not—from such the proffer came—  
 Ah weary time, till other aid arrive!'  
 Well might I note how he his opening aim  
 With sequel of a different mark o'erlaid,  
 His earlier speech and later nought the same.  
 Yet none the less his word my soul dismayed,  
 Haply for worser import I misgave  
 To his maimed accents than their mind conveyed.  
 'Came ever one to this profounder cave  
 Of the sad shell, from that first-entered room,  
 Whose only curse, to be for hope a grave?'  
 Such was my question. 'Rarely doth the doom,'  
 He straight responded, 'any of us befall,  
 In journey like mine own to thread the gloom.  
 True, once before I downward went, in thrall  
 Of dire <sup>1</sup> Erictho and her magic toil,

Too soon recalled to hated life  
 again;  
 Recalled, ere yet my wandering  
 ghost had pass'd  
 The silent stream that wafts us  
 all to rest.'—*Ibid.*

The resuscitated corpse, having  
 warned the younger Pompey that he  
 shall learn more from his father's  
 ghost in Sicily, implores his dis-  
 mission:—

'A pile of hollowed wood Erictho  
 builds,  
 The soul with joy its mangled  
 carcase yields;  
 She bids the kindling flames as-  
 cend on high,

And leaves the weary wretch at  
 length to die.'—*Ibid.*

Now if this be compared with Virgil's  
 account to Dante, it will at once be  
 obvious that they speak of different  
 occasions; but as the Mantuan in-  
 forms us that his visit to Giudecca  
 was made shortly after his death,  
 there is no anachronism in assum-  
 ing that the same Erictho lived  
 long enough to compel his obedience  
 by similar spells. I regret that  
 the limits of a note preclude my  
 quoting the whole of this scene from  
 Rowe's translation, which is highly  
 spirited.

Che richiamava l' ombre a' corpi sui.  
 Di poco era di me la carne nuda,  
 Ch' ella mi fece entrar dentro a quel muro,  
 Per trarne un spirto del cerchio di Giuda.  
 Quell' è il più basso loco e il più oscuro,  
 E il più lontan dal ciel che tutto gira :  
 Ben so il cammin : però ti fa sicuro. 30  
 Questa palude, che il gran puzzo spira,  
 Cinge d' intorno la città dolente,  
 U' non potemo entrare omai senz' ira.  
 Ed altro disse, ma non l' ho a mente ;  
 Perocchè l' occhio m' avea tutto tratto  
 Ver l' alta torre alla cima rovente,  
 Ove in un punto furon dritte ratto  
 Tre furie infernal di sangue tinte,  
 Che membra femminili aveano, ed atto ;  
 E con idre verdissime eran cinte : 40  
 Serpentelli e ceraste avean per crine,  
 Onde le fiere tempie eran avvinte.  
 E quei, che ben conobbe le meschine  
 Della regina dell' eterno pianto :  
 Guarda, mi disse, le feroci Erine.  
 Questa è Megera dal sinistro canto :  
 Quella, che piange dal destro, è Aletto :  
 Tesifone è nel mezzo : e tacque a tanto.  
 Coll' unghie si fendea ciascuna il petto ;  
 Batteansi a palme, e gridavan sì alto, 50  
 Ch' io mi strinsi al poeta per sospetto.  
 Venga Medusa : sì il farem di smalto,  
 Gridavan tutte riguardando in giuso :  
 Mal non vengiammo in Teseo l' assalto.  
 Volgiti indietro, e tien lo viso chiuso ;  
 Chè se il Gorgon si mostra, e tu il vedessi,  
 Nulla sarebbe del tornar mai suso.  
 Così disse il Maestro ; ed egli stessi  
 Mi volse, e non si tenne alle mie mani,  
 Che con le sue ancor non mi chiudessi. 60  
 O voi, che avete gl' intelletti sani,

\* Here Lombardi seems to insinuate an anachronism, because he argues, if Virgil went down soon after his own decease, Judas who died in the same year with our Lord, could not yet have given

name to the Giudecca. But Dante nowhere asserts this: he simply makes Virgil declare that he went down to the circle (now) named after Judas; and the poet's mind, as Lombardi himself justly re-

Who to their bodies could the souls recal.  
 Scarce had I stript me of my mortal coil  
 When she compelled mine inroad on that mure,  
 From <sup>2</sup> Judas' orb to drag a ghostly spoil.  
 That place the lowest is, the most obscure,  
 From circumambient heaven the most remote :  
 Well do I know the way ; let this assure  
 Thy heart. The pool, that from her noisome throat  
 Breathes pestilence, the city girds of Pain,  
 Where high offence our late-tried entry wrought.'  
 And more he spake, which I might not retain ;  
 Onward to that high tower and red-hot crest  
 Mine eye had roved, and led my mind in chain ;  
 Where instant springing from the void unblest  
 I saw three hell-born furies dyed in gore,  
 Whose limbs and mien the female kind exprest.  
 The greenest hydras round the waist they wore,  
 And knotted o'er their awful brows for hair  
 The horned snake and writhing viper bore.  
 Well knew my guide the handmaid-troop whose care  
 To tend the <sup>3</sup> Queen of everlasting sighs,  
 And, ' See,' he said, ' each fierce Erinnyes there ;  
 On the left coign behold Megæra rise ;  
 Yonder Alecto plaining on the right ;  
 Tisiphone the midmost room supplies.'  
 He said no more—each with her nails 'gan smite  
 The breast, and shrieked, her stricken hand upthrown,  
 So loud, I pressed me to the bard for fright.  
 ' Medusa, come ; change we the wretch to stone ;'  
 All shouted, while a downward look they cast :  
 ' That Theseus 'scaped, the blame was all our own.'  
 ' Turn, turn thee backward, and thine eyes keep fast ;  
 If once that Gorgon visage on thee frowned,  
 Farewell return to life ; thine hour were past.'  
 Thus while the master spake, he forced me round,  
 And both his hands, unsatisfied with mine,  
 Crossed o'er my face, my visual aim to bound.  
 O ye, whose spirit wisely can divine,

marks, is to display Virgil's perfect acquaintance with the lowest deeps of Hell.

<sup>2</sup> Proserpine.

<sup>4</sup> The attempt of Theseus, aided by Pirithous, was to carry off

Proserpine, and he paid for his rashness by imprisonment in Tartarus until delivered by Hercules : his less fortunate companion was thrown by the Furies to Cerberus to be devoured.

Mirate la dottrina che s' asconde  
 Sotto il velame degli versi strani.  
 E già venìa su per le torbid' onde  
 Un fracasso d' un suon pien di spavento,  
 Per cui tremavano ambedue le sponde;  
 Non altrimenti fatto che d' un vento  
 Impetuoso per gli avversi ardori,  
 Che fier la selva, e senza alcun rattento  
 Li rami schianta, abbatte, e porta fori: 70  
 Dinanzi polveroso va superbo,  
 E fa fuggir le fiere e li pastori.  
 Gli occhi mi sciolsè, e disse: Or drizza il nerbo  
 Del viso su per quella schiuma antica  
 Per indi ove quel fummo è più acerbo.  
 Come le rane innanzi alla nimica  
 Biscia per l' acqua si dileguan tutte,  
 Fin che alla terra ciascuna s' abbica;  
 Vid' io più di mille anime distrutte  
 Fuggir così dinanzi ad un che al passo 80  
 Passava Stige colle piante asciutte.  
 Dal volto rimovea quell' aer grasso,  
 Menando la sinistra innanzi spesso;  
 E sol di quell' angoscia pareva lasso.  
 Ben m' accorsi ch' egli era del ciel messo,  
 E volsimi al Maestro: e quei fe' segno,  
 Ch' io stessi cheto, ed inchinassi ad esso.  
 Ahi quanto mi pareva pien di disdegno!  
 Giunse alla porta, e con una verghetta  
 L' aperse, che non v' ebbe alcun ritegno. 90  
 O cacciati del ciel, gente dispetta,  
 Cominciò egli in su l' orribil soglia,  
 Ond' esta oltracotanza in voi s' alletta?  
 Perchè ricalcitate a quella voglia,  
 A cui non puote il fin mai esser mozzo,  
 E che più volte v' ha cresciuta doglia?  
 Che giova nelle fata dar di cozzo?  
 Cerbero vostro, se ben vi ricorda,  
 Ne porta ancor pelato il mento e il gozzo.

\* The moral is the hardening effect of indulged lust allegorised in the beautiful but fatal features of Medusa. The picture by Poussin in our National Gallery conveys a forcible idea of the petrifying power of Medusa's head.

\* Comparing this simile with Canto iii. v. 133, and Canto xxxiii. v. 105, we find that Dante adheres to the opinion of the Stoics given by Cicero, de Div. ii. 44, 'That the cold exhalations of the earth beginning to flow become winds, but

<sup>5</sup> Search, if ye may, the doctrine that lies hid  
 Beneath the veil of each mysterious line.  
 And now upon the turbid waves there did  
 A crashing sound descend, hideous to hear,  
 And both the trembling banks together chid.  
<sup>6</sup> Even thus a wind, in sultry time of year,  
 Chafed into fury by the' encountering heats,  
 Whirls through the wood his unarraigned career,  
 Shivers the bough, the bruised flower unseats,  
 And onward, onward, proudly rolls in dust,  
 The beast, the shepherd routing as he meets.  
 Mine eyes the bard released, and said, 'Adjust  
 Thy nerve of sight to the spot where fumes exuding  
 From yonder ancient scum do most disgust.'  
 Like unto frogs their serpent foe eluding,  
 That evanescent through the water glide,  
 Till all on land, their heapy backs protruding,  
 They cluster, I of ruined souls espied  
 More than a thousand darning thus to flee  
 From One who stepped, dry-shod, the Stygian tide.  
 Before him oft the left hand waving, he  
 Shook off the sluggish fog-damp from his face,  
 And weary of that sole noyance seemed to be.  
 I, for I knew heaven's messenger of grace,  
 Turned to my chief, who signal made to wait  
 In silence, and my bowed front abase.  
 How high disdain did his whole mien dilate !  
 With slender rod, whose touch might nought repel,  
 He came, he smote, and wide unbarred the gate.  
 'Outcasts of heaven, vile denizens of hell,'  
 He cried, his foot on that dire threshold staying,  
 'Whence doth in you so haught presumption dwell ?  
 Why kick ye at the pricks, the will gainsaying,  
 Whose steadfast end shall never flinch nor fail,  
 But crush you still, with double plagues repaying ?  
 To butt with fate—say, what shall it avail ?  
<sup>7</sup> Forget not whence your Cerberus the smart  
 Of his flayed jaws and throat doth yet bewail.'

by mingling with the clouds and bursting them in those portions which are of greatest rarity, produce thunders and lightnings.'

<sup>7</sup> It appears much more rational to understand this, with Lombardi, of the Descent into Hell, already

twice alluded to, than to suppose the heavenly messenger reminding his opponents how Hercules dragged Cerberus out of the infernal regions. The dog then chained and muzzled might be supposed to turn his fury on himself.



Poi si rivolse per la strada lorda, 100  
 E non fe' motto a noi : ma fe' sembiante  
 D' uomo, cui altra cura stringa e morda,  
 Che quella di colui che gli è davante.  
 E noi movemmo i piedi in ver la terra,  
 Sicuri appresso le parole sante.  
 Dentro v' entrammo senza alcuna guerra ;  
 Ed io, ch' avea di riguardar disio  
 La condizion che tal fortezza serra,  
 Com' io fui dentro, l' occhio intorno invio ;  
 E veggio ad ogni man grande campagna 110  
 Piena di duolo e di tormento rio.  
 Sì come ad Arli, ove il Rodano stagna,  
 Sì com' a Pola presso del Quarnaro,  
 Che Italia chiude e i suoi termini bagna,  
 Fanno i sepolcri tutto il loco varo ;  
 Così facevan quivi d' ogni parte :  
 Salvo che il modo v' era più amaro ;  
 Che tra gli avelli fiamme erano sparte,  
 Per le quali eran sì del tutto accesi,  
 Che ferro più non chiede verun' arte. 120  
 Tutti gli lor coperchi eran sospesi,  
 E fuor n' uscivan sì duri lamenti,  
 Chè ben parean di miseri e d' offesi.  
 Ed io : Maestro, quai son quelle genti,  
 Che seppellite dentro da quell' arche  
 Si fan sentir con gli sospir dolenti ?  
 Ed egli a me : Qui son gli eresiarche  
 Co' lor seguaci d' ogni setta, e molto  
 Più che non credi, son le tombe carche.  
 Simile qui con simile è sepolto : 130  
 E i monimenti son più, e men caldi.  
 E poi ch' alla man destra si fu volto,  
 Passammo tra i martiri e gli alti spaldi.

\* Arles in Provence, the ancient  
 Arelate. Here there are said to be  
 many tombs of the Roman era,

and it was also a tradition that  
 Charlemagne had routed the Sara-  
 cens here with great slaughter.

Then on that filthy track he turned to part,  
 Nor word vouchsafed to us, but showed the token  
 Of one who feels far other care at heart  
 Than care of present things, his thought provoking ;  
 And we our footsteps toward the city bent,  
 Undoubtingly, the hallowed words once spoken.  
 We entered there by hostile arm unshent,  
 And I, who longed the quality to know  
 And forms of doom within such fastness pent,  
 A still-enquiring glance around me throw  
 O'er one vast champaign, widening on each hand,  
 Fruitful of anguish and of ghastly woe.  
 As where the swamps of <sup>8</sup> Arles the Rhone expand,  
 Or as by <sup>9</sup> Pola, near Quarnaro bay,  
 That bathes the limits of Italian land,  
 The surface heaves and sinks with dense array  
 Of sepulchres, as many here o'erspread  
 The soil, but far more grimly-fashioned they :  
 Flames curling through those mansions of the dead  
 So heated—with a fervour more intense  
 No craft demands that iron-bar be red.  
 O'er every tomb its cover hung suspense,  
 And moans so piteous from their depth arose,  
 As told dismay and desperate offence.  
 Then I : ' O master ! of what note are those  
 That with the sighs of unavailing grief  
 The burning cells their burial-place disclose ?'  
 And he to me : ' Of heretics the chief  
 Are here ; each with his sectaries, and load  
 The tombs beyond thine utmost of belief.  
 Like with his like ingraved here makes abode,  
 Nor glow the caves with flame all equal proof.'  
 Then to the right hand turned, we held our road  
 Between those tortures and the terraced roof.

Turpin, in his life of that monarch,  
 reports that the cemetery had been  
 consecrated by seven Bishops.

<sup>9</sup> Pola, the city of Istria, so cele-

brated for its ruins, of the classic  
 age. The bay of Quarnaro (Sinus  
 Flanaticus) divides Istria from  
 Croatia.

## CANTO X.

*ante incontra il padre dell' amico s o Guido Cavalcanti; parla coll' altiero Farinata degli Uberti che gli predice l' esiglio. I Dannati ignorano il presente, ma prevegono il futuro.*

ORA sen va per uno stretto calle  
 Tra il muro della terra e li martiri  
 Lo mio Maestro, ed io dopo le spalle.  
 O virtù somma, che per gli empì giri  
 Mi volvi, cominciavi, com' a te piace  
 Parlami, e soddisfammi a' miei desiri.  
 La gente, che per li sepolcri giace,  
 Potrebbe vedder? già son levati  
 Tutti i coperchi, e nessun guardia face.  
 Ed egli a me: Tutti saran serrati, 10  
 Quando di Josaffà qui torneranno  
 Coi corpi che lassù hanno lasciati.  
 Suo cimitero da questa parte hanno  
 Con Epicuro tutti i suoi seguaci,  
 Che l' anima col corpo morta fanno.  
 Però alla dimanda che mi faci  
 Quinc' entro soddisfatto sarai tosto,  
 E al disio ancor che tu mi taci.  
 Ed io: Buon Duca, non tegno nascosto 20  
 A te mio cor, se non per dicer poco;  
 E tu m' hai non pur mo a ciò disposto.  
 O Tosco, che per la città del foco  
 Vivo ten vai così parlando onesto,  
 Piacciati di ristar in questo loco.  
 La tua loquela ti fa manifesto  
 Di quella nobil patria natio,  
 Alla qual forse fui troppo molesto.  
 Subitamente questo suono uscì  
 D' una dell' arche: però m' accostai,  
 Temendo, un poco più al duca mio. 30  
 Ed ei mi disse: Volgiti: che fai?

<sup>1</sup> The valley of Jehoshaphat in the original, to which, according to the prophet Joel (iii. 12), literally interpreted, the heathen awakened from the sleep of death

are summoned to hear their final judgment.

<sup>2</sup> The doctrine of Epicurus was, that the soul consisted of atoms, only differing from those of the

## CANTO X.

**ARGUMENT.**—*Sixth Circle of Hell continued. Meeting with Farinata degli Uberti and Cavalcante dei Cavalcanti, the former of whom predicts the exile of Dante from Florence.*

Now moves, along a narrow footpath wending,  
 Between the city-wall and torturing fires,  
 My master, I close at his back attending.  
 'Virtue supreme, who round these impious gyres  
 Teachest at will my circling feet to glide,  
 O speak, and satisfy my strong desires!  
 The race these monumental coffers hide  
 Might one behold? The lid from every cell  
 Is lifted now, nor warder wakes beside.'  
 'All shall be closed,' he said, 'all sealed well,  
 When they with bodies fetched from other tomb  
 Hie from the <sup>1</sup> Vale of Judgment back to Hell.  
 In yonder cemetery foretaste their doom  
 With <sup>2</sup> Epicurus all his swinish herd,  
 Who from the body's death the soul's presume.  
 Now, for thy late request to me preferred,  
 Nor less the untold longing of thy thought,  
 Here soon shall both content thee.' At his word  
 I answered: 'Worthy guide, I have not sought  
 To hide my heart, but that my words be few:  
 Nor thou that lesson only *now* hast taught.'  
 'Tuscan, who thus, of honest parlance true,  
 Dost living way make through the Place of flame,  
 Tarry awhile, an't like thee: well I knew—  
 For well the accents of thy voice proclaim—  
 Thee native of the goodly land, which found  
 Perhaps too bitter cause to curse my name.'  
 From a sepulchral cave sudden this sound  
 Came rushing, that I crept, my blood all cold,  
 Close sidling to my leader. 'Turn thee round,'  
 He cried 'What dost thou? Turn thee, and be bold;

body in being more subtle, and that the tenuity of its particles allowed it to pervade the corporeal frame. His cosmogony is developed by the poet Lucretius. To

the general reader his tenets and their consequences are rendered familiar under their Jewish type—the doctrine of the Sadducees.

Vedi là Farinata che s' è dritto ;  
 Dalla cintola in su tutto il vedrai.  
 I' avea già il mio viso nel suo fitto ;  
 Ed ei s' ergea col petto e colla fronte,  
 Come avesse lo inferno in gran dispitto :  
 E l' animose man del duca e pronte  
 Mi pinser tra le sepolture a lui,  
 Dicendo : Le parole tue sien conte.  
 Tosto che al piè della sua tomba fui, 40  
 Guardommi un poco, e poi quasi sdegnoso  
 Mi dimandò : Chi fur li maggior tui ?  
 Io ch' era d' ubbidir desideroso,  
 Non gliel celai, ma tutto gliel' apersi :  
 Ond' ei levò le ciglia un poco in soso ;  
 Poi disse : Fieramente furo avversi  
 A me ed a' miei primi ed a mia parte, .  
 Sì che per due fiata gli dispersi.  
 S' ei fur cacciati, ei tornar d' ogni parte,  
 Risposi lui, l' una e l' altra fiata ; 50  
 Ma i vostri non appreser ben quell' arte.  
 Allora surse alla vista scoperchiata  
 Un' ombra lungo questa infino al mento :  
 Credo che s' era inginocchion levata.  
 D' intorno mi guardò, come talento  
 Avesse di veder s' altri era meco ;  
 Ma poichè il sospicar fu tutto spento,  
 Piangendo disse : Se per questo cieco  
 Carcere vai per altezza d' ingegno,  
 Mio figlio ov' è ? o perchè non è teco ? 60  
 Ed io a lui : Da me stesso non vegno :  
 Colui, che attende là, per qui mi mena,  
 Forse cui Guido vostro ebbe a disdegno.  
 Le sue parole e il modo della pena  
 M' avevan di costui già letto il nome :  
 Però fu la risposta così piena.  
 Di subito drizzato gridò : Come  
 Dicesti : egli ebbe ? non viv' egli ancora ?  
 Non fiere gli occhi suoi lo dolce lome ?  
 Quando s' accorse d' alcuna dimora 70

<sup>3</sup> Farinata degli Uberti, mentioned in the sixth Canto, was chief of the Ghibelline party in Florence ; and in the year 1260, having procured the aid of the Siennese imperialists, routed the Guelphs in the famous battle of

Monte Aperto, in the vale of Arbia. He appears to have tarnished his nobler qualities by a practical Epicureanism, as Dante significantly enquires for him in the Gluttons' circle.

<sup>4</sup> It must not be forgotten, that

See where <sup>3</sup>Farinata lifts himself upright ;  
 Him upwards from the waist thou mayest behold.  
 With eye confronting his, I met his sight,  
 And he his breast and face with haughty strain  
 Upheaved, as holding Hell in fierce despite ;  
 While my stout chief with ready hands amain  
 Thrust me, the lurid sepulchres between,  
 Toward him and warned—' Be all thine answers plain.'  
 At his grave's foot I pausing, he with mien  
 Disdainful glared awhile ; nor question made  
 Other than this, ' Who have thy fathers been ?'  
 Obsequious I to answer all he bade  
 Hide nothing, but my lineage full disclose,  
 Whereat his scorn the' uplifted brow betrayed :  
 And thus : <sup>4</sup> ' *They* bent them fiercely to oppose  
 Me with my sides and faction : *I*, to spurn  
 And twice to scatter wide so stubborn foes.'  
 ' If widely scattered they, as wide return  
 Once and again,' I said, ' they knew to win ;  
 An art which yours are wondrous slow to learn.'  
 With that a <sup>5</sup>shade, discovered to the chin,  
 Appeared, and side by side ranged with the first,  
 Propped, to my thinking, on his knees within.  
 He gazed and gazed around me, as athirst  
 Some other of my company to see ;  
 But, failing the fond surmise hope had nursed,  
 ' If this blind dungeon,' sorrowingly spake he,  
 ' Thou pierce by right of sovran intellect,  
 My son—where is he?—and wherefore not with thee ?'  
 ' Not of myself might I such deed affect ;  
 Who yonder waits,' I answered, ' shows my road,  
 And him your Guido held in small respect.'  
 His own accost, and eke his torment's mode  
 Did timely of that phantom's name advise,  
 Whence ampler word, responding, I bestowed.  
 Then sudden starting up erect, he cries,  
 ' How hast thou said, *he held* ? Is his life o'er ?  
 Does the sweet light no longer strike his eyes ?'  
 And when he marked me something pause, before

Dante's progenitors, and indeed the poet himself in early life, belonged to the faction of the Guelphs.

<sup>5</sup> Cavalcante dei Cavalcanti, though placed here in the same

sepulchre with Farinata, was a principal leader of the Guelphs. His son Guido became the intimate friend of Dante, but is represented as devoting himself to the philosophers, to the neglect of poetry.

Ch' io faceva dinanzi alla risposta,  
 Supin ricadde, e più non parve fuora.  
 Ma quell' altro magnanimo, a cui posta  
 Restato m' era, non mutò aspetto :  
 Nè mosse collo, nè piegò sua costa.  
 E se, continuando al primo detto,  
 Egli han quell' arte, disse, male appresa,  
 Ciò mi tormenta più che questo letto.  
 Ma non cinquanta volte fia raccesa  
 La faccia della donna che qui regge, 80  
 Che tu saprai quanto quell' arte pesa.  
 E se tu mai nel dolce mondo regge,  
 Dimmi, perchè quel popolo è sì empio  
 Incontro a' miei in ciascuna sua legge ?  
 Ond' io a lui : Lo strazio e il grande scempio,  
 Che fece l' Arbia colorata in rosso,  
 Tale orazion fa far nel nostro tempio.  
 Poi ch' ebbe sospirando il capo scosso ;  
 A ciò non fui io sol, disse, nè certo 90  
 Senza cagion sarei con gli altri mosso :  
 Ma fu' io sol colà, dove sofferto  
 Fu per ciascun di torre via Fiorenza,  
 Colui che la difese a viso aperto.  
 Deh, se riposi mai vostra semenza,  
 Prega' io lui, solvetemi quel nodo,  
 Che qui ha inviluppata mia sentenza.  
 E' par che voi veggiate, se ben odo,  
 Dinanzi quel che il tempo seco adduce,  
 E nel presente tenete altro modo.  
 Noi veggiam, come quei ch' ha mala luce, 100  
 Le cose, disse, che ne son lontano ;  
 Cotanto ancor ne splende il sommo Duce :  
 Quando s' appressano, o son, tutto è vano  
 Nostro intelletto : e s' altri non ci apporta,  
 Nulla sapem di vostro stato umano.  
 Però comprender puoi che tutta morta  
 Fia nostra conoscenza da quel punto  
 Che del futuro fia chiusa la porta.

\* The moon, reigning in the regions below as Proserpine. He here predicts the poet's own banishment within the time specified.

' I am compelled to differ from Lombardi in his explanation of the Italian text here, and have

followed the majority, who interpret *regge* by *ritorni*, *riedi*.

\* It appears that from every amnesty or indulgence granted to the Ghibellines the Uberti had been studiously excluded.

\* After the rout of the Guelphs, at Monte Aperto, and the return of

I framed my tongue to give him answer meet,  
 Backward he fell—and he was seen no more.  
 But the' other, sterner spirit, at whose feet  
 I stood the while, nor aspect changed, nor head  
 Nor neck nor side removed, one pang to cheat.  
 'And if'—continuing former speech he said,  
 —'The art thou vauntest of they learnt but ill,  
 Such thought torments me more than this my bed.  
 But fifty times the countenance shall not fill  
 With waxing light of <sup>6</sup> Her who reigneth here,  
 Ere thou shalt weigh the value of that skill.  
 And, so mayest thou <sup>7</sup>return to happier sphere,  
 Say <sup>8</sup> why the people to my house hath willed  
 Such ruthless doom, in every law severe?'  
 'The carnage,' answered I, 'the blood ye spilled,  
 When crimson all ran Arbia's fatal flood,  
 Has with such orisons our temple filled.'  
 He shook his head, sighing in pensive mood:  
 'Thereat was I not single,' he began,  
 'Nor, surely, causeless with the rest had stood.  
<sup>9</sup> But single I, where general suffrage ran  
 The place of Florence from the earth to blot,  
 Maintained her plea with frankness of a man.'  
 'So may your offspring in a peaceful lot  
 Repose,' I prayed, 'as you shall extricate  
 My ravelled judgment from perplexing knot.  
 If I hear right, your glance each coming fate,  
 Ere time have brought it round, can well divine,  
 But hath no sense in things of present date.'  
<sup>10</sup> 'Like them who see by glimmering light malign,  
 We glimpse,' he said, 'whatever lies afar;  
 So strong the Guide within us yet to shine;  
 But clouded all, when these approach or are,  
 Grows our mind's eye, nor aught but others' tale  
 May to its ken your human state unbar.  
 Hence understand how utterly shall fail  
 Our knowledge, when the hands of second death  
 To shut the gate of unborn time prevail.'

the Ghibellines to Florence, a  
 general council, attended by am-  
 bassadors from that party in  
 the several Tuscan cities, was  
 held at Empoli, at which it was  
 seriously proposed to exterminate  
 the Guelphs by demolishing Flor-  
 ence: this measure Farinata stre-

nuously and successfully resisted.

<sup>10</sup> The sin of unbelief having re-  
 ference to future and unseen things,  
 the poet represents its punishment  
 as the exact opposite. The con-  
 demned infidels see and must be-  
 lieve the future, but are ignorant  
 of the present.



Allor, come di mia colpa compunto.  
 Dissi: Or direte dunque a quel caduto 110  
 Che il suo nato è co' vivi ancor congiunto.  
 E s' io fui dianzi alla risposta muto,  
 Fat' ei saper che il fei, perchè pensava  
 Già nell' error che m' avete soluto.  
 E già il Maestro mio mi richiamava:  
 Perch' io pregai lo spirito più avaccio  
 Che mi dicesse chi con lui si stava.  
 Disse mi: Qui con più di mille giaccio:  
 Qua entro è lo secondo Federico,  
 E il Cardinale, e degli altri mi taccio. 120  
 Indi s' ascose: ed io in ver l' antico  
 Poeta volsi i passi, ripensando  
 A quel parlar che mi pareva nemico.  
 Egli si mosse; e poi così andando,  
 Mi disse: Perchè sei tu sì smarrito?  
 Ed io li soddisfeci al suo dimando.  
 La mente tua conservi quel ch' udito  
 Hai contra te, mi comandò quel Saggio,  
 Ed ora attendi qui: e drizzò il dito.  
 Quando sarai dinanzi al dolce raggio 130  
 Di quella il cui bell' occhio tutto vede,  
 Da lei saprai di tua vita il viaggio.  
 Appresso volse a man sinistra il piede:  
 Lasciammo il muro, e gimmo in ver lo mezzo  
 Per un sentier ch' ad una valle fiede,  
 Che in fin lassù facea spiacer suo lezzo.

<sup>11</sup> Frederic II., Emperor of Germany. This prince, after his return from a crusade, in which he had by negotiation secured better terms to the Christians of the East than any who had preceded him in the attempt, spent the remainder of his stormy life in a constant

struggle against the Popes Gregory IX., Celestine IV., and Innocent IV. He was several times excommunicated, but the charge of heresy against him appears very questionable. (See Mosheim's Eccl. Hist., cent. 13.)

<sup>12</sup> Cardinal Ottaviano degli

Then, like to one his own fault angereth,  
 I urged : ' Now shall you to that fallen say,  
 His son amid the living yet draws breath ;  
 And if my tongue of answer made delay,  
 Know he, my musing thoughts were held in thrall  
 Of the' error, by your wisdom cleared away.'  
 Then, for I heard my master's voice recal,  
 More eagerly the spectral shape I pressed  
 To tell whom else the glowing tombs inwall.  
 ' More than a thousand of this grave possest  
 We lie ; <sup>11</sup> the second Frederic here hath place,  
 The <sup>12</sup> Cardinal too : I talk not of the rest.'  
 He spake, and hid him. I my steps retrace  
 To the' ancient minstrel , meditating slow  
 That word envenomed with mine own disgrace.  
 He moved, and straight, as if in act to go,  
 Said : ' Wherefore is thy mind so sore misgiven ? '  
 At his demand frankly the cause I show.  
 ' What thou hast heard against thee, ne'er be riven  
 From thy heart's tablet,' was his wise command :  
 ' Now mark me'—and his finger raised toward heaven—  
 ' When thou shalt in <sup>13</sup> *Her* happy radiance stand  
 Whose beauteous eye sees all, she shall reveal  
 Thine earthly travel, to the latest sand.'  
 Then toward the left he turned him on his heel :  
 Leaving the wall, the centre now we seek ;  
 Our path strikes down a valley, whence we feel  
 Steaming thus far above, the nauseous reek.

Ubaldini, a man of imperious temper, and favourable to the Ghibellines. A saying of his has been reported which justifies Dante in placing him here. Being disappointed by the Ghibelline party in some request, he exclaimed, ' If

there be a soul, I have lost it in the cause of the Ghibellines.'

<sup>13</sup> Beatrice must be intended by this, although in the *Paradiso*, Cacciaguida, Dante's great-great-grandfather, reveals his future destinies to him.

## CANTO XI.

*Per lo gran puzzo che l' abisso emana i due poeti traggonsi in disparte. Virgilio narra siccome sian punite ne' tre cerchi di sotto la violenza, la frode e l' usura.*

IN SU l' estremità d' un' alta ripa,  
 Che facevan gran pietre rotte in cerchio,  
 Venimmo sopra più crudele stipa :  
 E quivi per l' orribile superchio  
 Del puzzo, che il profondo abisso gitta,  
 Ci raccostammo dietro ad un coperchio  
 D' un grande avello, ov' io vidi una scritta  
 Che diceva : Anastasio papa guardo,  
 Lo qual trasse Fotin della via dritta.  
 Lo nostro scender conviene esser tardo, 10  
 Sì che s' ausi prima un poco il senso  
 Al tristo fiato, e poi non fia riguardo.  
 Così il Maestro ; ed io : Alcun compenso,  
 Dissi lui, trova, che il tempo non passi  
 Perduto ; ed egli : Vedi che a ciò penso.  
 Figliuol mio, dentro da cotesti sassi,  
 Cominciò poi a dir, son tre cerchietti  
 Di grado in grado, come quei che lassi.  
 Tutti son pien di spirti maledetti :  
 Ma perchè poi ti basti pur la vista, 20  
 Intendi come e perchè son costretti.  
 D' ogni malizia ch' odio in cielo acquista,  
 Ingiuria è il fine, ed ogni fin cotale  
 O con forza o con frode altrui contrista.  
 Ma perchè frode è dell' uom proprio male,  
 Più spiace a Dio ; e però stan di sotto  
 Gli frodolenti, e più dolor gli assale.  
 De' violenti il primo cerchio è tutto :  
 Ma perchè si fa forza a tre persone,

<sup>1</sup> This is a much disputed passage, in consequence of an alleged confusion by Dante of the Greek Emperor Anastasius I., with one of the Popes of that name. Dante is accused of having permitted his Ghibelline prejudices so far to

overcome him, that he took upon trust the statement of a certain Fra Martino, a Polish Dominican friar, who wrote ecclesiastical chronicles. Certainly Photinus, who appears to have cherished errors similar to those of the mo-

## CANTO XI.

**ARGUMENT.**—*Sixth Circle of Hell continued. Tomb of Pope Anastasius. Virgil describes to Dante, as they journey downwards, the Crimes punished in the three remaining Circles.*

SKIRTING a high bank to the farthest verge,  
 Formed by huge crags in circular array,  
 We found a throng comprest by keener scourge ;  
 And struggling through the rank and fulsome play  
 Of hellish fumes, belched from the void abyss,  
 Behind a mighty grave-lid held our way,  
 Whereon I saw inscribed, 'My prisoner is  
<sup>1</sup> Pope Anastasius, whom by recreant lore  
 Photinus led the way of truth to miss.'  
 'Needs our descent be slower than before,  
 Until our sense the blast that so offends,  
 By gradual use inured, shall heed no more.'  
 My master thus ; I answered : ' Some amends,  
 Lest the time vainly waste, do thou invent.'  
 ' Behold ! ' he cried, ' e'en such my thought intends.  
 Within yon rocks, their grisly continent,  
 Step below step, like those we lately trod,  
 My son, know thou, three smaller orbs are bent.  
 Filled are they all with spirits accurst of God ;  
 But, that anon their view may satisfy,  
 Learn how and why compact they share the rod.  
 Of each malicious act, abhorred on high,  
 Injustice is the end : for others' woe  
 Must all such ends or force or fraud apply.  
<sup>2</sup> But fraud in man his proper vice doth show,  
 To God more odious ; wherefore deeper here  
 The fraudulent sink, and mourn a sharper throe.  
 Of the violent is all this upper sphere,  
 But forasmuch as force is done to three,

dern Socinians, died many years before the elevation of the first Anastasius to the Papacy, while the danger which the Emperor of that name incurred from the suspicion of heresy is well known. For an account of the tumults at Constantinople, occasioned by his theolo-

gical opinions, see Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' c. 47.

<sup>2</sup> This is the opinion of Cicero, De Off. i. Violence is the abuse of a gift common to man and brutes, bodily strength ; fraud, of a gift peculiar to man, his reason.

In tre gironi è distinto e costruito. 30  
 A Dio, a sè, al prossimo si puone  
 Far forza, dico in loro ed in lor cose,  
 Come udirai con aperta ragione.  
 Morte per forza e ferute dogliose  
 Nel prossimo si danno, e nel suo avere  
 Ruine, incendi e tollette dannose :  
 Onde omicidi e ciascun che mal fiere,  
 Guastatori e predon, tutti tormenta  
 Lo giron primo per diverse schiere.  
 Puote uomo avere in sè man violenta 40  
 E ne' suoi beni : e però nel secondo  
 Giron convien che senza pro si penta.  
 Qualunque priva sè del vostro mondo,  
 Biscazza e fonde la sua facultate,  
 E piange là dove esser dee giocondo.  
 Puossi far forza nella Deitade,  
 Col cor negando e bestemmiano quella,  
 E spregiando natura e sua bontade :  
 E però lo minor giron suggella  
 Del segno suo e Sodoma e Caorsa 50  
 E chi, spregiando Dio, col cor favella.  
 La frode, ond' ogni coscienza è morsa,  
 Può l' uomo usare in colui che si fida,  
 E in quello che fidanza non imborsa.  
 Questo modo di retro par che uccida  
 Pur lo vincol d' amor che fa natura ;  
 Onde nel cerchio secondo s' annida  
 Ipocrisia, lusinghe e chi affattura,  
 Falsità, ladroneccio e simonia,  
 Ruffian, baratti, e simile lordura. 60  
 Per l' altro modo quell' amor s' obblia  
 Che fa natura, e quel ch' è poi aggiunto,  
 Di che la fede spezial si cria :  
 Onde nel cerchio minore, ov' è il punto  
 Dell' universo in su che Dite siede,  
 Qualunque trade in eterno è consunto.  
 Ed io : Maestro, assai chiaro procede  
 La tua ragione, ed assai ben distingue  
 Questo baratro e il popol che il possiede.  
 Ma dimmi : Quei della palude pingue 70

<sup>1</sup> Ducange understands this of Cahors in Guienne, anciently called Divona, afterwards Cadurci, and famous as a nest of usurers. During

the crusade against the Albigenses, Foulques, Bp. of Toulouse, instituted a fraternity for the suppression of heresy and usury. Fuller

Three several rings within its hoop appear.  
 To God, ourself, our neighbour, force may be,  
 On these, I say, and what to them belong,  
 As thou by clearest argument shalt see.  
 By violent death, by wounds, our neighbour's wrong  
 Is wrought, and to his wealth by waste and flame  
 And ruinous extortion. Hence the throng  
 Of homicides, and all who strike with blame,  
 Robbers and spoilers, run their penal course  
 In the first ring, but not their troop the same.  
 Upon himself may man lay hand of force  
 And on his goods; whence in the second round  
 Fitly to plain with profitless remorse  
 Whoe'er deprives him of your world is found,  
 Who stakes his all with gamester's luck, to lose,  
 And seeks for grief where joy should most abound.  
 The Godhead's self may violence abuse,  
 When hearts blasphemous mock at Him revealed,  
 Or misprize nature and her boon refuse :  
 And therefore hath the lower circlet sealed  
 Sodom and rich <sup>3</sup> Caorsa for its own,  
 And whom his God-defying heart hath steeled.  
 Fraud, to the stricken conscience inly known,  
 Might man devise on him who faith disbursed,  
 And eke on him who credence had not shown.  
 The bond of love which nature framed at first,  
 But only that, the latter mode hath slain,  
 Whence nesting in the second orb lie curst  
 Hypocrites, and flatterers, and the wizard train,  
 Falseness, and simonies, and pilferers' trade,  
 Panders, and cheats, and all of foulest stain.  
 The other mode alike hath disobeyed  
 The love by nature gendered, and repels  
 That added bond whence special faith is made.  
 Therefore in deepest orb, where Satan dwells  
 On the universal centre, aye abide  
 All traitors, withering in that Hell of Hells.'  
 'Master,' I said, 'in happy clearness glide  
 Thine arguments, and duly to its tribe  
 Of hopeless heritors that gulf divide.  
 But say why those who yon fat marsh imbibe,

Ch. Hist. Cent. 13, says, the  
 Coursines first came into England  
 in the year 1235, 'proving the  
 pests of the land and the bane of

the people therein.' He connects  
 their trade with the demands of  
 the Papal Legate.

Che mena il vento e che batte la pioggia,  
 E che s' incontran con sì aspre lingue,  
 Perchè non dentro della città roggia  
 Son ei puniti, se Dio gli ha in ira?  
 E se non gli ha, perchè sono a tal foggia?  
 Ed egli a me: Perchè tanto delira,  
 Disse, lo ingegno tuo da quel ch' ei suole?  
 Ovver la mente dove altrove mira?  
 Non ti rimembra di quelle parole,  
 Colle quai la tua Etica pertratta 80  
 Le tre disposizion che il ciel non vuole,  
 Incontinenza, malizia e la matta  
 Bestialitade? e come incontinenza  
 Men Dio offende e men biasimo accatta?  
 Se tu riguardi ben questa sentenza,  
 E rechiti alla mente chi son quelli,  
 Che su di fuor sostengon penitenza,  
 Tu vedrai ben perchè da questi felli  
 Sien dipartiti, e perchè men crucciata 90  
 La divina giustizia gli martelli.  
 O Sol che sani ogni vista turbata,  
 Tu mi contenti sì, quando tu solvi,  
 Che, non men che saver, dubbiar m'aggrata.  
 Ancora un poco indietro ti rivolvi,  
 Diss' io, là dove di' che usura offende  
 La divina bontade, e il groppo svolvi.  
 Filosofia, mi disse, a chi la intende,  
 Nota non pure in una sola parte,  
 Come natura lo suo corso prende  
 Dal divino intelletto e da sua arte; 100  
 E se tu ben la tua Fisica note,  
 Tu troverai non dopo molte carte,  
 Che l' arte vostra quella, quanto puote,  
 Segue, come il maestro fa il discente,  
 Sì che vostr' arte a Dio quasi è nipote.  
 Da queste due, se tu ti rechi a mente  
 Lo Genesi dal principio, conviene  
 Prender sua vita, ed avanzar la gente.  
 E perchè l' usuriere altra via tiene, 110  
 Per sè natura, e per la sua seguace  
 Dispregia, poichè in altro pon la spene.

<sup>4</sup> In the opening of the seventh book of the Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle. The poet has faithfully represented the Greek philosopher here.

<sup>5</sup> Aristotle's Physics, b. ii.

<sup>6</sup> Nature and Art.

<sup>7</sup> The usurer, availing himself neither of natural powers (as gold,

And whom the wind affronts, and whom the hail,  
 And those encountering with so bitter gibe,  
 Bear not inside the lurid city's pale  
 Their punishment, if God in changeless wrath  
 Hold them? if not, why suffer they such bale?  
 And he to me: 'Why thus delirious hath  
 Thy fancy raved of dreams till now unheard,  
 Or whither strays thy mind from better path?  
 Canst thou recal no memory of the word  
 Wherein thine <sup>4</sup> Ethic did of Three dispute,  
 Ill tempers all, that heaven's mislike incurred!  
 Incontinence, and Vice, and, thirdly, brute  
 Insensate Rage? and how Incontinence  
 Did less offend, nor bear so guilty fruit?  
 If of this doctrine well thou mark the sense,  
 And call to mind what manner souls be those  
 In outer orbs that expiate offence,  
 Then shalt thou see why barriers interpose  
 To part them from these felons, and more light  
 On them eternal Justice deals her blows.'  
 'O Sun, that healest every troubled sight!  
 So full content, thou solving, doth ensue,  
 Glads me no less to doubt, than judge aright:  
 Yet once again,' I asked, 'thy steps renew,  
 From where thou taughtest usury was sin  
 Against heaven's bounty; and the knot undo.'  
 'Philosophy,' to all who wait within  
 Her schools,' said he, 'not once alone hath told  
 How plastic Nature does her course begin  
 From Mind Divine, and exemplary mould:  
 And if thy <sup>5</sup> Physics' lore thou well revive,  
 There shalt thou find, ere many a leaf unrolled,  
 Man's Art to follow Nature's lead doth strive,  
 Like learner by the master's bent inclined,  
 Whence Art as grandchild doth from God derive.  
<sup>6</sup> Both these to man, if thou refresh thy mind  
 In Genesis' early writ, the Word ordains  
 His life to foster, and advance his kind.  
 But other way takes <sup>7</sup> Usance to his gains,  
 And, choosing other hope, a scornful war  
 With Nature and her handmaid Art maintains.

notwithstanding *Shylock's* asser-  
 tion, neither grows nor breeds), nor  
 yet of art (since his own ingenuity  
 is not, as the gilder's or jeweller's,

exerted to give the material a new  
 value), discovers a third way, which  
 according to our author, is an un-  
 warrantable act of presumption.



Ma seguimi oramai, che il gir mi piace :  
 Chè i Pesci guizzan su per l' orizzonta,  
 E il Carro tutto sovra il Coro giace,  
 E il balzo via là oltre si dismonta.

## CANTO XII.

*Nel settimo cerchio diviso in tre gironi sono puniti nel primo, i violenti che stanno più o meno immersi in un lago di bollente sangue. Nesso, Chirone e Folo centauri fanno la guardia e saettan coloro che si scostano dal posto assegnato.*

ERA lo loco, ove a scender la riva  
 Venimmo, alpestro, e per quel ch' ivi er' anco,  
 Tal ch' ogni vista ne sarebbe schiva.  
 Qual è quella ruina, che nel fianco  
 Di qua da Trento l' Adice percosse  
 O per tremuoto o per sostegno manco ;  
 Che da cima del monte, ondi si mosse,  
 Al piano è sì la roccia discoscesa,  
 Ch' alcuna via darebbe a chi su fosse :  
 Cotal di quel burrato era la scesa.  
 E in su la punta della rotta lacca  
 L' infamia di Creti era distesa,  
 Che fu concetta nella falsa vacca :  
 E quando vide noi, se stesso morse  
 Sì come quei, cui l' ira dentro fiacca.  
 Lo savio mio in ver lui gridò : Forse  
 Tu credi che qui sia il duca d' Atene,  
 Che su nel mondo la morte ti porse ?  
 Partiti, bestia, chè questi non viene

10

\* The period of the year marked by Dante at the opening of his poem being the spring, the sun was in Aries; the constellation Pisces, therefore, now rising, indicates the approach of dawn. Bootes is then seen in the quarter of Caurus, the north-west wind.

\* *Balzo* is the Italian word, which seems happily to describe the upward sweep of a range of hills from the plain.

† 'At the first post from Verona we entered once more the gorge of the mountains through a passage

formed by perpendicular cliffs, only wide enough to admit the torrent and the road. The Adige is a fierce, brawling, muddy stream, of a dirty yellow, resembling the colour of the rocks that overhang it. These rocks, however, are picturesque and romantic in their form, and, although generally bare on their sides, are crowned with vegetation on the summit.....The valley becomes more wooded as we advance along the banks of the torrent to Volargna. Passing the village, the castle of Chiusa ap-

Follow : 'tis time to go : <sup>8</sup> with glancing star  
 The Fishes leap the horizontal round,  
 All on the north-west lies the Wain, and far  
 Beyond we clamber down the cliffs' <sup>9</sup> rebound.'

## CANTO XII.

ARGUMENT.—*Descent to the Seventh Circle of Hell. The Minotaur. Punishment of the Violent against their Neighbour. Parley with three Centaurs, and fording of the River of Blood.*

Of Alpine steepness was the bounding brink  
 Whereon we halted ere we sought descent,  
 And sight was there to make beholder shrink.  
 As is<sup>1</sup> the ruin that with huge indent  
 From native buttress loosed, or earthquake shock,  
 Hath bruised the flank of Adige, this side Trent,  
 Where from the toppling mountain-ledge the rock  
 Sinks to the plain, yet staggeringly doth lift  
 His shattered crest, nor passway thus unlock  
 To venturous foot, so leaned that crag-built clift  
 Sloping; and all his bulky length lay there  
 The <sup>2</sup> Cretan's shame, along the topmost rift.  
 Him the false heifer misconceiving bare,  
 Who when he saw us, as with cankerous rage  
 Inly consuming, his own flesh 'gan tear.  
 Then turning toward him : 'Haply,' cried my sage,  
 'Thy fond belief presumes this <sup>3</sup> Athens' duke,  
 With whom thou didst in fatal fight engage.  
 Away, brute shape ! no visit his to brook

pears in sight, perched upon the crags of a precipice, which is washed by the Adige. The road now crosses the river, leaving on the left the venerable giant Monte Baldo, one of the most magnificent objects in the scenery of this region.....From Arsenigo, the last Veronese village, we penetrate through a very difficult defile of naked rocks, till we reach Porghetto, the first in the jurisdiction of Trent.'—*Leitch Ritchie's Travelling Sketches*, c. xi.

<sup>2</sup> The Minotaur, in Greek

mythology, the offspring of Pasiphae, and guardian of the Cretan labyrinth.

<sup>3</sup> Theseus, who slew this monster, when by the aid of Ariadne and her clew he threaded the mazes of the labyrinth. Bishop Thirlwall (*Hist. of Greece*, c. v.) is of opinion that this celebrated legend preserves some genuine historical recollections, although the only fact plainly indicated by it is a temporary connection between Crete and Athens.

Ammaestrato dalla tua sorella, 20  
 Ma vassi per veder le vostre pene.  
 Qual è quel toro che si slaccia in quella  
 Che ha ricevuto già 'l colpo mortale,  
 Che gir non sa, ma qua e là saltella;  
 Vid' io lo Minotauro far cotale.  
 E quegli accorto gridò: Corri al varco;  
 Mentre ch' è in furia, è buon che tu ti cale.  
 Così prendemmo via giù per lo scarco  
 Di quelle pietre, che spesso moviensi 30  
 Sotto i miei piedi per lo nuovo carico.  
 Io già pensando; e quei disse: Tu pensi  
 Forse a questa rovina, ch' è guardata  
 Da quell' ira bestial ch' io ora spensi.  
 Or vo' che sappi, che l' altra fiata  
 Ch' i' discesi quaggiù nel basso inferno  
 Questa roccia non era ancor cascata.  
 Ma certo poco pria, se ben discerno,  
 Che venisse Colui che la gran preda  
 Levò a Dite del cerchio superno, 40  
 Da tutte parti l' alta valle feda  
 Tremò sì, ch' io pensai che l' universo  
 Sentisse amor, per lo quale è chi creda  
 Più volte in mondo in Chaos converso:  
 Ed in quel punto questa vecchia roccia  
 Qui ed altrove tal fece riverso.  
 Ma ficca gli occhi a valle, chè s' approccia  
 La riviera del sangue, in la qual bolle  
 Qual che per violenza in altrui nocchia. 50  
 O cieca cupidigia, o ira folle,  
 Che sì ci sproni nella vita corta,  
 E nell' eterna poi sì mal c' immolle!  
 Io vidi un' ampia fossa in arco torta,  
 Come quella che tutto il piano abbraccia,  
 Secondo ch' avea detto la mia scorta:  
 E tra il piè della ripa ed essa, in traccia  
 Correan Centauri armati di saette,  
 Come solean nel mondo andare a caccia.

<sup>4</sup> See Canto iv. v. 52, &c., and Canto xxi. v. 112, &c.

<sup>5</sup> The commentators quote the opinions of Empedocles here, who held six principles—the four elements, love, and discord; and maintained, that when the motions

of the heavens were concordant, all things turned to Chaos, but when discord took the place of their union, they separated, and the world resumed that condition in which we see it.

<sup>6</sup> The fable of the Centaur

Thy sister's aid, and monitory string;  
 He comes upon your guilty pains to look.'  
 Even as a bull, unfettered in the ring  
 Because he reels beneath a mortal blow,  
 To run unable, here and there to spring  
 Essayeth, such the Minotaur in show :  
 'Speed thee,' my guide exclaimed, 'to yon defile ;  
 While yet he rage, 't were good to drop below.'  
 Descending thus we trod the scattered pile  
 Of stones that, mine unwonted weight refusing,  
 Aye slippery glided from my feet the while.  
 Pensive I went, and he : 'Thine eyes pursuing  
 The ruined breach, where I but now dispersed  
 The bestial warder's anger, set thee musing.  
 Now learn that when mine ancient errand erst  
 To speed I plunged me in the lowest deep,  
 As yet this rocky girdle had not burst.  
 But a brief while (if I true reckoning keep)  
 Ere <sup>4</sup> He came down who from the upper round  
 Did the grand spoil of Satan's harvest reap,  
 From every part the filthy gulf profound  
 So shook, methought the universe had yearned  
 With love, and hence <sup>5</sup> their fancy to propound  
 Of world oft changed to Chaos some have learned.  
 That self-same moment, powerful to dissever,  
 Here and elsewhere the aged rock o'erturned.  
 But mark where down yon valley rolls the River  
 Of blood—there all whose hand of violence  
 Wrought others' harm shall boiling lie for ever.'  
 O blinded lust ! O anger void of sense !  
 To spur us o'er the shorter life so bold,  
 So fell to steep us in the life immense !  
 I saw a fosse that bent its ample fold  
 Bowlike, as if it would the plain embrace,  
 Exact in all mine escort had foretold.  
 Between us and the bank's foot ran their race  
<sup>6</sup> Centaurs with arrows armed, in lengthened line,  
 As men above are wont to follow chase.

might have arisen from the appearance of the first Thessalian horsemen among an ignorant and superstitious people. It is at least remarkable, that the Greek tribe, whose poetry and sculpture have most widely extended the fame of this marvellous race, inhabited a

country unfavourable to the operations of cavalry. Did the Metopes of the Parthenon, in their representations of successful struggles between mere men and Centaurs, convey no useful lesson to the Athenian infantry ?

Vedendoci calar ciascun ristette,  
 E della schiera tre sì dispartiro 60  
 Con archi ed asticciuole prima elette.  
 E l' un gridò da lungi : A qual martiro  
 Venite voi, che scendete la costa ?  
 Ditel costinci, se non, l' arco tiro.  
 Lo mio Maestro disse : La risposta  
 Farem noi a Chiron costà di presso :  
 Mal fu la voglia tua sempre sì tosta.  
 Poi mi tentò, e disse : Quegli è Nesso,  
 Che morì per la bella Deianira,  
 E fe' di sè la vendetta egli stesso : 70  
 E quel di mezzo, che al petto si mira,  
 E il gran Chirone, il qual nudrì Achille :  
 Quell' altro è Folo, che fu sì pien d' ira.  
 Dintorno al fosso vanno a mille a mille,  
 Saettando quale anima si svelle  
 Del sangue più, che sua colpa sortille.  
 Noi ci appressammo a quelle fiere snelle :  
 Chiron prese uno strale, e con la cocca  
 Fece la barba indietro alle mascelle.  
 Quando s' ebbe scoperta la gran bocca, 80  
 Disse ai compagni : Siete voi accorti,  
 Che quel di retro move ciò ch' ei tocca ?  
 Così non soglion fare i piè de' morti.  
 E il mio buon Duca, che già gli era al petto  
 Ove le duo nature son consorti,  
 Rispose : Ben è vivo, e sì soletto  
 Mostrarli mi convien la valle buia :  
 Necessità 'l c' induce, e non diletto.  
 Tal si partì dal cantare alleluia,  
 Che mi commise quest' ufficio nuovo ; 90  
 Non è ladron, nè io anima fuia.  
 Ma per quella virtù, per cui io muovo  
 Li passi miei per sì selvaggia strada,  
 Danne un de' tuoi, a cui noi siamo a pruvo,  
 Che ne dimostri là ove si guada,

\* Nessus, slain by Hercules in consequence of an insult offered to Deianira, when he found himself dying, assured the lady that, should her husband ever forsake her, a garment anointed with the blood then flowing from him would act as a philtre. The death of Hercules from his wife's credulity

forms the subject of the *Trachiniæ* of Sophocles.

\* Chiron, the preceptor of Achilles. 'With him, the *justest of Centaurs*, was associated the idea entertained by the Greeks of early Hellenic education . . . His name appears to be derived from his *manual* accomplishments, and

These, when they saw us to the plain decline,  
 Halted, and from their troop did three dispart,  
 First choosing bow and shaft, in hostile sign.  
 And one cried out afar : ' What racking smart  
 To suffer come ye down the craggy side ?  
 Speak where ye stand : if not, I loose my dart.'  
 ' To Chiron yonder,' slightingly my guide  
 Retorted, ' will we present answer make :  
 Ill must thy headstrong temper aye betide.'  
 Then touching me : ' 'T is <sup>7</sup> Nessus, who for sake  
 Of Deianira and her beauty bled,  
 Then caused his blood its own revenge to take :  
 Who midmost on his bosom droops the head,  
 Great <sup>8</sup> Chiron he, Achilles' nurse of yore ;  
<sup>9</sup> Pholus the third, whom wrath to outrage led.  
 Still round the fosse they range in thousands store,  
 Dealing their shafts on any soul that strove  
 Beyond her sin's award, and hath the gore  
 Surmounted.' As we neared the nimble drove,  
 Chiron an arrow took, and o'er his cheeks  
 Did backward with the notch his beard remove.  
 His giant mouth uncovered thus, he speaks  
 Unto his peers : ' Yon hindmost, mark ye well,  
 Moves with a touch what he for footing seeks ;  
 Not thus do dead men's feet their coming tell.'  
 And my good guide, his breast confronting nigh,  
 Where sinks the human in the horse to swell,  
 Answered : ' He lives in very sooth, and I  
 Down the black vale must lead him thus alone ;  
 Nor pleasure draws us, but necessity :  
 From hymnèd Hallelujah <sup>10</sup> such bath flown  
 Mine unaccustomed charge on me to lay :  
 Nor robber this, nor thievish soul mine own.  
 But, by the virtue that upholds my way  
 O'er tract so savage, grant us of thy band  
 One who by proof our honour shall assay,  
 And show us fording where to make the land,

furnishes proof of the value attached in the earliest times—a fact well known from the special testimony of Homer—to skill in the medical and surgical arts. Indeed, it is not improbable that the botanical fertility by which Mount Pelion is distinguished among the mountains of Greece may have recommended it for the site of the

Greek heroic school.'—*Wordsworth's Greece*, pp. 223, 224.

<sup>9</sup> Pholus is mentioned by Virgil as slain at the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ; by Ovid, as saving himself by flight: but Eurytion, or Eurytus, is commonly named as the provoker of their quarrel.

<sup>10</sup> Beatrice. (See Canto ii.)

E che porti costui in su la groppa ;  
 Che non è spirto che per l' aer vada.  
 Chiron si volse in sulla destra poppa,  
 E disse a Nesso : Torna, e sì li guida,  
 E fa cansar, s' altra schiera v' intoppa. 100  
 Noi ci movemmo colla scorta fida  
 Lungo la proda del bollor vermiglio,  
 Ove i bolliti facean alte strida.  
 Io vidi gente sotto infino al ciglio ;  
 E il gran Centauro disse : Ei son tiranni,  
 Che dier nel sangue e nell' aver di piglio.  
 Quivi si piangon li spietati danni :  
 Quivi è Alessandro, e Dionisio fero,  
 Che fe' Cicilia aver dolorosi anni :  
 E quella fronte ch' ha il pel così nero 110  
 E Azzolino ; e quell' altro ch' è biondo  
 E Obizzo da Esti, il qual per vero  
 Fu spento dal figliastro su nel mondo.  
 Allor mi volsi al Poeta, e quei disse :  
 Questi ti sia or primo, ed io secondo.  
 Poco più oltre il Centauro s' affisse  
 Sovra una gente che infino alla gola  
 Parea che di quel bulicame uscisse.  
 Mostrocci un' ombra dall' un canto sola,  
 Dicendo : Colui fesse in grembo a Dio 120  
 Lo cor che in su Tamigi ancor si cola.  
 Poi vidi genti, che di fuor del rio  
 Tenean la testa ed ancor tutto il casso :  
 E di costoro assai riconobb' io.  
 Così a più a più si facea basso  
 Quel sangue sì, che copria pur li piedi :  
 E quivi fu del fosso il nostro passo.

<sup>11</sup> Some expositors have here put forward a claim for Alexander, tyrant of Pheræ, in Thessaly; but the character of the Macedonian is sufficiently applicable to this position.

<sup>12</sup> Dionysius (the elder most probably), tyrant of Syracuse.

<sup>13</sup> Azzolin, or Ezzelin da Romano, Vicar Imperial in the March of Treviso, and tyrant of Padua. This man, although cruel to excess, had enough of human feeling left to refuse to order the arrest of his own father, to which the Pope had instigated him. In consequence

of his cruelties as Vicar Imperial, much odium fell on Frederick II., his patron. He fell at length a victim to treachery, and the desertion of his ancient associates; and, being wounded in the foot as he fled to Vimercato, he was carried a prisoner to Soncino, where he refused to speak, rejected all medical aid, tore off the bandages from his wounds, and finally expired on the eleventh day of his captivity.—*Sismondi*.

<sup>14</sup> Obizzo of Este was Marquis of Ferrara, and smothered, say the commentators, by his own son,

And bear him on the croupe, who is not yet  
 Spirit, his aëry voyage to command.'  
 O'er the right pap then Chiron turned, to set  
 Nessus the task, and cried: 'Show thou their road,  
 And plan escape, if other troop be met.'  
 Now, where the boiling surf all crimson glowed,  
 We edged, with trusty guide, our steps along,  
 'Mid frantic screams from seething souls that flowed.  
 Up to their brow engulfed I saw a throng,  
 And thus the Centaur-hero: 'Tyrants those,  
 Who spoil of blood and treasure took by wrong:  
 Here groan of human-kind the ruthless foes;  
<sup>11</sup> Alexander's, <sup>12</sup> Dionysius' cruel shade,  
 Who caused Sicilia count her years by woes.  
 Yon forehead with so sable hair displayed  
 Is <sup>13</sup> Azzolin: that hair of brighter hue  
<sup>14</sup> Obizzo of Esti marks, on whom was laid  
 A step-son's hand above; sad tale and true.'  
 Now turned I toward the bard, who said: 'Be here  
 The first place his—to me the second due.'  
 Brief way beyond, the Centaur stayed him near  
 A company, that all above the throat  
 Seemed upward from the bubbling surge to rear.  
 One lonely skulking ghost he made us note,  
 Saying: <sup>15</sup> 'He that heart which Thamis' sons delight  
 To honour yet, in God's own bosom smote.'  
 Then I beheld a people that to sight  
 Gave from the stream both head and neck and chest;  
 There took remembrance of full many a sprite.  
 Lower and lower thus the blood depressed  
 Its waves, until they barely bathed the feet;  
 Where we our steps to ford the moat addressed.

whom the poet for that unnatural deed terms *figliastro*.

<sup>15</sup> In the year 1270, Guy of Montfort, in the church of Viterbo, and at the moment of elevating the host, stabbed to the heart Henry D'Almaine, son of the king of the Romans, the cousin of Edward I. Guy and his brother Simon dragged the body from the church, mutilated it, and then rode off; the Count Aldobrandini, whose daughter one of them had married, favouring their escape. (See the 'Pictorial History of England,' b. iv., c. 1). This crime they committed in revenge for the igno-

minious death of their father, the celebrated Simon. The heart of their victim, inclosed in a golden chalice, is said to have been placed upon a column erected on London-bridge. Although neither Charles of Anjou nor his nephew the king of France, who witnessed the murder, took any steps to avenge it (Charles merely removing Guy from the vicariate of Viterbo), yet Edward of England had influence enough with Pope Gregory X. to procure the arrest of the criminals at sea. Guy was taken to Messina, and died there in prison.



Sì come tu da questa parte vedi  
 Lo bulicame che sempre si scema,  
 Disse il Centauro, voglio che tu credi, 130  
 Che da quest' altra più è più giù prema  
 Lo fondo suo, infin ch' ei si raggiunge  
 Ove la tirannia convien che gema.  
 La divina giustizia di qua punge  
 Quell' Attila che fu flagello in terra,  
 E Pirro, e Sesto ; ed in eterno munge  
 Le lagrime, che col bollor disserra  
 A Rinier da Corneto, a Rinier Pazzo,  
 Che fecero alle strade tanta guerra ;  
 Poi si rivolse, e ripassossi il guazzo. 140

## CANTO XIII.

*I violenti contro sé stessi sono, nel secondo girone del settimo cerchio,  
 cangiati in alberi strani, in cui fan nido e pasconsi le brutte Arpie.  
 Dante eccitato da Virgilio schianta un ramo che manda parole e san-  
 gue ; è l' ombra di Pier dalle Vigne, segretario di Federico II.*

Non era ancor di là Nesso arrivato,  
 Quando noi ci mettemmo per un bosco,  
 Che da nessun sentiero era segnato.  
 Non frondi verdi, ma di color fosco,  
 Non rami schietti, ma nodosi e involti,  
 Non pomi v' eran, ma stecchi con toscò.  
 Non han sì aspri sterpi nè sì folti  
 Quelle fiere selvagge, che in odio hanno  
 Tra Cecina e Corneto i luoghi colti.  
 Quivi le brutte Arpie lor nido fanno, 10

<sup>16</sup> Attila, king of the Huns, sur-named the Scourge of God, for his invasion of Italy, &c. (See Gibbon's Decline and Fall, c. 135.)

<sup>17</sup> Pyrrhus here is thought by some to mean the king of Epirus ; by others, to whom I incline, to be Neoptolemus, son of Achilles, whose cruelty Dante's master Virgil places in so striking a light in the second book of the *Æneid*.

<sup>18</sup> Sextus has had two or three candidates for the honour of filling up his designation. Sextus Pompey is probably intended, who became a pirate in the Sicilian

seas ; and the transition to the two brigands is thus more natural.

<sup>19</sup> Reignier of Corneto infested the maritime coast of Rome with robberies ; and his namesake, of the noble Florentine family of the Pazzi, pursued the same occupation of murderous assaults on travellers. But see Tiraboschi's note (6) on the Ruins of Tarquinium, Part i. § 13.

<sup>1</sup> The river Cecina falls into the Mediterranean some miles to the south of Leghorn. Corneto is a small town of the Patrimony of St. Peter, near the mouth of the river

‘As here,’ the Centaur said, ‘thou view’st retreat  
 The bubbling frith in one perpetual wane,  
 On yonder side—believe me, as ’t is meet—  
 Still more and more it deepens to regain  
 Its utmost sounding, till it reach the springs  
 Whence Tyranny must wail her endless pain.  
 ’T is here the justice of the Eternal stings .  
 That <sup>16</sup>Attila, who lived of earth the scourge,  
<sup>17</sup>Pyrrhus and <sup>18</sup>Sextus; and for ever wrings  
 The tears that gush to swell the boiling surge  
 From both <sup>19</sup>Reigniers—Corneto’s—Pazzo’s eyes;  
 So murderous once their highway war to urge.’  
 Then turning, o’er the ford he backward hies.

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### CANTO XIII.

ARGUMENT.—*Second Division of the Seventh Circle of Hell. Punishment of the Violent against themselves. The Harpies. Interview with Pier delle Vigne. Chase of two Shades by Hell-hounds.*

Nor yet had Nessus gained the farther bourne  
 Of the Red River, when our course we drew  
 To pierce a wood, where path was never worn.  
 No glad green leaves, but duskiest of hue,  
 No fair smooth boughs, but gnarled and bent awry,  
 No fruit thereon, but poison thorns there grew.  
 Ne’er to so rough, so tangled forests hie  
 The savage beasts, all cultured lands their hate,  
 That ’tween <sup>1</sup>Cecina and Corneto lie.  
 Here the foul breed of <sup>2</sup>Harpies perching sate,

Marta. The marsh lands of the district between these points are interspersed with patches of forest and abound in deer, wild goats, and boars. Such a country would afford facilities for the marauding exploits of the Reigniers, mentioned at the end of the preceding Canto.

<sup>2</sup> For a description of the Harpies, see Virgil’s *Æneid*, b. iii. The Strophades were two islets in the Ionian sea, south-east of Zacynthus, which are still known by the name Strophadia. The prophecy runs thus in Virgil:—

‘You seek the Italian shores, fore-  
 doomed by fate:  
 The Italian shores are granted  
 you to find,  
 And a safe passage to the port  
 assigned;  
 But know that, ere yon promised  
 walls you build,  
 My curses shall severely be ful-  
 filled:  
 Fierce famine is your lot, for this  
 misdeed  
 Reduced to grind the plates on  
 which you feed.’

*Dryden’s Trans.*

Che cacciar delle Strofade i Troiani  
 Con tristo annunzio di futuro danno.  
 Ale hanno late, e colli e visi umani,  
 Piè con artigli, e pennuto il gran ventre :  
 Fanno lamenti in su gli alberi strani.  
 E il buon Maestro : Prima che più entre,  
 Sappi che se' nel secondo girone,  
 Mi cominciò a dire, e sarai, mentre  
 Che tu verrai nel' orribil sabbione.  
 Però riguarda bene, e sì vedrai 20  
 Cose, che daran fede al mio sermone.  
 Io sentia da ogni parte tragger guai,  
 E non vedea persona che il facesse ;  
 Perch' io tutto smarrito m' arrestai.  
 I' credo ch' ei credette ch' io credesse,  
 Che tante voci uscisser tra que' bronchi  
 Da gente che per noi si nascondesse.  
 Però, disse il Maestro, se tu tronchi  
 Qualche fraschetta d' una d' este piante,  
 Li pensier ch' hai si faran tutti monchi. 30  
 Allor porsi la mano un poco avante,  
 E colsi un ramuscel da un gran pruno :  
 E il tronco suo gridò : Perchè mi schiante ?  
 Da che fatto fu poi di sangue bruno,  
 Ricominciò a gridar : Perchè mi serpi ?  
 Non hai tu spirto di pietate alcuno ?  
 Uomini fummo : ed or sem fatti sterpi :  
 Ben dovreb' esser la tua man più pia,  
 Se state fossim' anime di serpi.  
 Come d' un stizzo verde, che arso sia 40  
 Dall' un de' capi, che dall' altro geme,  
 E cigola per vento che va via ;  
 Così di quella scheggia usciva insieme  
 Parole e sangue ; ond' io lasciai la cima  
 Cadere, e stetti come l' uom che teme.  
 S' egli avesse potuto creder prima,  
 Rispose il Savio mio, anima lesa,  
 Ciò ch' ha veduto pur con la mia rima,

<sup>s</sup> This is the original of the above line :—

'Io credo, ch' ei credette, ch' io credessi :'

and it is a specimen of the poet's mind too valuable to be diluted.

Dante has often the air of a man too deeply engaged with things to concern himself about words. Like Shakspeare, his more ornamented passages are usually found in the pauses of his main action. See, in illustration of this, the whole of

Who did the Trojans from the Strophads chase  
 With dark foreboding of disastrous fate.  
 Broad are their wings, human their neck and face,  
 With taloned feet and feathered paunch, they make  
 Lament from off those trees of strangest race.  
 And my good lord, premonishing, thus spake :  
 ' Know, ere thou farther enter, thou dost stand  
 I' the second round, and shalt be, till thou take  
 Way more tremendous o'er the ghastly sand.  
 Then mark : thy keen-observing eyes shall hail  
 Things which to my report may faith command.'  
 I heard around the shrieks of grievous wail  
 From every side, yet saw I not that grieved,  
 Wherefore I stayed me, trembling all and pale.  
<sup>3</sup> I believe that he believed that I believed,  
 Among those stocks so piteous voices came  
 Of some that hid to 'scape us unperceived.  
 Then said my master : ' Gathering if thou maim  
 The slenderest rod in which those branches end,  
 Thy present thoughts shall all turn halt and lame,'  
 With that a little I my hand extend,  
 And, as from one large briar a sprout I tore,  
 ' The trunk shrieked out aloud, ' Why dost thou rend  
 Me thus ?' And while it blackened all with gore,  
 ' Why tear me limb from limb ?'—the shrieks renewed—  
 ' Did never pity's dint thy heart make sore ?  
 Men were we once, who now are stocks of wood ;  
 Yet might thy hand more mercy deal, I ween,  
 Albeit we were the souls of serpent brood.'  
 As from a brand that, lighted while 'tis green,  
 Burns at one end, at the other hissing spits  
 The wind that seeks a vent the pores between ;  
 E'en thus the splintered branch alike emits  
 Both words and blood ; whereat as numb with fear  
 I stood, my hold the falling fragment quits.  
 ' Could he,' the sage replied, ' have bent his ear,  
 Much injured soul, and earlier credence paid  
 To that my very verse depainted clear,

Canto xvii. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice*, throughout the exquisite moonlight scene, Lorenzo and Jessica are waiting for the return of the principal characters. In *Troilus and Cressida*, the magnificent speech of Ulysses (written, one might imagine, when the poet

was fresh from the study of Hooker's first book of *Ecclesiastical Polity*) is uttered when the action of the drama has hardly commenced.

<sup>4</sup> The incident of the bleeding tree is taken from Virgil's *Æneid*, b. iii.

Non avrebbe in te la man distesa ;  
 Ma la cosa incredibile mi fece 50  
 Indurlo ad ovra, che a me stesso pesa.  
 Ma dilli chi tu fosti, sì che, in vece  
 D' alcuna ammenda, tua fama rinfreschi  
 Nel mondo su, dove tornar gli lece.  
 E il tronco : Sì col dolce dir m' adeschi,  
 Ch' io non posso tacere ; e voi non gravi  
 Perch' io un poco a ragionar m' inveschi.  
 Io son colui, che tenni ambo le chiavi  
 Del cor di Federigo, e che le volsi  
 Serrando e disserrando sì soavi, 60  
 Che dal segreto suo quasi ogni uom tolsi :  
 Fede portai al glorioso ufizio,  
 Tanto ch' io ne perdei le vene e i polsi.  
 La meretrice, che mai dall' ospizio  
 Di Cesare non torse gli occhi putti,  
 Morte comune, e delle corti vizio,  
 Infiammò contra me gli animi tutti,  
 E gl' infiammati infiammar sì Augusto,  
 Che i lieti onor tornaro in tristi lutti.  
 L' animo mio per disdegnoso gusto, 70  
 Credendo col morir fuggir disdegno,  
 Ingiusto fece me contra me giusto.  
 Per le nuove radici d' esto legno  
 Vi giuro, che giammai non ruppi fede  
 Al mio signor, che fu d' onor sì degno :  
 E se di voi alcun nel mondo riede,  
 Conforti la memoria mia, che giace  
 Ancor del colpo che invidia le diede.  
 Un poco attese, e poi : Da ch' ei si tace,  
 Disse il' Poeta a me, Non perder l' ora ; 80  
 Ma parla, e chiedi a lui se più ti piace.  
 Ond' io a lui : Dimandal tu ancora  
 Di quel che credi che a me soddisfaccia ;  
 Ch' io non potrei : tantà pietà m' accora.  
 Però ricominciò : Se l' uom ti faccia  
 Liberamente ciò che il tuo dir prega,  
 Spirito incarcerato, ancor ti piaccia

\* Piero delle Vigne (Petrus de Vineis) was of Capua, and rose from a low origin to be Aulic judge and chancellor to the Emperor Frederic II. of Germany, but fell into disgrace with his master,

and by his command was blinded. He committed suicide by dashing his head against a wall. By the two keys the poet understands love and hatred. Sismondi, in his History of the Italian Republics,

Offending hand he ne'er on thee had laid :  
 But the' unaccepted truth made me to harden  
 His heart for deed which doth mine own upbraid.  
 Yet tell him who thou wert, that he in guerdon  
 May for amends refresh thy fame above,  
 At his allowed return, and win thy pardon.'  
 And thus the trunk : ' Lured by thy words of love  
 Needs must I speak, and let it not displease  
 If, with my story limed, diffuse I prove.  
 Know, I am <sup>5</sup> he, that whilome kept the keys  
 Of Frederic's heart ; and as my will inclined  
 Locked or unlocked it with so gentle ease,  
 From all besides I veiled his secret mind :  
 Too faithful to my glorious task, until  
 Forespent I left me vein nor pulse behind.  
 That <sup>6</sup> public stale who turneth not, but still  
 On Cæsar's hostel bends her harlot eyes,  
 Pest of each court, and potent aye to kill,  
 Inflamed all hearts against me ; and with lies  
 The' inflamed inflamed mine Emperor, till for trust  
 And joyous honours, doleful griefs arise.  
 My mind, that purposed in her strong disgust  
 By death to flee the scorn she so abhorred,  
 Against my just self made myself unjust ;  
 But never broke I fealty's pledged word—  
 No, by the new roots of this stem I swear—  
 To that my liege and honour-worthy lord.  
 And you, if either to the world repair  
 Again, uphold my memory in her dues,  
 Fallen by the blow that Envy dealt her there.'  
 Then silent as he paused : ' 'T were sin to lose  
 Thine hour,' the poet warned me ; ' make request,  
 Resuming speech, if aught thy fancy choose.'  
 Whence I to him : ' Thou rather ask what best  
 To thy supposing shall my mind content :  
 I cannot speak, such pity wrings my breast.'  
 Then he rejoining : ' If with liberal bent  
 This man perform the work, O prisoned sprite,  
 Thy prayer entreats, may it please thee say how, pent

has adopted the report that Pier delle Vigne had listened to monkish counsel, and promised to poison his master.

<sup>6</sup> Envy. 'Cæsar's hostel,' because the emperors of Germany

affected to be the legitimate heirs of the Roman western empire ; whence the title, King of the Romans, given to the emperor elect.

Di dirne, come l'anima si lega  
 In questi nocchi : e dinne, se tu puoi,  
 S' alcuna mai da tai membra si spiega. 90  
 Allor soffiò lo tronco forte, e poi  
 Si convertì quel vento in cotal voce :  
 Brevemente sarà risposto a voi.  
 Quando si parte l' anima feroce  
 Dal corpo, ond' ella stessa s' è disvelta,  
 Minos la manda alla settima foce.  
 Cade in la selva, e non l' è parte scelta ;  
 Ma là dove fortuna la balestra :  
 Quivi germoglia, come gran di spelta  
 Surge in vermena, ed in pianta silvestra : 100  
 L' Arpie pascendo poi delle sue foglie  
 Fanno dolore, ed al dolor finestra.  
 Come l' altre, verrem per nostre spoglie,  
 Ma non però ch' alcuna sen rivesta :  
 Che non è giusto aver ciò, ch' uom si toglie.  
 Qui le strascineremo, e per la mesta  
 Selva saranno i nostri corpi appesi,  
 Ciascuno al prun dell' ombra sua molesta.  
 Noi eravamo ancora al tronco attesi,  
 Credendo ch' altro ne volesse dire, 110  
 Quando noi fummo d' un romor sorpresi,  
 Similmente a colui, che venire  
 Sente 'l porco e la caccia alla sua posta,  
 Ch' ode le bestie e le frasche stormire.  
 Ed ecco duo dalla sinistra costa  
 Nudi e graffiati fuggendo sì forte,  
 Che della selva rompièno ogni rosta.  
 Quel dinanzi : Ora accorri, accorri, morte ;  
 E l' altro, a cui pareva tardar troppo,  
 Gridava, Lano, sì non furo accorte 120  
 Le gambe tue alle giostre del Toppo.  
 E poichè forse gli fallia la lena,  
 Di se e d' un cespuglio fece groppo.  
 Dirietro a loro era là selva piena  
 Di nere cagne bramose e correnti,  
 Come veltri ch' uscisser di catena.  
 In quel che s'appiattò miser li denti,

' 'For such a warped slip of  
 wilderness  
 Ne'er issued from his blood.'  
 —*Measure for Measure*.  
 This will remind the reader of

Theodore and Honoria. (See Dryden's version of the tale.)

\* Lano, said to have been a native of Sienna, who, having wasted his property, went to serve in the

In yonder knots, the struggling soul so tight  
 Is bound, and tell, as haply may be told,  
 If from such limbs it ever disunite.  
 With that the trunk, loud whiffing, thus controlled  
 Its windy current for expressive sound :  
 ' Brief words and few your answer shall infold.  
 When the stern spirit from the body's bound  
 By her own deed hath rude disseverance got,  
 Minos condemns her to the seventh round.  
 Within the wood she falls, and place hath not  
 Determined, but where Fortune idly throws,  
 Like grain of spelt she bourgeons on the spot :  
 With tender sprays a <sup>7</sup> wildwood slip she grows ;  
 Then feed these Harpies on her leaves, and making  
 Woes, make no less a window for her woes.  
 We, like the rest, our bodies now forsaken  
 Shall come to seek ; yet none be clad again—  
 Justice withholds what self from self hath taken :  
 Yet hither must we drag them back, and then,  
 Each on the thorn of its own shade accurst,  
 Shall hang our corpses round the dismal glen.'  
 While by the trunk we lingered yet, where first  
 We stood, expectant of its farther word,  
<sup>8</sup> Sudden there startled us a noisy burst,  
 As him that hath the coming signals heard  
 Of the wild boar, and hunters on his track,  
 In rustling sound of beasts, in branches stirred.  
 Lo ! from the left a naked pair, with back  
 Scratched as by claws, their flight so reckless sped,  
 Of every bough that crossed them made they wrack.  
 ' Help, help me, death ! ' screamed he the race who led ;  
 The hindmost, lagging, mocked his comrade's way,  
 And cried : ' O <sup>9</sup> Lano ! not so nimbly fled  
 Thy wary legs from Toppo's tilting fray.'  
 Then, as had failed him breath for farther speed,  
 Lost in a bushy tuft, he crouched and lay.  
 Behind, a cry of hell-dogs, swart of breed,  
 Filled all the forest, ravening, gaunt, and grim ;  
 Likest to greyhounds from the leash when freed.  
 Full on the squatted wretch they sprung, and him

Siennese army, which marched to  
 Arezzo in aid of the Florentines :  
 and when on their return they fell  
 into an ambush laid by the Are-

tines in Toppo, although he might  
 have escaped, preferred death by  
 the enemy's hands, being rendered  
 desperate from his losses.



E quel dilacerato a brano a brano ;  
 Poi sen portar quelle membra dolenti.  
 Presemi allor la mia scorta per mano, 130  
 E menommi al cespuglio, che piangea,  
 Per le rotture sanguinenti, invano.  
 O Jacopo, dicea, da sant' Andrea,  
 Che t' è giovato di me fare schermo ?  
 Che colpa ho io della tua vita rea ?  
 Quando 'l maestro fu sovr' esso fermo,  
 Disse : Chi fusti, che per tante punte  
 Soffi col sangue doloroso sermo ?  
 E quegli a noi : O anime, che giunte 140  
 Siete a veder lo strazio disonesto,  
 C' ha le mie frondi sì da me disgiunte,  
 Raccoglietele al piè del tristo cesto ;  
 I' fui della città, che nel Battista  
 Cangìò 'l primo padrone : ond' e' per questo  
 Sempre con l' arte sua la farà trista :  
 E se non fosse, che 'n sul passo d' Arno  
 Rimane ancor di lui alcuna vista,  
 Quei cittadin, che poi la rifondarno.  
 Sovra 'l cener, che d' Attila rimase,  
 Avrebber fatto lavorare indarno. 150  
 I' fe' giubbetto a me delle mie case.

<sup>10</sup> James of St. Andrea was a Paduan, and, like Lano, a spendthrift.

<sup>11</sup> Florence, in her transition from Heathenism to Christianity, had exchanged her tutelary god for a saint—Mars for John the Baptist. Hence the spirit argues that she must be continually harassed by war. According to Villani, the statue alluded to was one of Mars

on horseback, which was thrown from its place into the Arno at the destruction of the city by Totila, recovered from the bed of the river when Florence was rebuilt in 801, and mounted on a pedestal on the bank of the river, whence it was once more swept away by an inundation of the Arno in 1333. It was at the foot of this statue that

With fleshed fangs rending piecemeal, in their jaws  
 Triumphant whirled afar each quivering limb.  
 My hand within his own mine escort draws,  
 And leads me to the bush, whose dire exclaims  
 Rushed vainly out through all its bleeding flaws.  
 'Of me to make thy screen,' it said, 'O <sup>10</sup> James  
 Of Sant Andr  a, what profit hast thou now?  
 How of thy guilty life share I the blames?'  
 O'er it the master pausing: 'Who wert thou,'  
 He asked, 'whose many-breathing hurts perforce  
 Vent blood and anguished words from every bough?'  
 And he to us: 'O souls, whose fatal course  
 Brings you this havoc's foul reproach to see,  
 Which from my proper leaves doth me divorce,  
 Gather them to the foot of their sad tree:  
 Mine was the <sup>11</sup> town that did the Baptist own,  
 Her earlier patron disavowed; whence he  
 By his own art shall cause her aye to moan.  
 And, but that Arno's bridge doth yet retain  
 His imaged presence, and in part atone,  
 The burghers' toil, who reared her up with pain  
 Over those ashes tokening where had burned  
 The wrath of <sup>12</sup> Attila, were spent in vain.  
<sup>13</sup> I mine own dwelling to my gallows turned.'

Buondelmonte was slain, whose murder was the beginning of the sanguinary struggles between Guelphs and Ghibellines, in Florence. See *Paradiso*, c. xvi.

<sup>12</sup> I cannot find any mention of a siege or destruction of Florence by Attila; and Paulus Diaconus asserts that he never was in Tus-

cany. That he ravaged Lombardy, and took possession of Milan, is certain; and of the whole war, Gibbon, in a note, confesses that, though so famous, it is but imperfectly known.—*Decline and Fall*, c. 35.

<sup>13</sup> The name of this suicide is not revealed.

## CANTO XIV.

*Terzo girone del settimo cerchio: una pioggia di fuoco e l'arena ardente tormentano i violenti contra Dio, contro natura e l'arte. Cupaneo superbo gigante. Gran veglio, simbolo del Tempo; misteriosa origine dei fiumi d'Inferno.*

Poichè la carità del natio loco  
 Mi strinse, raunai le fronde sparte,  
 E rende' le a colui, ch' era già fioco;  
 Indi venimmo al fine, onde si parte  
 Lo secondo giron dal terzo, e dove  
 Si vede di giustizia orribil arte.  
 A ben manifestar le cose nuove  
 Dico, che arrivammo ad una landa,,  
 Che dal suo letto ogni pianta rimuove.  
 La dolorosa selva l' è ghirlanda 10  
 Intorno, come 'l fosso tristo ad essa:  
 Quivi fermammo i piedi a randa a randa.  
 Lo spazzo era una rena arida, e spesso,  
 Non d' altra foggia fatta, che colei,  
 Che fu da' piedi di Caton soppressa:  
 O vendetta di Dio, quanto tu dei  
 Esser temuta da ciascun che legge  
 Ciò che fu manifesto agli occhi miei!  
 D' anime nude vidi molte gregge,  
 Che piangean tutte assai miseramente, 20  
 Ed pareva posta lor diversa legge.  
 Supin giaceva in terra alcuna gente:  
 Alcuna si sedea tutta raccolta,  
 Ed altra andava continuamente.  
 Quella che giva intorno era più molta,  
 E quella men, che giaceva al tormento,  
 Ma più al duolo avea la lingua sciolta.  
 Sovra tutto il sabbion d' un cader lento  
 Piovèan di fuoco dilatate falde,  
 Come di neve in alpe senza vento. 30  
 Quali Alessandro in quelle parti calde

<sup>1</sup> As described by Lucan in the ninth book of the *Pharsalia*, v. 3, et seqq.

<sup>2</sup> None of the historians mention this circumstance. In a letter, professing to be addressed by Alex-

## CANTO XIV.

ARGUMENT.—*Third division of the Seventh Circle of Hell. Punishment of the Violent against God, Nature, and Art. Capaneus. Origin of the Infernal Rivers.*

THE dear persuasion of my native soil  
 I felt, and to their stalk, already hoarse,  
 The gathered fragments of his leafy spoil  
 Restored. Thence to the limit held we course,  
 Where parts the third from second round, and where  
 Of dread inventions Judgment is the source.  
 Duly so strange presentments to declare,  
 I say, beside a level tract we stood,  
 Which doth its bed of every plant strip bare.  
 As wound the doleful moat around the wood,  
 So this the wood of sorrow garlanded :  
 Here we our footsteps mincingly made good.  
 A close dry sand for pavement o'er it spread,  
 None other fashioned than <sup>1</sup> the desert way,  
 That sank beneath the younger Cato's tread.  
 O vengeance of the' Eternal ! how ought they  
 Who read the tale thy workings mark with awe,  
 In that my troubled eyes did here survey !  
 Of naked spirits many a herd I saw,  
 And plaining all, and pitiful their sound,  
 Yet seemed the servants of divided law ;  
 For some supine lay stretched upon the ground,  
 And some to sit their shrinking limbs up-drew,  
 And other some went everlasting round.  
 Of those who moved them was the larger crew,  
 The fewer those who lay to meet their pain,  
 Yet had the freer tongue their doom to rue.  
 Of fiery flakes deliberate slow rain  
 Fell aye dilating o'er the parchèd sands,  
 Like snow without a wind on Alpine chain.  
 As <sup>2</sup> Alexander, o'er those torrid lands

ander to his tutor Aristotle, an account is given of the fall of certain luminous flakes, against which,

however, the garments of his soldiers were defence sufficient.

D' India vide sovra lo suo stuolo  
 Fiamme cadere infino a terra salde :  
 Perch' ei provvide a scalpitar lo suolo  
 Con le sue schiere, perciocchè il vapore  
 Me' si stingueva, mentre ch' era solo :  
 Tale scendeva l' eternale ardore,  
 Onde la rena s' accendea, com' esca  
 Sotto il focile a raddoppiar dolore.  
 Senza riposo mai era la tresca 40  
 Delle misere mani, or quindi, or quinci,  
 Iscotendo da se l' arsura fresca.  
 Io cominciai : Maestro, tu che vinci  
 Tutte le cose, fuor che i Dimon duri,  
 Ch' all' entrar della porta incontr' uscinci,  
 Chi è quel grande, che non par che curi  
 L' incendio, e giace dispettoso e torto  
 Sì, che la pioggia non par che 'l maturi ?  
 E quel medesmo, che si fue accorto  
 Ch' io dimandava 'l mio duca di lui, 50  
 Gridò : Qual fui vivo, tal son morto.  
 Se Giove stanchi il suo fabbro, da cui  
 Crucciato prese la folgore acuta,  
 Onde l' ultimo di percosso fui,  
 O s' egli stanchi gli altri a muta a muta  
 In Mongibello alla fucina negra,  
 Gridando : Buon Vulcano, ajuta ajuta ;  
 Si com' ei fece alla pugna di Flegra,  
 E me saetti di tutta sua forza,  
 Non ne potrebbe aver vendetta allegra. 60  
 Allora 'l duca mio parlò di forza  
 Tanto, ch' io non l' avea sì forte udito ;  
 O Capaneo, in ciò che non s' ammorza  
 La tua superbia, se' tu più punito :  
 Nullo martirio, fuor che la tua rabbia,  
 Sarebbe al tuo furor dolor compito.  
 Poi si rivolse a me con miglior labbia,  
 Dicendo : Quel fu l' un de' sette regi  
 Ch' assiser Tebe ; ed ebbe, e par ch' egli abbia  
 Dio in disdegno, e poco par che il pregi : 70

\* That Phlegrean plain extended  
 from Cumæ to Mount Vesuvius.  
 The Leborini campi (Terra de La-  
 voro) formed part of it. The sul-  
 phureous exhalations chiefly, but  
 in part perhaps the contests of

successive adventurers in early  
 times, originated the fable of the  
 battle between the Giants and  
 Gods, fought on this spot. Some  
 authorities give the name of Phle-  
 grean Plain to a portion of Thes-

Of India marching, saw the thick descent  
 Of flaming concrete on his warrior bands,  
 Wherefore with trampling files he provident  
 Caused tread the surface, thus the vaporous power  
 Timely to quench, ere added heat prevent—  
 Such of eternal burnings fell the shower,  
 From which that sand, as tinder from the steel,  
 Kindling tormented them with double stour.  
 In dance, but not of mirth, their hands they wheel  
 From side to side, and, hopeless of repose,  
 Brush off the fresh flakes scorching as they feel.  
 'Master,' I prefaced, 'thou whose help o'erthrows  
 All hindrance, but the' obdurate demon host  
 To bar our entry at the gate who rose;  
 Say, whose yon haughty bulk that, careless tost  
 And twisted, seems the plague-fires to defy,  
 As if on him that ripening rain were lost?'  
 And he, that unknown, when he marked how I  
 Did of my guide his earthly state enquire,  
 Cried, 'As of old I lived, such dead I lie.  
 If Jove his slavish armourer would tire,  
 From whom on that last day, provoked, he caught  
 The forky bolt to blast me with its fire;  
 And tire the rest, as turn for turn they wrought  
 By the black forge in Etna's womb concealed,  
 Crying, "Help, good Vulcan, help;" as when he fought  
 The race who set him hard on <sup>3</sup> Phlegra field,  
 Then strain his utmost power on me to wreak  
 His will, not this the glad revenge should yield.'  
 With that my chief's indignant zeal outbrake  
 In accents louder than mine ears had known:  
 'O <sup>4</sup> Capaneus, that suffering may not slake  
 Thy native pride, the deeper curse thine own;  
 To match thy madness torment ne'er had stung  
 With due requital, save thy rage alone.'  
 Then, turning toward me, spake with milder tongue,  
 'He with six kings confederate king in fight  
 Beleaguered Thebes, and flingeth, as he flung  
 Of old, contempt on God and impious slight;

sally also.

<sup>4</sup> The expedition of seven Argive chiefs to restore Polynices, son of Œdipus, to his rights, is the subject of one of the seven plays of Æschylus yet extant, in which, as

here, Capaneus is distinguished for his gigantic stature and reckless impiety. Sophocles also has noticed the presumption and overthrow of this chief. (*Antigone*.)

Ma, come io dissi lui, li suoi dispetti  
 Sono al suo petto assai debiti fregi.  
 Or mi vien dietro, e guarda che non metti  
 Ancor li piedi nell' arena arsiccia :  
 Ma sempre al bosco li ritieni stretti.  
 Tacendo ne venimmo là ove spiccia  
 Fuor della selva un picciol fumicello,  
 Lo cui rossore ancor mi raccapriccia.  
 Quale del Bulicame esce il ruscello,  
 Che parton poi tra lor le peccatrici, 80  
 Tal per l' arena giù sen giva quello.  
 Lo fondo suo ed ambo le pendici  
 Fatt' eran pietra, e i margini da lato :  
 Perch' io m' accorsi che il passo era lici.  
 Tra tutto l' altro ch' io t' ho dimostrato,  
 Posciachè noi entrammo per la porta  
 Lo cui sogliare a nessuno è negato,  
 Cosa non fu dagli tuoi occhi scorta  
 Notabile, com' è il presente rio,  
 Che sopra sè tutte fiammelle ammorta. 90  
 Queste parole fur del Duca mio :  
 Perchè il pregai, che mi largisse il pasto  
 Di cui largito m' aveva il disio.  
 In mezzo il mar siede un paese guasto,  
 Diss' egli allora, che s' appella Creta,  
 Sotto il cui rege fu già il mondo casto.  
 Una montagna v' è, che già fu lieta  
 D' acque e di fronde, che si chiama Ida ;  
 Ora è diserta come cosa vieta.  
 Rea la scelse già per cuna fida 100  
 Del suo figliuolo, e, per celarlo meglio,  
 Quando piangea, vi facea far le grida.  
 Dentro dal monte sta dritto un gran veglio  
 Che tien volte le spalle inver Damiaata,  
 E Roma guarda sì come suo specchio.

\* The hotsprings of Viterbo, in the Papal dominions, are said to have been much frequented formerly. Dante's allusion is probably to the use of the water for washing those women's clothes.

\* So Virgil, *Æn.*, book iii. v. 104. See Juvenal, *Sat.* 13.

\* The mythological account is, that Rhea, observing that her husband Saturn devoured his children, concealed Jupiter in the depths of

the Cretan Ida, and caused the Corybantes to drown his cries with the noise of their cymbals.

\* Dante has here adapted the prophetic image of Daniel to the idea of the four ages, and fixes his giant in Crete, probably because the golden age was counted from Saturn. He turns his back on Damiaata in Egypt, his face towards Rome, as Lombardi supposes, either because time is measured by the

But, as I reasoned, for his breast hath made  
 Fit garniture from out his own despite.  
 Now follow close, nor let thy feet invade  
 The fervours of the blistered sand, but ever  
 Narrowing confine them to the woodland glade.'  
 Silent we came to where a puny river  
 Was issuing from the wood, whose bright-red flush  
 Makes yet my hair to stand, my flesh to shiver.  
 Like the warm runnel from <sup>5</sup> Viterbo's gush,  
 Parted among the sisterhood of sin,  
 Did o'er the sandy slope yon brooklet rush.  
 Its bed and either shelving bound within  
 Was channeled stone; the like each margin lined,  
 And told that here we must our passage win.  
 'Of all the wonders which thy docile mind  
 Hath learnt of mine, since by the gate we came,  
 Whose threshold-floor to none of mortal kind  
 Is closed, not one did like observance claim  
 Encountering with thine eyes, as yonder wave  
 That o'er it quenches every dwindling flame.'  
 So spake my chief: I from his bounty crave  
 Meet largess for my new-awakened taste;  
 To give the food, as he the longing gave.  
 'Far sits amid the main an island waste,'  
 At length he answered, 'Creta named of yore,  
 Under whose early king the world was chaste.  
 Therein a mountain, jocund once with store  
 Of waters and fresh leaves—the <sup>6</sup> Mount of Ide;  
 Forsaken now, like mouldy thing: <sup>7</sup> yet bore  
 The cradled trust, when Rhea chose to hide  
 Her son, and, better to achieve her will,  
 Bade the loud clang his infant cries deride.  
<sup>8</sup> An aged Giant towers within that hill,  
 That on Damia turns his back, his gaze  
 On Rome as on his mirror bending still.

sun's course from east to west, or because Rome is considered as the centre of the true religion, and Egypt the type of idolatry and heresy. But it may be doubted whether the poet's intention were not rather to indicate the fountains of ancient and modern civilisation. Damia is named probably from patriotic feeling. The Florentine crusaders had twice

signalled their valour in the assault of that city; first in 1188, in reward for which Pope Gregory gave the city magistrates jurisdiction over a circuit of ten miles round Florence, and secondly in 1220, when the Gonfalon of Florence, a white lily on a red field, was seen first of all the standards flying from the ramparts of Damia. Villani, Hist. Fior. V. cc. 13 and 40.



La sua testa è di fin' oro formata,  
 E puro argento son le braccia e il petto,  
 Poi è di rame infino alla forcata ;  
 Da indi in giù è tutto ferro eletto,  
 Salvo che il destro piede è terra cotta, 110  
 E sta in su quel, più che in su l' altro, eretto.  
 Ciascuna parte, fuor che l' oro, è rotta  
 D' una fessura che lagrime goccia,  
 Le quali accolte foran quella grotta.  
 Lor corso in questa valle si diroccia :  
 Fanno Acheronte, Stige e Flegetonta ;  
 Poi sen van giù per questa stretta doccia  
 Infìn là ove più non si dismonta :  
 Fanno Cocito ; e qual sia quello stagno,  
 Tu il vederai : però qui non si conta. 120  
 Ed io a lui : Se il presente rigagno  
 Si deriva così dal nostro mondo,  
 Perchè ci appar pure a questo vivagno ?  
 Ed egli a me : Tu sai che il luogo è tondo,  
 E tutto che tu sii venuto molto  
 Pur a sinistra giù calando al fondo,  
 Non se' ancor per tutto il cerchio volto ;  
 Perchè, se cosa n' apparisce nuova,  
 Non dee addur meraviglia al tuo volto.  
 Ed io ancor : Maestro, ove si trova 130  
 Flegetonte e Letè, chè dell' un taci,  
 E l' altro di' che si fa d' esta piova ?  
 In tutte tue question certo mi piaci,  
 Rispose ; ma il bollor dell' acqua rossa  
 Dovea ben solver l' una che tu faci.  
 Lete vedrai, ma fuor di questa fossa,  
 Là ove vanno l' anime a lavarsi,  
 Quando la colpa pentuta è rimossa.  
 Poi disse : Omai è tempo da scostarsi  
 Dal bosco : fa che dietro a me vegne : 140  
 Li margini fan via, che non son arsi,  
 E sopra loro ogni va r si spegne.

\* The foot of potter's clay is the  
 age then current, unworthy of be-  
 ing named after any metal. So  
 Juvenal, Sat. 13 :—

' An age rolls on, more black than  
 iron times—

An age so steeped in sin, so clog-  
 ged with crimes,  
 That very Nature, jealous of her  
 fame,  
 Refused to stamp it with a metal's  
 name.'—*Hodgson's Trans.*

Of thrice-refined gold his head doth blaze ;  
 Of purest silver are his arms and breast ;  
 Far as his loins a brazen sheen displays ;  
 Thence all below is iron of the best,  
 Save his <sup>9</sup> right foot, on which, of potter's mould,  
 More than its mate, his lofty bulk doth rest.  
 Disrupt is every part but that of gold  
 In one huge fissure, whence do tear-drops well,  
 Gather, and mining through their caverned hold  
 Precipitate adown this rocky dell :  
 In Acheron, Styx, and Phlegethon they flow,  
 Then down yon narrow conduit-pipe impel  
 Their tide to where, in lowest of the low,  
 They spread <sup>10</sup> Cocytus' pool, whose nature here  
 I not relate ; itself shall quickly show.'  
 And I to him : ' If thus from earthly sphere  
 Yon rivulet her downward channel keep,  
 Why o'er this selvage doth she first appear ?'  
 ' Thou know'st,' he said, ' in mighty circle sweep  
 These realms ; nor yet, albeit through ample space  
 Thy steps have leftward moved to search the deep,  
 Dost thou their complete orbit all embrace :  
 Then, if new apparition greet thine eyes,  
 Needs not imprint amazement on thy face.'  
 ' Master,' I urged him, ' tell where Lethe lies,  
 Where Phlegethon : of one thy tongue was mute,  
 And one, thou saidst, of yonder rain did rise.'  
 ' In sum thy questions please, without dispute,'  
 Replied he, ' but the red wave's hissing surge  
 With ready answer well one doubt may suit :  
 And Lethe shalt thou see, but first emerge  
 Beyond this vault to where, by penitence  
 Absolved, the souls all sinful memory purge.'  
 Then thus : ' 'T is time to leave our woody fence ;  
 Tread thou, where first I tread ; unscathed by fires  
 The margin-lines shall yield us outlet hence,  
 And o'er them every vapour-flame expires.'

<sup>10</sup> That Hate (Styx), Sorrow  
 (Acheron), and Rage (Phlegethon),  
 should combine to spread the lake  
 of Lamentation (Cocytus), is, I

believe, an original idea of Dante,  
 and a finer arrangement of the  
 four infernal waters has never  
 been made.

## CANTO XV.

*Violenti contro natura: incontro di Brunetto Latini già maestro di Dante; pietà e rispetto di questi, e predizione sinistra di quegli contro il Poeta.*

ORA cen porta l' un de' duri margini,  
 E il fummo del ruscel di sopra aduggia  
 Sì, che dal fuoco salva l' acqua e gli argini.  
 Quale i Fiamminghi tra Guzzante e Bruggia,  
 Temendo il fiotto che in ver lor s' avventa,  
 Fanno lo schermo, perchè il mar si fuggia;  
 E quale i Padovan lungo la Brenta,  
 Per difender lor ville e lor castelli,  
 Anzi che Chiarentana il caldo senta;  
 A tale imagine eran fatti quelli, 10  
 Tutto che nè sì alti nè sì grossi,  
 Qual che si fosse, lo maestro felli.  
 Già eravam dalla selva rimossi  
 Tanto ch' io non avrei visto dov' era,  
 Perch' io indietro rivolto mi fossi,  
 Quando incontrammo d' anime una schiera,  
 Che venia lungo l' argine, e ciascuna  
 Ci riguardava, come suol da sera  
 Guardar l' un l' altro sotto nuova luna;  
 E sì ver noi aguzzavan le ciglia, 20  
 Come vecchio sartor fa nella cruna.  
 Così adocchiato da cotal famiglia,  
 Fui conosciuto da un, che mi prese  
 Per lo lembo, e gridò: Qual maraviglia?  
 Ed io, quando il suo braccio a me distese,  
 Ficcai gli occhi per lo cotto aspetto  
 Sì, che il viso abbruciato non difese  
 La conoscenza sua al mio intelletto;  
 E chinando la mia alla sua faccia,  
 Risposi: Siete voi qui, ser Brunetto? 30

<sup>1</sup> The Cadsand is nearly due north of Bruges. The dykes of Holland are well known.

<sup>2</sup> The Brenta waters the northern part of the Paduan territory, and falls into the Adriatic opposite Venice.

<sup>3</sup> Chiarentana is the name of that portion of the Alps in which the Brenta rises.

<sup>4</sup> Brunetto Latini was the preceptor of Dante, and possessed a considerable share of the learning most esteemed in that age. He

## CANTO XV.

ARGUMENT.—*Third Division of the Seventh Circle of Hell continued.  
Meeting with Brunetto Latini, who foretells the exile of Dante.*

Now, as one margent adamantine-proof  
 Bears us, the streamlet's shadowing smoke o'erhead  
 From banks and water holds the flame aloof.  
 From Bruges as to <sup>1</sup>Cadsand, in their dread  
 Of that swollen ocean-rush, the Flemings heap  
 Their sea-wall, till the baffled waves be fled ;  
 Or Paduans on the <sup>2</sup>Brenta side, to keep  
 From harm the lowly grange or castled hall,  
 Ere summer suns of <sup>3</sup>Chiarentana's steep  
 Be felt ; so fashioned were these bulwarks all,  
 Howbeit, whoe'er the builder, for his mound  
 Nor basement spread so broad, nor piled so tall.  
 So far behind had we the wooded bound  
 Already left, no trace remained to view,  
 Though I for retrospect had turned me round :  
 When lo ! along the' embankèd mole a crew  
 Of ghostly shapes affronting flitted nigh ;  
 Toward us each looked, as when the moon is new  
 One looks at other in the twilight sky,  
 And such the sharpened brow they bent on us,  
 As some old botcher's on his needle's eye.  
 Of family so large regarded thus,  
 I straight was recognised by one who caught  
 My garment's hem, and cried : ' How marvellous !'  
 And I mine eyes, while he to grasp me sought,  
 Fixed on his lineaments, now baked and sere,  
 So fast, the fire-browned visage screened him nought  
 From mine acquaintance by its altered cheer ;  
 And, as my hand to touch his cheek I bend,  
 Made answer : ' <sup>4</sup>Ser Brunetto, are you here ?'

has left two works behind him—one written at Florence, in Italian verse, called 'The Tesoretto,' and another at Paris in French prose, 'The Tesoro,' in which are many notices of chronological and other sciences, but ill-arranged. Profli-

gate as he must have been, the commentators say that Dante's surprise is expressed at not finding him lower in Hell among the forgers, since, in his capacity as notary, Brunetto had been charged with falsifying documents.

E quegli : O figliuol mio, non ti dispiaccia,  
 Se Brunetto Latini un poco teco  
 Ritorna indietro, e lascia andar la traccia.  
 Io dissi lui : Quanto posso ven preco :  
 E se volete che con voi m' asseggia,  
 Faròl, se piace a costui, che vo seco.  
 O figliuol, disse, qual di questa greggia  
 S' arresta punto, giace poi cent' anni  
 Senza arrostarsi quando il fuoco il feggia.  
 Però va oltre : io ti verrò a' panni, 40  
 E poi rigiugnerò la mia masnada,  
 Che va piangendo i suoi eterni danni.  
 Io non osava scender della strada  
 Per andar par di lui : ma il capo chino  
 Tenea, come uom che riverente vada.  
 Ei cominciò : Qual fortuna o destino  
 Anzi l' ultimo dì quaggiù ti mena ?  
 E chi è questi che mostra il cammino ?  
 Là su di sopra in la vita serena,  
 Rispos' io lui, mi smarri' in una valle, 50  
 Avanti che l' età mia fosse piena.  
 Pure ier mattina le volsi le spalle :  
 Questi m' apparve, tornand' io in quella,  
 E riducemi a ca per questo calle.  
 Ed egli a me : Se tu segui tua stella,  
 Non puoi fallire a glorioso porto,  
 Se ben m' accorsi nella vita bella :  
 E s' io non fossi sì per tempo morto,  
 Veggendo il cielo a te così benigno,  
 Dato t' avrei all' opera conforto. 60  
 Ma quell' ingrato popolo maligno,  
 Che discese di Fiesole ab antico,  
 E tiene ancor del monte e del macigno,  
 Ti si farà, per tuo ben far, nimico :  
 Ed è ragion ; chè tra li lazzi sorbi  
 Si disconvien fruttare al dolce fico.  
 Vecchia fama nel mondo li chiama orbi,  
 Gente avara, invidiosa e superba :  
 Da' lor costumi fa che tu ti forbi.

\* Brunetto, among his other accomplishments, had practised astrology, and cast, as it appears, the horoscope of his pupil.

\* Fiesole is situated about three miles from Florence, on the summit of a small hill, the *macigna* of which had, according to the poet,

Then he : 'O let it not, my son, offend,  
 If Brunetto Latini quit the line,  
 Backward awhile with thee his way to wend.'  
 'My chiefest prayers,' I said, 'in this combine ;  
 And if to sit with you may better please,  
 'Tis done, so he consent, whose way is mine.'  
 'O son,' he cried, 'whoe'er, that herds with these,  
 One moment stops, a hundred years o'erthrown  
 Must feel the flames, nor struggle once for ease.  
 Then onward be thy course : I hold mine own  
 Close on thy skirt ; thence join my troop again,  
 That, as they go, their endless curse bemoan.'  
 I dared not quit the causeway for the plain,  
 Evening my step with his ; but lowly bent  
 The head, as who fit reverence would maintain.  
 Thus he began : 'What chance or fate hath sent  
 Thee, ere thy closing hour, to nether scene,  
 And who is he to guide thy journey lent ?'  
 'I far above, 'mid yonder life serene,'  
 I answered, 'in a valley went astray,  
 Or e'er mine age had duly ripened been.  
 But yestermorn I moved for flight away,  
 And, turning there, his welcome vision spied,  
 Who me doth homeward by this path convey.'  
 'Thou follow on where'er thy star shall guide,'  
 He said, 'thou canst not fail the port of fame,  
 'If in that lovelier life I right applied  
 My lore ; and I—but death so early came—  
 Toward thee divining heaven's benignant will,  
 Had cheered thee onward in thy noble aim.  
 But the' ingrate herd malign, that from their hill  
 Of <sup>6</sup> Fæsulæ came down in ancient days,  
 And hold the dint of rock and roughness still,  
 Unrighteous hatred for thy righteous ways  
 Shall deal, and reason ; ill the sweet fig may find  
 A place 'mong acid sorbs her fruit to raise.  
 Old rumour to the world reports them blind ;  
 A greedy, proud, and envious race they are,  
 From whose conditions look thou cleanse thy mind.

furnished not only materials for  
 the palaces and public buildings of  
 Florence, but for the stony hearts  
 of its population. The commonly-

received tradition, that the people  
 of Fæsulæ founded a new town on  
 the banks of the Arno, has been  
 disputed.

La tua fortuna tanto onor ti serba, 70  
 Che l' una parte e l' altra avranno fame  
 Di te : ma lungi fia dal becco l' erba.  
 Faccian le bestie Fiesolane strame  
 Di lor medesme, e non tocchin la pianta,  
 S' alcuna surge ancor nel lor letame,  
 In cui riviva la sementa santa  
 Di quei Roman, che vi rimaser, quando  
 Fu fatto il nido di malizia tanta.  
 Se fosse pieno tutto il mio dimando,  
 Risposi lui, voi non sareste ancora 80  
 Dell' umana natura posto in bando :  
 Chè in la mente m' è fitta, ed or mi accuora  
 La cara e buona imagine paterna  
 Di voi, quando nel mondo ad ora ad ora  
 M' insegnavate come l' uom s' eterna :  
 E quant' io l' abbo in grado, mentre io vivo  
 Convien che nella mia lingua si scerna.  
 Ciò che narrate di mio corso scrivo,  
 E serbolo a chiosar con altro testo 90  
 A donna che il saprà, s' a lei arrivo.  
 Tanto vogl' io che vi sia manifesto,  
 Pur che mia coscienza non mi garra,  
 Che alla fortuna, come vuol, son presto.  
 Non è nuova agli orecchi miei tale arra :  
 Però giri fortuna la sua ruota,  
 Come le piace, e il villan la sua marra.  
 Lo mio Maestro allora in sulla gota  
 Destra si volse indietro, e riguardommi ;  
 Poi disse : Bene ascolta chi la nota.  
 Nè per tanto di men parlando vommi 100  
 Con ser Brunetto, e dimando chi sono  
 Li suoi compagni più noti e più sommi.  
 Ed egli a me : Saper d' alcuno è buono :  
 Degli altri fia laudabile il tacerci,  
 Chè il tempo saria corto a tanto suono.  
 In somma sappi, che tutti fur cherci,

' The proverb of Florentine blindness is said to have originated in the following circumstance:— The people of Florence had assisted the Pisans in conquering Majorca. On their return, the Pisans, in acknowledgment of this, offered the Florentines their choice,

either of two beautiful gates of bronze, or two porphyry pillars. The Florentines chose the latter, not aware that they had been injured by fire and artfully coloured over by their neighbours, and erected them in front of the church of S. Giovanni Batista: while the

For thee such honour keeps thy fatal star,  
 For thee shall either hungry faction long ;  
 But let the herbage from the beak be far.  
 Tread they themselves for litter, that brute throng  
 Of Fæsulæ ; but from their touch be freed  
 Whatever plant their dunghill filth among  
 Grows yet, and yet revives the sacred seed  
 Of <sup>7</sup> Romans, lingering when their home the nest  
 Was made so monstrous villany to breed.'  
 'If granted all for which I made request  
 To Heaven,' I answered him, 'you went not yet  
 Of our humanity thus dispossess.  
 Dear to my heart, still wakes her sad regret  
 Your image with its mild paternal air,  
 As hour by hour (so deep the learner's debt)  
 You showed how man eternity might share :  
 . And, long as life endures, my grateful speech  
 How sweet the lesson fitly may declare.  
 Now write I, what of coming fate you teach,  
 And keep with other text for <sup>8</sup> Her to gloze  
 Who well may solve them, if her seat I reach.  
 Yet this my mind would of herself uncloze ;  
 If conscience lay no evil at my door,  
 Content I take the cast my fortune throws.  
 Nor is such earnest all unheard before :  
 Then let them whirl as wayward will hath stirred,  
 Fortune her wheel, <sup>9</sup> his pick the village boor.'  
 On his right cheek my master at the word  
 Turned him, and, speaking, looked upon my face ;  
 'Well doth he hear, who marks what he hath heard.'  
 Nor silent I the while, nor slacken pace,  
 Of Ser Brunetto questioning, who move  
 His comrades first in fame and first in place.  
 And he : 'To know of some shall well behoove ;  
 May we unblamed omit the rest : to tell  
 So much the ' allotted time too brief should prove.  
 In sum, these all were clerks, and bore the bell

bronze gates remained at Pisa to  
 ornament the cathedral. Fæsulæ  
 was originally a Roman colony,  
 and Florence had become such,  
 according to Florus, about the end  
 of the first century.

<sup>8</sup> For Beatrice. The 'other  
 text' is Farinata's prediction,

which, in verse 94, he calls *arra*,  
 'an earnest' of the future.

<sup>9</sup> Lombardi, following the Vocab.  
 della Crusca, explains this to mean,  
 that Dante no more regards the  
 whirl of Fortune's wheel than he  
 would that of the villager's pick-  
 axe.



E letterati grandi, e di gran fama,  
 D' un medesmo peccato al mondo lerci.  
 Priscian sen va con quella turba grama,  
 E Francesco d' Accorso anco, e vedervi, 110  
 S' avessi avuto di tal tigna brama,  
 Colui potei che dal servo de' servi  
 Fu trasmutato d' Arno in Bacchiglione,  
 Ove lasciò li mal protesi nervi.  
 Di più direi : ma il venir e il sermone  
 Più lungo esser non può, però ch' io veggio  
 Là surger nuovo fummo dal sabbione.  
 Gente vien con la quale esser non deggio ;  
 Sieti raccomandato il mio Tesoro  
 Nel quale io vivo ancora ; e più non cheggio. 120  
 Poi si rivolse, e parve di coloro  
 Che corrono a Verona il drappo verde  
 Per la campagna ; e parve di costoro  
 Quegli che vince e non colui che perde.

## CANTO XVI.

*Tre grandi Anime dimandano al Poeta di sua patria ; e' risponde per modo che desta maraviglia in esse. Poscia giunto con Virgilio, ove s' ode gran rumore d' acqua scorrente, questi cala una fune e chiama Gerione che all' insù dispiega il volo.*

Già era in loco ove s' udia il rimbombo  
 Dell' acqua che cadea nell' altro giro,  
 Simile a quel che l' arnie fanno rombo ;  
 Quando tre ombre insieme si partiro,  
 Correndo, d' una torma che passava  
 Sotto la pioggia dell' aspro martiro.  
 Venian ver noi ; e ciascuna gridava :  
 Sostati tu, che all' abito ne sembri  
 Essere alcun di nostra terra prava.  
 Aimè, che piaghe vidi ne' lor membri 10  
 Recenti e vecchie dalle fiamme incese !

<sup>10</sup> Priscian, the famous grammarian, was of Cesarea, in Cappadocia. He taught at Constantinople about the time of the Emperor Justinian.

<sup>11</sup> Francis d'Accorso is better known by his Latinised name, Accursius. He held the chair of

Professor of Law at Bologna, and is celebrated for his 'Great Gloss,' on the code of Justinian. Some have asserted that the son of the famed Accursius is here meant ; but this is doubtful at least, for the younger Francis is said to have been alive in 1300.

'Mid learning's sons, with her best gifts endowed;  
 Soiled equally with one foul spot of Hell.  
 There <sup>10</sup> Priscian walks among that dismal crowd:  
<sup>11</sup> Francis d' Accorso there, and, couldst thou crave  
 So leprous scab to see, was sight allowed  
 Of <sup>12</sup> him to whom the servants' servant gave  
 Arno's to change for Bacchiglione's vale,  
 Wherein his ill-strung sinews found a grave.  
 And more could I recount of; but my tale  
 Must with my journey end: yonder I see  
 Fresh waves of vapour from the sand exhale:  
 A people comes, with whom I must not be:  
 One boon I ask, let my <sup>13</sup> Tesoro, son,  
 Wherein I yet survive, find grace with thee.'  
 He said, and turned him back, and seemed as one  
 Of them that o'er <sup>14</sup> Verona's champaign use  
 The green-cloak race to speed; and seemed to run  
 Like him who conquers, not like them who lose.

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 CANTO XVI.

*ARGUMENT.—Third division of the Seventh Circle of Hell continued. Interview with Guidoguerra, Aldobrandi, and Rusticucci. Apparition of a monstrous shape from below.*

Now had I reached where dinning sounds upcome  
 Of waters headlong borne to other ring,  
 Likest the noise of busy hives that hum;  
 When I together saw three shadows spring  
 Swift to divide them from a trooping band  
 That passed beneath the hot shower's bitter sting.  
 Toward us they came, each loudly shouting, 'Stand,  
 Ho thou! by whose familiar garb is told,  
 A wanderer thou from our corrupted land.'  
 Ah me! what scars of ulcers new and old  
 Branded their limbs, of scalding fires the trace!

<sup>12</sup> This is supposed to be Andrea de Mozzi, Bishop of Florence, whom Nicolas III. removed to the see of Vicenza, at the request of his own brother, who was scandalised at his dissolute conduct. Vicenza is situated on the river Bacchiglione. The Pope styles himself,

'Servant of the servants of God.'

<sup>13</sup> See note on verse 30 of the present Canto.

<sup>14</sup> On the first Sunday in Lent it was formerly the custom to run a foot-race on the plain of Verona, the prize of which was a green mantle.

Ancor men duol, pur ch' io me ne rimembri.  
 Alle lor grida il mio Dottor s' attese,  
 Volse il viso ver me, e : Ora aspetta,  
 Disse ; a costor si vuole esser cortese :  
 E se non fosse il fuoco che saetta  
 La natura del luogo, io dicerei,  
 Che meglio stesse a te, che a lor, la fretta.  
 Ricominciar, come noi ristemmo, ei  
 L' antico verso ; e quando a noi fur giunti, 20  
 Fenno una ruota di sè tutti e trei.  
 Qual soleano i campion far nudi ed unti,  
 Avvisando lor presa e lor vantaggio,  
 Prima che sien tra lor battuti e punti :  
 Così, rotando, ciascuna il visaggio  
 Drizzava a me, sì che in contrario il collo  
 Faceva a' piè continuo viaggio.  
 E, se miseria d' esto loco sollo  
 Rende in dispetto noi e nostri preghi,  
 Cominciò l' uno, e il tinto aspetto e brollo, 30  
 La fama nostra il tuo animo pieghi  
 A dirne chi tu se', che i vivi piedi  
 Così sicuro per lo inferno fregghi.  
 Questi, l' orme di cui pestar mi vedi,  
 Tutto che nudo e dipelato vada,  
 Fu di grado maggior che tu non credi.  
 Nepote fu della buona Gualdrada :  
 Guidoguerra ebbe nome, ed in sua vita  
 Fece col senno assai e con la spada.  
 L' altro che appresso me l' arena trita, 40  
 E Tegghiaio Aldobrandi, la cui voce  
 Nel mondo su dovrebbe esser gradita.  
 Ed io, che posto son con loro in croce,  
 Jacopo Rusticucci fui : e certo  
 La fiera moglie più ch' altro mi nuoce.  
 S' io fussi stato dal fuoco coverto,  
 Gittato mi sarei tra lor disotto,  
 E credo che il Dottor l' avria sofferto.  
 Ma perch' io mi sarei bruciato e cotto,  
 Vinse paura la mia buona voglia, 50  
 Che di loro abbracciar mi facea ghiotto.

<sup>1</sup> Gualdrada was daughter to Messer Bellincione Berti, of the family of the Ravignani, who is honourably mentioned in Cantos xv. and xvi. of the *Paradiso*. The tale, therefore, of her father's

offer, that the Emperor Otho IV. should kiss her, and her spirited reply, is as inconsistent with Dante's praise of him as it is with chronology.

<sup>2</sup> Tegghiaio Aldobrandi has been

E'en to remember, scarce my tears I hold.  
 My teacher pausing at their call, his face  
 Upon me turned, and said : ' Here stay thy feet,  
 If these thy courtesy would duly grace ;  
 And I could tell how—but for arrowy sleet  
 Of native flames shot hence—it more became  
 Thyself than these with eagerness to meet. '  
 There as we stopped expectant, they the same  
 Old rhyme commenced afresh, and gathering nigh,  
 All three combined one whirling round to frame.  
 As champions stript and oiled, with wary eye,  
 Ere mutual stroke and stab confuse the fight,  
 Their grapple and their vantage wont to spy,  
 So circling these, on me did each aright  
 His visage set, that, ever as he wheeled,  
 His neck and feet went travellers opposite.  
 ' And if this vileness of the flabby field  
 Us and our prayers have despicable made,'  
 One said, ' and this our favour wan and peeled,  
 Yet might our old renown thy soul persuade  
 To tell thy name, who thus the' infernal gloom  
 With living feet securely dost invade.  
 He, on whose steps I trample, though by doom  
 He goes all naked and of skin bereaved,  
 In place was nobler than thy thoughts assume.  
 His lineage he from good <sup>1</sup> Gualdrade received,  
 Her grandson, Guidoguerra named ; and store  
 Of deeds his wisdom planned, his sword achieved.  
 The next behind me frets the crumbly floor  
<sup>2</sup> Tegghiaio Aldobrandi :—well, if erst  
 His voice in counsel had contented more.  
 And I, with these of equal plague accurst,  
<sup>3</sup> James Rusticucci was ; for whom, I ween,  
 My haughty wife of evils proved the worst.'  
 I, had I power the fiery flakes to screen,  
 Had flung me down amid the group, and sure  
 My teacher had not unconsenting been.  
 But, since the blasting burns I must endure,  
 By stronger terror was my wish o'erborne,  
 That did to taste their friendly clasp allure.

alluded to in Canto vi. He dissuaded the people of Florence from giving battle to the Siennese at Montaperti, and the most disastrous consequences followed their neglect of his counsels.

<sup>3</sup> Jacopo Rusticucci was also mentioned in Canto vi. His wife is said to have rendered his home so uncomfortable to him, by her coldness, that he forsook her.

Poi cominciai : Non dispetto, ma doglia  
 La vostra condizion dentro mi fisse  
 Tanto, che tardi tutta si dispoglia,  
 Tosto che questo mio Signor mi disse  
 Parole, per le quali io mi pensai,  
 Che qual voi siete, tal gente venisse.  
 Di vostra terra sono ; e sempre mai  
 L' ovra di voi e gli onorati nomi  
 Con affezion ritrassi ed ascoltai. 60  
 Lascio lo fele, e vo pei dolci pomi  
 Promessi a me per lo verace Duca ;  
 Ma fino al centro pria convien ch' io tomi.  
 Se lungamente l' anima conduca  
 Le membra tue, rispose quegli allora,  
 E se la fama tua dopo te luca,  
 Cortesia e valor, di', se dimora  
 Nella nostra città sì come suole,  
 O se del tutto se n' è gito fuori ?  
 Che Guglielmo Borsiere, il qual si duole 7  
 Con noi per poco, e va là coi compagni,  
 Assai ne cruccia con le sue parole.  
 La gente nuova, e i subiti guadagni,  
 Orgoglio e dismisura han generata,  
 Fiorenza, in te, sì che tu già ten piagni.  
 Così gridai colla faccia levata :  
 E i tre, che ciò inteser per risposta,  
 Guatar l' un l' altro, come al ver si guata.  
 Se l' altre volte sì poco ti costa,  
 Risposer tutti, il soddisfare altrui, 80  
 Felice te, che sì parli a tua posta.  
 Però se campi d' esti luoghi bui,  
 E torni a riveder le belle stelle,  
 Quando ti gioverà dicere : Io fui,  
 Fa che di noi alla gente favelle :  
 Indi rupper la ruota, ed a fuggirsi  
 Ale sembiaron le lor gambe snelle.  
 Un ammen non saria potuto dirsi  
 Tosto così, com' ei furo spariti :  
 Perchè al Maestro parve di partirsi. 90  
 Io lo seguiva, e poco eravam iti,

<sup>1</sup> Virgil.

<sup>2</sup> Guglielmo Borsiere is affirmed by Boccaccio (Giorn. 1, Nov. 8) to have been a man of ready wit and address. He was of a good family

in Florence, and spent much of his life in courts.

<sup>3</sup> Tasso has a similar expression (Ger. Lib., c. 15, st. 38). The thought resembles Shakspeare's in

At length began I : ' Sorrow, and not scorn,  
 Whereof my heart I may not all divest  
 Thus lightly, pierced me for your state forlorn,  
 Since yonder my good Lord to me addressed  
 Words, by whose warning help mine inward thought  
 Of gentles like to you the coming guessed.  
 Of your own land am I, and ever sought  
 To tell, to hear, and in fond memory keep  
 Your honoured names and deeds of worth ye wrought.  
 I leave the gall, the sweeter fruits to reap,  
 Assured to me of ' Him, my truthful guide :  
 But first must plunge me as the centre deep.'  
 ' So may the' informing spirit long preside  
 Within thy mortal members,' answered they,  
 ' So may thine after-glory bright abide ;  
 Dwell courtesy and valour yet, O say !  
 Within our native city, as they use  
 Of old, or exiled all and past away ?  
 For ' William Borsiere, who with us rues  
 His guilt of late, and goes of yonder train  
 Consorted, sore afflicts us with his news.'  
 ' An upstart people, and too sudden gain,  
 Such pride and huge excess in thee have bred,  
 Florence ! 't is thine already to complain.'  
 Thus I, with upturned face ; and those three dead,  
 Who knew such outcry was for answer meant,  
 Exchanged the look men look when truth is said.  
 ' If otherwhiles thine hearer to content,'  
 They all rejoined, ' cost thee no more to tell,  
 O happy thee, so speaking at thy bent !  
 Then if thou 'scape these gloomy realms of hell,  
 And turn once more the gracious stars to view,  
 When to proclaim ' *T was I*, shall please thee well,  
 Cause thou the nation hear of us anew.'  
 They ceased, and, hurrying from their broken round,  
 Their legs seemed very wings, so fast they flew.  
 It were impossible Amen to sound  
 So quickly as they sped to disappear,  
 Wherefore my Lord saw good to shift our ground.  
 I following him, not long we went, or e'er

Henry V., act. 4, scene 3 :—

' Then will he strip his sleeve and  
 show his scars,  
 And say, " These wounds I had  
 on Crispin's day."

Old men forget : yet all shall be  
 forgot,  
 But he'll remember, with advan-  
 tages,  
 What feats he did that day.'

Che il suon dell' acqua n' era sì vicino,  
 Che per parlar saremmo appena uditi.  
 Come quel fiume, che ha proprio cammino  
 Prima da monte Veso in ver levante  
 Dalla sinistra costa d' Apennino,  
 Che si chiama Acquacheta suso, avante  
 Che si divalli giù nel basso letto,  
 E a Forlì di quel nome è vacante.  
 Rimbomba la sovra san Benedetto 100  
 Dall' alpe, per cadere ad una scesa,  
 Ove dovria per mille esser ricetto ;  
 Così, giù d' una ripa discosciosa,  
 Trovammo risonar quell' acqua tinta,  
 Sì che in poc' ora avria l' orecchia offesa.  
 Io aveva una corda intorno cinta,  
 E con essa pensai alcuna volta  
 Prender la lonza alla pelle dipinta.  
 Poscia che l' ebbi tutta da me sciolta,  
 Sì come il Duca m' avea comandato, 110  
 Porsila a lui aggroppata e ravvolta.  
 Ond' ei si volse inver lo destro lato,  
 E alquanto di lungi dalla sponda  
 La gittò giuso in quell' alto burrato.  
 E pur convien che novità risponda,  
 Dicea fra me medesmo, al nuovo cenno  
 Che il Maestro con l' occhio sì seconda.  
 Ah! quanto cauti gli uomini esser denno  
 Presso a color, che non veggon pur l' opra,  
 Ma per entro i pensier miran col senno ! 120  
 Ei disse a me : Tosto verrà di sopra  
 Ciò ch' io attendo e che il tuo pensier sogna,  
 Tostò convien ch' al tuo viso si scopra.  
 Sempre a quel ver ch' a faccia di menzogna  
 De' l' uom chiuder le labbra quant' ei puote,  
 Però che senza colpa fa vergogna ;  
 Ma qui tacer nol posso : e per le note

<sup>7</sup> From the source of the Po, in Monte Viso southward, there is no river which keeps its own proper channel to the Adriatic, until we come to Ravenna, near which the Acquacheta, or, as it is called below Forlì, the Montone, falls into the sea.

<sup>8</sup> Boccaccio reports that there had been an intention, on the part of the lords of that country, to

build a castle in the neighbourhood of the waterfall. Daniello (and I think Lombardi prefers his opinion) considers it to apply to the scarcity of monks in the Abbey of San Benedetto, which was rich and capacious enough to shelter and maintain a much greater number. I dare not oppose the Italian commentators on such a point, but must confess that the passage

The roar of neighbouring waters came so hoarse,  
 Our words when spoken hardly might we hear.  
 Even as the <sup>7</sup> stream that first, from Po's own source  
 In Monte Veso, toward the rising sun  
 O'er Apennine's left side holds proper course—  
 The Quiet Water named, ere yet he run  
 To hide in lowlier bed, and from the walls  
 Of Forli portion in that name hath none—  
 Above Saint Benedict in thunder falls,  
 O'er the sheer edge in single cataract bounding,  
<sup>8</sup> Where shelter to a thousand owe those halls;  
 So loud we heard the crimson tide resounding,  
 Though deep beneath a broken jagged slope,  
 Brief hour had deafened me, the sense astounding.  
 I round the waist <sup>9</sup> was girded with a rope,  
 And by its help sometime to take and bind  
 The Panther of the painted skin had hope.  
 This, from my middle wholly disentwined,  
 Obedient, as my guide's commandments urge,  
 All coiled and knotted I to him consigned;  
 Who turned on his right side, and o'er the verge  
 A little toward the centre flinging, sends  
 The cord to fathom deep that rocky gurge.  
 ' Surely some answering novelty attends  
 The novel sign, on which, as if to speed  
 Its downward way, his gaze the master bends.'  
 So spake I to myself; but ah! what need  
 Have men for caution with the wise, who can  
 Not works alone, but inmost musings read!  
 ' That thing I wait for,' he to me began,  
 ' Shall soon emerge, and what thy thoughts surmise  
 ' As in a dream, thine eye shall quickly scan.'  
 Ever should man from truth in falsehood's guise  
 Refrain the lips, if lawful; lest the wrong  
 Of shame by guilt unmerited arise:  
 But *that* I might not hide; and by the song

struck me at first as bearing a very different meaning; the *unascosa* of v. 101, seeming opposed to the *mille* of the following line, and I accordingly rendered it—  
 'Where room were ample for a thousand falls.'

<sup>9</sup> It seems doubtful here whether Dante meant the actual cord of the Franciscans (of which order he is

said to have lived and died a Tertiary), or, metaphorically, the girding of the loins by mortification. His hope of mastering the Panther, i. e., appetite, would accord with either. The expositors agree in thinking that Virgil here cheats the monster Geryon with the hope of carrying the soul of some deceiver down to its place of torment.



Di questa commedia, lettor, ti giuro,  
 S' elle non sien di lunga grazia vote,  
 Ch' io vidi per quell' aer grosso e scuro 130  
 Venir notando una figura in suso,  
 Meravigliosa ad ogni cor sicuro,  
 Si come torna colui che va giuso  
 Talora a solver àncora, ch' aggrappa  
 O scoglio od altro che nel mare è chiuso,  
 Che in su si stende, e da piè si rattrappa.

## CANTO XVII.

*Percorso tutto il settimo cerchio, i due Poeti s' addattan sulle spalle di Gerione e discendono all' ottava stanza de' Fraudolenti. Bella immagine della Froda e divisione di questo cerchio in dieci bolge, secondo le dieci specie di frode.*

Ecco lo fiera con la coda aguzza,  
 Che passa i monti, e rompe mura ed armi ;  
 Ecco colei che tutto il mondo appuzza :  
 Si cominciò lo mio Duca a parlarmi,  
 Ed accennolle che venisse a proda,  
 Vicino al fin de passeggiati marmi :  
 E quella sozza imagine di froda,  
 Sen venne, ed arrivò la testa e il busto ;  
 Ma in su la riva non trasse la coda.  
 La faccia sua era faccia d' uom giusto ; 10  
 Tanto benigna avea di fuor la pelle,  
 E d' un serpente tutto l' altro fusto.  
 Duo branche avea pilose infin l' ascelle :  
 Lo dosso e il petto ed ambedue le coste  
 Dipinte avea di nodi e di rotelle.  
 Con più color sommesse e soprapposte  
 Non fer ma' in drappo Tartari nè Turchi,  
 Nè fur tai tele per Aragne imposte.  
 Come tal volta stanno a riva i burchi,  
 Che parte sono in acqua e parte in terra, 20  
 E come là tra li Tedeschi lurchi  
 Lo bevero s' assetta a far sua guerra ;  
 Così la fiera pessima si stava  
 Su l' orlo che, di pietra, il sabbion serra.

<sup>1</sup> The Nomad tribes of the East (among which the Turks were originally counted) have always been remarkable for their preference of shawls and turbans of bright and varied colours.

Of this my Comedy, reader, I swear,  
 (So may it find acceptance large and long,)  
 That I from out that gross and murky air  
 With upward swim beheld a shape arrive,  
 Such as to boldest heart a marvel were.  
 Nor other his return, who dares to dive  
 And loose his anchor, which her griping teeth  
 In rock or sunken mass is wont to drive,  
 When up he strains, and shrinks the feet beneath.

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### CANTO XVII.

ARGUMENT.—*Geryon. The Violent against Art. Descent of the Poets from the Seventh to the Eighth Circle of Hell.*

' BEHOLD the Beast of sharpened tail, that scales  
 The mountain height, and walls and arms doth burst ;  
 Behold, whose rotten stench the world inhales !'  
 These words my leader in mine ears rehearsed,  
 And, beckoning him, to make for shore he signed  
 Where ends the marble mole by us traversed :  
 And that foul effigy of Fraud inclined  
 Toward us, and floated near both head and chest,  
 But drew not up the bank his trail behind.  
 His face the face of righteous man expressed,  
 Aspect so mild the outward skin did wear ;  
 A serpent trunk imbruted all the rest.  
 Two paws he had, the whole arm's length in hair  
 Incased ; and knots and speckled rings pourtrayed  
 On back, and breast, and either haunch, he bare.  
 Nor <sup>1</sup> Turk nor Tartar ever sought to braid  
 Groundwork or pattern with more various hues,  
 Nor more <sup>2</sup> Arachne's wondrous loom inlaid.  
 As oft on river's brink the barges use  
 To settle, half-afloat, and half-ashore,  
 Or as the beaver doth his posture choose  
 For prey, where dwells the glutton German boor,  
 Like station had that worst of monsters ta'en  
 Where marble strip hems in the sandy floor.

<sup>1</sup> The tale of Arachne is told by Ovid, *Metam.* vi. 1. She was of Lydia, and challenged Pallas to a

trial of skill on the loom. The goddess vanquished and changed her into a spider.

Nel vano tutta sua coda guizzava,  
 Torcendo in su la venenosa forca  
 Che, a guisa di scorpion, la punta armava.  
 Lo Duca disse: Or convien che si torca  
 La nostra via un poco infino a quella  
 Bestia malvagia che colà si corca. 30  
 Però scendemmo alla destra mammella,  
 E dieci passi femmo in sullo stremo,  
 Per ben cessar la rena e la fiammella:  
 E quando noi a lei venuti semo,  
 Poco più oltre veggio in su la rena  
 Gente seder propinqua al luogo scemo.  
 Quivi il Maestro: Acciocchè tutta piena  
 Esperienza d' esto giron porti,  
 Mi disse, or va, e vedi la lor mena. 40  
 Li tuoi ragionamenti sien là corti:  
 Mentre che torni parlerò con questa,  
 Che ne conceda i suoi omeri forti.  
 Così ancor su per la strema testa  
 Di quel settimo cerchio, tutto solo  
 Andai, ove sedea la gente mesta.  
 Per gli occhi fuori scoppiava lor duolo:  
 Di qua, di là soccorrien con le mani,  
 Quando a' vapori, e quando al caldo suolo.  
 Non altrimenti fan di state i cani,  
 Or col ceffo or col piè, quando son morsi 50  
 O da pulci o da mosche o da tafani.  
 Poi che nel viso a certi gli occhi porsi,  
 Ne' quali il doloroso fuoco casca,  
 Non ne conobbi alcun; ma io m' accorsi  
 Che dal collo a ciascun pendea una tasca,  
 Che avea certo colore e certo segno,  
 E quindi par che il loro occhio si pasca.  
 E com' io riguardando tra lor vegno,  
 In una borsa gialla vidi azzurro,  
 Che di lione avea faccia e contegno. 60  
 Poi procedendo di mio sguardo il curro  
 Vidine un' altra più che sangue rossa  
 Mostrare un' oca bianca più che burro.

\* The Lion on a field Or is said to have been the armorial bearing of the Gianfigliacci, a noble family of Florence; the Goose was the device of the Ubbriachi, also of Florence; the Sow (*scrofa*) that of the Scrovigni, nobles of Padua.

The last of these three seems the only one belonging to the degenerate era of *canting heraldry*, as it is termed, in which the arms and mottos are allusive to the family name. The heraldic readers will also observe, that in neither of

His tail shot glibly through the void inane,  
 Aye writhing up the fork, that scorpion-wise  
 Had armed his point with hell-engendered bane.  
 'Now have we need to turn,' my leader cries,  
 'And from our path a little space divert,  
 Toward the fell beast that yonder crouching lies.'  
 On the right breast descending, o'er the skirt  
 And utmost edge ten paces' length we paced,  
 To 'scape the sand and drizzling flames unhurt.  
 And when beside the beast our feet we placed,  
 A little onward I discerned, where sate  
 Forms on the sand, right o'er the gulfy waste.  
 'Lest of thy full experience aught abate  
 In that yon orb contains,' here said my chief,  
 'Go now, and learn what travail to their state  
 Belongs; but let your communing be brief:  
 I will bespeak, ere thy return be sped,  
 Those sturdy shoulders' loan for our relief.'  
 Yet once more thus, along the extreme head  
 Of the seventh circle wending all alone,  
 I sought that mournful session of the dead.  
 These, while their eyes the bursting grief made known,  
 Now the hot soil, and now the vapour-flakes  
 This side and that with labouring hands had thrown.  
 Nor other way the dog in summer takes  
 With muzzle or with paw, when from the bite  
 Of gnat, or fly, or torturing brize, he aches.  
 There as around I bend enquiring sight  
 On faces which the poignant flame-showers vex,  
 Now one I know; yet mark on every sprite  
 A pouch, that hangs suspended from their necks,  
 With proper colour all and bearing seen;  
 Where each to feed his hungering eye directs.  
 As, gazing still, I came their ranks between,  
 Azure upon a wallet Or, my glance  
 Discerned what bore a <sup>3</sup> lion's port and mien.  
 Thence as mine eyes their rolling car advance,  
 Gannet more white than butter from the cow  
 On blood-red field I saw for cognisance.

the three is colour blazoned upon colour. The existence and practices of these noble money-lenders are a strong confirmation of the truth of some passages in the early Roman history relative to the patrician usurers. It is but fair,

however, to record that the wealth of the Scrovigni was, in part at least, honourably bestowed, as about the year 1300 they built the Convent of the Annunziata del' Arena at Padua, and engaged Giotto to paint the Chapel.

Ed un, che d' una scrofa azzurra e grossa  
 Segnato avea lo suo sacchetto bianco,  
 Mi disse: Che fai tu in questa fossa?  
 Or te ne va: e perchè se' vivo anco,  
 Sappi che il mio vicin Vitaliano  
 Sederà qui dal mio sinistro fianco.  
 Con questi Fiorentin son Padovano; 70  
 Spesse fiate m' intronan gli orecchi,  
 Gridando: Vegna il cavalier sovrano,  
 Che recherà la tasca coi tre becchi:  
 Quindi storse la bocca, e di fuor trasse  
 La lingua, come bue che il naso lecchi.  
 Ed io, temendo nol più star crucciasse  
 Lui che di poco star m' avea ammonito,  
 Tornàmi indietro dall' anime lasse.  
 Trovai lo Duca mio ch' era salito  
 Già sulla groppa del fiero animale,  
 E disse a me: Or sie forte ed ardito. 80  
 Omai si scende per sì fatte scale:  
 Monta dinanzi, ch' io voglio esser mezzo,  
 Sì che la coda non possa far male.  
 Qual è colui, c' ha sì presso il ripezzo  
 Della quartana, c' ha già l' unghie smorte,  
 E triema tutto pur guardando il rezzo,  
 Tal divenn' io alle parole porte;  
 Ma vergogna mi fer le sue minacce,  
 Che innanzi a buon signor fa servo forte.  
 I' m' assettai in su quelle spallacce: 90  
 Sì volli dir, ma la voce non venne  
 Com' io credetti: Fa che tu m' abbracce.  
 Ma esso che altra volta mi sovvenne  
 Ad alto, forte, tosto ch' io montai,  
 Con le braccia m' avvinse e mi sostenne:  
 E disse: Gerion, moviti omai:  
 Le ruote larghe, e lo scender sia poco:  
 Pensa la nuova soma che tu hai.  
 Come la navicella esce di loco  
 In dietro in dietro, sì quindi si tolse; 100  
 E poi ch' al tutto si sentì a giuoco.  
 Là v' era il petto, la coda rivolse,  
 E quella testa, come anguilla, mosse,  
 E con le branche l' aere a sè raccolse.

' The Vitaliano here spoken  
 of is said to have been V. del

Dente, also of Padua. The other  
 expected associate of the two

And one that owned Azure a teeming sow  
 Emblazoned on his satchel's Argent weft,  
 Asked me, 'What in this dungeon makest thou?  
 Away! but know, (for thou art unbereft  
 Of life), my neighbour 'Vitaliano here  
 Shall take his seat, and flank me on the left.  
 Paduan I 'mid these Florentines appear;  
 Oft thundering in mine ears their cry hath rung,  
*Come he, come he, the sovran Cavalier*  
*With pouch that bears three beaks upon him hung.'*  
 His mouth twisting awry, then out he drew,  
 Like ox that licks the nose, his lolling tongue.  
 I, lest displeasure at my stay ensue  
 From him who bade me part for briefer term,  
 Turned me to leave that weary-hearted crew.  
 Upon the haunches of the monster worm  
 I found my leader ready set to ride,  
 Who warned me: 'Now be valiant and be firm.  
 By stair so fashioned must we downward glide;  
 Mount thou before; in middle seat will I  
 Thy place from mischief of the tail divide.'  
 As he that of the quartan feels so nigh  
 The chilling fit, his bloodless nails are cold,  
 All shivering he, if shade but strike his eye,  
 Such I became to hear the things he told;  
 But shame o'erawed, whose threatenings of disgrace  
 In presence of good lord make servant bold.  
 Then on those giant shoulders took my place,  
 And would have said—but not, as I conceived,  
 Came the words from me—'Thou my limbs embrace.'  
 But he that oftentimes had my help achieved  
 At check, entwined me close, while I bestrode  
 The beast, and in supporting arms relieved.  
 Then said: 'Now, Geryon, move thee on thy road;  
 Large be thy windings, thy descent be slow,  
 And ponder well thine unaccustomed load.'  
 As backward, backward aye the boat doth row  
 To quit her moorings, so the monster heels,  
 Till clearing off he found him free to go;  
 Then where the breast had been, the tail he wheels,  
 And, gathering up the air with finny arm,  
 He swiftly works his straightened length as eels.

Florentines was Messer Giovanni Buiamonti, the most infamous usurer of those times.

Maggior paura non credo che fosse,  
 Quando Fetonte abbandonò li freni,  
 Perchè il ciel, come pare ancor, si cosse.  
 Nè quando Icaro misero le reni  
 Sentì spennar per la scaldata cera,  
 Gridando il padre a lui : Mala via tieni, 110  
 Che fu la mia, quando vidi ch' i' era  
 Nell' aer d' ogni parte, e vidi spenta  
 Ogni veduta, fuor che della fiera.  
 Ella sen va notando lenta lenta ;  
 Ruota e discende, ma non me n' accorgo,  
 Se non ch' al viso e disotto mi venta.  
 I' sentia già dalla man destra il gorgo  
 Far sotto noi un orribile stroscio ;  
 Perchè con gli occhi in giù la testa sporgo.  
 Allor fu' io più timido allo scoscio : 120  
 Perocch' io vidi fuochi, e sentii pianti ;  
 Ond' io tremando tutto mi raccoscio.  
 E vidi poi, che nol vedea davanti,  
 Lo scendere e il girar per li gran mali  
 Che s' appressavan da diversi canti.  
 Come il falcon ch' è stato assai sull' ali,  
 Che senza veder logoro o uccello,  
 Fa dire al falconiere ; Oimè tu cali :  
 Discende lasso, onde si muove snello  
 Per cento ruote, e da lungi si pone 130  
 Dal suo maestro, disdegnoso e fello :  
 Così ne pose al fondo Gerione  
 A piede a piè della stagliata rocca,  
 E, discarcate le nostre persone,  
 Si dileguò, come da corda cocca.

<sup>a</sup> For the fate of Phaeton, see Ovid, *Metam.*, book ii. 319.

Not higher swelled, I trow, the wild alarm,  
At <sup>5</sup> Phaëton, his hand the reins forsaking,  
For kindling heavens, that witness yet their harm—  
Nor when lost <sup>6</sup> Icarus felt his feathers shaking  
Slide from him, as the melting wax released,  
While loud the father cried, 'Ill way thou 'rt taking'—  
Than, as I gazed, mine own affright increased,  
To see but air was round me, and to see  
All else from sight had vanished, but the beast.  
In calm broad orbit ever floating, he  
Swims down, unconscious I of our descent,  
Save that I felt an upward gale blow free.  
Now on our right a hideous splash, that went  
From that deep whirlpool forth, mine ears had drunk,  
And gazing down with outstretched head I leant.  
More timid thence adown the steep I sunk,  
Such lurid gleams I saw, I heard such sound  
Of woe, my cowering limbs with terror shrunk.  
Then found mine eyes what erst they had not found,  
By signs of mighty plagues that nigher poured  
From divers sides, the vast descent we wound.  
As falcon on the wing that long hath soared,  
Nor lure nor bird beheld, provokes to scorn  
The falconer's voice; 'Ha! kestrel, art thou lowered?'  
Wearied she stoops whence rapid she was borne  
In hundred wheels; then far aloof doth sit  
Shunning her lord, with spleen and anger torn;  
Thus, grounding in the bottom of that pit,  
To foot o' the ragged cliff did Geryon bring  
Our human freight, and of his burden quit,  
Sped off, like notch of arrow from the string.

<sup>6</sup> For the story of Icarus, see Ovid, *Metam.*, book viii. 223.



## CANTO XVIII.

*Chi trae a sue voglie femmina con inganno, quivi è punito sotto la sferza del proprio peccato. Più oltre gli adulatori giacciono in una fossa immonda piena di feccia tale che ben s' accorda colle loro parole.*

LUOGO è in inferno, detto Malebolge,  
 Tutto di pietra e di color ferrigno,  
 Come la cerchia che d' intorno il volge.  
 Nel dritto mezzo del campo maligno  
 Vaneggia un pozzo assai largo e profondo,  
 Di cui suo luogo dicerà l' ordigno.  
 Quel cinghio che rimane adunque è tondo,  
 Tra il pozzo e il piè dell' alta ripa dura,  
 Ed ha distinto in dieci valli il fondo.  
 Quale, dove per guardia delle mura 10  
 Più e più fossi cingon li castelli,  
 La parte dov' ei son rende figura :  
 Tale imagine quivi facean quelli :  
 E come a tai fortezze dai lor sogli  
 Alla ripa di fuor son ponticelli,  
 Così da imo della roccia scogli  
 Movien, che recidean gli argini e i fossi  
 Infino al pozzo, che i tronca e raccogli.  
 In questo luogo, dalla schiena scossi 20  
 Di Gerion, trovammoci ; e il Poeta  
 Tenne a sinistra, ed io dentro mi mossi.  
 Alla man destra vidi nuova pieta ;  
 Nuovi tormenti e nuovi frustatori,  
 Di che la prima bolgia era repleta.  
 Nel fondo erano ignudi i peccatori :  
 Dal mezzo in qua ci venian verso il volto,  
 Di là con noi, ma con passi maggiori :  
 Come i Roman, per l' esercito molto,  
 L' anno del Giubbileo, su per lo ponte  
 Hanno a passar la gente modo tolto : 30

<sup>1</sup> Dante's annotators assume that, in choosing the *Bolgia*, or budget, for the shape of these trenches, he intended to indicate the desire of unlawful gain which stimulates the fraudulent; and this idea is confirmed by the words

of Pope Nicolas III. in the nineteenth Canto, v. 72.

<sup>2</sup> I cannot follow Lombardi here in translating *valli* as the plural of *vallo* (Latin *vallum*), 'a mound,' rather than of *valle*, 'a valley:' but below, in v. 12, I adopt his

## CANTO XVIII.

ARGUMENT.—*Eighth Circle of Hell. Malebolge. First Pouch. Punishment of Seducers. Second Pouch. Punishment of Flatterers.*

HELL hath a region, <sup>1</sup> Malebolge named,  
 That, like the involving orb about it wheeled,  
 All massive rock of iron grain is framed.  
 Right in the centre of the deadly field  
 A well is yawning, ample and profound,  
 Whose order by its place shall be revealed.  
 What thus remains of intercepted round  
 Between the well and high bank's flinty base  
 In <sup>2</sup> trenches ten divides the sloping ground.  
 As, one by one, where moated lines embrace  
 To guard the rampart of some castled keep,  
 They mould their figure from the' environed place,  
 Such look had those that yonder seamed the deep :  
 And as from threshold of so-fencèd fort  
 To the far brink do narrow bridges leap,  
 From out that rocky basement in like sort  
 Went shelving ribs, and mound and trench they clove,  
 Until the well concentrating cut them short.  
 We on this spot, as Geryon's back uphove,  
 Dismounted found us, and the bard his road  
 Holds to the left, while I behind him move.  
 On my right hand new form of anguish showed,  
 New were the torments and the scourgers new,  
 To fill that outer hell-pouch thickly strowed.  
 The sinners naked in the pit we view ;  
 Toward us the near half borne ; the farther side  
 Went as we went, but longer footsteps drew.  
 Like mode in year of Jubilee provide  
 (So numerous then their host) the sons of Rome,  
 Along the <sup>3</sup> bridge to pass that human tide ;

reading, *rende figura*, in place of the common *rendon sicura*, and so the Codex Bartolinianus.

<sup>1</sup> The bridge of the castle of St. Angelo is here meant. Lombardi understands by 'the mount,' Monte Giardano, a small eminence

near the bridge formed by the ruins of an ancient city. Its site is marked in the Rione Ponte, in Clarke's 'Plan of Modern Rome,' published with the maps of the Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

Che dall' un lato tutti hanno la fronte  
 Verso il castello, e vanno a santo Pietro ;  
 Dall' altra sponda vanno verso il monte.  
 Di qua, di là, su per lo sasso tetro  
 Vidi Dimon cornuti con gran ferze,  
 Che li battean crudelmente di retro.  
 Ahi come facean lor levar le berze  
 Alle prime percosse ! e già nessuno  
 Le seconde aspettava nè le terze.  
 Mentr' io andava, gli occhi miei in uno 40  
 Furo scontrati : ed io sì tosto dissi :  
 Già di veder costui non son digiuno.  
 Perciò a figurarlo i piedi affissi :  
 E il dolce Duca meco si ristette,  
 Ed assentì ch' alquanto indietro gissi :  
 E quel frustato celar si credette  
 Bassando il viso, ma poco gli valse :  
 Ch' io dissi : Tu che l' occhio a terra gette,  
 Se le fazion che porti non son false,  
 Venedico se' tu Caccianimico ; 50  
 Ma che ti mena a sì pungenti salse ?  
 Ed egli a me : Mal volentier lo dico ;  
 Ma sforzami la tua chiara favella,  
 Che mi fa sovvenir del mondo antico.  
 I' fui colui, che la Ghisola bella  
 Condussi a far la voglia del Marchese,  
 Come che suoni la sconcia novella.  
 E non pur io qui piango Bolognese :  
 Anzi n' è questo luogo tanto pieno,  
 Che tante lingue non son ora apprese 60  
 A dicer *sipa* tra Savena e il Reno :  
 E se di ciò vuoi fede o testimonio,  
 Recati a mente il nostro avaro seno.  
 Così parlando il percosse un demonio  
 Della sua scuriada, e disse : Via,  
 Ruffian, qui non son femmine da conio.  
 Io mi raggiunsi con la scorta mia :  
 Poscia con pochi passi divenimmo,

\* From the manner in which Dante here speaks of the Romish jubilee it may be gathered that he did not consider it an invention of Boniface VIII., but a ceremony of the Church already established ; since that Pope did not issue his epistolary mandate until the year

1300, the very year in which Dante has assigned his vision. But whether it was then first imagined or not, the Papal letter decrees that all who in the hundredth year or year of jubilee, should confess their sins, and visit, with sentiments of contrition and repentance,

When one side trooping to St. Peter's dome  
 All front the castle, but on other verge  
 With faces toward the mount 'the pilgrims come.  
 Here, there, on that dark rock, with ponderous scourge  
 I saw a gang of horned fiends equipt,  
 Whose savage blows behind the phantoms urge.  
 Alas ! how high with wincing legs they skipped  
 At the first lash ! nor second stroke nor third  
 Thenceforth awaited one of all the whipt.  
 There wending, as mine eyes amid that herd  
 Encountered one : ' For dearth of him to meet  
 I have not fasted,' was my ready word.  
 Then to recal his aspect stayed my feet ;  
 With me my sweet guide checks his own advance,  
 And leave accords, that something I retreat.  
 Lowering his face, that whipt one tried the chance  
 To 'scape my notice ; but in vain he sought,  
 While I bespoke him : ' Thou of earthward glance,  
 Unless thy lineaments deceive my thought,  
 ' Venedico Caccianimico art,  
 But wherefore to so pungent seasoning brought ?'  
 And he to me : ' Mine is the' unwilling part  
 To say—but thy clear accents thus compel,  
 And bring that old world's memory to my heart—  
 'Twas I that taught fair Ghisola too well  
 The Marquis' amorous phantasy to please,  
 However tongues the ribald tale may tell.  
 Nor mourn I here the only Bolognese ;  
 So full this hole our guilty people throngs,  
 That nor Savena's wave nor Reno sees  
 Framed to say ' *Sipa* now so many tongues.  
 Of which if pledge or proof thou stand upon,  
 Think of the greedy breast to us belongs.'  
 With that a demon, ere his word was done,  
 Lashed him with thong, and said, ' For coined pelf  
 Here are no women ; pander, get thee gone !'  
 Once more I to mine escort joined myself,  
 Nor many paces made, we came at last

the Churches of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Rome, should obtain thereby the entire remission of their various offences. The period was changed afterwards to fifty, and still later to twenty-five years. (See Mosheim, Eccl. Hist., cent. 13, part 2, c. 4.)

' Nothing more is known of

this wretch, except that he was the brother of his unhappy victim. The Marquis was Obizzo the Second, of Este, Lord of Ferrara.

' *Sipa*, instead of *si*, the ordinary Italian 'yes.' Savena and Reno are two rivers of the Bolognese.

Dove uno scoglio della ripa uscia.  
 Assai leggieramente quel salimmo, 70  
 E volti a destra sopra la sua scheggia,  
 Da quelle cerchie eterne ci partimmo.  
 Quando noi fummo là, dov' ei vaneggia  
 Di sotto, per dar passo agli sferzati,  
 Lo Duca disse : Attendi, e fa che feggia  
 Lo viso in te di questi altri mal nati,  
 A quali ancor non vedesti la faccia,  
 Perocchè son con noi insieme andati.  
 Dal vecchio ponte guardavam la traccia,  
 Che venia verso noi dall' altra banda, 80  
 E che la ferza similmente scaccia.  
 Il buon Maestro, senza mia dimanda,  
 Mi disse : Guarda quel grande che viene,  
 E per dolor non par lagrima spanda :  
 Quanto aspetto reale ancor ritiene !  
 Quelli è Giason, che per cuore e per senno  
 Li Colchi del monton privati fene.  
 Egli passò per l' isola di Lenno,  
 Poi che le ardite femmine spietate  
 Tutti li maschi loro a morte dienno. 90  
 Ivi con segni e con parole ornate  
 Isifile ingannò, la giovinetta,  
 Che prima l' altre avea tutte ingannate.  
 Lasciolla quivi gravida e soletta :  
 Tal colpa a tal martiro lui condanna ;  
 Ed anche di Medea si fa vendetta.  
 Con lui sen va chi da tal parte inganna :  
 E questo basti della prima valle  
 Sapere, e di color che in sè assanna.  
 Già eravam là 've lo stretto calle 100  
 Con l' argine secondo s' incrocicchia,  
 E fa di quello ad un altr' arco spalle.  
 Quindi sentimmo gente che si nicchia  
 Nell' altra bolgia, e che col muso sbuffa,  
 E sè medesma con le palme picchia.  
 Le ripe eran grommate d' una muffa  
 Per l' alito di giù che vi si appasta,

' All the expositors here seem to have read *cerchie eterne*, though some explain it by 'continuous'; others, by its common signification 'eternal.' I should read, if I dared, *esterne*, 'external.'

\* The tale of Jason and the

golden fleece is well known. Its gross inconsistencies, and the futility of the attempts made by later Greeks to find for it an historical basis, are happily exposed in Bishop Thirlwall's account of the Heroes and their Age (*Hist. of*

Where jutted from the bank a rocky shelf.  
 We mounted this with airy step and fast,  
 And, tripping toward our right the splintered path,  
 Thus onward from those <sup>7</sup> ambient circles past.  
 When now we reached where hollowed arch it hath  
 Below, for passage to each whip-galled sprite ;  
 'Halt here, and let those other sons of wrath'—  
 My leader said—'with fronting visage smite  
 Thine eyes, whose favour, while their way they took  
 Collateral with ours, eluded sight.'  
 We stopped upon that ancient bridge to look  
 At the' other troop, which facing us drew near,  
 Doomed equally the driving scourge to brook.  
 Nor waited my demand my leader dear,  
 But said: 'Note him of ample form ; how hived  
 His grief within, he never droppeth tear.  
 What regal bearing hath in him survived !  
 'Tis <sup>8</sup> Jason, whose brave heart and thoughtful head  
 The Colchians of their fleecy prize deprived.  
 By Lemnos' isle his onward sail he sped,  
 When the bold females of unpitying breast  
 Had sent their males to mingle with the dead.  
 There he with signs and converse courtly drest  
 Did the fond girl Hypsipyle beguile,  
 Whose own deceit had erst beguiled the rest.  
 Pregnant, forlorn, he left her on that isle.  
 Such crime condemns him to such harm, the woes  
 Of wronged Medea venging aye the while.  
 Who in like sorts seduces, with him goes.  
 Enough ; of this first moat, and whom it shuts  
 Within its griding fangs, my tale I close.'  
 Now came we where the narrow footway juts  
 A cross configuring with the second mole :  
 And, shouldered thus, in second arch abuts.  
 Here heard we some that grumble sounds of dole,  
 And smite themselves with open palms, and puff  
 From sputtering mouth, in the next pouch-like hole.  
 The banks with mustiness were furred and rough ;  
 Such paste the' upsteaming feculence had smeared,

Greece, chap. v.), where he characterises the Argonautic expedition as 'an adventure incomprehensible in its design, astonishing in its execution, connected with no conceivable cause, and with no conceivable effect.' The deceit which

Hypsipyle had practised was in saving her father Thoas, when the other Lemnian women destroyed their male relations. The ancient poets made Medea sufficiently revenge herself.

Che con gli occhi e col naso facea zuffa.  
 Lo fondo è cupo sì, che non ci basta  
 L' occhio a veder senza montare al dosso 110  
 Dell' arco, ove lo scoglio più sovrasta,  
 Quivi venimmo, e quindi giù nel fosso  
 Vidi gente attuffata in uno sterco,  
 Che dagli uman privati pareva mosso :  
 E mentre ch' io là giù con l' occhio cerco,  
 Vidi un col capo sì di merda lordo,  
 Che non pareva s' era laico o cherco.  
 Quei mi sgridò : Perchè sei tu sì ingordo  
 Di riguardar più me, che gli altri brutti ?  
 Ed io a lui : Perchè, se ben ricordo 120  
 Già t' ho veduto coi capelli asciutti,  
 E sei Alessio Interminai da Lucca :  
 Però t' adocchio più che gli altri tutti.  
 Ed egli allor, battendosi la zucca :  
 Quaggiù m' hanno sommerso le lusinghe,  
 Ond' io non ebbi mai la lingua stucca.  
 Appresso ciò lo Duca : Fa che pinghe,  
 Mi disse, un poco il viso più avanti,  
 Sì che la faccia ben con gli occhio attinghe  
 Di quella sozza scapigliata fante, 130  
 Che là si graffia con l' unghie merdose,  
 Ed or s' accoscia, ed ora è in piede stante.  
 Taida è la puttana che rispose  
 Al drudo suo, quando disse : Ho io grazie  
 Grandi appo te ? Anzi meravigliose.  
 E quinci sien le nostre viste sazie.

## CANTO XIX.

*La terza bolgia contiene coloro che da Simon mago traggono il nome. Fra' venditori di cose sagre il Poeta trova Nicolo III che dice aspettare Bonifazio VIII e Clemente V.*

O SIMON mago, o miseri seguaci,  
 Che le cose di Dio, che di bontate  
 Deono essere spose, e voi rapaci  
 Per oro e per argento, adulterate ;

\* This man is supposed to have been a relation of the famous Castruccio, Lord of Lucca in

Dante's time.

<sup>10</sup> Zucca, properly 'pumpkin.'

<sup>11</sup> This is the Thais of Terence's

That eyes and nose doth nauseously rebuff.  
 So deep the bottom, no fit place appeared  
 To yield a prospect, till the ridge were gained  
 Where highest arch the shelving rock had reared.  
 Hither we came, and hence my sight I strained,  
 Till down the ditch I figures floundering mark  
 In filth that seemed from human draught-house drained.  
 There, as with searching eyes I pierce the dark,  
 I saw a scalp with dung so clotted o'er,  
 'T were hard to tell if layman owned or clerk.  
 'Wherefore so greedy thou to view me, more  
 Than my foul comates here?' he cried in spleen :  
 'Because,' I said, 'I 've seen thy face before  
 memory fail not, when thy locks were clean :  
<sup>9</sup>Alessio Interminei of Lucca thou,  
 And hence my singling gaze eyed thee so keen.'  
 He smote his <sup>10</sup>pulpy nowl : 'In this vile slough  
 The tongue, that once with base cajoleries  
 Could ne'er be satisfied, hath plunged me now.'  
 My guide took up the word, and 'Stretch,' he cries,  
 'Thy face a little farther out, to where  
 The sluttish feature shall engage thine eyes  
 Of yonder wench with loose dishevelled hair,  
 That now stands up, now sidelong bends to lie,  
 And still with soil-grimed nails her skin doth tear.  
 'T is <sup>11</sup>Thais, wanton quean, who made reply,  
 Her paramour demanding : "Dost thou feel  
 Much gratitude to me?" "Yea, wondrous I."  
 Hence let our eyes content them with their meal.'

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 CANTO XIX.

ARGUMENT.—*Third Pouch. Punishment of the Simoniacal. Conversation with Pope Nicholas III.*

HA ! Simon Magus !—ha ! thy caitiff sect !  
 The things of God, by right ordained to wed  
 With goodness, ye by grasping hands direct,  
 For gold and silver, to adulterous bed.

comedy, *The Eunuch*. The is not from the courtesan's own  
 question is there put by Thraso, lips, but from Gnatho, the parasite  
 the braggart lover ; but the reply and go-between.



Or convien che per voi suoni la tromba,  
 Perocchè nella terza bolgia state.  
 Già eravamo alla seguente tomba  
 Montati, dello scoglio in quella parte,  
 Che appunto sovra mezzo il fosso piomba.  
 O somma sapienza, quanta è l' arte 10  
 Che mostri in cielo, in terra e nel mal mondo,  
 E quanto giusto tua virtù comparte !  
 Io vidi per le coste e per lo fondo  
 Piena la pietra livida di fori  
 D' un largo tutti, e ciascuno era tondo.  
 Non mi parean meno ampi nè maggiori,  
 Che quei che son nel mio bel San Giovanni  
 Fatti per luogo de' battezzatori ;  
 L' un degli quali, ancor non è molt' anni,  
 Rupp' io per un che dentro vi annegava : 20  
 E questo fia suggel ch' ogni uomo sganni.  
 Fuor della bocca a ciascun soperchiava  
 D' un peccator li piedi, e delle gambe  
 Infino al grosso, e l' altro dentro stava.  
 Le piante erano a tutti accese intrambe ;  
 Perchè sì forte guizzavan le giunte,  
 Che spezzate averian ritorte e strambe.  
 Quale suole il fiammeggiar delle cose unte  
 Muoversi pur su per l' estrema buccia,  
 Tal era lì da' calcagni alle punte. 30  
 Chi è colui, Maestro, che si cruccia,  
 Guizzando più che gli altri suoi consorti,  
 Diss' io, e cui più rossa fiamma succia ?  
 Ed egli a me : Se tu vuoi ch' io ti porti  
 Laggiù per quella ripa che più giace,  
 Da lui saprai di sè e de' suoi torti.  
 Ed io : Tanto m' è bel, quanto a te piace ;  
 Tu se' signore, e sai ch' io non mi parto  
 Dal tuo volere, e sai quel che si tace.  
 Allor venimmo in su l' argine quarto : 40  
 Volgemmo, e discendemmo a mano stanca  
 Laggiù nel fondo foracchiato ed arto.  
 E il buon Maestro ancor dalla sua anca

<sup>1</sup> The peculiar punishment of these spirits is explained by their former habit of looking earnestly to earth for the gold and silver it contains, and, as it were, scorning heaven with their heels. (See

Milton's portrait of Mammon, *Paradise Lost*, book ii.)

<sup>2</sup> The ancient custom of the Church, both to immerse at baptism and to receive infants by that ordinance in public only on certain

Now, for ye people the third pouch of Hell,  
 Must sound for you the trumpet of the dead.  
 Already o'er the next sepulchral dell,  
 Climbing the rock-reef on that part, we rose  
 Where, plumb below, the centre deepest fell.  
 Wisdom supreme! what skill thine order shows  
 In heaven, in earth, and in the' accursèd place!  
 How just the measure thy strong arm bestows!  
 I saw along the sides and o'er the base  
 All pierced with <sup>1</sup>holes that rock of livid grain,  
 And each was round, and all of equal space.  
 Nor ampler room, nor less, do they contain,  
 Which deck mine own, my beautiful Saint John,  
 Framed for the service of the <sup>2</sup>Baptist train:  
 One among which (nor many years are gone)  
 I broke, a drowning struggler's life to win;  
 Be this my pledge to each misjudging one.  
 O'er every opening's mouth a child of sin  
 Showed both his feet, and of his legs upturned  
 Far as the calf; the rest was hid within.  
 The lighted soles of all so fiercely burned,  
 In strong convulsive darts they shot each joint,  
 That ropes of broom or withy's hold had spurned.  
 As lambent fire on stuff which oils anoint  
 Is lightly wont o'er the' outer rind to play,  
 Such here it flickering glanced from heel to point.  
 'Whose is the tortured spirit, master, say,  
 More madly writhing than its mates that fill  
 Yon holes; whom redder flame doth suck for prey?'  
 I asked, and he made answer, 'If thou will  
 I bear thee downward to yon lower brink,  
 Himself shall tell his name and deeds of ill.'  
 'Thou art my Lord, thou know'st I never shrink  
 From thy good pleasure; welcome to my soul  
 What pleases thee; thou knowest all I think.'  
 I said: we reached the fourth disparting mole,  
 Thence on the feebler hand took downward road  
 To where the straitened floor had many a hole.  
 Nor the kind master mine unwonted load

high festival days, as Easter and  
 Whitsuntide, rendered the provision  
 of such baptisteries necessary;  
 that of San Giovanni Batista, in  
 Florence, contained, according to  
 Landino, four orifices of the kind  
 here described, ranged round the

font in the middle (?) of the  
 Church, which were not removed  
 until 1676. A child at play had,  
 as it appears, thrust its head into  
 one of these, which, in order to ex-  
 tricate it, Dante had broken.

Non mi dipose sin mi giunse al rotto  
 Di quei che sì piangeva con la zanca.  
 O qual che se', che 'l di su tien di sotto,  
 Anima trista, come pal commessa,  
 Comincia' io a dir, se puoi, fa motto.  
 Io stava come il frate che confessa  
 Lo perfido assassinn che poi ch' è fitto, 50  
 Richiama lui, perchè la morte cessa ;  
 Ed ei gridò : Sei tu già costì ritto,  
 Sei tu già costì ritto, Bonifazio ?  
 Di parecchi anni mi mentì lo scritto.  
 Se' tu sì tosto di quell' aver sazio,  
 Per lo qual non temesti torre a inganno  
 La bella Donna, e di poi farne strazio ?  
 Tal mi fec' io, quai son color che stanno,  
 Per non intender ciò ch' è lor risposto,  
 Quasi scornati, e risponder non sanno. 60  
 Allor Virgilio disse : Dilli tosto,  
 Non son colui, non son colui che credi :  
 Ed io risposi come a me fu imposto.  
 Perchè lo spirto tutti storse i piedi :  
 Poi sospirando, e con voce di pianto,  
 Mi disse : Dunque che a me richiedi ?  
 Se di saper chi io sia ti cal cotanto,  
 Che tu abbi però la ripa scorsa,  
 Sappi ch' io fui vestito del gran manto :  
 E veramente fui figliuol dell' orsa, 70  
 Cupido sì, per avanzar gli orsatti,  
 Che su l' avere, e quì me misi in borsa.  
 Di sotto al capo mio son gli altri tratti  
 Che precedetter me simoneggiando,  
 Per la fessura della pietra piatti.  
 Laggiù cascherò io altresì, quando

\* This is an allusion to a barbarous mode of capital punishment then in use, which was to dig a hole in the earth, fasten the criminal in it with his head downwards, and then, by filling up the hole with earth, to suffocate him. Such a practice was known in Italy by the name *propagginare*, from the method of raising vines, &c., by layers. It is natural to suppose that the mendicant priest was often recalled by the miserable victim for the sake of a few moments of life, while, with ear

bent downwards, he should listen to his last confession.

\* Boniface VIII., who, previous to his election to the pontifical chair, was Benedetto Gaetani of Anagni, governed the Roman Church from A.D. 1294 to 1303 ; and therefore Nicolas, mistaking Dante for him, accuses some written prophecy of deceiving him. The intrigues of Boniface with Charles II. of Naples, to procure the resignation of his predecessor in the Papacy, Celestine V., were notorious.

Dropped from his hip, till close beside the rift  
 He placed of him whose legs his torment showed.  
 'O thou that dost thine upwards downward shift,  
 Whose-e'er thy wretched ghost, as stake fast-driven,  
 If yet thou canst,' I said, 'thy voice uplift.'  
 There stood I like the <sup>3</sup> monk whom, yet half-shriven,  
 The false assassin, to his grave now tied,  
 Recals that brief delay of death be given.  
 'Art thou already there above?' he cried,  
 'Art thou above there, <sup>4</sup> Boniface, indeed?  
 Then hath of sundry years my writing lied.  
 That <sup>5</sup> having—could it satiate thy greed  
 So soon, which hardened thee to seize by plot  
 The comely <sup>6</sup> Spouse: then to vile ruin lead?'  
 My look was theirs, who understanding not  
 Some answer made them, as to scorn betrayed,  
 Are halting, and to answer know not what.  
 With that spake Virgil: 'Haste thee, tell yon shade  
 'I am not he—not he—thy fancy guessed.'  
 And, he prescribing, I that answer made;  
 Whereat the soul his feet awry did wrest;  
 Then deep suspiring, and in plaintive tone,  
 Demanded, 'What of me, then, would thy quest?  
 If thee so much imports to have me known,  
 Thou hast the bank descended, learn that erst  
<sup>7</sup> I wore the mighty mantle for mine own:  
 And was the bear's true son, and duly nursed  
 The bear-whelps; to advance our brood so bent,  
 I wealth above, and here myself imbursed.  
 And underneath my head the rest, who went  
 Before me bartering souls for silver, all  
 Lie flat within this rocky crevice pent.  
 I thither tumbling in like sort shall fall

<sup>3</sup> 'That having,' *quell'aver*. Shakspeare uses the words in *As You Like It*.

<sup>4</sup> *La bella Donna*. The Church, which he degraded by his avaricious practices.

<sup>7</sup> Nicolas III., of the noble family of Orsini at Rome, whose emblem was the bear. This Pope, in 1278, refused to crown the celebrated Rodolph of Hapsburgh emperor, until he had acknowledged and confirmed by solemn treaty all the territorial pretensions of the

Roman see. This agreement, to which all the Italian princes subject to the emperor were obliged to accede, was no sooner concluded, than Nicolas reduced under his temporal dominion several territories in Italy which had formerly belonged to the empire, particularly Romagna and Bologna. Dante's Ghibelline prejudices are said to have influenced him in assigning to this adversary of the imperial ascendancy the place he here occupies.

Verrà colui ch' io credea che tu fossi,  
 Allor ch' io feci il subito dimando.  
 Ma più è il tempo già che i piè mi cossi,  
 E ch' io son stato così sotto sopra, 80  
 Ch' ei non starà piantato coi piè rossi :  
 Che dopo lui verrà, di più laid' opra,  
 Di ver ponente un pastor senza legge,  
 Tal che convien che lui e me ricuopra.  
 Nuovo Iason sarà, di cui si legge  
 Ne' Maccabei: e come a quel fu molle  
 Suo re, così fia a lui chi Francia regge.  
 Io non so s' i' mi fui qui troppo folle,  
 Ch' io pur risposi lui a questo metro :  
 Deh or mi di' quanto tesoro volle 90  
 Nostro signore in prima da san Pietro,  
 Che ponesse le chiavi in sua balia ?  
 Certo non chiese se non : Viemmi dietro.  
 Nè Pier nè gli altri chiesero a Mattia  
 Oro od argento, quando fu sortito  
 Nel luogo che perdè l' anima ria.  
 Però ti sta, che tu se' ben punito ;  
 E guarda ben la mal tolta moneta  
 Ch' esser ti fece contra Carlo ardito.  
 E se non fosse che ancor lo mi vieta 100  
 La riverenza delle somme chiavi,  
 Che tu tenesti nella vita lieta,  
 I' userei parole ancor più gravi ;  
 Chè la vostra avarizia il mondo attrista,  
 Calcando i buoni e sollevando i pravi.  
 Di voi pastor s'accorse il Vangelista,

\* Nicolas III. died in 1280 ; he had, therefore, been the uppermost tenant of his cell in Malebolge for twenty years ; but between the death of Boniface VIII., in 1303, and that of Clement V., the 'pastor from the west,' barely eleven years intervened. This latter, raised to the Popedom through the machinations of his monarch, Philip the Fair of France, was Bertrand de Got, Archbishop of Bordeaux, and he first broke the charm of Papal thunderbolts, forged in Rome and launched from the Vatican, by removing his residence to Avignon. He was, as might have been expected, the

mere creature of his patron, and the object of mingled hatred and contempt to the Italians.

\* After the death of Seleucus Philopator, B.C. 176, and the succession of Antiochus Epiphanes, Jason, brother of Onias, the Jewish high priest, bribed that monarch with a promise of tribute, to the amount of four hundred and forty talents of silver, to depose Onias and instal him in the priesthood. For an account of his corruption of the Jewish youth by heathen customs, see Maccabees, book ii., c. 4. He was supplanted by Menelaus in the same manner as he had himself removed his brother.

At his approach, whose voice I thought to hear,  
 When my sharp question did thy word forestal.  
<sup>8</sup> But I already thus my feet to sear  
 Stand planted upside down a longer time  
 Than him awaits the reddened soles to rear;  
 Since after him shall come from western clime,  
 Foredoomed, a lawless pastor of the fold,  
 To hide both him and me with uglier crime.  
 Another <sup>9</sup>Jason he, of whom is told  
 In Maccabees; and as his prince was kind  
 To him, shall France's king this thief uphold.'  
 I know not here if folly swayed my mind  
 Too much, that I mine answer tuned so free:  
 'Tell me, or e'er He gave to loose and bind,  
 For how great treasure did our LORD agree  
 To sell the keys to Peter? Sure, the most  
 Of His demand was this: *Follow thou me.*  
 Nor gold nor silver at Matthias' cost  
 Sought Peter and his fellows when the room  
 He took by lot, perdition's son had lost.  
 Wherefore be still, for righteous is thy doom,  
 And o'er thine ill-got money keep good ward,  
 Which made thy pride to gainsay <sup>10</sup> Charles presume.  
 And were it not I reverence yet accord,  
 And bow mine impulse to those awful keys  
 Of which thou in that happier life wert lord,  
 I had rebuked with sterner words than these:  
 For sadness o'er a world your avarice flings,  
 Trampling the good, to give the wicked ease.  
<sup>11</sup> Such shepherds knew the Evangelist 'mid things

Dante no doubt compared the 'Hellenising' of Jerusalem by Jason with the 'Gallicising' of the Popedom by Clement V.

<sup>10</sup> It is agreed by all the expositors that the contest here alluded to arose from the failure of a matrimonial negotiation set on foot by Nicolas III. with Charles King of Sicily, the object of which was to advance one of the *Orsatti* mentioned in verse 71. They are divided on some other points of no great moment. The Sicilian monarch, Charles (of Anjou), contemptuously rejected the proposal, and suffered for his feudal haughtiness by being refused a senatorship of Rome, the vicariate of Tuscany, &c.

<sup>11</sup> This is a remarkable exposition by our poet of the seventeenth chapter of the Apocalypse; in which he has applied half of the prophetic imagery in an unfavourable and half in a favourable sense to his own Church of Rome. Some have held that the seven heads represent the seven virtues—three theological, four cardinal; others, the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit (Isa. ii. 1, 2). Lombardi, comparing a passage of the *Purgatorio* (Canto xxxii. vv. 98, &c.), more plausibly interprets them of the seven Romish sacraments. The ten horns they all understand to mean the commandments.

Quando colei, che siede sovra l' acque,  
 Puttaneggiar co' regi a lui fu vista :  
 Quella che con le sette teste nacque,  
 E dalle diece corna ebbe argomento, 110  
 Fin che virtute al suo marito piacque.  
 Fatto v' avete Dio d' oro e d' argento :  
 E che altro è da voi all' idolatre,  
 Se non ch' egli uno, e voi n' orate cento ?  
 Ahi, Costantin, di quanto mal fu matre,  
 Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote  
 Che da te prese il primo ricco padre !  
 E mentre io gli cantava cotai note,  
 O ira o coscienza che il mordesse,  
 Forte spingava con ambo le piote. 120  
 Io credo ben che al mio Duca piacesse,  
 Con sì contenta labbia sempre attese  
 Lo suon delle parole vere espresse.  
 Però con ambo le braccia mi prese,  
 E poi che tutto su mi s' ebbe al petto,  
 Rimontò per la via onde discese ;  
 Nè si stancò d' avermi a sè ristretto,  
 Sì men portò sovra il colmo dell' arco,  
 Che dal quarto al quinto argine è tragetto.  
 Quivi soavemente spose il carico, 130  
 Soave per lo scoglio sconcio ed erto,  
 Che sarebbe alle capre duro varco :  
 Indi un altro vallon mi fu scoperto.

<sup>12</sup> There seems to me an ambiguity in the original of this line, which I have preserved in the translation. The Pope is sometimes called the husband of the Church, but the context inclines me to understand it rather of the Church's own faithfulness to her heavenly Bridegroom.

<sup>13</sup> 'Before the end of the eighth century some apostolical scribe, perhaps the notorious Isidore, com-

posed the decretals, and the donation of Constantine, the two magic pillars of the spiritual and temporal monarchy of the Popes. This memorable donation was introduced to the world by an epistle of Adrian I., who exhorts Charlemagne to imitate the liberality and revive the name of the great Constantine. According to the legend, the first of the Christian emperors was healed of the leprosy and puri-

Revealed, when she who sitteth on the flood  
 Was seen of him to play the whore with kings :  
 Who at her birth seven heads uplifting stood,  
 And the ten mystic horns for witness bore,  
<sup>12</sup> While virtue to her husband yet seemed good.  
 Silver and gold ye make your god : what more  
 Divides the brute idolater and you,  
 Save that he one, a hundred ye adore?  
 Ah, Constantine ! what ills have we to rue—  
 I say not from thine own conversion sprung,  
 But from thy <sup>13</sup> dower, the first rich father drew !'  
 And while to him in notes like these I sung,  
 Or pricked by rage, or conscience' gnawing tooth,  
 In furious spurnings both his feet he flung.  
 I trow it pleased my leader, in good sooth,  
 So listened he, with still-approving lip,  
 The daring sound that syllabled the truth :  
 Then me with both his arms did straitly clip,  
 And, all my weight upon his breast upstrained,  
 Where he descended, up the way 'gan trip :  
 Nor for my clinging of his speed refrained,  
 Until he brought to where the arch was crowned,  
 And from the fourth the fifth embankment gained.  
 Then softly placed his burden on the ground—  
 Softly upon that wild and rugged slope,  
 Where e'en the mountain goat hard pass had found.  
 Thence did another vale her wonders ope.

fied in the waters of baptism by St. Silvester, the Roman bishop ; and never was physician more gloriously recompensed. His royal proselyte withdrew from his seat and patrimony of St. Peter, declared his resolution of founding a new capital in the East, and resigned to the Popes the free and perpetual sovereignty of Rome, Italy, and the provinces of the west . . . The emperors and

the Romans were incapable of discerning a forgery that subverted their rights and freedom ; and the only opposition proceeded from a Sabine monastery, which, in the beginning of the twelfth century, disputed the truth and validity of the donation of Constantine.' (*Gibbon, Dec. and Fall, c. xlix.*) Dante has adopted without questioning the tradition.



## CANTO XX.

*Coloro che predir vollero le cose avvenire han la faccia volta a' reni e son costretti di camminar all' indietro. Descrizione del lago di Benaco. La maga Manto morta sulle rive, ove il Mincio impaluda, dà il nome alla città di Mantova, patria di Virgilio.*

Di nuova pena mi convien far versi,  
 E dar materia al ventesimo canto  
 Della prima canzon, ch' è de' sommersi.  
 Io era già disposto tutto quanto  
 A riguardar nello scoperto fondo,  
 Che si bagnava d' angoscioso pianto :  
 E vidi gente per lo vallon tondo  
 Venir tacendo e lagrimando, al passo,  
 Che fanno le letane in questo mondo.  
 Come il viso mi scese in lor più basso, 10  
 Mirabilmente apparve esser travolto  
 Ciascun dal mento al principio del casso :  
 Chè dalle reni era tornato il volto,  
 E indietro venir gli convenia,  
 Perchè il veder dinanzi era lor tolto.  
 Forse per forza già di parlasia  
 Si travolse così alcun del tutto ;  
 Ma io nol vidi, nè credo che sia.  
 Se Dio ti lasci, Lettor, prender frutto 20  
 Di tua lezione, or pensa per te stesso,  
 Com' io potea tener lo viso asciutto,  
 Quando la nostra imagine da presso  
 Vidi sì torta, che il pianto degli occhi  
 Le natiche bagnava per lo fesso.  
 Certo i' piangea, poggiato ad un de' rocchi  
 Del duro scoglio, sì che la mia Scorta  
 Mi disse : Ancor se' tu degli altri sciocchi ?  
 Qui vive la pietà quando è ben morta.  
 Chi è più scellerato di colui  
 Che al giudicio divin passion porta ? 30  
 Drizza la testa, drizza, e vedi a cui

<sup>1</sup> Litanies, the processions of the Romish Church for solemn supplications: an adaptation apparently of the *supplicationes* of heathen Rome.

<sup>2</sup> *Qui vive la pietà, quand' è ben morta.* Lombardi compares the

150th line of Canto xxxiii. *E cortesia fu lui esser villano.* According to Virgil, zeal for the insulted prerogative of the Deity should here have stifled the emotions of natural compassion.

<sup>3</sup> Amphiaraua, son of Oicles, re-

## CANTO XX.

ARGUMENT.—*Fourth Pouch. Punishment of the Soothsayers. Legend of Manto, and the Foundation of Mantua.*

To tell new vengeance must I shape my verse,  
 And give material to the twentieth strain  
 Of my first Song, the tale of souls immerse.  
 Already to mine utmost I was fain  
 To bend mine eyes down where the' uncovered deep  
 Was wet with drops of agonising pain.  
 There saw I figures round that valley's sweep  
 Silent and tearful move the pace that man  
 In earthly <sup>1</sup> litanies is wont to creep ;  
 Who, as their lower parts I glancing scan,  
 Did each appear wrested in strangest sort,  
 Below the chin to where the chest began.  
 For backward from the loins each front distort  
 With retrogressive course compelled to go,  
 And onward look eternally must thwart.  
 Haply some mortal sufferer by the blow  
 Of wrenching palsy thus hath swerved awry ;  
 But such I never knew, nor think to know.  
 So, reader, may the gift of God supply  
 Fruit from thy reading, as thy own heart shall tell  
 How I might contemplate with tearless eye  
 Our common human image, seen too well  
 So twisted, that the rain their eyes expressed  
 Down its cleft channel on their rearward fell !  
 Certes I wept so, leaning on a breast  
 Of that hard shelf, mine escort chiding said ;  
 ' Why wilt thou yet be foolish as the rest ?  
<sup>2</sup> Here pity best hath life when wholly dead :  
 What guiltier wretch than he whose grief avowed  
 Impugns Almighty Judgment ? Lift thy head,  
 Lift and behold for <sup>3</sup> whom, before the crowd

presented by Æschylus as the wisest and most temperate of the seven chiefs who undertook the siege of Thebes. Betrayed by his wife Eriphyle, for the bribe of a gold necklace, he was compelled to join Adrastus, and his fate is re-

corded by Statius, Th., book vii. 816. After his death divine honours were paid to him, and he had a celebrated temple and oracle at Oropus, on the Bœotian frontier towards Attica.

S' aperse agli occhi de' Teban la terra,  
 Perchè gridavan tutti : Dove rui,  
 Anfiarao ? perchè lasci la guerra ?  
 E non restò di ruinare a valle  
 Fino a Minòs, che ciascheduno afferra.  
 Mira, che ha fatto petto delle spalle :  
 Perchè volle veder troppo davante,  
 Dirietro guarda, e fa ritroso calle.  
 Vedi Tiresia, che mutò sembiante, 40  
 Quando di maschio femmina divenne,  
 Cangiandosi le membra tutte quante ;  
 E prima poi ribatter le convenne,  
 Li duo serpenti avvolti con la verga,  
 Che riavesse le maschili penne.  
 Aronta è quei che al ventre gli s' atterga,  
 Che nei monti di Luni, dove ronca  
 Lo Carrarese che di sotto alberga,  
 Ebbe tra bianchi marmi la spelonca  
 Per sua dimora ; onde a guardar le stelle 50  
 E il mar non gli era la veduta tronca.  
 E quella che ricopre le mammelle,  
 Che tu non vedi, con le trecce sciolte,  
 E ha di là ogni pilosa pelle,  
 Manto fu, che cercò per terre molte,  
 Poscia si pose là dove nacqu' io ;  
 Onde un poco mi piace che m' ascolte.  
 Poscia che il padre suo di vita uscìo,  
 E venne serva la città di Baco,  
 Questa gran tempo per lo mondo giò. 60  
 Suso in Italia bella giace un laco  
 Appiè dell' alpe, che serra Lamagna  
 Sovra Tiralli, ed ha nome Benaco.  
 Per mille fonti, credo, e più si bagna,  
 Tra Garda e Val Camonica, Pennino  
 Dell' acqua che nel detto lago stagna.

\* The father of Manto was Tiresias ; in name no doubt made familiar to most English readers by the beautiful invocation to light with which the third book of *Paradise Lost* opens. He plays an important part in the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles.

\* The skill of Aruns is celebrated by Lucan, *Phars.*, book i. 854.

\* The marbles of Carrara are well known.

\* For Virgil's account of Mantua, see *Æneid*, book x. v. 198.

\* Manto fled from the tyranny of Creon. Bacchus was the tutelary god of Thebes, of which his mother, Semele, was a native.

\* Benacus, now Lago di Garda. The geography of the poet here has given rise to a great quantity of annotation and conjectural emendation. I have accepted Vellutello's reading, 'Valdimonica,' sim-

Of gazing Thebans, earth her womb revealed,  
 That ' Whither dost thou rush ? ' all cried aloud,  
 ' Ho Amphiaraus : wherefore quit the field ? '  
 While he fell plunging ever to the glade  
 Where Minos' gripe the dead man's doom hath sealed.  
 Mark how his shoulders he for breast hath made ;  
 Because too far beyond his sight would range,  
 His eyes, his path, must now be retrograde.  
<sup>4</sup> Tiresias see, who felt mutation strange,  
 When he for male did female sex assume,  
 Of all his members suffering full exchange ;  
 And once again, for such his after-doom,  
 The twining serpent pair smote with his rod,  
 Or e'er his cheeks retook the manly plume.  
 Close on his paunch doth <sup>5</sup> Aruns backing plod :  
 On Luni, where <sup>6</sup> Carrara peasants slave,  
 Who dwell beneath her hills, to weed the sod,  
 ' Mid whitest marbles there he found the cave  
 Of his abode, whence nothing checked his gaze  
 On starry courses, or on Ocean wave.  
 She, on whose hidden bosom loosely strays  
 The ringlet, and a willing screen expands,  
 Who turns from us the skin which hair arrays,  
 Was Manto, wanderer once through many lands,  
 Seeking the rest she found <sup>7</sup> where I was born,  
 My tale of whom a little while demands  
 Thine audience. When her sire from life was torn,  
 And Bacchus' town became a <sup>8</sup> tyrant's thrall,  
 For many a year she roamed the world forlorn.  
 High in fair Italy, where Alpine wall  
 Above Tyrôl doth German land inclose,  
 Lieth a lake, which men <sup>9</sup> Benacus call :  
 In thousand fountains o'er Pennino flows,  
 From Valdimonica to Garda round,  
 The element, to win that lake's repose.

ply because I cannot understand why Val Camonica should be marked as a limit to the waters which form the lake Benacus, when it is completely separated from that basin by a mountain range, and its streams have a lake of their own ; and it is worthy of note, that, while Vellutello asserts that there is a Valdimonica in the Brescian territory, in Chauchard's Map there is a town named Moniga on the lake, exactly opposite Garda.

It seems that more than one point in the Alpine range bore the name of Pennus or Penninus, which will not startle those modern etymologists who have learnt to connect the scattered but enduring memorials of a most ancient race, and think they find its vestiges as well in the Pennine and Apennine heights of Italy, as in the Cornish Pentyre and Pendennis, the Penmanmawr of Wales, or the Scotch Ben-Awe or Ben-Nevis.

Luogo è nel mezzo là dove il Trentino  
 Pastore, e quel di Brescia, e il Veronese  
 Segnar potria, se fesse quel cammino.  
 Siede Peschiera, bello e forte arnese 70  
 Da fronteggiar Bresciani e Bergamaschi,  
 Ove la riva intorno più discese,  
 Ivi convien che tutto quanto caschi  
 Ciò che in grembo a Benaco star non può,  
 E fassi fiume giù pei verdi paschi.  
 Tosto che l' acqua a correr mette cò,  
 Non più Benaco, ma Mincio si chiama  
 Fino a Governo, dove cade in Pò.  
 Non molto ha corso, che trova una lama,  
 Nella qual si distende e la impaluda, 80  
 E suol di state talora esser grama.  
 Quindi passando la vergine cruda  
 Vide terra nel mezzo del pantano,  
 Senza cultura, e d' abitanti nuda.  
 Là, per fuggire ogni consorzio umano,  
 Ristette co' suoi servi a far sue arti,  
 E visse, e vi lasciò suo corpo vano.  
 Gli uomini poi, che intorno erano sparti,  
 S' accolsero a quel luogo, ch' era forte  
 Per lo pantan che avea da tutte parti. 90  
 Fer la città sovra quell' ossa morte ;  
 E per colei, che il luogo prima elesse,  
 Mantova l' appellar senz' altra sorte.  
 Già fur le genti sue dentro più spesse,  
 Prima che lo mattia di Casalodi,  
 Da Pinamonte inganno ricevesse.  
 Però t' assenno, che se tu mai odi  
 Originar la mia terra altrimenti,  
 La verità nulla menzogna frodi.  
 Ed io : Maestro, i tuoi ragionamenti 100  
 Mi son sì certi, e prendon sì mia fede,  
 Che gli altri mi sarian carboni spenti.  
 Ma dimmi della gente che procede,

<sup>16</sup> The respective dioceses of Brescia, Verona, and Trent, met at a point on the shores of the lake ; and the poet's meaning is, that the bishop could give his pastoral benediction on that same spot by signing the cross.

<sup>17</sup> Peschiera is at the lower end of the Lago di Garda. The dis-

trict of Brescia joins it, and next to the west is that of Bergamo.

<sup>18</sup> Governo, or Governolo, a fortress of the Mantuan territory.

<sup>19</sup> According to ancient annalists, the Counts of Casalodi, a Brescian fortress, had seized the sovereign power in Mantua: upon which Pinamonte de' Buonacossi, a Man-

There <sup>10</sup> Pastors three on central spot of ground,  
 The Brescian, Veronese, and he of Trent,  
 Could sign their blessing, if by that way bound ;  
 There sits <sup>11</sup> Peschiera, goodly muniment  
 And strong, the Bergamasks' and Brescians' pride  
 Confronting, where the bank hath lowest bent.  
 Here all that in Benacus' lap to hide  
 Obtains no room, by nature's law descends  
 And fills a stream through verdant meads to glide.  
 When from that heading lake the current wends,  
 Benacus now no more, he Mincius hears,  
 Till, at <sup>12</sup> Governo lost, in Po he ends.  
 Nor long his course, ere spacious flat appears,  
 Which flooding wide he turns to marish waste,  
 And breathes bad influence oft in sultry years.  
 There, as the maid went by, a spot, embraced  
 By plashy swamps surrounding, met her ken ;  
 No culture tamed it, and no dweller graced.  
 There, sternly fixed to shun all haunt of men,  
 Dwelt she with slaves, her ancient arts to do ;  
 There lived, and left her body to that fen ;  
 Thither in after days the scattered few  
 Of neighbours gathering came, so strong the spot  
 From watery fence the marsh around it threw.  
 They built their city where those bones did rot,  
 And, for her praise who harboured there the first,  
 They Mantua named, nor cast another lot.  
 More crowded once the host within it nursed,  
 Ere yet the <sup>13</sup> Casalodi's witlessness  
 Met Pinamonte's guile, and had the worst.  
 Therefore I warn, when other shall profess  
 'To tell my country's birth in different tale,  
 That no trim falsehood may the truth oppress.'  
 'Master,' I said, 'so certainly prevail  
 Thy wise discoursings, and such faith beget,  
 Like dying embers all the rest should fail  
 To kindle my belief. But tell who yet

tuan noble, aware that his equals  
 in rank were hated by the com-  
 mons, induced Count Albert of  
 Casalodi to shut up certain men of  
 rank (whom Pinamonte judged the  
 most likely to throw obstacles in  
 his own way); and, having con-  
 ciliated the popular favour, de-  
 prived Casalodi of the seignory,

put to the sword the rest of the  
 Mantuan nobility, burnt their  
 houses, and banished for ever such  
 as had escaped with life. (See  
 Muratori *Ann. d' Italia all' anno*  
 1269, and an old Mantuan history  
 published by him in the 20th vol.  
 of his *Rer. Italic. Script.*)

Se tu ne vedi alcun degno di nota ;  
 Chè solo a ciò la mia mente rifiede.  
 Allor mi disse: Quel, che dalla gota  
 Porge la barba in su le spalle brune,  
 Fu, quando Grecia fu di maschi vota  
 Sì che appena rimaser per le cune,  
 Augure, e diede il punto con Calcantà 110  
 In Aulide a tagliar la prima fune.  
 Euripilo ebbe nome, e così il canta  
 L' alta mia Tragedia in alcun loco :  
 Ben lo sai tu, che la sai tutta quanta.  
 Quell' altro che ne' fianchi è così poco,  
 Michele Scotto fu, che veramente  
 Delle magiche frode seppe il giuoco.  
 Vedi Guido Bonatti, vedi Asdente,  
 Che avere inteso al cuoio ed allo spago  
 Ora vorrebbe, ma tardi si pente. 120  
 Vedi le triste che lasciaron l' ago,  
 La spola e il fuso, e fecersi indovine ;  
 Fecer malie con erbe e con imago.  
 Ma vienne omai, chè già tiene il confine  
 D' ambedue gli emisperi, e tocca l' onda  
 Sotto Sibilia, Caino e le spine.  
 E già iernotte fu la luna tonda :  
 Ben ti dee ricordar, che non ti nocque  
 Alcuna volta per la selva fonda.  
 Sì mi parlava, ed andavamo introcque. 130

<sup>14</sup> See Virgil, *Æneid*, ii. v. 114, &c.

<sup>15</sup> 'Sir Michael Scott, of Balwearie, flourished during the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the maid of Norway to Scotland, upon the death of Alexander III. . . . . He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1496; and several treatises upon natural

philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchemy, physiognomy, and chiromancy: hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician.' (*Notes to the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,'* canto ii. n. 11.) Sir Walter quotes this passage from Dante. The 'flank so spare' has been attributed by some to the appearance of the tight Scottish

Come marching, as thine eye the worthier ones  
 Shall note ; on them alone my mind is set.'  
 'That shape,' he said, 'whose ample beard o'erruns  
 His swarthy shoulders drooping from the cheek,  
 An <sup>14</sup> augur once, when Greece, bereft of sons,  
 To fill her cradles scarce retained a Greek,  
 With Calchas joined, the favouring moment he  
 To cut their cables gave in Aulis' creek.  
 Eurypylus his name ; in which agree  
 Some certain strains of mine high tragic lay ;  
 As well thou know'st, where all is known to thee.  
 Yon other phantom in his living day  
 Was <sup>15</sup> Michael Scott, that shows a flank so spare ;  
 Of magic sleights he truly learned the play.  
 See <sup>16</sup> Guy Bonatti, <sup>17</sup> Asdentè see, whose care  
 Fain would he now the pack-thread and the skin  
 Had all engrossed : too late repents him there !  
 See the vile hags, who left their web and pin,  
 Needle and spindle, fortunes to divine,  
 With herb and image working deeds of sin.  
 But come ; e'en now <sup>18</sup> Cain's dusky thorns incline  
 To touch the western wave below Seville,  
 And hang on either hemisphere's confine.  
 But yesternight her orb the moon did fill,  
 And well mayst thou remember, for her glance  
 Lit up the forest glooms, nor wrought thee ill.'  
 Thus he, and while he speaks, our steps advance.

dress. Lockhart's *Life of Scott*  
 contains a most happy application  
 of Dante's lines to the great nor-  
 thern wizard of modern day him-  
 self, when in Italy.

<sup>16</sup> Guido Bonatti, of Forli, in  
 whose predictions Count Guido di  
 Montefeltro put much confidence,  
 wrote a work on astrology, which  
 Daniello professes to have seen.

<sup>17</sup> Asdentè was an illiterate cob-

bler of Parma.

<sup>18</sup> The ancient tradition was,  
 that Cain, and the thorns which  
 he had offered for sacrifice, in de-  
 rision of the earth's barrenness, pro-  
 duced by the Divine curse, were  
 represented by the spots in the  
 moon. Seville, if reduced to its  
 prosaic truth, merely stands here  
 for any point far to the west of  
 Italy.



## CANTO XXI.

*Un ampio lago di pece bollente contiene la quinta bolgia dell' ottavo cerchio, in cui sono immersi i barattieri. Diavoli armati di raffi e roncigli fan la guardia: bella similitudine dell' arsenale di Venezia. Paura di Dante.*

Così di ponte in ponte altro parlando,  
 Che la mia commedia cantar non cura,  
 Venimmo, e tenevamo il colmo, quando  
 Ristemmo per veder l' altra fessura  
 Di Malebolge, e gli altri pianti vani ;  
 E vidila mirabilmente oscura.  
 Quale nell' Arzanà de' Viniziani  
 Bolle l' inverno la tenace pece  
 A rimpalmar li legni lor non sani,  
 Che navicar non ponno, e in quella vece 10  
 Chi fa suo legno nuovo, e chi ristoppa  
 Le coste a quel che più viaggi fece ;  
 Chi ribatte da proda, e chi da poppa ;  
 Altri fa remi, ed altri volge sarte ;  
 Chi terzeruolo, ed artimon rintoppa :  
 Tal, non per fuoco, ma per divina arte  
 Bollia laggiuso una pegola spessa  
 Che inviscava la ripa da ogni parte.  
 I' vedea lei, ma non vedeva in essa  
 Ma' che le bolle che il bollor levava, 20  
 E gonfiar tutta, e riseder compressa.  
 Mentr' io laggiù fisamente mirava,  
 Lo Duca mio dicendo : Guarda, guarda,  
 Mi trasse a sè del luogo dov' io stava.  
 Allor mi volsi come l' uom cui tarda  
 Di veder quel che gli convien fuggire,  
 E cui paura subita sgagliarda,  
 Che per veder non indugia il partire :  
 E vidi dietro a noi un diavol nero 30  
 Correndo su per lo scoglio venire.  
 Ahi quanto egli era nell' aspetto fiero !  
 E quanto mi pareva nell' atto acerbo,  
 Con l' ale aperte, e sovra i piè leggiero !  
 L' omero suo, ch' era acuto e superbo,  
 Carcava un peccator con ambo l' anche,  
 Ed ei tenea de' piè ghermito il nerbo.  
 Del nostro ponte, disse : O Malebranche,

## CANTO XXI.

ARGUMENT.—*Fifth Pouch. Punishment of the Pcculators. Virgil's parley with the Malebranche, a band of whom escorts the Poets.*

So onward journeyed we from bridge to bridge,  
Things which my Comedy cares not to mark  
Discoursing, till we gained that utmost ridge.  
There other bootless wail we paused to hark  
In Malebolge—other cleft withal  
To see, that showed unutterably dark.  
As boils the clammy pitch at winter's fall,  
Of gallies or of argosies to caulk  
The shattered hulls, in Venice' arsenal,  
Where mariners whose voyage tempests baulk,  
This builds his craft anew, that stops with tow  
The sides of her that oft her watery walk  
Hath trod : one hammers stern, another bow,  
And one shapes oars, one twisting shrouds doth toil,  
And now the mizen mends, the foresail now :  
So, not by fire, but art divine, to boil  
Did there below thick-clotted pitch upswell,  
And glued the bank around with slimy soil.  
I saw, but saw not in that seething hell,  
Save bubbles which the boiling upward threw,  
And how the pimpled surface rose and fell.  
While downward thus I riveted my view,  
'Beware ! beware !' in haste my leader bade,  
And me from where I stood toward him drew.  
With that I wheeled, as man who hath delayed  
To look on what compels to turn his back,  
And whom his sudden fear hath all dismayed,  
That not for gazing he his flight may slack ;  
And I beheld a devil, black as night,  
Come running up the shelf upon our track.  
His aspect, ah ! how terrible to sight !  
How harsh his bearing, and instinct with hate !  
His pinions open, and of foot so light.  
His haughty shoulder keen a sinner's weight  
Loaded with both its haunches, while his claw  
Griped the foot-sinews of that human freight.  
'Ye of our bridge, ho ! Brothers of ill Paw,'

Ecco un degli anzian di santa Zita :  
 Mettetel sotto, ch' io torno per anche  
 A quella terra che n' è ben fornita : 40  
 Ogni uom v' è barattier, fuor che Bonturo :  
 Del no, per li denar, vi si fa ita.  
 Laggiù il buttò, e per lo scoglio duro  
 Si volse, e mai non fu mastino sciolto  
 Con tanta fretta a seguitar lo furo.  
 Quei s' attuffò, e tornò su convolto ;  
 Ma i demon, che del ponte avean coverchio,  
 Gridar : Qui non ha luogo il santo volto ;  
 Qui si nuota altrimenti che nel Serchio ;  
 Però se tu non vuoi de' nostri graffi, 50  
 Non far sovra la pegola soverchio.  
 Poi l' addentar con più di cento raffi ;  
 Disser : Covertò convien che qui balli,  
 Sì che, se puoi, nascosamente accaffi.  
 Non altrimenti i cuochi a' lor vassalli  
 Fanno attuffare in mezzo la caldaia  
 La carne cogli uncin, perchè non galli.  
 Lo bucn Maestro : Acciocchè non si paia  
 Che tu ci sii, mi disse, giù t' acquatta  
 Dopo uno scheggio che alcun schermo t' haia. 60  
 E per nulla offension che a me sia fatta,  
 Non temer tu, ch' io ho le cose conte,  
 Perchè altra volta fui a tal baratta.  
 Poscia passò di là dal cò del ponte,  
 E com' ei giunse in su la ripa sesta,  
 Mestier gli fu d' aver sicura fronte.  
 Con quel furor e con quella tempesta  
 Ch' escono i cani addosso al poverello,  
 Che di subito chiede ove s' arresta ;  
 Usciron quei di sotto il ponticello, 70  
 E volser contra lui tutti i roncigli ;  
 Ma ei gridò : Nessun di voi sia fello.  
 Innanzi che l' uncin vostro mi pigli,  
 Traggasi avanti l' un di voi che m' oda,  
 E poi di roncigliarmi si consigli.  
 Tutti gridaron : Vada Malacoda :  
 Perchè un si mosse, e gli altri stetter fermi ;

<sup>1</sup> The city of Lucca was under the patronage of Santa Zita, and her magistrates bore the title of *Anziani*. The unnamed victim, Buti thinks, was Martin Bottai, who, with Bonturo dei Dati, divided the influence at Lucca in those days. They were rivals in knavery as well

as power; for Dante's exception of Bonturo here is the bitterest irony.

<sup>2</sup> See a humorous satire, *De Domino Denario*, in G. Ellis's *Specimens of Early English Poetry*, vol. i. p. 216.

<sup>3</sup> *Tornò su convolto*. As no one,

He cried, 'lo! here <sup>1</sup> Saint Zita's senator :  
 Plunge him beneath, while I again withdraw  
 To that same land, endowed with such good store :  
 'There, save Bonturo, every man 's a cheat,  
<sup>2</sup> 'There pence make *yes* of what was *no* before.'  
 Then flung him down, and turning, sped so fleet  
 O'er the hard rock—did mastiff never chase  
 The flying thief so fast along the street.  
 His victim dived, then <sup>3</sup> rose with upward face,  
 Whereat the fiends, below the bridge who keep,  
 Cried, 'Here the Holy Visage hath no place ;  
 Far other swimming this than Serchio's deep ;  
 Then, as thou wouldest not our tenters' scratch,  
 Take heed thou ne'er the pitchy tide o'erleap :  
 Here under covert must the dancers match ;'  
 Then added, while their hundred prongs in him  
 Set tooth, 'Good skulking here, if aught thou snatch.'  
 So master-cooks their scullions from the rim  
 Teach ever toward the middle of the pot  
 To thrust the meat with flesh-hook, lest it swim.  
 Then spake my generous chief, 'Go, hide thee squat  
 Behind some crag which may for shelter fit,  
 That of my presence these advise them not.  
 Nor thou for outrage done to me permit  
 Thy heart to fear : my plans are well bestowed ;  
 Like quarrel challenging, hath proved my wit  
 Ere now.' So from the bridge-head took his road  
 Downward, and when he mounted the sixth mound,  
 Much needed that a dauntless front he showed.  
 For with such fury and tempestuous bound  
 As spring the dogs some beggar-wight to rend,  
 Who sudden stops and craves with whining sound ;  
 Did from below the bridge these starting bend  
 On him their flesh-prongs all in dense array ;  
 Who sternly warned : 'Dare none of you offend.  
 Or e'er your grapnels shred my limbs away,  
 Come one before his mates, to hear my word,  
 And counsel then to hook me, as ye may.'  
 'Go, Malacoda,' they with one accord  
 Exclaimed ; and one came muttering, as the rest

either in the Serchio or any other  
 river, could swim bent double, nor  
 was it likely that the sinner could  
 hear the demons with his head  
 under the pitch, I translate *su con-*  
*volto* together, having no doubt  
 that the fiends sneer at their vic-  
 tim, as well as at his superstition,

in the words *qui non ha luogo il*  
*Santo Volto*. The *Holy Visage*  
 was a supposed likeness of the  
 Saviour taken by Nicodemus, which,  
 after various adventures, was safely  
 lodged in the Church of St. Martin,  
 in Lucca. The Serchio flows near  
 that city.

E venne a lui dicendo : Che gli approda ?  
 Credi tu, Malacoda, qui vedermi,  
 Esser venuto, disse il mio Maestro, 80  
 Securo già da tutti i vostri schermi,  
 Senza voler divino e fato destro ?  
 Lasciami andar, chè nel cielo è voluto  
 Ch' io mostri altrui questo cammin silvestro.  
 Allor gli fu l' orgoglio sì caduto,  
 Che si lasciò cascar l' uncino ai piedi,  
 E disse agli altri : omai non sia feruto.  
 E il Duca mio a me : O tu, che siedì  
 Tra gli scheggion del ponte quatto quatto,  
 Sicuramente omai a me ti riedi. 90  
 Perch' io mi mossi, ed a lui venni ratto ;  
 E i diavoli si fecer tutti avanti,  
 Sì ch' io temetti non tenesser patto.  
 E così vid' io già temer li fanti  
 Ch' uscivan patteggiati di Caprona,  
 Veggendo sè tra nemici cotanti.  
 Io m' accostai con tutta la persona  
 Lungo il mio Duca, e non torceva gli occhi  
 Dalla sembianza lor ch' era non buona.  
 Ei chinavan gli raffi, e, vuoi ch' io 'l tocchi, 100  
 Diceva l' un con l' altro, in sul groppone ?  
 E rispondean : Sì, fa che gliele accocchi.  
 Ma quel demonio che tenea sermone  
 Col Duca mio, si volse tutto presto  
 E disse : Posa, posa, Scarmiglione.  
 Poi disse a noi : Più oltre andar per questo  
 Scoglio non si potrà, perocchè giace  
 Tutto spezzato al fondo l' arco sesto :  
 E se l' andare avanti pur vi piace,  
 Andatevene su per questa grotta ; 110  
 Presso è un altro scoglio che via face.  
 Ier, più oltre cinqu' ore, che quest' otta,

<sup>1</sup> Caprona, a fortress on the Arno, was captured from the Pisans by the Lucchese, who leagued with the rest of the Guelphic party in Tuscany to make war on Pisa, as the head of the Ghibellines. The captors left their servants in charge of Caprona, who, being in turn besieged by a large Pisan army, and distressed for water, capitulated on condition of their lives being spared. On leaving the castle they were all tied together with a single rope,

by order of Guy de Montefeltro, lest on straggling from their convoy they should be murdered by the peasantry. But as nothing could prevent the Pisan soldiers, through whose ranks they marched, from calling out *impicca, impicca* ('hang them'), they were naturally apprehensive of the infraction of their safe conduct.

<sup>2</sup> There is considerable difficulty here, in whatever way we translate the Italian. On the one hand, the

Stood still, 'What rescue can his speech afford?  
 'Thinkest thou, Malacoda, I had pressed  
 My step thus far, from your defences freed,  
 All barriers won that could my way contest,  
 Without the Will Divine and fate to speed?  
 Nay, let me go, for on this savage path  
 'T is willed in heaven that I another lead.'  
 So spake my master: he, his haughty wrath  
 Abating, at his feet the hook he plied  
 Let fall, and schooled his fellows: 'Must no scathe  
 Assail him here.' 'Ho! trembler, that dost hide  
 Crouching the bridge's rugged brows among,  
 Rejoin me now securely.' Thus my guide:  
 'Then I toward him moved swiftly, and the throng  
 Of devils so rushed forward, that my doubt  
 Was sore, lest they their new-made compact wrong.  
 So from 'Caprona when the servant rout  
 Conditionary marched, like timorous mood  
 Seized them to see all foemen round about.  
 Shrinking I drew my person, as I stood,  
 Close to my leader's side, nor dared mine eyes  
 Turn from their countenance, that was not good.  
 They levelled each his drag, and 'Wilt thou,' cries  
 One to the other, 'that his back-parts feel  
 My weapon's touch?' 'Ay.' quoth his mate, 'surprise  
 The stranger with its trick.' But sudden wheel  
 The demon made, who with my chief conversed,  
 And cried, 'Drop, Scarmiglione, drop thy steel.'  
 Then thus: 'Your onward way is stopt, where erst  
 Along this reef ye journeyed, in such kind  
 Down to its basement shivered all and burst  
 The sixth arch lies: if ne'ertheless your mind  
 Yet urge you to advance, this causeway climb,  
 On neighbouring reef good transit shall ye find.  
 'Know thou, five added hours to this of prime

evangelists distinctly tell us that the earthquake happened at the very time of our Lord's death; and hence Lombardi argues that *quest'otta* must be understood of the *fourth* hour: to which Biagioli answers, I think justly, that it is incredible three whole hours had elapsed from their arrival on the bridge of the Fifth Pouch. I have therefore followed the majority of the commentators, and supposed the poet to speak of the moment

of the crucifixion. It should be observed that Dante represents himself to have taken this journey, not on the Good Friday and Easter Eve of the year 1300, but on the days of that year which corresponded, by their proximity to the full moon, with those on which the actual death and burial of the Redeemer happened: 1266 years added to 34, the age assigned to our Lord by the poet elsewhere, make up the 1300.

Mille dugento con sessanta sei  
 Anni compìer, che qui la via fu rotta.  
 Io mando verso là di questi miei  
 A riguardar s' alcun se ne sciorina :  
 Gite con lor, ch' e' non saranno rei.  
 Tratti avanti, Alichino e Calcabrina,  
 Cominciò egli a dire, e tu, Cagnazzo,  
 E Barbariccia guidi la decina. 120  
 Libicocco vegna oltre, e Draghignazzo,  
 Ciriatto sannuto, e Graffiacane,  
 E Farfarello, e Rubicante pazzo.  
 Cercate intorno le bollenti pane ;  
 Costor sien salvi insino all' altro scheggio,  
 Che tutto intero va sopra le tane.  
 O me ! Maestro, che è quel che io veggio ?  
 Diss' io : deh ! senza scorta andiamci soli,  
 Se tu sa' ir, ch' io per me non la chieggiò.  
 Se tu se' sì accorto come suoli, 130  
 Non vedi tu ch' ei digrignan li denti,  
 E colle ciglia ne minaccian duoli ?  
 Ed egli a me : Non vo' che tu paventi :  
 Lasciali digrignar pure a lor senno,  
 Ch' ei fanno ciò per li lessi dolenti.  
 Per l' argine sinistro volta dienno ;  
 Ma prima avea ciascun la lingua stretta  
 Co' denti, verso lor duca per cenno,  
 Ed egli avea del cul fatto trombetta.

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 CANTO XXII.

*Lago stesso dal quale un barattiere vien tratto pei capegli con un runciglio ; sua astuzia per uscir di mano del Diavolo che il ritiene. Zuffa tra due diavoli che s' attuffano pur essi nella pece bollente.*

I' VIDI già cavalier muover campo,  
 E cominciare stormo, o far lor mostra,  
 E talvolta partir per loro scampo :  
 Corridor vidi per la terra vostra,  
 O Aretini, e vidi gir gualdane,

\* These names of the demons are, some of them at least, significant—*Graffiacane*, for instance; but the attempts to explain them ap-

pear to me, on the whole, infelicitous.

<sup>1</sup> Leonard Aretin, in his life of Dante, states that the poet was serving on horseback in the Flor-

Made yesterday twelve hundred years that fill  
 With other sixty-six the lapsèd time  
 Since here the road was broken. 'T is my will  
 Of these to send spies yonder, that for air  
 None raise him : join their company, nor ill  
 Suspect from them : ho, ' Calcabrina there,  
 Alichino, and thou, Cagnazzo,' he began,  
 ' With Libicocco Draghignazzo pair,  
 And Barbariccia lead the decade's van :  
 Farfarello with mad Rubicant combine,  
 ' With tuskèd Ciriatto Graffiacan :  
 And round the boiling birdlime while your line  
 Searches, to yonder twain safe convoy be,  
 Where other crag bends all-unbroken spine  
 Across the dens.' ' Alas ! what do I see ?  
 Master,' I cried, ' no escort ! let us part  
 Alone ; guide, an thou know'st ; none else for me.  
 Markest thou not, so wary as thou art,  
 How these display their teeth with grinning leer,  
 And from their eyebrows menace deadly smart ?'  
 And he to me : ' I will not have thee fear ;  
 Even as they list, their grinning mocks be flung  
 Justly to taunt the sodden sufferers here.'  
 They, up the leftward bank or e'er they sprung,  
 Did, each one turning him, their chieftain hail  
 With spluttering signal of the teeth and tongue,  
 While he had made a trumpet of his tail.

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 CANTO XXII.

ARGUMENT.—*Fifth Pouch continued. Cunning displayed by a Navarrese to elude the vengeance of the Malebranche. Their consequent scuffle and separation from the Poets.*

Oft have I seen, when fielded cavaliers  
 Struck tents, or led the onset, or their band  
 Mustered, or haply wheeling, as their fears  
 Advised retreat ; I've seen across your land,  
 O <sup>1</sup> Aretines, now scout, now squadron dashing :

entine army at the battle of Campaldino, where the cavalry of Arezzo, having repulsed the Florentine horse, and pursuing them too

rashly, occasioned the defeat of their own forces. Dante probably alludes to this particular conflict, as he apostrophises the Aretines.



Ferir torneamenti, e correr giostra,  
 Quando con trombe, e quando con campane,  
 Con tamburi e con cenni di castella,  
 E con cose nostrali e con istrane ;  
 Nè già con sì diversa cennamella 10  
 Cavalier vidi mover, nè pedoni,  
 Nè nave a segno di terra o di stella.  
 Noi andavam con li dieci dimoni :  
 Ahi fiera compagnia ! ma nella chiesa  
 Co' santi, ed in taverna co' ghiottoni.  
 Pure alla pegola era la mia intesa,  
 Per veder della bolgia ogni contegno,  
 E della gente ch' entro v' era incesa.  
 Come i delfini, quando fanno segno 20  
 Ai marinar con l' arco della schiena,  
 Che s' argomentin di campar lor legno ;  
 Talor così ad alleggiar la pena  
 Mostrava alcun dei peccatori il dosso,  
 E nascondeva in men che non balena.  
 E come all' orlo dell' acqua d' un fosso  
 Stan li ranocchi pur col muso fuori,  
 Sì che celano i piedi e l' altro grosso ;  
 Sì stavan d' ogni parte i peccatori :  
 Ma come s' appressava Barbariccia,  
 Così si ritraean sotto i bollori. 30  
 Io vidi, ed anche il cuor mi s' accapriccia,  
 Uno aspettar così, com' egli incontra  
 Che una rana rimane, e l' altra spiccia.  
 E Graffiacan, che gli era più di contra,  
 Gli arroncigliò le impegolate chiome,  
 E trassel su, che mi parve una lontra.  
 Io sapea già di tutti quanti il nome,  
 Sì li notai, quando furono eletti,  
 E poi che si chiamaro, attesi come.  
 O Rubicante, fa che tu li metti 40  
 Gli unghioni addosso sì che tu lo scuoi,  
 Gridavan tutti insieme i maledetti.  
 Ed io : Maestro mio, fa, se tu puoi,  
 Che tu sappi chi è lo sciagurato  
 Venuto a man degli avversari suoi.  
 Lo Duca mio gli s' accostò allato,  
 Domandollo ond' ei fosse, e quei rispose :  
 Io fui del regno di Navarra nato.

\* This was one Giampolo, or King of Navarre, A.D. 1234. one  
 Ciampolo. Theobald, or Thibaut of the most successful of the Trou-  
 V., count of Champagne, and first badours. He was accused, on very

Seen tourneys fought and joustings, at command  
 Sometime of trump, sometime of bells wild clashing,  
 And drums, and castled 'larums heard afar,  
 And things of ours, and things of stranger fashion ;  
 But ever moved to quainter pipe of war  
 Or horsemen's troop or footmen's saw I not,  
 Nor ship at beacon shown from earth or star.  
 With the ten fiends we went—ah ! hideous lot—  
 Companioning, to make the proverb good,  
*With saints in church, in taverns with the sot.*  
 But I intently o'er the pitch to brood  
 Hung searching what that hell-pouch might ingrave,  
 And whose the souls that of the scalding flood  
 Lay burnt. As dolphins o'er the surgy wave  
 Arching their spine for signal, when they bid  
 The mariner bethink him how to save  
 His vessel, thus in strugglings to be rid  
 Of the agony, some sinner dared to show  
 His back above ; then quick as lightning hid.  
 And as along some ditch's brink in row  
 The ranging frogs their muzzles only pout,  
 And hide the feet and bloated trunk below,  
 So every side the sinful ones peered out,  
 So stood, till, Barbariccia drawing near,  
 Beneath the boiling mass in hasty rout  
 They plunged again. I saw—and yet with fear  
 Shudders my heart—one linger, as hath chanced  
 A frog, whose fellow shoots to disappear :  
 And Graffiacan, that opposite advanced  
 Stood nighest, grappling him 'gan upward haul  
 By the pitch-clotted hair—seemed he had lanced  
 An otter. I the several names of all,  
 As they were chosen, had in memory stored,  
 And marked how each his comrade wont to call.  
 'Ho ! Rubicantè, be thy talons scored  
 Upon that back, and deep enough to flay : '  
 Screamed all at once that execrable horde.  
 And I, ' Sweet master, gather, if you may,  
 What luckless wight cometh to be so torn  
 By the adversaries' hand.' My guide, his way  
 Close bending to the side of that forlorn,  
 Demanded whence he came ; who answered straight,  
 ' I in the kingdom of Navarre was born :

slight grounds, of a criminal pas-  
 sion for Blanche, wife of Louis  
 VIII. of France, and the slander

was repeated by Matthew Paris.  
 Dante evidently did not credit,  
 even if he knew it.

Mia madre a servo d' un signor mi pose,  
 Chè m' avea generato d' un ribaldo 50  
 Distruggitor di sè e di sue cose.  
 Poi fui famiglia del buon re Tebaldo ;  
 Quivi mi misi a far baratteria,  
 Di che io rendo ragione in questo caldo.  
 E Ciriatto, a cui di bocca uscìa  
 D' ogni parti una sanna come a porco,  
 Gli fe' sentir come l' una sdrucia.  
 Tra male gatte era venuto il sorco ;  
 Ma Barbariccia il chiuse con le braccia,  
 E disse : State in là, mentr' io lo inforco. 60  
 E al Maestro mio volse la faccia :  
 Dimanda, disse, ancor se più disii  
 Saper da lui, prima ch' altri il disfaccia.  
 Lo Duca : Dunque or di' degli altri rii :  
 Conosci tu alcun che sia Latino  
 Sotto la pece ? E quegli ; Io mi partii  
 Poco è da un, che fu di là vicino ;  
 Così foss' io ancor con lui coverto,  
 Ch' io non temerei unghia, nè uncino. 70  
 E Libicocco : Troppo avem sofferto,  
 Disse, e prese gli il braccio col runciglio,  
 Sì che, stracciando, ne portò un lacerto.  
 Draghignazzo anch' ei volle dar di piglio  
 Giù dalle gambe ; onde il decurio loro  
 Si volse intorno intorno con mal piglio.  
 Quand' elli un poco rappaciatì foro,  
 A lui che ancor mirava sua ferita,  
 Dimandò il Duca mio senza dimoro :  
 Chi fu colui, da cui mala partita  
 Di' che facesti per venire a proda ? 80  
 Ed ei rispose : Fu frate Gomita,  
 Quel di Gallura, vassel d' ogni froda,  
 Ch' ebbe i nimici di suo donno in mano,  
 E fe' lor sì, che ciascun se ne loda :  
 Denar si tolse, e lasciollì di piano,  
 Si com' ei dice : ei negli altri ufici anche  
 Barattier fu non picciol, ma sovrano.  
 Usa con esso donno Michel Zanche

\* After the downfall of the Roman empire in Italy, Sardinia was taken by the Saracens, from whom the Pisans recovered it during the period of their naval power

in the Mediterranean. They divided the island into four prefectures, named respectively Logodoro, Callari (now Cagliari), Gallura, and Alborea, and sent three persons,

My mother on a Spanish lord to wait  
 Placed me, conceived by her of ribald sire,  
 The waster of himself and of his state.  
 The good king Tybalt serving next for hire,  
 I ventured there in briberies to dip  
 My hands, and here atone in liquid fire.'  
 Ciriatto then, projecting o'er whose lip  
 A boar's tusk armed on either side the jaws,  
 Proved feelingly to him how one could rip.  
 The mouse had fallen 'mong cats of evil claws;  
 But Barbariccia with a strict embrace  
 Grasped him, and said, 'Stand all aside, and pause  
 Until my fork impale him:' then, his face  
 Turning, bespoke my master thus: 'If more  
 Thou crave, ere others rend him, ask apace.'  
 'Tell if thou know'st a Latin, I implore,  
 Amid those lost ones,' my conductor said,  
 'Under the pitch:' and he, 'Brief while before  
 I quitted one, the Latin's neighbour bred:  
 Would, I with him were covered! so nor touch  
 Of tenter-hook nor talon might I dread.'  
 With that snarled Libicocco, 'We too much  
 Have borne;' then, fastening on the arm his crook,  
 Wrenched off a dangling sinew in its clutch.  
 Nor Draghignazzo thirsted less to hook  
 His legs below; whence round and round him went  
 The fiendish decury with bitter look.  
 Their lust of vengeance now a little spent,  
 Of him, that wistfully upon his maim  
 Was gazing yet, my guide incontinent  
 Asked—'Who was he, whom quitting for thy shame  
 Thou crawledst up the brink to look abroad?'  
 'Fratè Gomita,' said the ghost, 'his name,  
 Gallura's prefect, vessel of all fraud,  
 Who, finding in his grasp his Liege's foes,  
 So treated, they their luck may well applaud:  
 Moneys he took, and, as his story goes,  
 Themselves let loose: alike in every post  
 No petty knave, but paramount he rose.  
 With him consorts Don Michel Zanche most

chosen from the principal Pisan  
 families, as governors, who in time  
 became sovereign lords of the  
 territories committed to their  
 charge. The Friar Gomita here

spoken of seems to have ingratiated  
 himself so far with one of these  
 petty princes, Nino Visconti, as to  
 have obtained the management of  
 affairs in Gallura.

Di Logodoro ; ed a dir di Sardigna  
 Le lingue lor non si sentono stanche. 90  
 O me ! vedete l' altro che digrigna :  
 I' direi anche ; ma i' temo ch' ello  
 Non s' apparecchi a grattarmi la tigna.  
 E il gran proposto volto a Farfarello,  
 Che stralunava gli occhi per ferire,  
 Disse : Fatti in costà, malvagio uccello.  
 Se voi volete vedere o udire,  
 Ricominciò lo spaurato appresso,  
 Toschi o Lombardi, io ne farò venire.  
 Ma stien le male branche un poco in cesso, 100  
 Sì che non teman delle lor vendette ;  
 Ed io, seggendo in questo loco stesso,  
 Per un ch' io son, ne farò venir sette,  
 Quando sufolerò, com' è nostr' uso  
 Di fare allor che fuori alcun si mette.  
 Cagnazzo a cotal motto levò il muso,  
 Crollando il capo, e disse : Odi malizia  
 Ch' egli ha pensato per gittarsi giuso.  
 Ond' ei ch' avea lacciuoli a gran divizia,  
 Rispose : Malizioso son io troppo, 110  
 Quando procuro a' miei maggior tristizia.  
 Alichin non si tenne, e di rintoppo  
 Agli altri, disse a lui : Se tu ti cali,  
 In non ti verrò dietro di galoppo,  
 Ma batterò sovra la pece l' ali :  
 Lascisi il colle, e sia la ripa scudo  
 A veder se tu sol più di noi vali.  
 O tu, che leggi, udirai nuovo ludo.  
 Ciascun dall' altra costa gli occhi volse ;  
 Quel prima, ch' a ciò fare era più crudo. 120  
 Lo Navarrese ben suo tempo colse,  
 Fermò le piante a terra, e in un punto  
 Saltò e dal proposto lor si sciolse ;  
 Di che ciascun di colpo fu compunto,  
 Ma quei più, che cagion fu del difetto ;  
 Però si mosse, e gridò : 'Tu se' giunto.  
 Ma poco valse : chè l' ale al sospetto  
 Non potero avanzar : quegli andò sotto,

\* About the middle of the thirteenth century, Frederic II. reunited Sardinia to the German empire, and established his natural son Enzo as king, causing him to

marry Adelasia, heiress of Logodoro. To this Enzo, Michel Zanche is said to have been seneschal ; and after the death of the Emperor Frederic, when the imperial power

Of Logodoro, <sup>4</sup> and when these begin  
 Talk of Sardinia, so their tongues engrossed  
 Seem ne'er to tire—but ah ! my heart—the grin  
 Of yonder demon see : more could I tell,  
 But fear lest he prepare to scratch my skin.'  
 And their high provost, turned to Farfarell,  
 Who leered with eyes asquint, ready to smite,  
 Exclaimed, ' Stand off, malignant bird of hell.'  
 ' If such your will for hearing or for sight,'  
 Resumed the startled spirit, ' I can draw  
 Tuscans or Lombards, as ye list, to light :  
 But let awhile the Brethren of Bad Paw  
 Hold back, lest these of their revenges aught  
 Suspect : then with my whistle—such our law  
 For him of us that has the surface sought—  
 I sitting in this very place, for one,  
 My worthless self, will cause that seven be caught.'  
 Cagnazzo, scornful at his word now done,  
 Replied with wagging head and snout upcurled,  
 ' Hear but his knavish art to get him gone,  
 Plunging beneath : and he, who owned a world  
 Of wealth in snares : ' Much knavery, sure, is mine,  
 Contriving thus how mightier woe be hurled  
 Upon my friends.' No longer Alichine  
 Refrained his mates to gainsay : ' If thou flee  
 Downward,' he cried, ' I will not on thy line  
 Come galloping, but flap that pitchy sea  
 With wings. Leave we this hill, the bank be screen,  
 And witness which the stronger, thou or we.'  
 Thou, gentle reader, a new game, I ween,  
 Shalt hear. As all to other side withdrew  
 Their eyes, he first, that had the sternest been  
 To disallow, the Navarrese, who knew  
 To choose his time, stood firm, then instant flung  
 Him off, and 'scaped their purpose. Much did rue  
 The demons, whom their common error stung ;  
 But he the most, who caused so foul defeat,  
 And cried, ' I have thee,' while for flight he sprung.  
 But nought availed him, for his wings, though fleet,  
 Were slow to match suspicion. One took leap

again declined in Italy, Enzo being  
 taken prisoner and dying in cap-  
 tivity at Bologna, the wily senes-  
 chal, by various arts and rogueries,  
 obtained his master's widow in

marriage, and became Lord of  
 Logodoro. He was murdered by  
 his son-in-law Branca Doria, see  
 c. xxxiii.

E quei drizzò, volando, suso il petto :  
 Non altrimenti l' anitra di botto, 130  
 Quando il falcon s' appressa, giù s' attuffa,  
 Ed ei ritorna su crucciato e rotto.  
 Irato Calcabrina della buffa,  
 Volando dietro gli tenne, invaghito  
 Che quei campasse, per aver la zuffa.  
 E come il barattier fu disparito,  
 Così volse gli artigli al suo compagno,  
 E fu con lui sovra il fosso ghermito.  
 Ma l' altro fu bene sparvier grifagno  
 Ad artigliar ben lui, e ambedue 140  
 Cadder nel mezzo del bollente stagno.  
 Lo caldo sghermitor subito fue :  
 Ma però di levarsi era niente,  
 Sì aveano inviscate l' ale sue.  
 Barbariccia con gli altri suoi dolente  
 Quattro ne fe' volar dall' altra costa  
 Con tutti i raffi, ed assai prestamente  
 Di qua, di là discesero alla posta :  
 Porser gli uncini verso gl' impaniati,  
 Ch' eran già cotti dentro dalla crosta: 150  
 E noi lasciammo lor così impacciati.

## CANTO XXIII.

*Nuovo timore di Dante sostenuto da Virgilio come madre aiuta il figliolo in periglio. Nella sesta bolgia vanno al passo gl' ipocriti coperti di pesantissime cape di piombo dorate di fuori.*

TACITI, soli e senza compagnia,  
 N' andavam l' un dinanzi e l' altro dopo,  
 Come i frati minor vanno per via.  
 Volto era in su la favola d' Isopo  
 Lo mio pensier per la presente rissa,  
 Dov' ei parlò della rana e del topo :  
 Chè più non si pareggia mo ed issa,  
 Che l' un coll' altro fa, se ben s' accoppia  
 Principio e fine con la mente fissa :

<sup>1</sup> St. Francis, through an excessive humility, would not allow his friars to be called *Fratres*, but

*Fraterculi*, or *Fratres Minores*.

<sup>2</sup> The fable is, that the frog offered his services to the rat to

Downwards, and one returning upward beat  
 The breasted air. None otherwise the deep  
 Some mallard cleaves, from falcon diving quick :  
 She faint and angered up the air doth sweep.  
 Close followed Calcabrina, whom the trick  
 Enraged ; and yet he longed the felon then  
 Might 'scape, a plea for scuffle thence to pick :  
 And as the knave vanished from our ken,  
 Turned with his claws his fellow-fiend to tear,  
 And with him grappling fluttered o'er the den.  
 But he, a ravenous hawk, did nothing spare  
 Like grapple to retort ; till 'mid the tide  
 That boiled below them fell the tangled pair.  
 Sudden its heat, and potent to divide,  
 But with the gluey pitch they clogged, in vain  
 To raise them up their sluggard pinions tried.  
 Then Barbariccia, grieving with his train,  
 Four to the distant bank directs to wend  
 Their flight, with tenters armed ; so might and main  
 To their appointed post both sides descend,  
 And toward the limed ones, now baking long  
 Inside that crust, their helpful hooks pretend.  
 Embarrassed thus we left the demon throng.

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 CANTO XXIII.

ARGUMENT. *Pursuit of the Poets by the Demons. Sixth Pouch.*  
*Punishment of Hypocrites. Frati Godenti of Bologna. Caiaphus.*

SILENT, alone, unaccompanied, our feet  
 We moved, my guide before and I behind,  
 As walk the <sup>1</sup> Friars Minor on the street.  
 The present quarrel had my thought inclined  
 Pensive to meditate on Esop's fable,  
 How once <sup>2</sup> the Frog to drown the Rat designed.  
<sup>3</sup> Now and at once were not more comparable,  
 Than with the demons they, if linked aright  
 Their outset and their end in memory's table :

carry him over some water ; and as  
 he stopped in the middle, with in-  
 tent to drown his companion, they  
 were both of them seen and trussed

up by a hawk.

<sup>1</sup> *Mo* and *issa*, two old Tuscan  
 words signifying 'now.'



E come l' un pensier dell' altro scoppia, 10  
 Così nacque di quello un altro poi,  
 Che la prima paura mi fe' doppia.  
 Io pensava così: Questi per noi  
 Sono scherniti, e con danno e con beffa  
 Sì fatta, ch' assai credo che lor noi.  
 Se l' ira sovra il mal voler s' aggueffa,  
 Ei ne verranno dietro più crudeli,  
 Che cane a quella levre ch' egli acceffa.  
 Già mi sentia tutto arricciar li peli  
 Della paura, e stava indietro intento, 20  
 Quando io dissi: Maestro, se non celi  
 Te e me tostamente, i' ho pavento  
 Di Malebranche: noi gli avem già dietro;  
 Io gl' immagino sì, che già gli sento.  
 E quei: S' io fossi d' impiombato vetro,  
 L' imagine di fuor tua non trarrei  
 Più tosto a me, che quella d' entro impetro.  
 Pur mo venieno i tuoi pensier tra i miei  
 Con simile atto e con simile faccia,  
 Sì che d' entrambi un sol consiglio fei. 30  
 S' egli è che sì la destra costo giaccia,  
 Che noi possiam nell' altra bolgia scendere,  
 Noi fuggirem l' immaginata caccia.  
 Già non complo di tal consiglio rendere,  
 Ch' io gli vidi venir con l' ali tese,  
 Non molto lungi, per volerne prendere.  
 Lo Duca mio di subito mi prese,  
 Come la madre ch' al romore è desta,  
 E vede presso a sè le fiamme accese,  
 Che prende il figlio e fugge e non s' arresta, 40  
 Avendo più di lui che di sè cura,  
 Tanto che solo una camicia vesta:  
 E giù dal collo della ripa dura  
 Supin si diede alla pendente roccia,  
 Che l' un dei lati all' altra bolgia tura.  
 Non corse mai sì tosto acqua per doccia  
 A volger ruota di mulin terragno,  
 Quand' ella più verso le pale approccia,  
 Come il Maestro mio per quel vivagno,  
 Portandosene me sovra il suo petto, 50  
 Come suo figlio, e non come compagno.  
 Appena furo i piè suoi giunti al letto  
 Del fondo giù, ch' ei giunsero sul colle  
 Sovresso noi: ma non gli era sospetto;

And as from thought bursts other thought to light,  
So of my first imagination born  
Came there a second, doubling my first affright.  
For thus I reasoned: 'These by us have scorn,  
Have loss and mock endured enough to fill  
Their hearts, I trow, with bitterness, and torn  
By rage to whet the malice of their will,  
More fell behind us shall their hunt be led,  
Than hound's upon the hare he mouths to kill.'  
I felt my hairs stand up upon my head  
With terror, while I backward on our rear  
Stood glancing: 'If thou hasten not,' I said,  
'To hide thyself and me, master, I fear  
Those Evil-pawed: e'en now they dog our ways:  
My phantasy so works, I feel them here.'  
'If I were mirror-glass which lead o'erlays,'  
Said he, 'thine outward shape I had not shown  
More quickly caught, than now my mind displays  
Thy fancy's type: thy musings with mine own,  
In act alike, with like aspect endued,  
Mingle to shape of twain one thought alone.  
If such the right side lie, our course pursued  
To other pouch can thereby find descent,  
So might we yct the' imagined chase elude.'  
Ere he, thus counselling, had fully spent  
His word, on outspread wing I marked their band  
No long way off come ravenously bent.  
My leader seized me with like hurried hand  
As mother waked by sudden noise to shun  
The kindling flames she sees toward her fanned,  
Who, snatching up her boy, leaves not to run;  
So careless of herself, on him to think,  
That raiment, save her nightgear, hath she none.  
Then, lowered from the stony border's brink,  
Himself upon the pendent rock he threw  
Supine, that mounding dams a farther sink.  
Never through conduit-pipe so swiftly flew  
Water to turn some landward mill, when more  
And yet more near the ladled wheel it drew,  
As slid my master down that fringing shore,  
While me upon his bosom through the race,  
No mere companion, but a son, he bore.  
Hardly his feet the pavement of that base  
Had touched—above us on the brow were come  
Our keen pursuers: yet we gave no place

Chè l' alta provvidenza che lor volle  
 Porre ministri della fossa quinta,  
 Poder di partirs' indi a tutti tolle.  
 Laggiù trovammo una gente dipinta,  
 Che giva intorno assai con lenti passi  
 Piangendo, e nel sembiante stanca e vinta. 60  
 Egli avean cappe con cappucci bassi  
 Dinanzi agli occhi, fatte della taglia  
 Che per li monaci in Cologna fassi.  
 Di fuor dorate son, sì ch' egli abbaglia ;  
 Ma dentro tutte piombo, e gravi tanto,  
 Che Federigo le mettea di paglia.  
 O in eterno faticoso manto !  
 Noi ci volgemmo ancor pure a man manca  
 Con loro insieme, intenti al tristo pianto :  
 Ma per lo peso quella gente stanca 70  
 Venia sì pian, che noi eravam nuovi  
 Di compagnia ad ogni muover d' anca.  
 Perch' io al Duca mio : Fa che tu truovi  
 Alcun, ch' al fatto o al nome si conosca,  
 E gli occhi sì andando intorno muovi.  
 Ed un che intese la parola Tosca,  
 Diretro a noi gridò : Tenete i piedi,  
 Voi, che correte sì per l' aura fosca :  
 Forse ch' avrai da me quel che tu chiedi.  
 Onde il Duca si volse, e disse : Aspetta, 80  
 E poi secondo il suo passo procedi,  
 Ristetti, e vidi duo mostrar gran fretta  
 Dell' animo, col viso, d' esser meco ;  
 Ma tardavagli il carico e la via stretta.  
 Quando fur giunti, assai con l' occhio bieco  
 Mi rimiraron senza far parola :  
 Poi si volsero in sè, e dicean seco :  
 Costui par vivo all' atto della gola ;  
 E s' ei son morti, per qual privilegio  
 Vanno scoperti della grave stola ? 90  
 Poi disser me : O Tosco, ch' al collegio  
 Degl' ipocriti tristi se' venuto,  
 Dir chi tu sei non avere in dispregio.  
 Ed io a loro : Io fui nato e cresciuto

<sup>4</sup> Some say that the monks of Cologne were condemned to wear larger and clumsier cowls, to humble the ambitious vanity of one of their superiors, who had requested

for them the privilege of wearing scarlet hoods, spurs, &c. But Biagioli well observes, that the satire of the poet was probably directed at the larger and coarser

To fear; for highest Providence their home  
 In the fifth moat ordained, to keep its bound,  
 But gave no more—beyond they must not roam.  
 Deep in this pouch a painted tribe we found,  
 That moaning, and with faint and jaded mien,  
 Dragged along, step by step, their dull, slow round.  
 Cloaks had they all, with drooping cowls that lean  
 To shade the eyes, each shapen by the law  
 Of those that worn by <sup>4</sup> Còlogne's monks are seen.  
 Their gilded outside dazzled him who saw,  
 But, lined with lead, so heavily did press,  
 Compared to them were <sup>5</sup> Frederic's but of straw.  
 O mantle of eternal weariness!  
 Turned to the leftward still, we walked in rank  
 With these, and listened to their deep distress;  
 But the tired people whom that burden sank  
 Paced on so leisurely, 't was ours to change  
 For new companions often as our flank  
 We stirred. Then I besought him: 'Give to range  
 Thine eyes, still moving round, and find us there  
 Sufferer whose name or deeds shall not be strange.  
 And one, that of the Tuscan tongue was ware,  
 Cried from behind us: 'Slacken of your speed,  
 Ye that so rapidly through the murk air  
 Are running: what thou askest to areed  
 Is haply mine.' My leader turning, bade  
 'Await him here; then at his pace proceed.'  
 I stopped, and saw a pair, whose face portrayed  
 Much inward haste to me to make advance,  
 But still their load and straitened path delayed.  
 Arrived at length, on me with eyes askance  
 They looked, nor uttered word,—then looked again,  
 And with themselves, exchanging mutual glance,  
 Thus communed: 'Yonder, by his windpipe's strain,  
 Yet lives; if dead, what privilege have they  
 To go uncovered of our ponderous train?'  
 Then thus to me: 'Tuscan, who findest way  
 To our sad college, hypocrites accurst,  
 Be not disdainful who thou art to say.'  
 'In the great city was I born and nurst,'

cowls, which indicated hypocrisy on the part of those monks.

<sup>5</sup> Frederic II. is said to have punished criminals guilty of leze-

majesty, by inclosing them in leaden shrouds, and thus committing them to the flames to be melted down with the metal.

Sovra il bel fiume d' Arno alla gran villa,  
 E son col corpo ch' i' ho sempre avuto.  
 Ma voi chi siete, a cui tanto distilla,  
 Quant' io veggio, dolor giù per le guance,  
 E che pena è in voi che sì sfavilla?  
 E l' un rispose a me: Le cappe rance 100  
 Son di piombo sì grosse, che li pesi  
 Fan così cigolar le lor bilance.  
 Frati Godenti fummo, e Bolognesi,  
 Io Catalano, e costui Loderingo  
 Nomati, e da tua terra insieme presi,  
 Come suole esser tolto un uom solingo  
 Per conservar sua pace, e fumme tali,  
 Ch' ancor si pare intorno dal Gardingo.  
 Io cominciai: O frati, i vostri mali...  
 Ma più non dissi: che agli occhi mi corse 110  
 Un, crocifisso in terra con tre pali.  
 Quando mi vide, tutto si distorse,  
 Soffiando nella barba co' sospiri:  
 E il frate Catalan, ch' a ciò s' accorse,  
 M' disse: Quel confitto, che tu miri,  
 Consigliò i Farisci, che convenia  
 Porre un uom per lo popolo a' martiri.  
 Attraversato e nudo è per la via,  
 Come tu vedi, ed è mestier ch' e' senta  
 Qualunque passa com' ei pesa pria: 120  
 E a tal modo il suocero si stenta  
 In questa fossa, e gli altri del concilio  
 Che fu per li Giudei mala sementa.  
 Allor vid' io maravigliar Virgilio  
 Sopra colui ch' era disteso in croce  
 Tanto vilmente nell' eterno esilio.  
 Poscia drizzò al frate cotal voce:  
 Non vi dispiaccia, se vi lece, dirci

\* The spirit compares their groans, from the burden of their cloaks, to the creaking noise of a pair of scales over-weighted.

† These *Frati Godenti* were an order of ecclesiastical chivalry, instituted by Pope Urban IV. in Lombardy, and properly called *Frati di Santa Maria*; but being permitted to live at home, to marry, and to enjoy other worldly privileges, they became distinguished by the above title from the more

ascetic orders.

‡ Paolino Pieri, in the 7th book and 13th chapter of his Chronicle, says—'In the year 1266, on the 1st of July, were elected two podestà, at one time, in Florence, to hold power for six months, and these were Frati Godenti, of Bologna: one, Messer Loderingo degli Andalò; the other, M. Napoleone Catalani.' The former was chosen by the Ghibellines, the latter by the Guelphic party; but in

I said, 'that crowneth Arno's gentle flow,  
 And wear the body which I wore at first.  
 But who are ye, from whom so bitter woe  
 I trace distilled in tear-drops down the cheek?  
 What torment yours to feed so fierce a glow?'  
 'Our orange cloaks'—did one in answer speak,  
 'Hang with lead so encumbered, 't is their weight  
 Compels the <sup>6</sup> shouldering balance thus to creak.  
 We, <sup>7</sup> Joyous Brethren of Bologna late,  
 I <sup>8</sup> Catalano, Loderingo he  
 Was named, together chosen of thy state,  
 As man without colleague is wont to be,  
 Conservers of her peace, and of what sort  
 We were, the Castle's place gives yet to see.'  
 'Brethren, your crimes—', began I, and broke short  
 My word, for on the ground <sup>9</sup> one crucified  
 With triple stake surprised me. All distort  
 He, when he glimpsed me, struggled as to hide,  
 And stuffed his waving beard with many a sigh:  
 While the friar Catalan, who him espied,  
 Said, 'Yon transpierced that arrests thine eye  
 Counsell'd the Pharisees, 't were well bestowed  
 That one man for the people's sin should die.  
 Now naked as thou seest, athwart the road  
 He stretches, and his doom, whoever cross,  
 To prove the first how heavy weighs his load.  
 And in like fashion racked upon the fosse  
 Lies his wife's father, lie those others all  
 Whose council sowed the seed of Judah's loss.'  
 Then saw I Virgil's eyes in wonder fall  
 On that vile outcast, who, so deeply shamed,  
 Endured his cross in Hell's eternal thrall.  
 He looked, then questioning the friar exclaimed,  
 'If on the right hand any pass diverge,

a short time the gold of the Guelphs proved too tempting for them both: the Ghibellines, by their means, were expelled from Florence, and the palaces of the Uberti, chiefs of that side, which stood in the street of the citadel, were plundered and burnt.

<sup>6</sup> Caiaphas, high priest of the Jews at the time of the crucifixion. About two years afterwards, Vitellius, then governor of Syria, deposed him from the priesthood, and

he destroyed himself. Annas was his father-in-law. The confusion and irregularity of the high priesthood in those times were, of themselves, significant warnings, that the sacerdotal privilege of the house of Aaron was about to pass away from it, and they helped to prepare the minds of serious and observing Israelites for Him who was to be 'a Priest for ever, after the order of Melchizedec.'

Se alla man destra giace alcuna foce,  
 Onde noi ambedue possiamo uscirci 130  
 Senza costringer degli angeli neri,  
 Che vegnan d' esto fondo a dipartirci.  
 Rispose adunque: Più che tu non sperì  
 S' appressa un sasso, che dalla gran cerchia  
 Si muove, e varca tutti i vallon feri,  
 Salvo ch' a questo è rotto, e nol coperchia:  
 Montar potrete su per la ruina,  
 Che giace in costa, e nel fondo soperchia.  
 Lo Duca stette un poco a testa china,  
 Poi disse: Mal contava la bisogna 140  
 Colui che i peccator di là uncina.  
 E il frate: Io udi' già dire a Bologna  
 Del Diavol vizii assai, tra i quali udi'  
 Ch' egli è bugiardo, e padre di menzogna.  
 Appresso il Duca a gran passi sen gì  
 Turbato un poco d' ira nel sembiante:  
 Ond' io dagl' incarcati mi parti'  
 Dietro alle poste delle care piante.

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### CANTO XXIV.

*Per lo scosceso dosso d' un aspro sasso scendono i Poeti nella settima bolgia, ove si puniscono i ladri. Vanni Fucci giace fra serpi e cener fatto, poscia ripiglia sua figura. Si parla de' Bianchi e de' Neri.*

IN quella parte del giovinetto anno,  
 Che il sole i crin sotto l' Aquario temprà,  
 E già le notti al mezzo dì sen vanno:  
 Quando la brina in su la terra assempra  
 L' imagine di sua sorella bianca,  
 Ma poco dura alla sua penna temprà;  
 Lo villanello, a cui la roba manca,  
 Si leva e guarda, e vede la campagna  
 Biancheggiar tutta, ond' ei si batte l' anca:  
 Ritorna a casa, e qua e là si lagna, 10  
 Come il tapin che non sa che si faccia;  
 Poi riede, e la speranza ringavagna,  
 Veggendo il mondo aver cangiata faccia

<sup>10</sup> Bologna had a university, the revival of literature; but I famous from the earliest times of have no doubt Biagioli is right in

Please you declare it, so ye may unblamed,  
 By which we can together both emerge,  
 Nor escort force from those black sons of wrath  
 To come and loose us from this dungeon gurge.  
 He answered, 'Nearer than thy hope, a path  
 Of rock, that from the giant circle down  
 Goes shelving, all these grisly trenches hath  
 O'erarching bridged—this only doth not crown,  
 But parts abrupt. Ye shall the ruins climb,  
 Where sidelong piled upon the deep they frown.'  
 With head inclined my leader stood brief time,  
 Then thus: 'False reckoning made our certifier,  
 That hooks the sinners yonder in the slime.'  
 'I in <sup>10</sup> Bologna's school—' rejoined the friar,  
 'Much heard of Satan's vices; there I learned  
 Father of lies he is, himself arch liar.'  
 Anon my chief, whose troubled aspect burned  
 With touch of anger, onward striding moved,  
 And from those heavy-mantled souls I turned,  
 Following the impress of the feet beloved.

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 CANTO XXIV.

ARGUMENT.—*The Poets recover their footing on the Bridge of the Seventh Pouch. Punishment of Robbers. Wonderful Transformation. Prophecy of Vanni Fucci.*

WHEN yet the year is infant, and the sun  
 Tempers his hair in dank <sup>1</sup> Aquarius' gloom,  
 And now the nights to halve with daylight run,  
 While o'er the ground the dew-frost doth assume  
 Her <sup>2</sup> sister's imaged white, nor long retain  
 Her imitative purity of plume,  
 Scant of his daily means, the village swain  
 Rises and looks abroad, and whitened o'er  
 Sees all the champaign round him; thence again,  
 Smiting his thigh, goes home, and plaineth sore  
 Now hither turned, now thither, what to do  
 Unknowing, restless wretch: then comes once more,  
 And rallies hope, to see creation's hue

connecting this with c. xvii. 58, 59,  
 as a satirical touch of the poet.

<sup>1</sup> The sun enters Aquarius about  
 the 21st of January. <sup>2</sup> The snow.



In poco d' ora, e prende suo vincastro,  
 E fuor le pecorelle a pascere caccia :  
 Così mi fece sbigottir lo Mastro,  
 Quand' io gli vidi sì turbar la fronte,  
 E così tosto al mal giunse lo impiastro :  
 Chè come noi venimmo al guasto ponte,  
 Lo Duca a me si volse con quel piglio 20  
 Dolce, ch' io vidi in prima a piè del monte.  
 Le braccia aperse, dopo alcun consiglio  
 Eletto seco, riguardando prima  
 Ben la ruina, e diedemi di piglio.  
 E come quei che adopera ed istima,  
 Che sempre par che innanzi si proveggia ;  
 Così, levando me su ver la cima  
 D' un ronchione, avvisava un' altra scheggia,  
 Dicendo : Sopra quella poi t' aggrappa ;  
 Ma tenta pria s' è tal ch' ella ti reggia. 30  
 Non era via da vestito di cappa,  
 Chè noi a pena, ei lieve, ed io sospinto,  
 Potevam su montar di chiappa in chiappa.  
 E se non fosse, che da quel precinto,  
 Più che dall' altro, era la costa corta,  
 Non so di lui, ma io sarei ben vinto.  
 Ma perchè Malebolge in ver la porta  
 Del bassissimo pozzo tutta pende,  
 Lo sito di ciascuna valle porta,  
 Che l' una costa surge e l' altra scende : 40  
 Noi pur venimmo alfine in su la punta  
 Onde l' ultima pietra si scoscende.  
 La lena m' era del polmon sì munta  
 Quando fui su, ch' io non potea più oltre,  
 Anzi mi assisi nella prima giunta.  
 Omai convien che tu così ti spoltre,  
 Disse il Maestro : chè, seggendo in piuma,  
 In fama non si vien, nè sotto coltre :  
 Sanza la qual chi sua vita consuma,  
 Cotal vestigio in terra di sè lascia, 50  
 Qual fumo in aere od in acqua la schiuma :  
 E però leva su, vinci l' ambascia  
 Con l' animo che vince ogni battaglia,  
 Se col suo grave corpo non s' accascia.  
 Più lunga scala convien che si saglia :  
 Non basta da costoro esser partito :

\* Biagioli supposes this 'longer

Changed in a passing hour ; that forth to graze  
With switch in hand he drives his flock anew ;  
None otherwise my guide with blank amaze  
Chilled me, when I beheld his troubled mien ;  
As quick the plaster on the sore he lays :  
For when we came the broken arch between,  
He turned upon me beaming that sweet smile  
I by the mountain-foot had early seen.  
Silent he counselled with himself awhile,  
Then oped his arms, and caught me to his breast ;  
But first considered well the ruined pile.  
And like the man that, to his work addrest,  
Takes count, and ever seems to look with care  
Beyond him, thus up one rock's ragged crest  
He lifting me, of other crag was ware,  
And ' Clamber next up yonder mass,' he said,  
' But first assay, how firm thy weight to bear.'  
No pathway this for sinner cloaked in lead ;  
For hardly, I uphoisted, he so light,  
From hold to upper hold our climbing sped :  
And were it not, that inward precinct's height  
Less than its fellow reared the circling wall,  
Of him I know not—I had sunk outright.  
But forasmuch as Malebolge all  
Slope to that lowest well-mouth ever bends,  
To each inclining trench it must befall  
That one side shoulders up, and one descends.  
So, mounting, to the point at length we strained,  
Whence the last rock breaks sudden off, and ends.  
I reached it ; but so utterly were drained  
My lungs of breath, I could no farther go,  
But sat me down, the causeway once attained.  
' Rouse thee,' my master urged, ' 't is time to throw  
This lethargy aside ; who dozing lies  
'Tween coverlet and feathers, ne'er shall know  
Renown, and without her who wastes and dies,  
Leaves of himself like trace on earth behind,  
As foam on wave, or vapour on the skies.  
Up, then ; o'ercome thy breathlessness by mind ;  
To win the battle mind shall never fail,  
If by her own dull body's weight declined  
She faint not. <sup>3</sup> Longer stair have we to scale,  
And, those surmounting, little yet have done ;

stair' to mean the hill of Purgatory.

Se tu m' intendi, or fa sì che ti vaglia.  
 Levàmi allor, mostrandomi fornito  
 Meglio di lena ch' i' non mi sentia ;  
 E dissi : Va, ch' io son forte ed ardito. 60  
 Su per lo scoglio prendemmo la via,  
 Ch' era ronchioso, stretto e malagevole,  
 Ed erto più assai che quel di pria.  
 Parlando andava per non parer fievole,  
 Onde una voce uscìo dall' altro fosso,  
 A parole formar disconvenevole.  
 Non so che disse, ancor che sovra il dosso  
 Fossi dell' arco già che varca quivi ;  
 Ma chi parlava ad ira pareva mosso.  
 Io era volto in giù ; ma gli occhi vivi 70  
 Non potean ire al fondo per l' oscuro :  
 Perch' io : Maestro, fa che tu arrivi  
 Dall' altro cinghio, e dismantiam lo muro ;  
 Chè com' i' odo quinci e non intendo,  
 Così giù veggio, e niente affiguro.  
 Altra risposta, disse, non ti rendo,  
 Se non lo far : chè la dimanda onesta  
 Si dee seguir coll' opera tacendo.  
 Noi discendemmo il ponte dalla testa,  
 Ove s' aggiunge coll' ottava ripa, 80  
 E poi mi fu la bolgia manifesta :  
 E vidivi entro terribile stipa  
 Di serpenti, e di sì diversa mena,  
 Che la memoria il sangue ancor mi scipa.  
 Più non si vanti Libia con sua rena :  
 Che, se chelidri, iaculi e faree  
 Produce, e cenci con anfesibena,  
 Nè tante pestilenze nè sì ree  
 Mostrò giammai con tutta l' Etiopia,  
 Nè con ciò che di sopra il mar rosso ee. 90  
 Tra questa cruda e tristissima copia  
 Correvan genti nude e spaventate.  
 Senza sperar pertugio o elitropia.  
 Con serpi le man dietro avean legate :  
 Quelle ficcavan per le ren la coda  
 E il capo, ed eran dinanzi aggroppate.  
 Ed ecco ad un, ch' era da nostra proda,  
 S' avventò un serpente, che il trafisse  
 Là dove il collo alle spalle s' annoda.

\* Lucan, *Pharsalia*, book ix., v.      book x.  
 700. See Milton, *Paradise Lost*,      <sup>5</sup> Alluding to the popular belief

Prove thou by deed how much my words avail.  
 Instant I raised me up, and showed as one  
 Of better breath than inwardly I found;  
 'My strength, my heart,' I cried, 'are good: lead on.'  
 Our path we wended up the shelfy mound,  
 Where rugged, strait, and difficult, it reared  
 Far steeper pitch than other moat had crowned.  
 Still talking, lest my feebleness appeared,  
 I went, and lo! unsuitable to frame  
 In words, a voice rose from the pit we neared.  
 It uttered—what I know not, though I came  
 Where now the curving back the ditch doth span;  
 But whoso spake, with anger seemed to flame.  
 I had bent downward, but the depth to scan  
 Its darkness to my living eyes denied;  
 Wherefore—'Approach thee, master,' I began,  
 'To yonder ring, then drop we down the side;  
 For as I listen here, nor word discern,  
 So gaze I down, but shape have none descried.'  
 And he: 'Nought else of answer I return,  
 Save to fulfil; for wishes ever should,  
 When formed in honour, mute performance earn.'  
 From the bridge-head we thus descent made good,  
 That crosswise joins the eighth impaling brink,  
 Whence visible to me that hell-pouch stood:  
 And such the dreadful heap within the sink  
 Of serpents I beheld—kinds so diverse,  
 Their memory yet compels my blood to shrink.  
 Not more could Libya with her sands rehearse;  
 Though 'puffsnake, dartsnake, watersnake she boast,  
 With Amphisbæna's, Cenchris' speckled curse,  
 Of living pestilence so baleful host  
 Displayed she never, with all Ethiop land  
 Combined, and all that shapes the Red Sea coast.  
 Amid this fell and most pernicious band  
 Ran frightened naked ones—hopeless their lot,  
 Nor lurking-hole nor 'heliotrope at hand.  
 Tied were their arms behind with snakes that shot  
 Of head and tail alike the venom sting  
 Through the cleft loins, then twined in front a knot.  
 Lo! suddenly a viper darts to cling,  
 Transfixing one who by our border passed,  
 Where, with the shoulders knit, the neck doth spring.

of the precious stone of this name    invisible. (See Boccaccio's novel  
 having power to render the wearer    of *Calandrino*.)

Nè O sì tosto mai, nè I si scrisse, 100  
 Com' ei s' accese e arse, e cener tutto  
 Convenne che cascando divenisse :  
 E poi che fu a terra sì distrutto,  
 La cener si raccolse per sè stessa,  
 E in quel medesmo ritornò di butto :  
 Così per li gran savi si confessa,  
 Che la Fenice muore e poi rinasce,  
 Quando al cinquecentesimo anno appressa.  
 Erba, nè biada in sua vita non pasce,  
 Ma sol d' incenso lagrime e d' amomo : 110  
 E nardo e mirra son l' ultime fasce.  
 E qual è quei che cade, e non sa como,  
 Per forza di demon ch' a terra il tira,  
 O d' altra oppilazion che lega l' uomo,  
 Quando si leva, che intorno si mira  
 Tutto smarrito dalla grande angoscia  
 Ch' egli ha sofferta, e guardando sospira ;  
 Tal era il peccator levato poscia.  
 O giustizia di Dio quant' è severa !  
 Che cotai colpi per vendetta croscia. 120  
 Lo Duca il dimandò poi chi egli era :  
 Perch' ei rispose : I' piovvi di Toscana,  
 Poco tempo è, in questa gola fera.  
 Vita bestial mi piacque, e non umana,  
 Sì come a mul ch' io fui : son Vanni Fucci  
 Bestia, e Pistoia mi fu degna tana.  
 Ed io al Duca : Dilli che non mucci,  
 E dimanda qual colpa quaggiù il pinse :  
 Ch' io il vidi uom già di sangue e di corrucci.  
 E il peccator, che intese, non s' infinse, 130  
 Ma drizzò verso me l' animo e il volto,  
 E di trista vergogna si dipinse,  
 Poi disse : Più mi duol che tu m' hai colto  
 Nella miseria, dove tu mi vedi,  
 Che quand' io fui dell' altra vita tolto.  
 Io non posso negar quel che tu chiedi ;  
 In giù son messo tanto, perch' io fui  
 Ladro alla sagrestia de' belli arredi,  
 E falsamente già fu apposto altrui.  
 Ma perchè di tal vista tu non godi, 140

\* So Clemens Rom., *I. ad. Cor.*  
 c. 25 ; Cyrillus, *Hier. Cat.* xviii.  
 8 ; Tertullianus, *De Resurr.* § 13.  
 ' Messer Fuccio de' Lazzesi of

Pistoia, the illegitimacy of whose  
 birth is signified by the term  
*Mulo*.

\* Dante expected to have found

Not *O* nor *I* were ever writ so fast  
 As he took fire, and burned, and crumbling prone  
 Upon his place, must needs become at last  
 All ashes. Wasted thus on earth and strown,  
 Those ashes, gathering ere they yet grew cold,  
 Retook their former shape themselves alone.  
 So have <sup>6</sup> the mighty wise admiring told,  
 A second self the dying Phoenix breeds,  
 When o'er the first five hundred years have rolled.  
 Her life, which never blade nor herbage feeds,  
 From incense' and amomum's tear she draws,  
 And myrrh and nard her funeral swathing-weeds.  
 Like him who, falling, witteth not the cause,  
 Or to the ground by force of demon torn,  
 Or of obstruction seized, whose icy laws  
 Bind all the man; when rising thence forlorn  
 He glares on all around him, with his woes  
 Aghast, and choking anguish he hath borne,  
 And gazing sighs: e'en such the sinner rose.  
 Justice of God, ah! how severe art thou  
 That hurlest vengeance in such hail of blows!  
 My leader bade him straight his name avow,  
 Who answered, 'In this deadly-throated glen  
 Rained out of Tuscany I fell but now.  
 The bestial life I loved, and not of men,  
 Mule as I was, late <sup>7</sup> Vanni Fucci named,  
 The Beast: Pistoia made me worthy den.'  
 'Bid him not think to banter,' I exclaimed,  
 'And ask what villany could thus <sup>8</sup> abase;  
 A man of blood I knew him, choler-blamed.'  
 The sinner heard, nor paltered, but his face  
 And with his face his mind upon me bent,  
 Blushing with conscience of his foul disgrace.  
 'That thou hast caught me here, I more lament,'  
 He said, 'in misery such as greets thine eye,  
 Than when my soul from other life was rent.  
 But, for thy question I may not deny,  
 My thievish fingers earned so deep a cell,  
 When its fair garnish from the sacristy  
 They stole, and guilt on <sup>9</sup> other falsely fell.  
 But lest the view thine after-day should cheer,

him among the irascible, or the violent, at lowest.

<sup>6</sup> On Vanni della Nona, who, as a receiver of the stolen goods,

seems to have deserved his fate, though not from his treacherous namesake.

Se mai sarai di fuor de' luoghi bui,  
 Apri gli orecchi al mio annunzio, ed odi :  
 Pistoia in pria di Neri si dimagra,  
 Poi Firenze rinnova genti e modi.  
 Tragge Marte vapor di val di Magra  
 Che è di torbidi nuvoli involuto,  
 E con tempesta impetuosa ed agra  
 Sopra campo Picen fia combattuto :  
 Ond' ei repente spezzerà la nebbia,  
 Sì ch' ogni Bianco ne sarà feruto :  
 E detto l' ho, perchè doler ten debbia.

150

## CANTO XXV.

*Vanni Fucci empio schernitore di Dio fugge traforato dalle serpi.  
 Caco in forma di Centauro morso nella coppa da un drago alato.  
 Ammiranda metamorfosi d' uomo cangiato in serpe, e di serpe in  
 uomo.*

AL fine delle sue parole il ladro  
 Le mani alzò con ambeduo le fiche,  
 Gridando : Togli, Dio, chè a te le squadro.  
 Da indi in qua mi fur le serpi amiche,  
 Perch' una gli s' avvolse allora al collo,  
 Come dicesse : I' non vo' che più diche :  
 Ed un' altra alle braccia, e rilegollo  
 Ribadendo sè stessa, sì dinanzi,  
 Che non potea con esse dare un crollo.  
 Ah Pistoia, Pistoia, che non stanzi  
 D' incenerarti, sì che più non duri,  
 Poi che in mal far lo seme tuo avanzi.  
 Per tutti i cerchi dello inferno oscuri  
 Spirto non vidi in Dio tanto superbo,  
 Non quel che cadde a Tebe giù de' muri.  
 Ei si fuggì, che non parlò più verbo :  
 Ed io vidi un Centauro pien di rabbia  
 Venir gridando : Ov' è, ov' è l' acerbo ?

10

<sup>10</sup> The factions of Bianchi and Neri had their origin in Pistoia, from the divisions of the family Cancellieri there. In 1301, the Bianchi of Pistoia, combining with those of Florence, expelled the

Neri from the former place. Shortly after this, the fortunes of the two parties changed, and it became the turn of the Bianchi to leave Florence: and in the same year, Marcello dei Marchesi Malaspini,

When haply passed from gloomy tracts of hell;  
To mine announcement ope thine ears and hear.

<sup>10</sup> Of her Black sons Pistoia thins her first:

In Florence next new modes, new folk appear:

Then Mars a fog, in Valdimagra nurst,  
Draws up that, wrapt in turbulent array  
Of clouds, with hostile tempest's bitter burst  
Upon Picenian field must clash in fray.

The' opposing storm so sudden shall it break,  
That every White shall stricken rue the day:  
Which I foretel in hope thine heart will ache.'

## CANTO XXV.

*ARGUMENT.—Seventh Pouch continued. Apparition of the Centaur  
Cacus. Encounter with three Florentine Spirits, two of whom  
undergo a strange metamorphosis.*

THE plunderer ceased, and twisting both his thumbs  
Between the fingers, tossed his hands on high,  
Crying, 'Take mine homage, God, to thee it comes!'  
Thenceforth befriended me the serpent fry,  
For one around his neck that moment twined,  
As it had said, 'None other word will I  
From him;' a second bound his arms behind,  
In front so tightly riveting, no room  
Barely to stir those members might he find.  
Pistoia!—Oh! Pistoia, why not doom  
Thyself to make thine ashes,—none to dwell  
In thee for ever?—so <sup>1</sup> thy seed presume  
In growing guilt! Through all the depths of Hell,  
Her darkest orbs, ne'er found I soul so proud  
To God; no, not from Theban walls <sup>2</sup> who fell.  
Speechless he fled, and lo! from out the crowd  
A Centaur scouring by with frantic storm,  
'Where, where is he, the sour one?' shouted loud.

at the head of the expatriated Pistoian Neri, encountered the opposite faction in the Picenian district, and completely routed them. The Magra separates the Genoese from the Florentine territory.

<sup>1</sup> Most commentators suppose that this is in allusion to the dissolute soldiery of Catiline, who took refuge in Pistoia and its neighbourhood.

<sup>2</sup> Capaneus. (See c. xiv.)



Maremma non cred' io che tante n' abbia,  
 Quante bisce egli avea su per la groppa, 20  
 Infin dove comincia nostra labbia.  
 Sopra le spalle, dietro dalla coppa,  
 Con l' ale aperte gli giaceva un draco,  
 E quello affuoca qualunque s' intoppa.  
 Lo mio Maestro disse: Quegli è Caco,  
 Che sotto il sasso di monte Aventino  
 Di sangue fece spesse volte laco.  
 Non va co' suoi fratei per un cammino,  
 Per lo furar frodolente ch' ei fece  
 Del grande armento, ch' egli ebbe a vicino : 30  
 Onde cessar le sue opere bieche  
 Sotto la mazza d' Ercole, che forse  
 Gliene diè cento, e non sentì le diece.  
 Mentre che sì parlava, ed ei trascorse,  
 E tre spiriti venner sotto noi,  
 De' quai nè io nè il Duca mio s' accorse,  
 Se non quando gridar : Chi siete voi ?  
 Perchè nostra novella si ristette,  
 Ed intendemmo pure ad essi poi.  
 I' non gli conoscea ; ma ei seguette, 40  
 Come suol seguitar per alcun caso,  
 Che l' un nomare all' altro convenette,  
 Dicendo : Cianfa dove fia rimaso ?  
 Perch' io, acciocchè il Duca stesse attento,  
 Mi posi il dito su dal mento al naso.  
 Se tu sei or, Lettore, a creder lento  
 Ciò ch' io dirò, non sarà maraviglia,  
 Chè io, che il vidi, appena il mi consento.  
 Com' i' tenea levate in lor le ciglia,  
 Ed un serpente con sei piè si lancia 50  
 Dinanzi all' uno, e tutto a lui s' appiglia.  
 Co' piè di mezzo gli avvinse la pancia,  
 E con gli anterior le braccia prese ;  
 Poi gli addentò e l' una e l' altra guancia.  
 Gli diretani alle cosce distese,  
 E miseli la coda tr' ambedue,  
 E dietro per le ren su la ritese.  
 Ellera abbarbicata mai non fue  
 Ad alber sì, come l' orribil fiera  
 Per l' altrui membra avviticchiò le sue : 60

<sup>3</sup> Maremma, the marsh-lands of Tuscany, on the sea-coast, abounding in serpents.

<sup>4</sup> Virgil, *Æneid*, book viii. v. 190.

<sup>5</sup> Virgil, however, makes Hercules strangle him.

<sup>3</sup> Maremma ne'er, I trow, so plenteous swarm  
 Of vipers bred, as o'er his haunch that shape  
 Displayed, to where begins our human form.  
 Cresting the shoulders couched behind the nape  
 A dragon, open-winged his prey to take,  
 Which who confronts, may burning not escape.  
 'That form is Cacus'—thus my master spake—  
 'Under the rock in Aventine of blood  
 Full many a time he poured a purple lake.  
 Not his to follow 'mid the kindred brood;  
 So foul his craft the goodly herd to steal,  
 That grazing strayed to his bad neighbourhood;  
 Whence in those crooked ways he ceased to deal  
 Beneath the' Herculean club, which struck perchance  
 Its hundred blows,<sup>5</sup> nor ten were his to feel.'  
 While thus my guide discoursed, both he askance  
 Darted, and under us three spirits came,  
 Of whom my guide nor I the swift advance  
 Perceived, till 'Who are ye?' they 'gan exclaim;  
 And, hearing, we our half-told story checked,  
 On them to bend attention all our aim.  
 I recognised them not; but like effect  
 Ensued as oft ensueth, chance the bringer,  
 That I from one should other's name collect,  
 Who thus enquired: 'Where yet can<sup>6</sup> Cianfa linger?'  
 To stay my guide in silence here, I heave  
 And press 'twixt nose and chin the warning finger.  
 If, reader, thou should'st tardily receive  
 What now I tell, it might not much surprise,  
 When I, who saw it, scarce myself believe.  
 While yet on them I fix my staring eyes,  
 Behold! a reptile with six feet hath sprung  
 Fastening on one, that front to front applies.  
 With middle feet around the paunch it clung,  
 His arms it grappled with the foremost two,  
 Then either cheek with poisoned fanglets stung.  
 Its rearward feet sprawled o'er his thighs, and through  
 Their fork its penetrative tail was thrown,  
 Which up his reins behind it curling drew.  
 Not bearded ivy round the tree hath grown  
 Rooting so close, as that fell worm between  
 Another's limbs implicit writhed its own.

<sup>6</sup> Cianfa, of the noble Florentine family of Donati. He and his companions here were probably embezzlers of the public funds.

Poi s' appiccar, come di calda cera  
 Fossero stati, e mischiar lor colore ;  
 Nè l' un nè l' altro già pareva quel ch' era :  
 Come procede innanzi dall' ardore  
 Per lo papiro suso un color bruno,  
 Che non è nero ancora, e il bianco muore.  
 Gli altri duo riguardavano, e ciascuno  
 Gridava: O me Agnèl, come ti muti !  
 Vedi che già non se' nè duo nè uno.  
 Già eran li duo capi un divenuti, 70  
 Quando n' apparver duo figure miste  
 In una faccia, ov' eran duo perduti.  
 Fersi le braccia duo di quattro liste ;  
 Le cosce colle gambe, il ventre e il casso  
 Divenner membra che non fur mai viste.  
 Ogni primaio aspetto ivi era casso :  
 Due e nessun l' imagine perversa  
 Parea, e tal sen gia con lento passo.  
 Come il ramarro, sotto la gran fersa  
 De' dì canicular cangiando siepe, 80  
 Folgore par, se la via attraversa :  
 Così pareva venendo verso l' epe  
 Degli altri due un serpentello acceso,  
 Livido e nero come gran di pepe.  
 E quella parte, donde prima è preso  
 Nostro alimento, all' un di lor trafisse ;  
 Poi cadde giuso innanzi lui disteso.  
 Lo trafitto il mirò, ma nulla disse :  
 Anzi co' piè fermati sbadigliava,  
 Pur come sonno o febbre l' assalisse. 90  
 Egli il serpente, e quei lui riguardava :  
 L' un per la piaga, e l' altro per la bocca  
 Fumavan forte, e il fumo s' incontrava.  
 Taccia Lucano omai, là dove tocca  
 Del misero Sabello e di Nassidio,  
 E attenda ad udir quel ch' or si scocca.

<sup>7</sup> Some of the expositors understand this of candlewicks made from the papyrus; others, as I have rendered it. Alfieri truly says, it makes little matter which we understand it.

<sup>8</sup> Agnello, or Agnolo Brunelleschi, of Florence.

<sup>9</sup> The black snake was Francesco Guercio Cavalcante.

<sup>10</sup> See Lucan, *Pharsalia*, book ix.  
 'Wretched Sabellus by a Seps was stung:  
 Fixed on his leg with deadly teeth it hung.  
 Sudden the soldier shook it from the wound,  
 Transfixed and nailed it to the barren ground.

Then they, as both of heated wax had been,  
 Commingling fused in one, their colours blent ;  
 What either were, in neither now was seen.  
 Thus upward aye before the kindling sent  
 A tinge of brown doth o'er the <sup>7</sup> paper run,  
 Its blackness yet to be, its white all spent.  
 Those other two, beholding what was done,  
 Cried each, ' Ah me ! <sup>8</sup> Agnello, change how dread  
 Transforms thee ! Lo ! thou art nor two nor one.'  
 Already joined, of two became one head,  
 While double lineaments, of diverse mould,  
 One single face, where both were lost, o'erspread ;  
 The arms, a pair, had sinewed lines fourfold ;  
 The thighs, the legs, the belly, and the chest  
 Turned members such as man doth ne'er behold.  
 There, all original aspect supprest,  
 That warpèd image both and neither seemed ;  
 And such to crawl its laggard step addressed.  
 As lizard, when the dogstar's day hath beamed  
 Corrosive fires, if o'er the road his track  
 To change his hedgerow, lightning-like hath gleamed,  
 Such toward those others' midriffs for attack  
<sup>9</sup> A dwarfish serpent shot, inflamed with heat,  
 Like grain of pepper livid all and black :  
 And pierced the part in one, where first the meat  
 That feeds our embryo life hath channel sought ;  
 Then, falling, laid it lengthways at his feet.  
 Thereon the wounded looked, nor uttered aught,  
 But heaved a weary yawn, his feet fast set,  
 As one whom sleep or fever-fit had caught.  
 While mutually they gaze, a smoky jet  
 The wound of one, the other's mouth expels,  
 In volumed strength, till smoke with smoke hath met.  
 Henceforth be <sup>10</sup> Lucan silent, where he tells  
 Nasidius' and Sabellus' dismal lot,  
 And list how far my marvel's flight excels :

A fate of different kind Nasidius  
 found—  
 A burning Prester gave the dead-  
 ly wound,  
 And straight a sudden flame be-  
 gan to spread,  
 And paint his visage with  
 glowing red.  
 With swift expansion swells the  
 bloated skin—

Nought but an undistinguished  
 mass is seen,  
 While the fair human form lies  
 lost within ;  
 The puffy poison spreads and  
 heaves around,  
 Till all the man is in the mon-  
 ster drowned.'

*Rowe's Trans.*

Taccia di Cadmo e d' Aretusa Ovidio :  
 Chè se quello in serpente, e quella in fonte  
 Convertè, poetando, io non l' invidio :  
 Chè duo nature mai a fronte a fronte 100  
 Non trasmutò, sì ch' ambedue le forme  
 A cambiar lor materie fosser pronte.  
 Insieme si risposero a tai norme,  
 Che il serpente la coda in forza fesse,  
 E il feruto ristinse insieme l' orme.  
 Le gambe con le cosce seco stesse  
 S' appiccar sì, che in poco la giuntura  
 Non facea segno alcun che si paresse.  
 Togliea la coda fessa la figura,  
 Che si perdeva là, e la sua pelle 110  
 Si facea molle, e quella di là dura.  
 Io vidi entrar le braccia per l' ascelle,  
 E i duo piè della fiera, ch' eran corti,  
 Tanto allungar, quanto accorciavan quelle.  
 Poscia li piè di dietro, insieme attorti,  
 Diventarono lo membro che l' uom cela,  
 E il misero del suo n' avea duo porti.  
 Mentre che il fumo l' uno e l' altro vela  
 Di color nuovo, e genera il pel suso  
 Per l' una parte, e dall' altra il dipela, 120  
 L'un si levò, e l' altro cadde giuso,  
 Non torcendo però le lucerne empie,  
 Sotto le quai ciascun cambiava muso.  
 Quel ch' era dritto, il trasse in ver le tempie ;  
 E di troppa materia che in là venne,  
 Uscir gli orecchi delle gote scempie :  
 Ciò che non corse in dietro, e si ritenne,  
 Di quel soverchio fe' naso alla faccia,  
 E le labbra ingrossò quanto convenne.  
 Quel che giaceva, il muso innanzi caccia, 130  
 E gli orecchi ritira per la testa,  
 Come face le corna la lumaccia :  
 E la lingua, che aveva unita e presta  
 Prima a parlar, si fende, e la forcuta  
 Nell' altro si richiude, e il fumo resta.  
 L' anima, ch' era fiera divenuta,  
 Si fugge sufolando per la valle,  
 E l' altro dietro a lui parlando sputa.  
 Poscia gli volse le novelle spalle,

<sup>11</sup> Cadmus, changed with his wife into serpents. See Ovid, *Met.*, book iv. 575.

Be Ovid's <sup>11</sup> Cadmus, <sup>12</sup> Arethuse forgot ;  
If him to serpent, her to limpid spring,  
His poet power convert, I envy not ;  
For ne'er did he two shifting natures sing,  
Placed front to front, whose forms without a pause  
Their substances to counterchange should bring.  
These chimed in strict response, such their laws,  
That while his tail the serpent cleaves in twain,  
Opening a fork, the wounded closer draws  
His feet ; then legs and thighs so intervein  
Each other's flesh, they rapidly discard  
Token or trace that made their joining plain.  
Fast as the human shape was yonder marred,  
The cloven tail assumed it, and the skin  
To softness turned, as yonder skin grew hard.  
I saw the arms their armpits shrink within,  
While the two reptile feet, that stunted were,  
What length those others lost did gradual win.  
Them followed soon the hinder crawling pair,  
Together twined to form what man conceals ;  
And two for one the wretched changeling bare :  
Then, while to each the veiling smokewreath deals  
New colour, and o'er one part gives to grow  
Such hair as off the rival's feet it peels,  
The one rose up a man, the other low  
Fell grovelling : yet those impious lamps of sight  
Shift not their gaze, that watches each forego  
His former visage. He who stood upright,  
The' exuberant flesh his temples gathering round,  
Thrust from the flattened cheeks two ears to light.  
Of what remained, nor backward inlet found,  
The surplus did with nose his foot adorn,  
And either lip with natural fulness crowned.  
But he who lay, his muzzle sharper worn  
Shoots forward, and each ear within the cheek  
Involving buries, as the snail her horn.  
His tongue, united erst and apt to speak,  
Now sunders, as that other tongue makes whole  
Its forked cleavage, and the fuming reek  
Goes forth no more. The brute-embodied soul  
Flees hissing through the dungeon, whom the man  
Pursuing opes the slaving lips to roll  
Their spluttered speech : thence to his mate began,

<sup>12</sup> Arethusa, metamorphosed to a fountain. Ovid. *Met.*, b. v. 632.

E disse all' altro : I' vo' che Buoso corra, 140  
 Com' ho fatt' io, carpon, per questo calle.  
 Così vid' io la settimana zavorra  
 Mutare e trasmutare ; e qui mi scusi  
 La novità, se fior la penna abborra.  
 E avvegnachè gli occhi miei confusi  
 Fossero alquanto, e l' animo smagato,  
 Non poter quei fuggirsi tanto chiusi,  
 Ch' io non scorgessi ben Puccio Sciancato :  
 Ed era quei che sol de' tre compagni,  
 Che venner prima, non era mutato : 150  
 L' altro era quel che tu, Gaville, piagni.

## CANTO XXVI.

*Ironia contro Firenze. Ottava bolgia ove sono puniti i consiglieri fraudolenti investiti e coperti di fiamme. Ulisse e Diomede entro una fiamma bicornuta. Ulisse narra il suo viaggio e naufragio diversamente da quanto è cantato nell' Odissca.*

GODI, Firenze, poi che se' sì grande,  
 Che per mare e per terra batti l' ali,  
 E per lo inferno il tuo nome si spande.  
 Tra li ladron trovai cinque cotali  
 Tuoi cittadini, onde mi vien vergogna,  
 E tu in grande onranza non ne sali.  
 Ma se presso al mattin del ver si sogna,  
 Tu sentirai di qua da picciol tempo  
 Di quel che Prato, non ch' altri, t' agogna.  
 E se già fosse, non saria per tempo. 10  
 Così foss' ei, da che pure esser dee ;  
 Chè più mi graverà, com' più m' attempo.  
 Noi ci partimmo, e su per le scalee,  
 Che n' avean fatte i borni a scender pria,  
 Rimontò il Duca mio, e trasse mee.  
 E proseguendo la solinga via

<sup>10</sup> Buoso degli Abati.

<sup>14</sup> Puccio Sciancato, like the former, a citizen of Florence.

<sup>15</sup> The Cavalcante above mentioned was murdered by the people of Gaville, a place situate in the vale of Arno, and his kinsmen, in revenge for his death, massacred

the greater part of the townspeople ; whence Gaville is said to mourn for him.

<sup>1</sup> The five of the preceding Canto.

<sup>2</sup> Those dreams were held most certainly true which were dreamt the last thing before men awoke in

The new-felt shoulders turned : ' I <sup>13</sup> Buoso choose  
 To run the reptile path where late I ran.'  
 By such transfigurements to gain and lose  
 Saw I the seventh hold's ballast; and if here  
 Wanders my pen, let novelty excuse.  
 And grant, mine eyes, confounded, saw not clear  
 Their objects, and dismay my spirit smote,  
 Yet not so close each hilding knave his cheer  
 Kept as he fled me, but I well might note  
<sup>14</sup> Puccio Sciancato, on whom alone of three,  
 Companions erst who came, no change was wrought :  
 The last was <sup>15</sup> one, Gavillè, mourned by thee.

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CANTO XXVI.

ARGUMENT.—*Eighth Pouch. Punishment of False Counsellors.  
 Spirits of Ulysses and Diomed, the former of whom relates the  
 manner of his own death.*

Joy, Florence, joy ! thou art so mighty grown,  
 Thy pinions wave at will o'er sea and land,  
 And wide o'er Hell itself thy name is known.  
<sup>1</sup> Five such I found amid the robber band  
 Thy citizens, I shame me for the sight ;  
 Nor thou, so childed, shall the higher stand  
 In honour. But if <sup>2</sup> dreams at dawning light  
 Prove sooth, the pang thou speedily must know,  
 Which <sup>3</sup> Prato's longings, if none else, invite.  
 Not immature, though now were struck the blow ;  
 And since it must be, better now it were,  
 Than heavier fall, as I the older grow.  
 Anon we parted thence, and up the stair,  
 By which the loose-piled crags descent had given,  
 My guide remounting, me with friendly care  
 Drew after : whence 'mid rocks and splinters riven

the morning. (See Canto xxxiii.,  
 vv. 37, 38.)

<sup>2</sup> Not only the enemies of Florence, but Prato, her neighbour and subject, would rejoice in her calamities. These were heaped heavily upon her in the year 1304, when a bridge over the Arno broke

down with a multitude of people assembled on it to witness a public spectacle; upwards of 1,700 houses were burnt, with immense destruction of property consumed in them; and the fury of the rival factions put the crowning stroke to the miseries of the city.



Tra le schegge e tra' rocchi dello scoglio,  
 Lo piè senza la man non si spedia.  
 Allor mi dolsi, ed ora mi ridoglio,  
 Quando drizzo la mente a ciò ch' io vidi ; 20  
 E più lo ingegno affreno ch' io non soglio,  
 Perchè non corra, che virtù nol guidi ;  
 Sì che se stella buona, o miglior cosa  
 M' ha dato il ben, ch' io stesso nol m' invidi.  
 Quante il villan, ch' al poggio si riposa,  
 Nel tempo che colui, che il mondo schiara,  
 La faccia sua a noi tien meno ascosa ;  
 Come la mosca cede alla zanzara ;  
 Vede lucciole giù per la vallea,  
 Forse colà dove vendemmia ed ara : 30  
 Di tante fiamme tutta risplendea  
 L' ottava bolgia, sì com' io m' accorsi,  
 Tosto che fui là 've il fondo pareo.  
 E qual colui che si vengìo con gli orsi,  
 Vide il carro d' Elia al dipartire,  
 Quando i cavalli al cielo erti levorsi ;  
 Chè nol potea sì con gli occhi seguire,  
 Che vedesse altro che la fiamma sola,  
 Sì come nuvoletta, in su salire :  
 Tal si movea ciascuna per la gola 40  
 Del fosso, che nessuna mostra il furto,  
 Ed ogni fiamma un peccatore invola.  
 Io stava sovra il ponte a veder surto  
 Sì che s' io non avessi un ronchion preso,  
 Caduto sarei giù senza esser urto.  
 E il Duca, che mi vide tanto atteso,  
 Disse : Dentro da' fuochi son gli spirti :  
 Ciascun si fascia di quel ch' egli è inceso.  
 Maestro mio, risposi, per udirti  
 Son io più certo ; ma già m' era avviso 50  
 Che così fusse, e già voleva dirti :  
 Chi è in quel fuoco, che vien sì diviso  
 Di sopra, che par surger della pira,  
 Ov' Eteòcle col fratel fu miso ?  
 Risposemi : Là entro si martira  
 Ulisse e Diomede, e così insieme

<sup>4</sup> The prophet Elisha.

<sup>5</sup> Statius, *Thebaid*, book xii., v.  
430, &c. :—

'Again behold the brothers! When  
the fire  
Pervades their limbs in many a  
curling spire,

The vast hill trembles, and the In-  
truder's corse

Is driven from the pile with sud-  
den force.

The flames, dividing at the point,  
ascend,

Had we our solitary path in vain  
 Essayed, unless both hand and foot had striven.  
 Then was I pained, and yet revive the pain,  
 My thoughts advertent what I there espied,  
 And curb my genius with unwonted rein ;  
 Lest, if it wanton wild, nor virtue guide,  
 What my kind star, or better source bestows,  
 I from myself be enviously denied.  
 As villager who lays him for repose  
 On upland slope, in time when least concealed  
 He holds his face, who doth our world disclose,  
 What hour the day-fly to the gnat must yield,  
 Sees countless glowworms sparkling down the dell,  
 Where he or gathers grapes or ploughs a field ;  
 With flames as many that eighth pouch of Hell  
 Was gleaming all—where I the bridge o'erhung,  
 Scarching that utmost depth, I marked them well.  
 And as <sup>4</sup> whom bears avenged of mocking tongue  
 Beheld Elijah rapt in car of fire,  
 When up the steep of heaven its horses sprung,  
 Till vainly might his straining eyes aspire  
 Aught to distinguish but the radiant fold,  
 Like lessening cloud that higher floats and higher ;  
 So through the trenchèd throat each onward rolled  
 Self-moving : none its human theft betrays,  
 Though every flame a stolen sinner hold.  
 I, whom mine eagerness to look o'ersways  
 Beyond the reef, save that a crag I caught,  
 Had fallen without a thrust. Mine earnest gaze  
 My leader noting told : ' These fires are fraught  
 With each a soul, that round itself hath twined  
 The flame it suffers.' ' Surer now my thought,  
 Master,' said I, ' to hear thee ; yet my mind  
 Already deemed it thus, and fancy guided  
 To ask already, whom the curse consigned  
 To yonder fire, that cometh so divided  
 At top, as if from <sup>5</sup> that funereal pile,  
 Where burned the Theban brothers, it had glided.'  
 ' Here torment racks,' he said, ' the twins of guile,  
<sup>6</sup> Ulysses and his Diomed : thus they speed

And at each other adverse rays extend.'

*Lewis's Trans.*

<sup>4</sup> The partnership of Ulysses and Diomed in various stratagems is notorious. (See the tenth book of the *Iliad* throughout.) The

trick of the famous wooden horse, by means of which Troy was taken, opened a gate (metaphorically) for the voyage of Æneas to Italy and the foundation of Rome, according to poetic legends.

Alla vendetta corron com' all' ira :  
 E dentro dalla lor fiamma si geme  
 L' aguato del caval, che fe' la porta  
 Ond' uscì de' Romani il gentil seme. 60  
 Piangevisi entro l' arte, perchè morta  
 Deidamia ancor si duol d' Achille,  
 E del Palladio pena vi si porta.  
 S' ei posson dentro da quelle faville  
 Parlar, diss' io, Maestro, assai ten priego  
 E ripriego, che il priego vaglia mille,  
 Che non mi facci dell' attender niego  
 Finchè la fiamma cornuta qua vegna :  
 Vedi che del disio ver lei mi piego.  
 Ed egli a me : La tua preghiera è degna 70  
 Di molta lode, ed io però l' accetto ;  
 Ma fa che la tua lingua si sostegna.  
 Lascia parlare a me : ch' io ho concetto  
 Ciò che tu vuoi : ch' e' sarebbero schivi,  
 Perch' ei fur Greci, forse del tuo detto.  
 Poichè la fiamma fu venuta quivi,  
 Ove parve al mio Duca tempo e loco,  
 In questa forma lui parlare audivi.  
 O voi, che siete duo dentro ad un fuoco,  
 S' io meritai di voi mentre ch' io vissi, 80  
 S' io meritai di voi assai o poco,  
 Quando nel mondo gli alti versi scrissi,  
 Non vi movete ; ma l' un di voi dica  
 Dove per lui perduto a morir gissi.  
 Lo maggior corno della fiamma antica  
 Cominciò a crollarsi mormorando,  
 Pur come quella cui vento affatica.  
 Indi la cima qua e là menando,  
 Come fosse la lingua che parlasse,  
 Gittò voce di fuori, e disse : Quando 90  
 Mi diparti' da Circe, che sottrasse  
 Me più d' un anno là presso a Gaeta ;  
 Prima che sì Enea la nominasse ;

<sup>7</sup> Deidamia was the daughter of Lycomedes, king of Scyros, and became mother of Neoptolemus or Pyrrhus, by Achilles. To obtain the co-operation of the son of Thetis, Ulysses proceeded to the Scyrian court disguised as a merchant. Achilles was detected by his choice of a suit of armour

among the merchandise displayed, and quitted Scyros for Ilium, leaving Deidamia inconsolable.

<sup>8</sup> Virgil puts the account of this theft into Sinon's mouth. *Æneid*, book ii., v. 162.

<sup>9</sup> Tacitus bears witness to the contempt of the Greeks for other nations ; which was no more than

Together linked to vengeance, as erewhile  
 To wrath : within their flame they groan in meed  
 Of the famed horse, whose ambush oped a gate  
 To usher forth the noble Roman seed.  
 There, too, the craft, which her inveigled mate  
 Makes <sup>7</sup> Deidamia yet, though dead, resent ;  
 The <sup>8</sup> stolen Palladium there is expiate.  
 'If they within those living embers pent  
 May speak,' I said, 'Master, I greatly pray  
 And pray again, until my prayer content  
 As would a thousand—give me not deny,  
 But wait the coming of that hornèd flame :  
 See how desire mine eager limbs doth weigh  
 Toward it.' 'Thy prayer,' he answered, 'well may claim  
 Abundant praise ; I make the' entreaty mine ;  
 Only thy tongue do thou to silence frame ;  
 And since thy mind I perfectly divine,  
 Leave me to commune, lest, <sup>9</sup> for they were Greek,  
 Thy ruder speech indignant they decline.'  
 Then as the flame approached its double peak  
 To where my guide saw fitting time and place,  
 Words ordered like to these I heard him speak.  
 'Ye that are twain within one fire's embrace,  
 If I of you deserved, as once a friend—  
 If I of you deserved or greater grace  
 Or less, when I the lofty verses penned  
 Above, depart not hence till one declare  
 Where he, the self-abandoned, sought his end."  
 The larger horn that flame of ages bare  
 With murmuring sound anon began to shake,  
 Like one that labours with the' impressive air :  
 Then, as it were the very tongue that spake,  
 The summit vibrating with gentle wave  
 Poured out a voice of answer : 'When I brake  
 From Circe's arms, that hid me as my grave,  
<sup>10</sup> More than a year content with her to toy  
<sup>11</sup> Hard by Caieta, or e'er Æneas gave

a natural consequence of captive Greece beholding her savage conqueror a disciple seated at her feet.

<sup>10</sup> Homer, *Odyssey*, book x. :—  
 'Her kind entreaty moved the general breast;  
 Tired with long toil, we willing sunk to rest.

We plied the banquet, and the bowl we crowned,  
 Till the full circle of the year came round.' *Pope's Trans.*

<sup>11</sup> The place was Monte Circeo or Circello. Caieta (now Gaeta) was named, according to Virgil, from the nurse of Æneas. (*Æneid*, book vii.)

Nè dolcezza di figlio, nè la pieta  
 Del vecchio padre, nè il debito amore,  
 Lo qual dovea Penelope far lieta,  
 Vincer potero dentro a me l' ardore  
 Ch' i' ebbi a divenir del mondo esperto,  
 E degli vizii umani e del valore :  
 Ma misi me per l' alto mare aperto 100  
 Sol con un legno e con quella compagna  
 Picciola, dalla qual non fui deserto.  
 L' un lito e l' altro vidi insin la Spagna,  
 Fin nel Marrocco, e l' isola de' Sardi,  
 E l' altre che quel mare intorno bagna.  
 Io e i compagni eravam vecchi e tardi,  
 Quando venimmo a quella foce stretta,  
 Ov' Ercole segnò li suoi riguardi,  
 Acciocchè l' uom più oltre non si metta :  
 Dalla man destra mi lasciai Sibilia, 110  
 Dall' altra già m' avea lasciata Setta.  
 O frati, dissi, che per cento milia  
 Perigli siete giunti all' occidente,  
 A questa tanto picciola vigilia  
 De' vostri sensi, ch' è del rimanente,  
 Non vogliate negar l' esperienza,  
 Diretro al sol, del mondo senza gente.  
 Considerate la vostra semenza :  
 Fatti non foste a viver come bruti,  
 Ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza. 120  
 Li miei compagni fec' io sì acuti,  
 Con questa orazion picciola, al cammino,  
 Che appena poscia gli avrei ritenuti.  
 E, volta nostra poppa nel mattino,  
 De' remi facemmo ale al folle volo,  
 Sempre acquistando del lato mancino.  
 Tutte le stelle già dell' altro polo  
 Vedeo la notte, e il nostro tanto basso,  
 Che non surgeva fuor del marin suolo.  
 Cinque volte raccessò, e tante casso 130  
 Lo lume era di sotto dalla luna,  
 Poi ch' entrati eravam nell' alto passo,  
 Quando n' apparve una montagna bruna  
 Per la distanza, e parvemi alta tanto,

<sup>12</sup> Majorca, Minorca, &c.

<sup>13</sup> The Pillars of Hercules—, Abyla on the African, Calpe (Gibraltar) on the European mainland; long esteemed impassable by the

Greeks—a notion which the adventurous Phenicians were likely to encourage. Hercules, it should be observed, was a Tyrian deity; and two characteristics at least

That name ; nor sweet remembrance of my boy,  
 Nor old Laertes' grief, nor debt of love,  
 Which owed Penelope the' arrear of joy,  
 Could quench my burning zeal, that inly strove,  
 And bade the wisdom of the world explore,  
 And human vices, human worth to prove.  
 I tried the deep and open sea once more  
 With but one vessel, and the faithful few  
 That ne'er forsook their chieftain. Either shore  
 Far as the Spanish confine met my view ;  
 Marocco's and Sardinia's wave I ploughed,  
 And <sup>12</sup> the' islands' that sea girdles. But my crew  
 And I were clogged with tardiness, and bowed  
 By age, when toward the straitened jaws we steered,  
 Where Hercules, in sign of none allowed  
 To pass, his <sup>13</sup> limitary marks had reared.  
 I venturous, on my right hand left Seville,  
 And on my left ere now had <sup>14</sup> Ceuta cleared.  
 'Brothers,' I reasoned, 'ye that struggling still  
 Through myriad perils the far west have won,  
 To such brief remnant as awaits to fill  
 Your senses' vigil, ere their work be done,  
 Do not experience of that world refuse,  
 Which, yet unpeopled, hides behind the sun.  
 Bethink you of your birth-rank and its dues :  
 Ye were not thus for brutish life endued,  
 But Virtue's path and Learning's born to choose.'  
 Scant was my pleading, yet so well renewed  
 My sharpened comrades in their zeal to try,  
 Hardly had I restrained them of their mood  
 Thenceforth ; and, veering under morning's eye  
 Our stern, while ever toward the left we sped,  
 Our oars for wings in unwise flight we ply.  
 Now other pole, with all his stars o'erhead,  
 I saw by night, our own so far deprest,  
 He might not rouse him from his watery bed.  
 The light which <sup>15</sup> under doth the Moon invest,  
 Five times relumed, as oft had emptied been,  
 Since we to cross that unsailed ocean's breast  
 Entered ; when darkling from the space between  
 A mountain showed, gigantic, that to scale

connect him with Samson, that  
terror of the Philistines.

<sup>14</sup> Ceuta, in Latin times Septa,  
on the African coast.

<sup>15</sup> The light invests the under  
side of the moon, as that which is  
next the earth.

Quanto veduta non n' aveva alcuna.  
 Noi ci allegrammo, e tosto tornò in pianto ;  
 Chè dalla nuova terra un turbo nacque,  
 E percosse del legno il primo canto.  
 Tre volte il fe' girar con tutte l' acque,  
 Alla quarta levar la poppa in suso, 140  
 E la prora ire in giù, com' altrui piacque,  
 Infìn che il mar fu sopra noi richiuso.

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 CANTO XXVII.

*Guido da Montefeltro guerriero, poscia frate: mal consiglio dato  
 da costui a Bonifazio VIII di prometter molto e attender poco.  
 Condizione e stato politico di varie città della Romagna.*

Già era dritta in su la fiamma e queta,  
 Per non dir più, e già da noi sen già  
 Con la licenzia del dolce Poeta ;  
 Quando un' altra, che dietro a lei venia,  
 Ne fece volger gli occhi alla sua cima,  
 Per un confuso suon che fuor n' uscìa.  
 Come il bue Cicilian che mugghiò prima  
 Col pianto di colui, e ciò fu dritto,  
 Che l' avea temperato con sua lima,  
 Mugghiava con la voce dell' afflitto, 10.  
 Sì che, con tutto ch' e' fosse di rame,  
 Pure el pareva dal dolor trafitto :  
 Così per non aver via, nè forame,  
 Dal principio del fuoco, in suo linguaggio  
 Si convertivan le parole grame.  
 Ma poscia ch' ebber colto lor viaggio  
 Su per la punta, dandole quel guizzo  
 Che dato avea la lingua in lor passaggio,  
 Udimmo dire : O tu, a cui io drizzo  
 La voce, e che parlavi mo Lombardo, 20  
 Dicendo : issa ten va, più non t' aizzo :  
 Perch' io sia giunto forse alquanto tardo,  
 Non t' incresca restare a parlar meco :  
 Vedi che non incresce a me, ed ardo.  
 Se tu pur mo in questo mondo cieco  
 Caduto se' di quella dolce terra

<sup>1</sup> The tale of the brazen bull, for Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum,  
 constructed by Perillus of Athens to which the artist himself was

So high, methought, mine eyes had never seen.  
 Gladness was ours—and quickly turned to wail,  
 When from that new found earth a whirlwind springs  
 Our vessel's forepart sudden to assail :  
 Thrice round and round bark, waves, and all it swings ;  
 At the fourth shock (so Other willed to be),  
 The stern aloft, the prow it downward flings,  
 Till o'er us closed again the gluttoned sea.'

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### CANTO XXVII.

**ARGUMENT.**—*Eighth Pouch continued. Count Guido di Montefeltro receives from Dante news of Romagna, and in return describes the cause of his own condemnation to this place.*

Now rose the flame erect, and ceased to vent  
 His wavy words; now hastened to retire,  
 Even as the gentle poet gave consent.  
 When lo! behind the first a second fire,  
 Tumultuous sound exploding, turned our eyes  
 In admiration toward its cresting spire.  
 As that <sup>1</sup> Sicilian Bull, whose bellowed cries  
 Gave out his moan the first, (due recompense)  
 Who plied his artist file to organise  
 The vocal shape, with roarings so intense  
 Echoed the sufferer's voice—it seemed the frame,  
 Brass though it were, of every pang took sense ;  
 Thus here the melancholy words became  
 At first, while pass or outlet had they none,  
 The proper language of the crackling flame ;  
 But when at length in upward rush they won  
 The point, and caused to vibrate with the play  
 His tongue imparted as their flow begun ;  
 'O thou toward whom I level'—heard we say,  
 'My voice; who late in tones of Lombardy  
 Criedst, "No more I chafe thee, go thy way;"  
 If of my coming slow I chance to be,  
 Let it not irk thee communing to halt ;  
 Behold me burning, and it irks not me.  
 If thou but newly down Hell's sightless vault  
 Art fallen from that sweet Latin land afar,

condemned the first, is familiar to most readers of classical story,



Latina, onde mia colpa tutta reco ;  
 Dimmi se i Romagnuoli han pace, o guerra ;  
 Ch' io fui de' monti là intra Urbino  
 E il giogo di che Tever si disserra. 30  
 Io era ingiusto ancora attento e chino,  
 Quando il mio Duca mi tentò di costa  
 Dicendo : Parla tu, questi è Latino.  
 Ed io ch' avea già pronta la risposta,  
 Senza indugio a parlare incominciai :  
 O anima, che se' laggiù nascosta,  
 Romagna tua non è, e non fu mai,  
 Senza guerra ne' cuor de' suoi tiranni ;  
 Ma palese nessuna or ven lasciai.  
 Ravenna sta, come è stata molti anni : 40  
 L' aquila da Polenta là si cova,  
 Sì che Cervia ricuopre co' suoi vanni.  
 La terra che fe' già la lunga prova,  
 E di Franceschi sanguinoso mucchio,  
 Sotto le branche verdi si ritrova.  
 E il Mastin Vecchio, e il nuovo da Verrucchio,  
 Che fecer di Montagna il mal governo,  
 Là dove soglion, fan de' denti succhio.  
 Le città di Lamone e di Santerno  
 Conduce il leoncel dal nido bianco, 50  
 Che muta parte dalla state al verno :  
 E quella a cui il Savio bagna il fianco,  
 Così com' ella sie' tra il piano e il monte,  
 Tra tirannia si vive e stato franco.  
 Ora chi se' tipregno che ne conte :  
 Non esser duro più ch' altri sia stato,  
 Se il nome tuo nel mondo tegna fronte.  
 Poscia che il fuoco alquanto ebbe rugghiato  
 Al modo suo, l' aguta punta mosse  
 Di qua, di là, e poi diè cotal fiato : 60  
 S' io credessi che mia risposta fosse  
 A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,

<sup>2</sup> The town of Montefeltro lies between Urbino and that part of the Apennine range which gives rise to the Tiber.

<sup>3</sup> The armorial cognisance of the family of Polenta was Per pale on a field Azure and Or, an Eagle displayed Argent and Gules. Cervia, a town twelve miles south from Ravenna, on the shore of the Adriatic.

<sup>4</sup> Forli, which stood a long siege by an army composed principally of French, and under the command of M. de Pau, and was relieved by Guy di Montefeltro in person about the middle of May A.D. 1282.

<sup>5</sup> Sinibaldo Ordelaffi, tyrant of Forli, bore (if I understand Venturi's heraldry correctly) Barry of six, Vert and Or, on a chief Or a lion Vert.

Whereon I charge the burden of my fault,  
 Say, have Romagna's children peace or war?  
 For I <sup>2</sup> from hills between Urbino sprung  
 And those where Tiber doth his flood unbar.  
 With downward bend attentive yet I hung,  
 When my kind leader touched me on the side,  
 Saying, 'This soul is Latin; make thy tongue  
 Speak for us both.' And I forthwith replied,  
 Nor needed pause, mine answer all prepared,  
 But thus commenced: 'Spirit, that here dost hide,  
 Thine own Romagna was not, is not spared  
 The war which hath her tyrants' heart imbued;  
 But open strife was none when forth I fared.  
 Ravenna stands as she long years hath stood,  
 And there <sup>3</sup> Polenta's eagle, Cervia's plain  
 With puissant wings enfolding, sits to brood:  
<sup>4</sup> Her, who did erst the lengthened fight maintain.  
 And heaped the death-pile red with Frankish gore,  
 The <sup>5</sup> Vert fangs now to vassalage constrain:  
 The <sup>6</sup> mastives old and young, Verrucchio bore,  
 Who in their lawless rule <sup>7</sup> Montagna slew,  
 Make their teeth augres where they wont of yore:  
 The <sup>8</sup> Lion's whelp from snow-white lair hath two—  
 Lamone's and Santerno's towns—at will,  
 And, as the seasons change, holds faction new:  
<sup>9</sup> Whose side the Savio laveth, as 'tween hill  
 And level plain she rises, thus her state  
 'Twixt tyranny and freedom wavers still.  
 Now, I implore thee, who thou art relate,  
 Nor harder be than other to afford  
 Reply; so may thy glory cope with fate  
 On upper earth.' Awhile the balefire roared  
 In his own fashion; then the sharp point quaking  
 Moved to and fro, till such the breath it poured:  
 ' <sup>10</sup> Could I believe I were mine answer making  
 To one that ever should his path retrace

<sup>2</sup> The Malateste, father and son, tyrants of Rimini, to whom belonged the fortress of Verrucchio, near that place.

<sup>7</sup> Montagna di Parcisati was a noble of Rimini, head of the Ghibellines.

<sup>8</sup> The cities of Faenza and Imola are situated on the banks of the rivers Lamone and Santerno re-

spectively. They were ruled at this time by Machinardo or Maynard de' Pagani, whose family device was Argent a lion's whelp Azure. He wavered between the two great factions.

<sup>9</sup> Cesena is the city here alluded to.

<sup>10</sup> Count Guy of Montefeltro here relates his own story.

Questa fiamma staria senza più scosse :  
 Ma perciocchè giammai di questo fondo  
 Non tornò vivo alcun, s' i' odo il vero,  
 Senza tema d' infamia ti rispondo.  
 I' fui uom d' arme, e poi fui cordigliero,  
 Credendomi, sì cinto, fare ammenda :  
 E certo il creder mio veniva intero,  
 Se non fosse il gran Prete, a cui mal prenda, 70  
 Che mi rimise nelle prime oolpe ;  
 E come, e quare voglio che m' intenda.  
 Mentre ch' io forma fui d' ossa e di polpe  
 Che la madre mi diè, l' opere mie  
 Non furon leonine, ma di volpe.  
 Gli accorgimenti e le coperte vie  
 Io seppi tutte : e sì menai lor arte,  
 Ch' al fine della terra il suon uscìe.  
 Quando mi vidi giunto in quella parte  
 Di mia età, dove ciascun dovrebbe 80  
 Calar le vele e raccoglièr le sarte,  
 Ciò che pria mi piaceva, allor m' increbbe ;  
 E pentuto e confesso mi rendei,  
 Ahi miser lasso ! e giovato sarebbe.  
 Lo Principe de' nuovi Farisei  
 Avendo guerra presso a Laterano,  
 E non con Saracin, nè con Giudei ;  
 Chè ciascun suo nemico era Cristiano ;  
 E nessuno era stato a vincer Acri,  
 Nè mercatante in terra di Soldano : 90  
 Nè sommo uficio, nè ordini sacri  
 Guardò in sè, nè in me quel capestro  
 Che solea far li suoi cinti più macri.  
 Ma come Costantin chiese Silvestro  
 Dentro Siratti a guarir della lebbre,  
 Così mi chiese questi per maestro  
 A guarir della sua superba febbre :  
 Domandommi consiglio, ed io tacetti,  
 Perchè le sue parole parver ebbre.  
 E poi mi disse : Tuo cor non sospetti : 100

<sup>11</sup> The Cordeliers were the brethren of the order of St. Francis; so called from the rope with which they were girdled.

<sup>12</sup> Pope Boniface VIII.

<sup>13</sup> The Colonna family, the most influential then in Rome, was the object of the Pope's implacable and persevering resentment.

<sup>14</sup> Acre fell finally into the hands of the infidels in the year 1292, two years before the elevation of Boniface to the Papal chair.

<sup>15</sup> Though it is now generally agreed by the learned, that the Emperor Constantine deferred his baptism till the close of his life, A.D. 337, and then received that

Back to the world, this flame no more were shaken ;  
 But since none living from our dismal place  
 Hath e'er remounted, if I hear the truth,  
 I give thee answer, fearless of disgrace.  
 I was a man of arms ; my sins of youth  
 I thought to cleanse with rope of <sup>11</sup> Cordelier,  
 And that my thought had surely turned to sooth :  
 But the <sup>12</sup> great pontiff (evil be his cheer !)  
 Did to revive my former crimes persuade,  
 And how and wherefore thou anon shalt hear.  
 While I the shape in bones and flesh arrayed  
 Wore which my mother gave, the fox's style  
 More than the lion's all mine acts betrayed,  
 The covert ways—the subtleties of guile—  
 I knew them all, and soon the world around  
 Rung with my fame, how versed in every wile.  
 When now in ripeness of mine age I found  
 That I had reached the term, wherein to reef  
 The sail, and coil the tackling, all are bound,  
 What late had been my pleasure, now was grief :  
 In penitence and shrift my help I planned :  
 Ah wretch ! nor had it failed me : but the chief  
 Of our new Pharisees—with war on hand  
 Hard by the gates of Lateran, nor fought  
 With Saracenic, nor with Jewish band,  
 For all were <sup>13</sup> Christian foes whose hurt he wrought ;  
 Nor conquering arm from <sup>14</sup> Acre's wall was there,  
 Nor trafficker, the Soldan's realm who sought—  
 His highest place, the sacred vows he bare,  
 He nought regarded, nor in me the line  
 That wont to gird with leanness all who wear :  
 But from <sup>15</sup> Soracte's cave as Constantine  
 Silvester's hand medicinal desired  
 To heal his taint of leprosy, <sup>16</sup> so mine  
 To heal his own proud fever *he* required ;  
 Then counsel asked : nor I my silence broke,  
 But deemed his words by drunkenness inspired.  
 ' Let not thine heart suspect,' again he spoke,

rite from the hands of Eusebius,  
 Bishop of Nicomedia, Dante here  
 follows the Popish tradition of his  
 times, which alleges that Constan-  
 tine, being at Rome in the year  
 324, was warned, by a vision of  
 St. Peter and St. Paul, to fetch  
 Silvester, bishop of that city, from

his retreat in the caverns of  
 Soracte, and that in gratitude for  
 his cure he amply endowed the  
 Roman Church. (See note on  
 Canto xix., v. 115.)

<sup>16</sup> Guido had taken refuge in the  
 convent of Assisi.

Finor t' assolvo, e tu m' insegna fare  
 Sì come Penestrino in terra getti.  
 Lo ciel poss' io serrare e disserrare,  
 Come tu sai ; però son duo le chiavi,  
 Che il mio antecessor non ebbe care.  
 Allor mi pinser gli argomenti gravi  
 Là 've il tacer mi fu avviso il peggio,  
 E dissi : Padre, da che tu mi lavi  
 Di quel peccato, ove mo cader deggio,  
 Lunga promessa con l' attender corto 110  
 Ti farà trionfar nell' alto seggio.  
 Francesco venne poi, com' io fui morto,  
 Per me ; ma un de' neri Cherubini  
 Gli disse : Nol portar ; non mi far torto.  
 Venir se ne dee giù tra miei meschini,  
 Perchè diede il consiglio frodolente,  
 Dal quale in qua stato gli sono a' crini;  
 Ch' assolver non si può, chi non si pente ;  
 Nè pentere e volere insieme puossi,  
 Per la contraddizion che nol consente. 120  
 O me dolente ! come mi riscossi,  
 Quando mi prese, dicendomi : Forse  
 Tu non pensavi ch' io loico fossi !  
 A Minos mi portò : e quegli attorse  
 Otto volte la coda al dosso duro,  
 E, poichè per gran rabbia la si morse,  
 Disse : Questi è de' rei del fuoco furo :  
 Perch' io là dove vedi son perduto,  
 E sì vestito andando mi rancuro.  
 Quand' egli ebbe il suo dir così compiuto, 130  
 La fiamma dolorando si partio,  
 Torcendo e dibattendo il corno aguto.  
 Noi passammo oltre, ed io e il Duca mio,

<sup>17</sup> Palestrina (the ancient Præ-  
 neste) was the sole remaining  
 stronghold of the Colonnas, and  
 they had assembled therein all  
 their partisans.

<sup>18</sup> Celestine V., whom Boniface  
 had persuaded to resign.

<sup>19</sup> Deceived by the professions  
 of the Pope, the Cardinals Jacopo  
 and Piero Colonna submitted to  
 him, and put their castle into his  
 hands, which he soon demolished,

and built the new Palestrina in the  
 valley. The final issue of these  
 artifices is remarkable. 'As the  
 Pope resided at Anagni, without  
 suspicion of danger, his palace and  
 person were assaulted by three  
 hundred horse, who had been se-  
 cretly levied by William of No-  
 garet, a French minister, and  
 Sciarra Colonna, of a noble but  
 hostile family of Rome. The  
 cardinals fled, the inhabitants of

"Here I assoil thee—be <sup>17</sup> Præneste's towers  
 O'erthrown, and teach me thou to deal the stroke;  
 Heaven-gates to open and to shut is ours;  
 For, well thou wottest, two the precious keys,  
 Though <sup>18</sup> he that held them last misprized their powers."  
 Thus he did urge me with momentous pleas  
 My silence, as the worsen part, to quit;  
 And I: "O Father, since thy laver frees  
 From stain of guilt which I must now commit,  
<sup>19</sup> *Long promises with short performance crown,*  
 And thou triumphant in thy chair shalt sit."  
 To fetch me when I died came Francis down;  
 But one of those black Cherubim controlled,  
 And cried, "Forbear, nor wrong me of mine own.  
 He must below, and 'mid my slaves enrolled  
 Assume the place his traitorous counsel owes,  
 Since when his hair with ready clutch I hold.  
 Who not repents him, no remission knows,  
 Nor thing repented can withal be willed,  
 For laws of contradiction this oppose."  
 Me miserable! how were my heartstrings thrilled,  
 When, seizing, thus he taunted: "Thou perhaps  
 Didst ne'er imagine I was logic-skilled;"  
 Then bore me straight to Minos. He inwraps  
 His iron back eight times, and while with bite  
 Of rabid vengeance at the eighth he snaps  
 His tail, determines: "This man is by right  
 The furtive fire's:" whence to perdition borne  
 I move so clad, and rankle with despite.  
 His story thus accomplished, as forlorn,  
 The flame with signs of anguish took his leave,  
 Tossing and writhing oft the taper horn.  
 Onward my guide and I our limbs upheave

Anagni were seduced from their  
 allegiance and gratitude; but the  
 dauntless Boniface, unarmed and  
 alone, seated himself in his chair,  
 and awaited, like the conscript  
 fathers of old, the swords of the  
 Gauls. Nogaret, a foreign ad-  
 versary, was content to execute  
 the orders of his master; by the  
 domestic enmity of Colonna, he  
 was insulted with words and  
 blows; and during a confinement

of three days his life was threat-  
 ened by the hardships which they  
 inflicted on the obstinacy which  
 they provoked. Their strange  
 delay gave time and courage to  
 the adherents of the Church, who  
 rescued him from sacrilegious vio-  
 lence; but his imperious soul was  
 wounded in a vital part, and  
 Boniface expired at Rome in a  
 frenzy of rage and revenge.—  
 Gibbon, *Dec. and Fall*, c. lxix.

Su per lo scoglio infino in su l' altr' arco,  
 Che cuopre il fosso, in che si paga il fio  
 A quei che scommettendo acquistan carco.

### CANTO XXVIII.

*Nella nona bolgia rotti e forati dalla spada celeste vanno coloro i quali seminarono discordie e scisme. Fra costoro incontrano i Poeti, Maometto, Beltramo dal Bornio instigatore di guerra, ed altri che per pena han divise le membra dal corpo.*

CHI poria mai pur con parole sciolte  
 Dicer del sangue e delle piaghe appieno,  
 Ch' i' ora vidi, per narrar più volte?  
 Ogni lingua per certo verria meno  
 Per lo nostro sermone e per la mente,  
 C' hanno a tanto comprender poco seno.  
 Se s' adunasse ancor tutta la gente,  
 Che già in su la fortunata terra  
 Di Puglia fu del suo sangue dolente  
 Per li Troiani, e per la lunga guerra  
 Che dell' anella fe' sì alte spoglie,  
 Come Livio scrive, che non erra:  
 Con quella che sentio di colpi doglie,  
 Per contrastare a Roberto Guiscardo,  
 E l' altra, il cui ossame ancor s' accoglie  
 A Ceperan, là dove fu bugiardo  
 Ciascun Pugliese, e là da Tagliacozzo  
 Ove senz' arme vinse il vecchio Alardo:  
 E qual forato suo membro, e qual mozzo

10

<sup>20</sup> 'Che, scommettendo, acquistan carco.' I do not hesitate to adopt Lombardi's ingenious explanation of this involved thought. A load is usually amassed by putting things together, but the burden of schismatics is heaped by the opposite method, by dividing things before conjoined.

<sup>1</sup> Apulia was the scene of several destructive conflicts in the course of its reduction under the Roman power. It witnessed at Cannæ a sanguinary vengeance taken for its ancient wrongs. Livy mentions two reports concerning the eques-

trian rings sent by Hannibal, one of which states them at three modii and a half, the other (preferred by the historian) at a modius.

<sup>2</sup> See Gibbon, *Dec. and Fall*, c. lvi., for an account of the eventful history of Robert Guiscard and his conquest of Calabria and Apulia.

<sup>3</sup> Ceperano is a small place on the borders of the Campagna di Roma, near Mount Casino. It was here, say the commentators, that the Apulians forsook Manfred, or Mainfroy, son of Frederic II. and King of Naples, who subsequently lost his kingdom and his life in

O'er the slope reef, to arch that hath bestrode  
 A farther moat, where all their fee receive,  
 20 Who, discomposing, yet amass their load.

## CANTO XXVIII.

ARGUMENT.—*Ninth Pouch. Punishment of Schismatics and  
 Causers of Divisions. Mahomet. Pier di Medicina. Bertrand  
 de Born.*

Who might recount, though in untrammelled prose,  
 And that, repeating, oft he told the tale,  
 The blood and ghastly wounds which now arose  
 Before mine eyes? Sure every tongue should fail,  
 By reason of our speech, and of the mind  
 Whose puny faculties might nought avail  
 Such theme to compass. Were that host combined  
 That whilome trod <sup>1</sup> Apulia's fated soil,  
 When o'er the spilth of native blood she pined,  
 From Roman armies and the lengthened toil  
 Of war, which made (as Livy's pen renowned  
 For truth indites) of rings so noble spoil,  
 With that which felt the smarts of many a wound,  
 Wrestling against the <sup>2</sup> Norman Guiscard's might:  
 And them whose bleaching bones yet heap the ground  
 At <sup>3</sup> Ceperan, where each Apulian light  
 And lying proved; and, <sup>4</sup> where the old Alard,  
 Unarmed, of Tagliacozzo won the fight;  
 And one of member pierced, one lopt and shared

the bloody battle of Benevento, fought against Charles of Anjou.

<sup>1</sup> In the year 1268, Conradin of Suabia, nephew of Mainfroy, renewed the struggle against Charles, and entered the Abruzzo with a formidable force. They met on the 23rd of August, at Tagliacozza, in that country, and Charles was advised by Alard di Valeri, an old French knight of great experience in the wars of Louis IX, and at that time returning from pilgrimage, to reserve five hundred horse to watch the issue of the conflict. His French and Provençal troops

were routed, and he was with difficulty withheld from the scene of action, till, at the moment when the enemy's forces were completely disordered by their eagerness in pursuit, the aged warrior exclaimed, 'Now, Sire, is your time; the victory is ours;' and the cavaliers, putting spurs to their horses, charged the broken ranks of the enemy, and entirely changed the fortune of the day. Conradin escaped to the sea-shore, but was recognised, conveyed to Naples, and there publicly beheaded in the October following.



Mostrasse, d' agguagliar sarebbe nulla 20  
 Il modo della nona bolgia sozzo.  
 Già veggia per mezzul perdere o lulla,  
 Com' io vidi un, così non si pertugia,  
 Rotto dal mento insin dove si trulla :  
 Tra le gambe pendevan le minugia ;  
 La corata pareva, e il tristo sacco  
 Che merda fa di quel che si trangugia.  
 Mentre che tutto in lui veder m' attacco,  
 Guardommi, e con le man s' aperse in petto,  
 Dicendo : Or vedi come io mi dilacco : 30  
 Vedi come storpiato è Maometto.  
 Dinanzi a me sen va piangendo Allì  
 Fesso nel volto dal mento al ciuffetto :  
 E tutti gli altri, che tu vedi quì,  
 Seminador di scandalo e di scisma  
 Fur vivi ; e però son fessi così.  
 Un diavolo è qua dietro che n' accisma  
 Si crudelmente, al taglio della spada  
 Rimettendo ciascun di questa risma,  
 Quando avem volta la dolente strada ; 40  
 Perocchè le ferite son richiuse  
 Prima ch' altri dinanzi li rivada.  
 Ma tu chi se' che in su lo scoglio muse,  
 Forse per indugiar d' ire alla pena,  
 Ch' è giudicata in su le tue accuse ?  
 Nè morte il giunse ancor, nè colpa il mena,  
 Rispose il mio Maestro, a tormentarlo ;  
 Ma per dar lui esperienza piena,  
 A me, che morto son, convien menarlo  
 Per lo inferno quaggiù di giro in giro : 50  
 E questo è ver così com' io ti parlo.  
 Più fur di cento che, quando l' udiro,  
 S' arrestaron nel fosso a riguardarmi,  
 Per maraviglia obliando il martiro.  
 Or di' a Fra Dolcin dunque che s' armi,

\* Ali was the personal friend of Mahomet, and the fourth in succession to the caliphate. He appears to have been little deserving the odium which Dante has here affixed to his name, although his adherents doubtless produced, by their violent partisanship, the political, rather than theological, schism between the Shiites and Sonnites, which 'is still maintained in the immortal hatred of the

Persians and Turks.' (Gibbon, *Dec. and Fall*, c. i.) A valuable addition has been made to Gibbon's brief notice of the Fatemite party and their attempts, by our learned Orientalist, Dr. Nicholson, who has translated an extract from an ancient Arabic MS. in the Ducal Library of Saxe Gotha, recording the establishment of the Fatemite dynasty in Africa, and enriched it with an introduction and notes.

Should make display,—'twere nothing, with the tide  
 Of loathly shapes in that ninth pouch compared.  
 No cask, from loss of centre-board or side  
 Its bottom burst, such leak had ever sprung,  
 As one from chin to baser vent I spied  
 Disparted: 'tween the legs his entrails hung,  
 And with his liver that foul sack was shown,  
 Which turns the swallowed nutriment to dung.  
 While I mine whole attent on him alone  
 Fasten, he looked, and with his hands laid bare  
 His breast, and cried: 'See how I rend mine own!  
 What mangling, see, is Mahomet's to share!  
 Before me groaning <sup>5</sup> Ali—from the chin  
 His visage cloven to the frontal hair.  
 And all the rest, thou findest here within,  
 The seeds of scandal and of schism erewhile  
 Lived to diffuse; and answer for their sin  
 Thus riven. To cleave us in so ruthless style  
 A demon lurks behind, whose keen-set blade  
 Repeats his stroke on each of yonder file,  
 When we the doleful highway's round have made;  
 For, ere we prove again his trenchant edge,  
 Closed are our gashes, and with skin o'erlaid.  
 But who art thou that haltest on the ledge  
 In stupid muse, as loth to seek the pains  
 To which thy crimes adjudicate and pledge  
 The lingering spirit?' 'Him nor death enchains,'  
 My master answered, 'nor the deed of ill  
 Hurls to his torment: but to me pertains  
 The cup of his experience to fulfil:  
 The dead to guide the living is my lot  
 Through hellish orbs, from deep to deeper still.  
 And these my words are truth.' Upon the spot  
 A hundred, hearing him, to eye me stood,  
 And in their wonder all their pangs forgot.  
 'Go, warn the <sup>6</sup> Friar Dolcino that with food

<sup>5</sup> The Friar Dulcinus succeeded Gerard Sagarelli, as head of the sect called *Apostles*. He 'published his predictions with more courage, and maintained them with more zeal, than his predecessor had done, and did not hesitate to declare, that in a short space of time Pope Boniface VIII., the corrupt priests, and the licentious monks, were to perish by the hand of the Emperor Frederic III. . . . He

was opposed by Raynerius, Bishop of Vercelli; . . . and after several battles, fought with obstinate courage, was at length taken prisoner and put to death at Vercelli, in the most barbarous manner, in 1307, together with Margaret, whom he had chosen for his spiritual sister, according to the custom of his sect.' (Mosheim, *Eccl. Hist.*, cent. 13, part 2, c. v., and the note.) Novara is in Piedmont.

Tu che forse vedrai il sole in breve,  
 S' egli non vuol qui tosto seguitarmi,  
 Sì di vivanda, che stretta di neve  
 Non rechi la vittoria al Noarese,  
 Ch' altrimenti acquistar non saria lieve. 60  
 Poichè l' un piè per girsene sospese,  
 Maometto mi disse esta parola,  
 Indi a partirsi in terra lo distese.  
 Un altro che forata avea la gola  
 E tronco il naso infin sotto le ciglia,  
 E non avea ma' ch' un' orecchia sola,  
 Restato a riguardar per maraviglia  
 Con gli altri, innanzi agli altri aprì la canna  
 Ch' era di fuor d' ogni parte vermiglia ;  
 E disse : O tu, cui colpa non condanna, 70  
 E cui già vidi su in terra Latina,  
 Se troppa simiglianza non m' inganna,  
 Rimembriti di Pier da Medicina,  
 Se mai torni a veder lo dolce piano,  
 Che da Vercello a Marcabò dichina.  
 E fa saper a' duo miglior di Fano,  
 A messer Guido ed anche ad Angiolello,  
 Che, se l' antiveder quì non è vano,  
 Gittati saran fuor di lor vasello,  
 E mazzerati presso alla Cattolica, 80  
 Per tradimento d' un tiranno fello.  
 Tra l' isola di Cipri e di Maiolica  
 Non vide mai sì gran fallo Nettuno,  
 Non da Pirati, non da gente Argolica.  
 Quel traditor che vede pur con l' uno,  
 E tien la terra, che tal è qui meco,  
 Vorrebbe di vedere esser digiuno,  
 Faà ve nirli a parlamento seco ;  
 Poi fara sì, che al vento di Focara  
 Non farà lor mestier voto nè preco. 90  
 Ed io a lui : Dimostrami e dichiara,  
 Se vuoi ch' io porti su di te novella,

<sup>7</sup> Vercelli, capital of a lordship of the same name, is in Piedmont. Marcabo was anciently a fortress at the mouth of the Po, near Porto Primaro. Consequently the 'gentle plain' is Lombardy.

<sup>8</sup> Pier di Medicina, so called from a place of that name in the county of Bologna, was a fermenter of discords among the

Bolognese, and provoked the enmity between Guy of Polenta, Lord of Ravenna, and the younger Malatesta, of Rimini.

<sup>9</sup> Fano, a city on the shore of the Adriatic, nine miles south of Pesaro.

<sup>10</sup> Guido del Cassero and Angiolello da Cagnano repaired to La Cattolica, a castle on the sea-shore

He arm himself (for thou perhaps the sun  
 Shalt soon revisit), if he deem not good  
 Hither to join me quickly : lest, undone  
 By strait of snows, he to Novara yield  
 A victory that else were hardly won.'  
 This word to me while Mahomet revealed,  
 He held one foot suspense, in act to move,  
 And, thus departing, pressed it on the field.  
 Another thence, for whom the fiend had clove  
 His throat across, and lopt the nose from under  
 The bleeding eyebrows, and who bore above  
 One ear alone, tarrying to gaze with wonder  
 Amid his fellows, first of all the throng  
 His crimsoned windpipe oped for speech asunder ;  
 And said : ' O uncondemned for aught of wrong !  
 Whom I in Latin land—if not in vain  
 I guess, deceived by likeness all too strong—  
 Have seen ; shouldst thou review the gentle plain  
 That from <sup>7</sup> Vercelli falls to Marcabo,  
 Of <sup>8</sup> Pier di Medicina think again,  
 And cause the best in <sup>9</sup> Fano both to know—  
 To <sup>10</sup> Messer Guy, to Angiolello say,  
 Unless our foresight mocks us here below,  
 When sailing near Catholica shall they,  
 By treason tied in sacks and hoisted o'er  
 Their vessel, drown, a felon tyrant's prey.  
 Never <sup>11</sup> 'tween Cyprus' and Majorca's shore  
 Did Neptune witness crime so deep in dye,  
 From pirate-horde, or Argive host of yore.  
 That traitorous, who sees with but one eye,  
 And holds the country, <sup>12</sup> one were well agreed  
 Himself had never seen, who standeth by,  
 Shall summon them for conference, then speed  
 Their matters so, that to <sup>13</sup> Focara's breeze  
 Nor vow nor prayer for convoy shall they need.'  
 'Declare,' I said, 'and show for whom of these  
 Seeing hath proved so bitter, if thou seek

between Rimini and Pesaro, by request of Malatestino, tyrant of Rimini, who pretended that he wished to consult with them, but had secretly persuaded the crew of the vessel to throw them overboard.

<sup>11</sup> That is, through the whole extent of the Mediterranean.

<sup>12</sup> This is, in the original, an

intricate sentence. The person who would have been glad never to have seen Rimini is Curio.

<sup>13</sup> Focara was a high promontory near the Catholica, which, occasioning frequent sudden squalls, and consequently risk to the vessels coasting near it, caused the mariners to offer prayers for their escape as they passed.

Chi è colui dalla veduta amara.  
 Allor pose la mano alla mascella  
 D' un suo compagno, e la bocca gli aperse  
 Gridando: questi è desso, e non favella:  
 Questi, scacciato, il dubitar sommerse  
 In Cesare, affermando che il fornito  
 Sempre con danno l' attender sofferse.  
 O quanto mi pareva sbigottito 100  
 Con la lingua tagliata nella strozza,  
 Curio, ch' a dicer fu così ardito!  
 Ed un ch' avea l' una e l' altra man mozza,  
 Levando i moncherin per l' aura fosca,  
 Sì che il sangue facea la faccia sozza,  
 Gridò: Ricorderati anche del Mosca:  
 Che dissi, lasso! capo ha cosa fatta,  
 Che fu il mal seme della gente tosca.  
 Ed io v' aggiunsi; E morte di tua schiatta;  
 Perch' egli accumulando duol con duolo, 110  
 Sen gio come persona trista e matta.  
 Ma io rimasi a riguardar lo stuolo,  
 E vidi cosa ch' io avrei paura,  
 Senza più prova, di contarla solo;  
 Se non che coscienza mi assicura,  
 La buona compagnia che l' uom francheggia  
 Sotto l' osbergo del sentirsi pura.  
 I' vidi certo, ed ancor par ch' io 'l veggia,  
 Un busto senza capo andar, sì come  
 Andavan gli altri della trista greggia. 120  
 E il capo tronco tenea per le chiome,  
 Pesol con mano a guisa di lanterna,  
 E quei mirava noi, e dicea: O me!  
 Di sè faceva a sè stesso lucerna,  
 Ed eran due in uno, ed uno in due;  
 Com' esser può, Quei sa che sì governa.  
 Quando diritto appiè del ponte fue,  
 Levò il braccio alto con tutta la testa  
 Per appressarne le parole sue,  
 Che furo: Or vedi la pena molesta 130  
 Tu che, spirando, vai veggendo i morti:  
 Vedi se alcuna è grande come questa;

<sup>14</sup> Lucan, *Pharsalia*, book i. 267.

<sup>15</sup> Buondelmonte di Buondelmonti had mortally offended the powerful house of the Amedei, by promising to wed a lady of their

family, and afterwards uniting himself to one of the Donati. The affronted Amedei met to consider in what manner they should attempt to revenge themselves; and while they were hesitating, Mosca

That I, reporting thee to earth, should ease  
 Thy grief.' He heard, then to a comrade's cheek  
 Applied his hand, and spread the mouth to view,  
 Crying: 'T is this one, and he doth not speak.  
<sup>14</sup> This was the exile who the doubt o'erthrew  
 In Cæsar's bosom, venturing to uphold,  
*Delay the once-prepared must ever rue.*  
 Alas! how abject here and craven-souled,  
 His tongue from out the yawning gullet cleft,  
 Did Curio seem, that was of speech so bold!  
 And one that went of either hand bereft,  
 In the black air, till blood-drops soiled his face,  
 Lifting the gory stumps his maim had left,  
 Cried: 'Let thy memory <sup>15</sup> Mosca, too, retrace,  
 Who to my cost advised: *Thing done hath head.*  
 A seed whence evil to the Tuscan race—'  
 'And to thine house,' I added, 'death was bred.'  
 Whereat, like crazy wretch of sense forsook,  
 He, grief on grief accumulating, fled.  
 But I, remaining on their crowd to look,  
 Beheld a thing, the which for very fear  
 To tell without more proof I might not brook,  
 If conscience, good companion, were not near  
 To reassure, who sets the spirit free  
 Within the hauberk of a breast sincere.  
 Certes I saw, and yet I seem to see,  
 A bust without the head go moving thus,  
 As moved the rest of that sad company:  
 And by its hairs the lopt head pendulous  
 It lantern-fashion with one hand sustained,  
 Which sighed, 'Ah! woe is me!' and glared on us.  
 So, as a lamp to light himself constrained,  
 There two in one, and one in two appears;  
 He knows how this might be, who so ordained.  
 Now fronting the bridge-foot, aloft he rears  
 Arm, head and all, that nearer to our line  
 His words more plainly might salute our ears;  
 Which were: 'See thou my troublous curse; 'tis thine  
 Yet breathing 'mid the dead to make resort;  
 See thou if any plague can match with mine.

dei Lamberti exclaimed, 'Cosa fatta ha capo,' meaning, say the Italian expositors, that, once achieved, the thing would adjust itself. Accordingly, with the aid of some of the younger among his

party, Mosca assassinated Buondelmonte, and kindled the first spark of that feud which afterwards blazed so fiercely between Guelphs and Ghibellines in Florence.

E perchè tu di me novella porti,  
 Sappi ch' io son Bertram dal Bornio, quelli  
 Che al re Giovane diedi i mal conforti.  
 Io feci il padre e il figlio in sè rebelli :  
 Achitofel non fe' più d' Absalone  
 E di David co' malvagi pungelli.  
 Perch' io partii così giunte persone,  
 Partito porto il mio cerebro, lasso !  
 Dal suo principio ch' è in questo troncone.  
 Così s' osserva in me lo contrappasso.

140

## CANTO XXIX.

*I falsatori di metalli e alchimisti sono da pestilenti morbi in questa decima ed ultima bolgia dell' ottavo cerchio puniti. Introduce il poeta a parlare Griffolino d' Arezzo e Capocchio da Siena.*

LA molta gente e le diverse piaghe  
 Avean le luci mie sì inebriate,  
 Che dello stare a piangere eran vaghe :  
 Ma Virgilio mi disse : Che pur guate ?  
 Perchè la vista tua pur si soffolge  
 Laggiù tra l' ombre triste smozzicate ?

<sup>10</sup> A controversy of some importance has been raised on this passage, in which M. de Ginguene proposes to read *al Re Giovane* for the received *al Re Giovanni*. The title *Rey Jovens* was given to Henry, eldest son of Henry II. of England, in consequence of his being crowned in his father's lifetime. And it must be remembered that, at the time when Bertrand de Born appears to have exercised most influence over the minds of Henry's children, John, his favourite, was too young to enter into family disputes. On the other hand, it is evident that the defection of Prince John afterwards was the crowning blow which broke his father's heart. On the whole, as Sig. Biagioli's arguments appear to me too slight to overthrow the mass of probabilities on the other side, and as there are certainly lines in Dante quite as

unmusical as that which it is proposed to read here, I have adopted Ginguene's alteration.

The following spirited narrative of an interview between the insulted king and his rebellious vassal is from the *Pictorial History of England* :—

'The heart of the king was divided between grief at the death of his first-born, and rage against the insurgents, whom he held to have been not only the cause of his son's decease, but the impediment which had prevented him from seeing and embracing him in his last moments. The feeling of revenge, however, allying itself with the sense of his immediate interests, soon obtained entire mastery, and he proceeded with all his old vigour and activity against the barons of Aquitaine and Poitou. The very day after his son's funeral he took Limoges

And know me—so thou shalt my doom report—  
 Bertrand de Born, who did the <sup>16</sup> Younger King  
 With vile instilments banefully exhort.  
 'Twixt sire and son I caused rebellion spring;  
 Not more Achitophel's malignant dart  
 Did the lost Absalom 'gainst David sting.  
 Because I wrought so joinèd ones to part,  
 Myself my brain must parted bear, alas !  
 From its own source within this trunk, my heart.  
 On me retaliation thus doth pass.'

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### CANTO XXIX.

ARGUMENT.—*Dante sees his kinsman, Geri del Bello. Tenth Pouch.  
 Punishment of the Alchymists. Griffolino and Capocchio.*

THE numerous people and the varied harms  
 Did so my swimming eyes intoxicate,  
 That e'en to linger there and weep had charms.  
 But Virgil asked: 'Why gazing dost thou wait?  
 Why cling thine eyes down there, as if they felt  
 Support amid the sad shades mutilate?

by assault ; then castle after castle was stormed and utterly destroyed ; and at last Bertrand de Born, the soul of the conspiracy, the seducer of his children, fell into his hands. Never had enemy been more persevering, insidious, and dangerous ; never had vassal so so outraged his liege lord, or in such a variety of ways ; for Bertrand, like Luke de Barré, was a poet as well as knight, and had cruelly satirised Henry in productions which were popular wherever the *langue d'Oc* was understood. All men said he must surely die, and Henry said so himself. The troubadour was brought into his presence to hear his sentence : the king taunted him with a boast he had been accustomed to make—namely, that he had so much wit in reserve, as never to have occasion to use one half of it, and told him he was now

in a plight in which the whole of his wit would not serve him. The troubadour acknowledged he had made the boast, and that not without truth and reason. 'And I,' said the king, 'I think thou hast lost thy wits.' 'Yes, sire,' replied Bertrand, mournfully, 'I lost them that day the valiant young king died ; then, indeed, I lost my wits, my senses, and all wisdom.' At this allusion to his son, the king burst into tears, and nearly swooned. When he came to himself, his vengeance had departed from him. 'Sir Bertrand,' said he, 'Sir Bertrand, thou mightest well lose thy wits because of my son, for he loved thee more than any man upon earth ; and I, for love of him, give thee thy life, thy property, thy castle.' (Book iii., c. i.)



Tu non hai fatto sì all' altre bolge :  
 Pensa, se tu annoverar le credi,  
 Che miglia ventiduo la valle volge ;  
 E già la luna è sotto i nostri piedi : 10  
 Lo tempo è poco omai che n' è concesso ;  
 Ed altro è da veder che tu non vedi,  
 Se tu avessi, rispos' io appresso,  
 Atteso alla cagion perch' io guardava,  
 Forse m' avresti ancor lo star dimesso.  
 Parte sen gia, ed io retro gli andava,  
 Lo Duca, già facendo la risposta,  
 E soggiungendo : Dentro a quella cava,  
 Dov' io teneva gli occhi sì a posta,  
 Credo che un spirto del mio sangue pianga 20  
 La colpa che laggiù cotanto costa.  
 Allor disse il Maestro : Non si franga  
 Lo tuo pensier da qui innanzi sovr' ello :  
 Attendi ad altro, ed ei là si rimanga ;  
 Ch' io vidi lui a piè del ponticello  
 Mostrarti, e minacciar forte col dito,  
 Ed udil nominar Geri del Bello.  
 Tu eri allor sì del tutto impedito  
 Sovra colui che già tenne Altaforte,  
 Che non guardasti in là ; sì fu partito. 30  
 O Duca mio, la violenta morte  
 Che non gli è vendicata ancor, diss' io,  
 Per alcun che dell' onta sia consorte,  
 Fece lui disdegnoso ; onde sen gio  
 Senza parlarmi, sì com' io stimo ;  
 Ed in ciò m' ha e' fatto a sè più pio.  
 Così parlammo insino al luogo primo  
 Che dello scoglio l' altra valle mostra,  
 Se più lume vi fosse, tutto ad imo.  
 Quando noi fummo in su l' ultima chiostra 40  
 Di Malebolgo, sì che i suoi conversi  
 Potean parere alla veduta nostra,  
 Lamenti saettaron me diversi,  
 Che di pietà ferrati avean gli strali :  
 Ond' io gli orecchi colle man copersi.  
 Qual dolor fora, se degli spedali

<sup>1</sup> This Geri del Bello the commentators all agree to have been brother to Cione Alighiere, Dante's cousin. He was a man of bad character, and, as his place denotes,

a makebate. He was murdered by one of the Sacchetti family.

<sup>2</sup> *Altaforte, rocca in Inghilterra*, says Landino, and following him Lombardi; *Altaforte in Guascogna*,

Not thus i' the other pouches hast thou dealt ;  
 And think, if thou to count their number mean,  
 Full two and twenty miles this valley's belt.  
 The moon already 'neath our feet her sheen  
 Conceals, the time grows short to us conceded,  
 And there is more to see thou hast not seen.'  
 Whom I that instant answered : ' Hadst thou heeded  
 My cause of gazing, e'en for longer stay  
 With thee my pardon, haply, it had pleaded.'  
 Meantime, with me behind, his onward way  
 My guide resumes, while I continuing tell  
 My tale, and add : ' Where late I made delay  
 Fastening mine eyes, within that hollow dell  
 Methinks a spirit of my blood doth plain  
 The crime that costs so dear in yonder hell.'  
 Then spake the master : ' Break no more in vain  
 Thy thought on him ; thy mind attentive frame  
 For other mark, and let him there remain.  
 By the bridge-foot I saw him point and aim  
 His finger, threatening thee with stern intent,  
 And of <sup>1</sup> Geri bel Bello caught the name.  
 But thou wert hampered then, and wholly bent  
 On him, once <sup>2</sup> Hautfort's warden ; till from hence,  
 Unowned by look of thine, thy kinsman went.'  
 ' Ah ! my good Lord, <sup>3</sup> the mortal violence  
 Whereof he goes yet unavenged—' I said,  
 ' By any bound to feel with kindred sense  
 His shame, makes him disdainful, that he sped  
 From me, no word vouchsafing, as I deem ;  
 And wakes the more my pity for him dead.'  
 So talking came we where that rocky seam  
 First shows, and had revealed the neighb'ring dale  
 In all its depth, if lit by stronger beam.  
 When as we gained that utmost cloister-pale  
 Of Malebolge, whence our eyes to view  
 Its undevout recluses might avail,  
 An arrow-storm of wild laments that flew,  
 Barbed each with pity, did so sorely gall  
 Mine ears, to stop them I both hands upthrew.  
 As were the groan, if every hospital

says Biagioli. Hauteforte, the domain of Bertrand de Born, lies a little to the east of Perigueux in the (ancient) province of Guienne, which was a part of the Anglo-Gallic domain in those times

<sup>3</sup> Landino says that his murder was avenged about thirty years afterwards by a son of the Cione above mentioned, who slew one of the Sacchetti in his own doorway.

Di Valdichiana tra il luglio e il settembre,  
 E di Maremma e di Sardigna i mali  
 Fossero in una fossa tutti insembre;  
 Tal era quivi, e tal puzzo n' usciva, 50  
 Qual suole uscir dalle marcite membre.  
 Noi discendemmo in su l' ultima riva  
 Del lungo scoglio, pur da man sinistra,  
 Ed allor fu la mia vista più viva  
 Giù ver lo fondo, dove la ministra  
 Dell' alto Sire, infallibil giustizia,  
 Punisce i falsator che qui registra.  
 Non credo che a veder maggior tristizia  
 Fosse in Egina il popol tutto infermo,  
 Quando fu l' aer sì pien di malizia, 60  
 Che gli animali infino al picciol vermo  
 Cascaron tutti, e poi le genti antiche,  
 Secondo che i poeti hanno per fermo,  
 Si ristorar di seme di formiche;  
 Ch' era a veder per quella oscura valle  
 Languir gli spirti per diverse biche.  
 Qual sovra il ventre, e qual sovra le spalle  
 L' un dell' altro giacea, e qual carpone  
 Si trasmutava per lo tristo calle.  
 Passo passo andavam senza sermone, 70  
 Guardando ed ascoltando gli ammalati,  
 Che non potean levar le lor persone.  
 Io vidi duo sedere a sè poggianti,  
 Come a scaldar s' appoggia tegghia a tegghia,  
 Dal capo a' piè di schianze maculati:  
 E non vidi giammai menare stregghia  
 Da ragazzo aspettato dal signorso,  
 Nè da colui che mal volentier vegghia;  
 Come ciascun menava spesso il morso  
 Dell' unghie sovra sè per la gran rabbia 80  
 Del pizzicor, che non ha più soccorso.  
 E si traevan giù l' unghie la scabbia,  
 Come coltel di scardova le scaglie,  
 O d' altro pesce che più larghe l' abbia.  
 O tu che colle dita ti dismaglie,  
 Cominciò il Duca mio a un di loro,  
 E che fai d' esse tal volta tanaglie,  
 Dimmi s' alcun Latino è tra costoro

<sup>1</sup> The valley of the Chiana, between Arezzo, Cortona, Chiusi, and

Montepulciano. Maremma, the coast between Pisa and Sienna

Of <sup>4</sup> Valdichiana poured between July  
 And hot September plagues to mix with all  
 Maremma's and Sardinia's fens supply,  
 Crowding one ditch, so here ; and fume as rank  
 Steamed up, as wont from limbs that putrefy,  
 Leftward descended we to that last bank  
 From off the long-drawn reef; and more assured  
 My gaze adown the deep, more vivid sank,  
 Where Justice, handmaid of the Sùpreme Lord  
 Infallible, each false pretender's crime,  
 Here registered for vengeance, doth reward.  
 Not sadder was the sight, I ween, what time  
<sup>5</sup> Ægina mourned her people all infirm—  
 When such malignancy the tainted clime  
 Breathed out, her creatures to the smallest worm  
 Drooped all and perished ; till the race of old  
 Repaired its own extinguishment by germ  
 Of emmets, as poetic tales uphold,—  
 Than was to see along that dungeon-shade  
 The languid ghosts in different masses rolled.  
 This o'er his neighbour's belly — that was laid  
 O'er other's shoulders—while a crawling third  
 In unrest o'er the dreary foot-path strayed.  
 Looking and listening to the sickly herd  
 Enervate, who to lift them power had not,  
 Step after step we trailed, nor uttered word.  
 Like pan by pan arranged to make them hot.  
 Each propt with other, I two sitters spied  
 From head to foot embossed with tetter-spot.  
 Nor e'er saw curry-comb so swiftly plied  
 Of stable-drudge for whom his master waited,  
 Or one that, gaping, for his pallet sighed,  
 As each his toothed nails incessant grated  
 O'er his own skin, with prurience of itch  
 Whose mighty rage none other help abated ;  
 And rent away the lazar-scabs with twitch  
 Of scullion's knife that, scraping, o'er the scales  
 Of carp, or fish with broader plates, doth hitch.  
 'O thou whose fingers—' thus my leader hails  
 One of the twain,—'strip off thy scaly spoil,  
 That ever and anon dost turn thy nails  
 To pincers, tell us if 'mid yonder coil

Che son quinc' entra, se l' unghia ti basti  
 Eternalmente a cotesto lavoro. 90  
 Latin sem noi, che tu vedi sì guast i  
 Qui ambodue, rispose l' un piangendo :  
 Ma tu chi se' che di noi dimandasti ?  
 E il Duca disse : Io son un che discendo  
 Con questo vivo giù di balzo in balzo,  
 E di mostrar l' inferno a lui intendo.  
 Allor si ruppe lo comun rincalzo ;  
 E tremando ciascuno a me si volse  
 Con altri che l' udiron di rimbalzo.  
 Lo buon Maestro a me tutto s' accolse, 100  
 Dicendo : Di' a lor ciò che tu vuoi.  
 Ed io incominciai, poscia ch' ei volse :  
 Se la vostra memoria non s' imboli  
 Nel primo mondo dall' umane menti,  
 Ma s' ella viva sotto molti soli,  
 Ditemi chi voi siete e di che genti :  
 La vostra sconcia e fastidiosa pena  
 Di palesarvi a me non vi spaventi.  
 Io fui d' Arezzo, ed Alberto da Siena,  
 Rispose l' un, mi fe' mettere al fuoco ; 110  
 Ma quel perch' io mori' qui non mi mena.  
 Ver è ch' io dissi a lui, parlando a giuoco,  
 Io mi saprei levar per l' aere a volo :  
 E quei che avea vaghezza e senno poco,  
 Volle ch' io gli mostrassi l' arte ; e solo  
 Perch' io nol feci Dedalo, mi fece  
 Ardere a tal, che l' avea per figliuolo.  
 Ma nell' ultima bolgia delle diece  
 Me per l' alchimia che nel mondo usai,  
 Dannò Minos, a cui fallir non lece. 120  
 Ed io dissi al Poeta : Or fu giammai  
 Gente sì vana come la Sanese ?  
 Certo non la Francesca sì d' assai.  
 Onde l' altro lebbroso che m' intese,  
 Rispose al detto mio : Tranne lo Stricca,  
 Che seppe far le temperate spese ;  
 E Niccolò, che la costuma ricca  
 Del garofano prima discoperse

\* This man's name was Griffolino;  
 and Albero, or Alberto di Sienna,  
 disappointed in the manner here  
 related, complained to his relative,  
 the Bishop of Sienna, who burnt  
 Griffolino for a sorcerer. Dædalus

made wings for himself and his son  
 Icarus to escape the vengeance of  
 Minos.

' With irony similar to that by  
 which Bonturo is called the only  
 exception to the knavery of the

Hide any Latin ; so may each clawed hand  
 Eternally suffice thee for their toil.'  
 'We, now so ruined seen, of Latin land  
 Are both,' responded one with piteous tone,  
 'But who art thou of us to make demand ?'  
 'One,' answered he, 'that claim the task mine own  
 This living man from steep to steep profound  
 To lead ; my purpose until Hell be shown.'  
 They heard, and broke their common prop, and round  
 To greet me tremulously turned, with host  
 Of other sprites who caught his words' rebound.  
 My courteous leader, all by me engrossed,  
 Commanded : 'Speak the promptings of thy mind.  
 To these :' whom I, so countenanced, accost :  
 'So let your names from memory of your kind  
 Never on earth to blank Oblivion steal,  
 But yet survive when many suns have shined ;  
 Tell who ye are, your lineage both reveal,  
 Nor let the foul and nauseous curse ye earned  
 Coward your tongues your fortune to conceal.'  
 'Arezzo was my country,'<sup>6</sup> one returned,  
 'And Albert of Sienna's wrath pursued  
 And drove me to the stake—but why I burned  
 Brings me not hither : true, in jesting mood  
 I told him I could soar the skies : mine art  
 He, with much zeal and little sense endued,  
 Would fain be shown ; and, merely that the part  
 Of Dædalus I shunned, my burning sought  
 From one who loved him with a father's heart.  
 But me for the' alchymy which there I wrought  
 Hath Minos to the lowest pouch of ten  
 Condemned—on him deceit availeth nought.'  
 And I said to the poet : 'Where again  
 Might people empty as the Siennese  
 Be found ? Far short, I trow, the French.' But when  
 That other leprous heard me talk of these,  
 'My speech he answered :<sup>8</sup> 'Stricca thence remove,  
 Who knew to temper spending with degrees,  
 And<sup>9</sup> Nicolas, that of the costly clove  
 The use discovered in that garden first,

Lucchese (Canto xxi., v. 40),  
 Dante here signalises the vainest  
 of the vain in Sienna.

<sup>8</sup> This Stricca is said to have  
 been *un Curiale* di Siena.

<sup>9</sup> Niccolo, by some surnamed de

Bonsignori, by others de Salimbeni,  
 whose genius was exercised in  
 gastronomy, and produced the in-  
 vention of stuffing pheasants with  
 cloves. The 'garden' of this  
 second Apicius is here Sienna.

Nell' orto, dove tal seme s' appica ;  
 E tranne la brigata, in che disperse 130  
 Caccia d' Ascian la vigna e la gran fronda,  
 E l' Abbagliato il suo senno proferse.  
 Ma perchè sappi chi s' ti seconda  
 Contra i Sanesi, aguzza ver me l' occhio  
 Sì, che la faccia mia ben ti risponda ;  
 Sì vedrai ch' io son l' ombra di Capocchio,  
 Che falsai li metalli con alchimia,  
 E ten dee ricordar, se ben t' adocchio,  
 Com' io fui di natura buona scimia.

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 CANTO XXX.

*Percorrendo sempre la stessa bolgia i poeti s' incontrano in coloro  
 che falsarono le loro persone, le monete, e le parole. Son' puniti  
 dall' idropisia, da sete ardente e da febbre violentissima. Mas-  
 tro Adamo, e Simone da Troia contendono insieme.*

NEL tempo che Giunone era crucciata  
 Per Semelè contra il sangue tebano,  
 Come mostrò già una ed altra fiata,  
 Atamante divenne tanto insano,  
 Che veggendo la moglie co' duo figli  
 Andar carcata da ciascuna mano,  
 Gridò : Tendiam le reti, sì ch' io pigli  
 La lionessa e i lioncini al varco :  
 E poi distese i dispietati artigli,  
 Prendendo l' un che avea nome Learco, 10  
 E rotollo, e percosselo ad un sasso ;  
 E quella s' annegò con l' altro incarco.  
 E quando la fortuna volse in basso  
 L' altezza de' Troian che tutto ardiva,  
 Sì che insieme col regno il re fu casso ;

<sup>10</sup> It is said that in the time of Dante a number of Siennese youths formed a society, converted all their estates and possessions into ready money, and in the short space of twenty months, having squandered in extravagant entertainments their common stock, to the amount of two hundred thousand ducats, brought themselves to

beggary: among these Caccia of Asciano and L'Abbagliato (for I prefer that reading to Lombardi's) seem to have been the most wealthy.

<sup>11</sup> This Capocchio is supposed to have been Dante's fellow-student in youth, and to have devoted himself first to alchymy; but proving unsuccessful in his aim, to have

Where such a seed thrives ever : <sup>10</sup> and the drove  
 'Mid whom Caccia d'Asciano flung dispersed  
 Vineyard and leaf; and one, his worthy peer,  
 The Hallucinate, displayed his wisdom erst.  
 But thou, to know who seconds thee severe  
 Against Sienna's children, point on me  
 Thine eyes, that so my well-confronted cheer  
 Respond; and thou <sup>11</sup> Capocchio's shade wilt see,  
 Who did with alchymy false metals shape.  
 Thou shouldst remember, if mine eyes of thee  
 Tell truth, how I of Nature was good ape.'

## CANTO XXX.

ARGUMENT.—*Tenth Pouch continued. Punishment of Forgers and Coiners. Quarrel between Master Adam and Sinon.*

IN the old time of Juno's angry spleen  
 At Theban blood for <sup>1</sup> Semele defiled,  
 Which once and more the goddess let be seen,  
 With such a madness <sup>2</sup> Athamas went wild,  
 That when the mother of his sons he saw  
 Come with her load, in either hand a child,  
 He cried: 'Spread we the nets, until I draw,  
 As here they pass, the lioness and her young:'  
 Then wide outstretched each unrelenting claw,  
 And him that hight Learchus grasping swung  
 And dashed against a rock, while <sup>3</sup> she to drown  
 Herself and other burden headlong flung.  
 And when the turn of fortune's wheel bowed down  
 The Trojan haughtiness, that wont to dare  
 All things,<sup>4</sup> till fate extinguished king and crown,

turned his attention to counterfeiting the precious metals.

<sup>1</sup> Semele, beloved of Jupiter, was daughter of Cadmus, the founder of Thebes, and, persuaded by Juno in disguise to demand of her lover that he would visit her arrayed in his celestial glory, she perished by the lightnings with which he was surrounded. Her child was res-

cued from the destruction of the mother, and received the name of Bacchus.

<sup>2</sup> Ovid, *Metam.*, iv. 511.

<sup>3</sup> Ino and her son Melicerta became sea-deities, under the names of Leucothoe and Palemon. Ovid describes her despair, *Met.* iv. 527.

<sup>4</sup> Virgil, *Æneid*, ii. 547.



Ecuba trista misera e cattiva,  
 Poscia che vide Polisena morta,  
 E del suo Polidoro in su la riva  
 Del mar si fu la dolorosa accorta,  
 Forsennata latrò sì come cane; 20  
 Tanto il dolor le fe' la mente torta.  
 Ma nè di Tebe furie nè Troiane  
 Si vider mai in alcun tanto crude,  
 Non punger bestie, non che membra umane,  
 Quant' io vidi in due ombre smorte e nude,  
 Che mordendo correvan di quel modo,  
 Che il porco quando del porcil si schiude.  
 L' una giunse a Capocchio, ed in sul nodo  
 Del collo l' assannò sì che, tirando,  
 Grattar gli fece il ventre al fondo sodo. 30  
 E l' Aretin, che rimase tremando,  
 Mi disse: Quel folletto è Gianni Schicchi,  
 E va rabbioso altrui così conciando.  
 Oh, diss' io lui, se l' altro non ti ficchi  
 Li denti addosso, non ti sia fatica  
 A dir chi è, pria che di quì si spicchi.  
 Ed egli a me: Quell' è l'anima antica  
 Di Mirra scellerata, che divenne  
 Al padre, fuor del dritto amore, amica.  
 Questa a peccar con esso così venne, 40  
 Falsificando sè in altrui forma,  
 Come l' altro, che in là sen va, sostenne,  
 Per guadagnar la donna della torma,  
 Falsificare in sè Buoso Donati,  
 Testando, e dando al testamento norma.  
 E poi che i duo rabbiosi fur passati,  
 Sovra i quali io avea l' occhio tenuto,  
 Rivolsilo a guardar gli altri mal nati.  
 I' vidi un fatto a guisa di liuto,  
 Pur ch' egli avesse avuta la anguinaia 50  
 Tronca dal lato, che l' uomo ha forcuto.  
 La grave idropisia che sì dispaia  
 Le membra con l' umor che mal converte,  
 Che il visto non risponde alla ventraia,  
 Faceva lui tener le labbra aperte,  
 Come l' etico fa, che per la sete

\* Ovid, *Metam.*, xiii. 705.

\* Gianni Schicchi, said to be of the Cavalcanti of Florence, was endowed with singular powers of

mimicry, and on the death of Buoso Donati concealed himself in the same bed with the corpse, and deceived the notary whom he had

Sad Hecuba, beholding with despair  
 Polyxena now dead, herself a slave,  
 And, as she doleful roamed the beach, aware  
 Of her loved Polydore the sport of wave,  
 Her wit so wrested by the dire annoy,  
<sup>5</sup> With barkings of a dog essayed to rave.  
 But never furies or of Thebes or Troy  
 On tortured limbs of brute, much less of man,  
 Were found so savage rancour to employ,  
 As here I saw two naked spectres wan,  
 That like to some chafed hog, on which the door  
 Of his own hogstye closes, bit and ran.  
 One fastened on Capocchio's neck, and tore  
 Its knot, then downward dragged with tusk so grim  
 As caused his belly scrape the granite floor :  
 And the Aretine, who shook in every limb,  
 Said : '<sup>6</sup> Gianni Schicchi's goblin maniac  
 Goes there, so quaint his neighbour-damned to trim.'  
 ' Ah ! may his comrade's teeth so spare thy back,'  
 I answered, ' as it shall not irk to say  
 Her name, or e'er she follow hence the track.'  
 And he to me : ' That soul of ancient day  
 Is sacrilegious<sup>7</sup> Myrrha's, who became  
 Her father's love, in love's unlawful way.  
 She with him wrought so detestable shame,  
 Falsely concealing her in other's guise ;  
 As he who runs beside her dared to frame  
 Himself (the lady of the stud his prize)  
 A false Buoso Donati—and made strong  
 By formal act his testament of lies.'  
 When that infuriate pair had passed along,  
 On whom mine eye was fixed, I turned it round  
 To view the others of that misborn throng.  
 There one in fashion like a lute I found,  
 Were but his groin dissevered from the place  
 Whence humankind goes forkèd to the ground.  
 Fell Hydropsy, that from the limbs doth chase  
 Their due proportion with her watery burst,  
 Which all converts amiss, till paunch and face  
 No longer match, his mouth unclosed with thirst  
 Like that which doth some hectic's lips impel,

caused to be summoned to the bed-  
 side, by dictating in the voice of  
 the deceased a will in favour of  
 Simon Donati. It is added that

the best mare in Simon's stud was  
 the price of this villany.

' Myrrha's horrible story is told  
 by Ovid, among others.

L' un verso il mento e l' altro in su riverte.  
 O voi, che senza alcuna pena siete,  
 E non so io perchè, nel mondo gramo,  
 Diss' egli a noi, guardate e attendete 60  
 Alla miseria del maestro Adamo;  
 Io ebbi, vivo, assai di quel ch' i' volli,  
 Ed ora lasso! un gocciol d' acqua bramo.  
 Li ruscelletti, che de' verdi colli  
 Del Casentin discendon giuso in Arno,  
 Facendo i lor canali e freddi e molli,  
 Sempre mi stanno innanzi, e non indarno;  
 Chè l' imagine lor via più m' asciuga,  
 Che il male ond' io nel volto mi discarno.  
 La rigida giustizia, che mi fruga, 70  
 Tragge cagion del luogo ov' io peccai,  
 A metter più gli miei sospiri in fuga.  
 Ivi è Romena, là dov' io falsai  
 La lega suggellata del Batista;  
 Perch' io il corpo suso arso lasciai.  
 Ma s' io vedessi quì l' anima trista  
 Di Guido, o d' Alessandro, o di lor frate,  
 Per fonte Branda non darei la vista.  
 Dentro c' è l' una già, se l' arrabbiate  
 Ombre che vanno intorno dicon vero: 80  
 Ma che mi val, ch' ho le membra legate?  
 S' io fossi pur di tanto ancor leggiero,  
 Ch' i' potessi in cent' anni andare un' oncia,  
 Io sarei messo già per lo sentiero,  
 Cercando lui tra questa gente sconcia,  
 Con tutto ch' ella volge undici miglia,  
 E men d' un mezzo di traverso non ci ha.  
 Io son per lor tra sì fatta famiglia:  
 Ei m' indussero a battere i fiorini,  
 Che avevan tre carati di mondiglia. 90  
 Ed io a lui: Chi son li duo tapini,  
 Che fuman come man bagnata il verno,

\* Maestro Adamo was a native of Brescia, and prevailed on by the Counts of Romena to produce a spurious coinage of gold florins—a coin which at Florence bore on the obverse the head of St. John the Baptist, on the reverse a lily. 'The whole monetary system of Europe was, at this period abandoned to the depredations of sovereigns, who continually varied the

title and weight of coins, sometimes to defraud their creditors, at other times to force their debtors to pay more than they had received, or the tax payers more than was due. During a hundred and fifty years more, the kings of France violated their faith with the public, making annually, with the utmost effrontery, some important change in the coins. But the republic of Flor-

One toward his chin, and upward one reversed.  
 'O ye who thread the mourning deeps of Hell  
 Unsubject, and I know not why, to pain,'  
 Said he to us, 'behold and ponder well  
 The grief of <sup>8</sup> Master Adam. Plenteous gain  
 Of all I wanted living blessed me still—  
 One drop of water now I crave in vain !  
 The little brooks that, every grass-green hill  
 Of <sup>9</sup> Casentin to Arno's lap descending,  
 Make soft and cool the channelled beds they fill,  
 Dwell ever in my sight, not vainly blending  
 Their image, while more parching drought it wakes,  
 Than may the sickness from this visage rending  
 My flesh. The rigid justice that so rakes,  
 Occasion from the place where I transgressed  
 To rouse my sighs to fiercer tempest takes.  
 There is Romena, where I false impressed  
 A spurious mintage with the Baptist's die,  
 Whence of my body flames did me divest.  
 But might I see the villain soul of Guy,  
 Or Alexander's or their brother's ghost,  
 For <sup>10</sup> Fonte Branda's self that sight would I  
 Not barter. One already swells our host,  
 If these who run their frantic whirl say right;  
 But what avails ? My fettered limbs have lost  
 Their native speed : else were I yet so light  
 That I in hundred years one inch made good,  
 I long before had crawled the path for sight  
 Of him amid yon misproportioned brood ;  
 What though of miles eleven the circuit be,  
 Nor less than half a mile its breath include.  
 My place among so shapen family  
 They caused, they led me coining to impose  
 The florins that of dross had carats three.'  
 And I to him : 'What abject pair be those  
 That, like to hand in winter washed, upsend

ence, in the year 1252, coined its golden florins of twenty-four carats fine, and of the weight of one drachm. It placed the value under the guarantee of publicity and of commercial good faith ; and that coin remained unaltered, as the standard for all other values, as long as the republic itself endured.'—*Sismondi*.

<sup>9</sup> The hills of Casentino lie near the source of the Arno. It was on

one of these that the gratitude of the Florentine people assigned a villa to Landino, for his commentary on the *Divina Commedia*.

<sup>10</sup> Fonte Branda, a copious fountain in Sienna, according to the commentators ; but S. Arrivabene, *Secolo di Dante*, book iii. § 2, says it is 'near Pratovecchio in the Casentin, under the hill of Romena,' a more probable site

Giacendo stretti a' tuoi destri confini?  
 Qui li trovai, e poi volta non dierno,  
 Rispose, quando piovvi in questo greppo,  
 E non credo che dieno in sempiterno.  
 L' una è la falsa che accusò Giuseppe;  
 L' altro è il falso Sinon greco di Troia:  
 Per febbre acuta gitan tanto leppo.  
 E l' un di lor che sì recò a noia 100  
 Forse d' esser nomato sì oscuro,  
 Col pugno gli percosse l' epa croia:  
 Quella sonò, come fosse un tamburo:  
 E maestro Adamo gli percosse il volto  
 Col braccio suo che non parve men duro,  
 Dicendo a lui: Ancor che mi sia tolto  
 Lo muover, per le membra che son gravi,  
 Ho io il braccio a tal mestier disciolto.  
 Ond' ei rispose: Quando tu andavi 110  
 Al fuoco, non l' avei tu così presto;  
 Ma sì e più l' avei quando coniavi.  
 E l' idropico: 'Tu di' ver di questo;  
 Ma tu non fosti sì ver testimonio,  
 Là 've del ver fosti a Troia richiesto.  
 S' io dissi falso, e tu falsasti il conio,  
 Disse Sinone, e son quì per un fallo,  
 E tu per più che alcun altro dimonio.  
 Ricorditi, spergiuro, del cavallo,  
 Rispose quei ch' aveva enfiata l' epa;  
 E sieti reo, che tutto il mondo sallo. 120  
 A te sia rea la sete onde ti crepa,  
 Disse il Greco, la lingua, e l' acqua marcia  
 Che il ventre innanzi agli occhi sì t' assiepa.  
 Allora il monetier: Così si squarcia  
 La bocca tua per dir mal come suole;  
 Chè s' i' ho sete, ed umor mi rinfarcia,  
 Tu hai l' arsura, e il capo che ti duole,  
 E per leccar lo specchio di Narcisso,  
 Non vorresti a invitar molto parole.  
 Ad ascoltarli er' io del tutto fisso, 130

<sup>11</sup> The wife of Potiphar.

<sup>12</sup> The capture of Sinon is the subject of a picture by Claude, in the National Gallery, and is thus described by Virgil (*Æneid*, ii.):—

' Meantime with shouts the Trojan  
shepherds bring

A captive Greek in bands before  
the king,

Taken, to take, who made himself  
their prey,  
To impose on their belief, and  
Troy betray.

Fixed on his aim, and obstinately  
bent

A steam, and straitened with thy right side close ?'  
 'Here found I them, and never turn nor bend,'  
 He answered, 'since I fell down yonder breach,  
 Gave they, nor shall give, ages without end.  
 One <sup>11</sup> the lewd cause of Joseph's false impeach,  
 From Troy the other, <sup>12</sup> Sinon, that false Greek :  
 Sharp fever doth so putrid steam from each  
 Exhale.' The one, enraged to hear him speak  
 His name, perchance, in so disprizing sort,  
 Smote on the tightened paunch, his spite to wreak,  
 With fist, that like a drum it gave report ;  
 And with his arm in semblance not less hard,  
 Did Master Adam on the face retort  
 That blow, and said, 'Though by my limbs debarred  
 To move their huge unwieldy bulk, I hold  
 Mine arm at large, for such a work prepared.'  
 Then answered he : 'Thou hadst it not of old  
 So ready, when thou wentest to the fire ;  
 But thus and more, to counterfeit the gold.'  
 'Thou speakest truth in this, yet wert a liar,  
 Nor witness bore,' the dropsical replied,  
 'So true, when Troy of thee did truth require.'  
 'If I spake false, and thou hast falsified  
 The coin,' quoth Sinon, 'me one fault alone  
 Sent here, thee more than any fiend beside.'  
 'Thou perjured ! call to mind the horse thine own,'  
 He of the bloated paunch rejoined, 'and weep  
 Thy bitter curse, that all the world hath known.'  
 'Thou,' said the Greek, 'for curse as bitter keep  
 Tongue-splitting thirst, and rotting water pile,  
 As now, before thine eyes thy belly's heap.'  
 With that the coiner : 'In its wonted style  
 Severs thy mouth, that evil speech be said ;  
 For if I thirst, whom humour bloats the while,  
 Thine are the burnings, thine the aching head ;  
 To lick <sup>13</sup> Narcissus' mirror wouldst thou need  
 Not many words of invitation sped.'  
 While I was wholly fixed their strife to heed,

To die undaunted, or to circum-  
vent.

\* \* \*

Now hear how well the Greeks  
 their wiles disguised ;  
 Behold a nation in a man com-  
 prised.'

*Dryden's Trans.*

The catastrophe is produced by  
 the success of Sinon's fabricated  
 story, and on the same night Troy  
 falls.

<sup>13</sup> Narcissus became enamoured  
 of his own image reflected in a  
 fountain. His 'mirror,' there-  
 fore, is fresh water.

Quando il Maestro mi disse : Or pur mira,  
 Che per poco è che teco non mi risso.  
 Quand' io il senti' a me parlar con ira,  
 Volsimi verso lui con tal vergogna,  
 Ch' ancor per la memoria mi si gira.  
 E quale e quei che suo dannaggio sogna,  
 Che sognando desidera sognare,  
 Sì che quel ch' è, come non fosse, agogna ;  
 Tal mi fec' io, non potendo parlare,  
 Che disiava scusarmi, e scusava 140  
 Me tuttavia, e nol mi credea fare.  
 Maggior difetto men vergogna lava,  
 Disse il Maestro, che il tuo non è stato ;  
 Però d' ogni tristizia ti disgrava :  
 E fa ragion ch' io ti sia sempre allato,  
 Se più avvien che fortuna t' accoglia,  
 Dove sien genti in simigliante piato ;  
 Chè voler ciò udire è bassa voglia.

---

 CANTO XXXI.

*Nel nono cerchio diviso in quattro giri trovano i poeti alcuni giganti, tra quali Nembrot, Fialt<sup>1</sup> ed Anteo; quest' ultimo depone Dante in fondo al pozzo d' esso cerchio.*

UNA medesima lingua pria mi morse,  
 Sì che mi tinse l' una e l' altra guancia,  
 E poi la medicina mi riporse.  
 Così od' io, che solea la lancia  
 D' Achille e del suo padre esser cagione  
 Prima di trista e puoi di buona mancia.  
 Noi demmo il dosso al misero vallone,  
 Su per la ripa che il cinge dintorno,  
 Attraversando senza alcun sermone.  
 Quivi era men che notte e men che giorno, 10  
 Sì che il viso m' andava innanzi poco :  
 Ma io senti' sonare un alto corno,  
 Tanto ch' avrebbe ogni tuon fatto fioco,  
 Che, contra se la sua via seguitando,  
 Dirizzò gli occhi miei tutti ad un loco :

<sup>1</sup> Achilles, at the siege of Troy, and having wounded with it bore the spear of his father Peleus, Telephus, King of Mysia, was in-

'Gaze on,' my master cried, 'but mark my word;  
 Little there wants 'tween me and thee to breed  
 A quarrel.' I, his voice in anger heard,  
 Turned me to him with shame that, unforgot,  
 E'en now a whirl of bashful memories stirred;  
 And like to him who dreams of loser's lot,  
 And, dreaming, longs of dream to be abused,  
 And covets that which is, as if 't were not,  
 E'en thus I fared, who, while my tongue refused  
 To speak, desired excuse, and when I nought  
 Believed it, ne'ertheless myself excused.  
 'A lesser shame a greater trespass ought,'  
 My master said, 'than thine hath been, to clear;  
 Wherefore disburden every painful thought;  
 And make account of me as ever near,  
 If Fortune bring thy steps again, as now,  
 To where like brawlers wrangle, whom to hear  
 Whoso desires, doth base desire allow.'

---

 CANTO XXXI.

ARGUMENT.—*Vision of the Giants around the Wall of the Ninth Circle of Hell. Horn of Nimrod. Ephialtes. The Poets are conveyed by Antæus to the Ninth Circle.*

It was one tongue of censure, and the same,  
 That, biting, caused mine either cheek to glance  
 With ruddy blush; then medicined my shame.  
 Thus of 'Achilles' and his fathers' lance  
 I've heard, that wont a bitter largess first  
 To deal, and then a sweet. We made advance,  
 Turning our back upon the pit accurst,  
 Nor spake a word, as thwarting on our way  
 The bank which round engirds it we traversed.  
 Here glimmered less than night and less than day,  
 That little onwards I by sight explored,  
 Yet heard aloft a horn so harshly bray,  
 As had the loudest thunder-peal outroared,  
 Which caused mine eyes right opposite pursue  
 Its track, till, fixing, on one spot they pored.

duced by Ulysses to grant a portion    the lance's point to heal the  
 of the rust which had gathered on    wound.



Dopo la dolorosa rotta, quando  
 Carlo Magno perdè la santa gesta,  
 Non sonò sì terribilmente Orlando.  
 Poco portai in là volta la testa,  
 Che mi parve veder molte alte torri ; 20  
 Ond' io : Maestro, di' che terra è questa ?  
 Ed egli a me : Però che tu trascorri  
 Per le tenebre troppo dalla lungi,  
 Avvien che poi nel maginare aborri.  
 Tu vedrai ben, se tu là ti congiungi,  
 Quanto il senso s' inganna di lontano :  
 Però alquanto più te stesso pungi.  
 Poi caramente mi prese per mano,  
 E disse : Pria che noi siam più avanti, 30  
 Acciocchè il fatto men ti paia strano,  
 Sappi che non son torri, ma giganti,  
 E son nel pozzo intorno dalla ripa  
 Dall' umbilico in giuso tutti quanti.  
 Come, quando la nebbia si dissipa,  
 Lo sguardo a poco a poco raffigura  
 Ciò che cela il vapor che l' aere stipa,  
 Così forando l' aura grossa e scura,  
 Più e più appressando in ver la sponda,  
 Fuggémi errore, e giugnémi paura.  
 Perocchè come in su la cerchia tonda 40  
 Montereccion di torri si corona ;  
 Così la proda, che il pozzo circonda,  
 Torreggiavan di mezza la persona  
 Gli orribili giganti, cui minaccia  
 Giove del cielo ancora, quando tuona.  
 Ed io scorgeva d' alcun la faccia,  
 Le spalle e il petto, e del ventre gran parte,  
 E per le coste giù ambo le braccia.  
 Natura certo, quando lasciò l' arte  
 Di sì fatti animali, assai fe' bene, 50  
 Per tor cotali esecutori a Marte :  
 E s' ella d' elefanti e di balene  
 Non si pente, chi guarda sottilmente,  
 Più giusta e più discreta la ne tiene :  
 Che dove l' argomento della mente  
 S' aggiunge al mal volere ad alla possa,

<sup>2</sup> The famous defeat of Charlemagne at Roncesvalles, where he is said to have lost 30,000 men, and many of his Paladins, among the

rest Roland (Orlando), warden of the March of Brittany. Turpin writes that Orlando's horn was heard eight miles off by Charle-

Not when of old the <sup>2</sup>dolorous rout o'erthrew  
 Of Charlemagne that hallowed enterprise,  
 So terrible the blast that Roland blew.  
 When I brief while had thither strained mine eyes,  
 Full many a lofty tower methought I spied;  
 And thus: 'O Master! what the place that lies  
 Yonder?' 'Thy looks impatiently bestride  
 The gloom,' he answered, 'o'er too broad a space,  
 And vain imaginations hence misguide.  
 Thou shalt discover, if thou gain the place,  
 How much the senses can themselves deceive  
 With distance: prick thee, then, to swifter pace.  
 But know, ere we another step achieve,'—  
 He added, clasping tenderly my hand,—  
 'What of its strangeness may in part relieve  
 The truth: no towers are these, but giant band;  
 And from the navel downwards all their crowd  
 Plunged in the well, a grisly border, stand.'  
 As under favour of dispersing cloud  
 By slow degrees our vision shapes more clear  
 That which the massy vapour-folds inshroud;  
 Piercing the core of darkness thus, while near  
 And nearer still the frontier edge we creep,  
 Mine error waned, in waxing of my fear.  
 For as her rampire with a circling sweep  
 Of towers above hath <sup>3</sup>Montereggio crowned,  
 Thus o'er the brink of that profoundest deep,  
 Their bulk half seen, the dreadful giants frowned  
 A towery host; whom yet in thunder's tone  
 Jove out of heaven doth menacing confound.  
 Already might I not the face alone  
 Of one, but shoulders, breast, and trunk behold  
 Great part, while either side an arm was shown.  
 Surely right well did Nature, when the mould  
 Of breathing creatures fashioned thus she brake,  
 Lest war so dread officials had enrolled;  
 And if nor elephants nor whales to make  
 Repents her yet, who subtly notes shall find  
 How she in this the juster way doth take,  
 And all the wiser: for discourse of mind  
 Wedded with power and inbred lust of wrong,

magne. It is not, however, historically true that the king himself, 'with all his peerage, fell by Fontarabia;' but this disaster, through Gano's treachery, was a

serious check to his holy crusade against the Moors.

<sup>3</sup> Montereggio, a castle in the Siennese.

Nessun riparo vi può far la gente.  
 La faccia sua mi pareva lunga e grossa,  
 Come la pina di san Pietro a Roma;  
 E a sua proporzione eran l' altr' ossa : 60  
 Sì che la ripa, ch' era perizoma  
 Dal mezzo in giù, ne mostrava ben tanto  
 Di sopra, che di giungere alla chioma  
 Tre Frison s' averian dato mal vanto :  
 Perocch' io ne vedea trenta gran palmi  
 Dal luogo in giù, dov' uom s'affibia il manto.  
 Rafel mai amech izabì almi,  
 Cominciò a gridar la fiera bocca,  
 Cui non si convenien più dolci salmi.  
 E il Duca mio ver lui : Anima sciocca, 70  
 Tienti col corno, e con quel ti disfoga,  
 Quand' ira o altra passion ti tocca.  
 Cercati al collo, e troverai la soga  
 Che il tien legato, o anima confusa,  
 E vedi lui che il gran petto ti dogà.  
 Poi disse a me : Egli stesso s' accusa ;  
 Questi è Nembrotto, per lo cui mal coto  
 Pure un linguaggio nel mondo non s' usa.  
 Lasciamlo stare, e non parliamo a voto ;  
 Chè così è a lui ciascun linguaggio, 80  
 Come il suo ad altrui, ch' a nullo è noto.  
 Facemmo adunque più lungo viaggio  
 Volti a sinistra; ed al trar d' un balestro  
 Trovammo l' altro assai più fero e maggio.  
 A cinger lui, qual che fosse il maestro,  
 Non so io dir, ma ei tenea succinto  
 Dinanzi l' altro, e dietro il braccio destro,  
 D' una catena, che il teneva avvinto  
 Dal collo in giù, sì che in su lo scoperto  
 Si ravvolgeva infino al giro quinto. 90  
 Questo superbo voll' essere sperto  
 Di sua potenza contra il sommo Giove,  
 Disse il mio Duca, ond' egli ha cotal merto  
 Fialte ha nome ; e fece le gran prove,

<sup>4</sup> The large bronze pine-apple which had originally ornamented the Mole of Hadrian, was placed afterwards on the top of the Campanile of St. Peter at Rome, whence it was thrown down by lightning, and after having remained some time on the steps of that church, was removed to its present situation, in the private

garden of the Pope, at the side of the grand corridor of the Belvedere.

<sup>5</sup> Dante distinguishes the people of Friesland as very tall.

<sup>6</sup> I have ventured to accent the last word of this line differently from the original, for the sake of the rhyme—a pardonable liberty, I trust, as the verse is not rendered at all more intelligible by it.

Had left nor help nor rescue for mankind.  
 His visage to mine eyes seemed large and long  
 As that famed <sup>4</sup> Pine of Rome, Saint Peter's hight,  
 His other bones in like proportion strong;  
 So that the bank which, girdling, hid from sight  
 All downward from his middle, showed a front  
 So tall above, to reach his temples might  
 Three <sup>5</sup> Frieslanders have rued them of their vaunt;  
 For thirty palms of depth 't was mine to see,  
 From place where men to clasp the mantle wont.

*'Raphel mai amech izabi <sup>6</sup> almì'*

Began that grim gigantic mouth to roll  
 Through lips unapt for sweeter psalmody.  
 And thus my guide to him: 'Besotted soul,  
 Keep to one vent, and bluster on thy horn,  
 When rage or other passion mocks control!  
 Feel where about thy neck the strap is worn  
 That holds it tied, and see, thou wildered spirit,  
 How thy broad breast it, rib-like, doth adorn.'

Then said, 'Himself proclaims his own demerit:  
 This Nimrod is, who, counting ill the cost,  
 Of one sole language did the world disherit.

Him leave we, nor with words at random tost  
 Address, for as his speech is known to none,  
 To him the sense of other speech is lost.'  
 Then leftward we, till longer way was done,  
 Turned, and, a cross-bow-shot beyond, arrived  
 Before the next, a fiercer, bulkier one.

I cannot name whose master-art contrived  
 His bondage; but the right arm held he fast  
 Behind, the left before him strictly gyved  
 By single chain, that from his neck was passed  
 Downwards, until the upper half, discerned  
 Of us, it belted with a fivefold cast.

'This arrogant in his presumption burned  
 To try his might against supremest Jove,'  
 My leader said, 'whence he such wages earned.

<sup>7</sup> Ephialtes he, right valiantly that strove,

Virgil's address to Nimrod may be considered as accompanied with action suitable to make the monster understand him: the words certainly would not. He is represented as still affected by the confusion of Babel.

<sup>7</sup> Ephialtes is mentioned with his brother Othus by Virgil, *Æneid*, vii.:—

'Here lie the Alocan twins (I saw them both),  
 Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth;  
 Who dared in fight the Thunderer to defy,  
 Affect his heaven, and force him from the sky.'

*Dryden's Trans.*

Quando i giganti fer paura ai Dei:  
 Le braccia ch' ei menò, giammai non muove.  
 Ed io a lui: S' esser puote, i' vorrei  
 Che dello smisurato Briareo  
 Esperienza avesser gli occhi miei.  
 Ond' ei rispose: Tu vedrai Anteo 100  
 Presso di quì, che parla, ed é disciolto,  
 Che ne porrà nel fondo d' ogni reo.  
 Quel che tu vuoi veder, più là è molto,  
 Ed è legato e fatto come questo,  
 Salvo che più feroce par nel volto.  
 Non fu tremuoto già tanto rubesto,  
 Che scotesse una torre così forte,  
 Come Fialte a scuotersi fu presto.  
 Allor temetti più che mai la morte,  
 E non v' era mestier più che la dotta, 110  
 S' io non avessi viste le ritorte.  
 Noi procedemmo più avanti allotta,  
 E venimmo ad Anteo, che ben cinqu' alle,  
 Senza la testa, uscìa fuor della grotta.  
 O tu, che nella fortunata valle,  
 Che fece Scipion di gloria reda,  
 Quando Annibal co' suoi diede le spalle,  
 Recasti già mille lion per preda,  
 E che se fossi stato all' alta guerra 120  
 De' tuoi fratelli, ancor par ch' e si creda,  
 Che avrebber vinto i figli della terra;  
 Mettine giuso, e non ten venga schifo,  
 Dove Cocito la freddura serra.  
 Non ci far ire a Tizio, nè a Tifo:  
 Questi può dar di quel che quì si brama:  
 Però ti china, e non torcer lo grifo.  
 Ancor ti può nel mondo render fama;  
 Ch' ei vive, e lunga vita ancor aspetta,  
 Se innanzi tempo grazia a sè nol chiama.

\* Briareus, or Ægæon, the hundred-handed. Dante follows Virgil (*Æneid* x., v. 565,) in reckoning Briareus among the assailants of heaven. Greek legends represented him as aiding the Gods against the Titans. Even if his numerous heads and hands symbolised the wide-reaching powers of nature, I suspect that Briareus and his brethren are evidences of

that early relation of Hellas to India which we trace in their languages.

\* The combat of Antæus and Hercules is described by Lucan, *Pharsalia*, iv., v. 593. After a description of the wrestling and death of Antæus, which is too long to extract, the poet continues:—  
 'Thus fond of tales, our ancestors  
 of old

When Gods affrighted fled the giants' storm ;  
 There plied those arms he nevermore shall move.'  
 And I to him : ' Yet would I fain inform  
 Of other bulk, if lawful 't were, mine eye ;  
 The immeasurable <sup>8</sup> Briarëus enorm.'  
 He answered, ' Thou Antæus shalt hard by  
 Perceive, who speaketh, nor a chain doth wear.  
 Who in the deep where guiltiest caitiffs lie  
 Shall set us. Whom thou seekest, harbours there  
 Far onward, and is bound, nor different made  
 From this, save only by his fiercer air.'  
 Did never earthquake's suddenness invade  
 So fearfully to shake so strong a tower,  
 As that huge mass to shake himself essayed.  
 Death more than ever dreaded I that hour,  
 Nor needed more to slay me than my dread,  
 Had I not seen what manacles his power  
 Held harmless. Thus advancing yet we sped  
 To where Antæus lifted from the den  
 Five proper ells of length without the head.  
 ' <sup>9</sup> O thou that erst, in that auspicious glen  
 Which glory's heritage to Scipio brought,  
 When Hannibal fled fast with all his men,  
 Hast for thy quarry thousand lions caught,  
 By whom, hadst thou been counted in the brood  
 Of brothers, when they warred on heaven, 't is thought  
 The sons of earth had victory made good ;  
 Scorn not the task, but aid us to descend  
 Where 'numbs the icy chill Cocytus' flood.  
 Nor us to <sup>10</sup> Tityus nor Typhœus send ;  
 This man can give what many here desire ;  
 Then writhe no sneering face, but courteous bend.  
 Yet shall he cause the world thy name admire,  
 For yet he lives, and longer life to taste  
 Expects, if Grace the soul shall not require

The story to their children's chil-  
 dren told ;  
 From thence a title to the land they  
 gave,  
 And called this hollow rock An-  
 tæus' cave :  
 But greater deeds this rising moun-  
 tain grace,  
 And Scipio's name ennobles much  
 the place,  
 While, fixing here his famous camp,

he calls  
 Fierce Hannibal from Rome's de-  
 voted walls.'

*Rowe's Trans.*

<sup>10</sup> Tityus and Typhœus, well-  
 known names among the giants.  
 The former is made by Virgil the  
 prey of a vulture perpetually de-  
 vouring his liver. (*Æneid*, book  
 vi.)

Così disse il Maestro : e quegli in fretta 130  
 Le man distese, e prese il Duca mio,—  
 Ond' Ercole sentì già grande stretta.  
 Virgilio, quando prender si sentio,  
 Disse a me : Fatti in qua, sì ch' io ti prenda :  
 Poi fece sì, che un fascio er' egli ed io.  
 Qual pare a riguardar la Carisenda  
 Sotto il chinato, quando un nuvol vada  
 Sovr' essa sì, ch' ella in contrario penda ;  
 Tal parve Anteo a me che stava a bada 140  
 Di vederlo chinare, e fu talora  
 Ch' io avrei volut' ir per altra strada :  
 Ma lievemente al fondo, che divora  
 Lucifero con Giuda, ci posò ;  
 Nè sì chinato lì fece dimora,  
 E come albero in nave sì levò.

## CANTO XXXII.

*In questa prima sfera del nono cerchio denominata Caina, il poeta incontra Camicion de' Pazzi, il quale gli dà contezza d' altri che tradirono i loro parenti ed ivi puniti. Nella seconda sfera detta Antenora fitti in gelo stanno i traditori della patria. Bocca degli Abati ed altri contemporanei del poeta.*

S' io avessi le rime e aspre e chiocce,  
 Come si converrebbe al tristo buco,  
 Sovra il qual pontan tutte l' altre rocce,  
 I' premerei di mio concetto il suco  
 Più pienamente ; ma perch' io non l' abbo,  
 Non senza tema a dicer mi conduco ;  
 Chè non è impresa da pigliare a gabbo,  
 Descriver fondo a tutto l' universo,  
 Nè da lingua che chiami mamma o babbo.  
 Ma quelle Donne aiutino il mio verso, 10  
 Ch' aiutaro Anfione a chiuder Tebe,  
 Sì che dal fatto il dir non sia diverso.  
 Oh sovra tutte mal creata plebe,

<sup>11</sup> The Garisenda (as it is more generally called in modern days) is still one of the most striking objects in Bologna. There are said to remain 130 feet of its height ;

but as its leaning neighbour, the Torre d'Asinelli, is 350 feet high, part of the Garisenda may have fallen since Dante's time, or the inclination of the other tower from the

Before his time.' The master said : in haste  
 He spread and clasped my leader in those hands  
 Once felt so stringent round the' Herculean waist.  
 Now Virgil feels their pressure, and commands :  
 'Come, let me clasp thee.' So his arms inclose  
 Of both one bundle. As to him who stands  
 Under her slope, the <sup>11</sup> Carisenda shows,  
 Whene'er her overhanging height doth lean  
 Against a cloud that floating o'er her goes ;  
 So seemed Antæus there, as bending seen  
 Of me, who stood aloof, and wished that ours  
 (So looked he then) another road had been.  
 But lightsome he, to where the gulf devours  
 Judas with Lucifer, our burden bore,  
 Nor long delays him stooping there, but towers  
 Aloft, like mast of gallant ship, once more.

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 CANTO XXXII.

ARGUMENT.—*Ninth Circle of Hell, divided into four compartments, each within the other. Cäina, the place of such as betrayed their kindred. Camicion de' Pazzi. Antenora, place of the betrayers of their country. Bocca degli Abati.*

WERE mine to breathe so rough and hoarse-voiced rhymes,  
 As might the horrors of that cavern suit,  
 Whence underpropt each beetling rock upclimbs,  
 More plenteously for juice would I the fruit  
 Of my conception press : but fate denies  
 That art ; whence trembling I for speech commute  
 My silence. 'T is no frolic mood's emprise,  
 The bottom of the Universe in song  
 To paint, nor tongue's that *mammy, daddy*, cries.  
 But let me in the <sup>1</sup> Virgins' help be strong,  
 Who helped Amphion build his Theban wall,  
 So shall my saying do the fact no wrong.  
 Ah, rabble seed ! that, cursèd above all,

perpendicular have taken place at  
 a later period, unless we suppose  
 the poet to have chosen the lower  
 of the two purposely, as a nearer

match with the stature he assigns  
 to Antæus.

<sup>1</sup> The nine Muses. Amphion  
 was son of Jupiter, by Antiope.



Che stai nel loco, onde parlare è duro,  
 Me' foste state qui pecore o zebe.  
 Come noi fummo giù nel pozzo scuro  
 Sotto i piè del gigante, assai più bassi,  
 Ed io mirava ancora all' alto muro,  
 Dicere udimmi: Guarda, come passi;  
 Fa sì, che tu non calchi con le piante 20  
 Le teste de' fratei miseri lassi.  
 Perch' io mi volsi, e vidimi davante  
 E sotto i piedi un lago, che per gielo  
 Avea di vetro e non d' acqua sembiante.  
 Non fece al corso suo sì grosso velo  
 Di verno la Danoia in Austericch,  
 Nè il Tanai là sotto il freddo cielo,  
 Com' era quivi: che, se Tabernicch  
 Vi fosse su caduto, o Pietrapana,  
 Non avria pur dall' orlo fatto cricch. 30  
 E come a gracidar si sta la rana  
 Col muso fuor dell' acqua, quando sogna  
 Di spigolar sovente la villana:  
 Livide insin là dove appar vergogna,  
 Eran l' ombre dolenti nella ghiaccia,  
 Mettendo i denti in nota di cigogna.  
 Ognuna in giù tenea volta la faccia:  
 Da bocca il freddo, e dagli occhi il cor tristo  
 Tra lor testimonianza si procaccia.  
 Quand' io ebbi d' intorno alquanto visto, 40  
 Volsimi a' piedi, e vidi due sì stretti,  
 Che il pel del capo aveano insieme misto.  
 Ditemi, voi, che sì stringete i petti,  
 Diss' io, che siete. E quei piegaro i colli;  
 E poi ch' ebber li visi a me eretti,  
 Gli occhi lor, ch' eran pria pur dentro molli,  
 Gocciar su per le labbra, e il gielo strinse  
 Le lagrime tra essi, e riserrolli:  
 Legno con legno spranga mai non cinse  
 Forte così, ond' ei, come duo becchi, 50  
 Cozzaro insieme: tant' ira li vinse.  
 Ed un, ch' avea perduti ambo gli orecchi  
 Per la freddura, pur col viso in giue  
 Disse: Perchè cotanto in noi ti specchi?  
 Se vuoi saper chi son cotesti due,  
 La valle, onde Bisenzio si dichina,

<sup>2</sup> Tanais, now the Don, falls into the sea of Azov.

<sup>3</sup> Tabernicch, or Tambernich, a lofty mountain of Slavonia.

Standest in dungeon indescribable,  
 Better if here 'mid sheep or goats to stall  
 Had been your lot ! When down the murky well  
 Beneath the Giants' feet we stood full low,  
 And yet I gazed on that high fence of hell,  
 I heard a warning : ' Duly mark how go  
 Thy footsteps here, nor let them trample o'er  
 The head yon weary brotherhood of woe.'  
 Wherefore I turned, and saw a lake before  
 And at my feet, that, icebound, to mine eye  
 Semblance of glass and not of water bore.  
 Not Austrian Danube ever caused to lie  
 So thick a shroud in winter on her track,  
 Nor <sup>2</sup> Tanais underneath his freezing sky,  
 As here ; on which their overwhelming wrack  
 Though <sup>3</sup> Tambernich or <sup>4</sup> Pietrapane should hurl,  
 They might not make the utmost edge to crack.  
 And as the croaking frog is wont to curl  
 His mouth above the pool, when night comes round,  
 And yet of gleaning dreams the village girl,  
 Such the lorn spectres in that ice we found,  
 Of livid hue to where the blush of shame  
 Appears, and with a stork-like note they ground  
 The chattering teeth. There every face the same  
 Bent ever downwards, and their mouths of cold—  
 Of the sad heart their eyes—a witness frame.  
 My looks, awhile thrown round me, to behold  
 My feet I turned, and noted two, so pressed,  
 That both in one their matted hair had rolled.  
 ' Tell who ye are,' I said, ' who strain the breast  
 So close ; ' and while his neck each hardly screwed,  
 And his uplifted face to me addressed,  
 Their eyes, before with inward rain imbued,  
 Gushed o'er the eye-lips, and that ice-chill froze  
 The tears between them, and together glued.  
 Might never dovetailed clamp so tightly close  
 Beam within beam ; whence they like he-goats tossed  
 Their butting heads, so deadly spite arose.  
 And one that by the cold both ears had lost,  
 With visage ever downcast, said, ' Declare  
 Why thou to gaze on us art so engrossed ?  
 If thou desire to know of yonder pair,  
 The valley where Bisenzio springs the two,

<sup>4</sup> Pietrapana (Petra Apuana), a      near Lucca.  
 mountain of considerable elevation

Del padre loro Alberto e di lor fue.  
 D' un corpo usciro : e tutta la Caina  
 Potrai cercare, e non troverai ombra  
 Degna più d' esser fitta in gelatina : 60  
 Non quelli a cui fu rotto il petto e l' ombra  
 Con esso un colpo, per la man d' Artù :  
 Non Focaccia, non questi, che m' ingombra  
 Col capo sì, ch' io non veggio oltre più,  
 E fu nomato Sassol Mascheroni :  
 Se Tosco se', ben sa' omai chi fu.  
 E perchè non mi metti in più sermoni,  
 Sappi ch' io sono il Camicion de' Pazzi,  
 Ed aspetto Carlin che mi scagioni.  
 Poscia vid' io mille visi cagnazzi 70  
 Fatti per freddo : onde mi vien ribrezzo,  
 E verrà sempre, de' gelati guazzi.  
 E mentre che andavamo in ver lo mezzo,  
 Al quale ogni gravezza si rauna,  
 Ed io tremava nell' eterno rezzo :  
 Se voler fu, o destino, o fortuna,  
 Non so : ma passeggiando tra la teste,  
 Forte percossi il piè nel viso ad una.  
 Piangendo mi sgridò : Perchè mi peste ?  
 Se tu non vieni a crescer la vendetta 80  
 Di Mont' Aperti, perchè mi moleste ?  
 Ed io : Maestro mio, or qui m' aspetta,  
 Sì ch' io esca d' un dubbio per costui :  
 Poi mi farai, quantunque vorrai, fretta.  
 Lo Duca stette ; ed io dissi a colui  
 Che bestemmiava duramente ancora :  
 Qual se' tu, che così rampogni altrui ?  
 Or tu chi se', che vai per l' Antenora  
 Percotendo, rispose, altrui le gote  
 Sì, che se fossi vivo, troppo fora ? 90  
 Vivo son io, e caro esser ti puote,

\* Alberto degli Alberti and his sons possessed a large domain in the vale of the Bisenzio, which, rising in the mountains of Vernio, on the confines of the Bolognese, and flowing past the town of Prato, joins the Arno a little above the bridge of Signa. The names of the two sons were Alessandro and Napoleone, and they ended a career of tyranny and cruelty by mutual fratricide.

\* Caina, from Cain, the first murderer.

\* Merdrec, or Mordred, the nephew of King Arthur, who, rebelling against his uncle, and allying himself with the Saxons, Scots, and Picts, was encountered by Arthur in the field of Camlan, in Cornwall, where they both fell. The 'double breach' alludes to the incident, found in the romances, that Arthur ran Mordred with his lance through

As <sup>5</sup> Albert erst, their father, claimed to share.  
 One body bore them : and <sup>6</sup> Caïna through  
 Searching, thou couldst not find that other shade,  
 To whom our jelly's bondage more was due.  
 Not <sup>7</sup> he through whom the double breach was made  
 Of breast and shadow by king Arthur's hand,  
 Nor yet <sup>8</sup> Focaccia, nor whose head is laid  
 So cumbrously my prospect to withstand :  
 Who <sup>9</sup> Sassol Mascheroni was erewhile :  
 Well must thou know him, if from Tuscan land.  
 And mine <sup>10</sup> Camicion de' Pazzi's style  
 I own, lest thou involve me in more words,  
 Who Carlin wait, to make my crime less vile.'  
 Then saw I faces in uncounted hordes  
 Purpled with cold : whence chilled me and shall chill  
 An aguish horror from the frozen fords.  
 And while we tended toward the centre still,  
 To which all weights consenting gravitate,  
 And of the eternal gloom I felt a thrill,  
 I know not if 't were fortune, will, or fate,  
 But as my foot between their polls to tread  
 Essayed, it struck a face with shock so great,  
 He groaning cried, 'Why trample thus my head ?  
 Unless to fill the vengeance thou art here  
 For Mont' Aperti, wherefore vex me dead ?'  
 And I : 'This once await me, master dear,  
 Thenceforth my speed shall equal thy desire ;  
 But now I want his help a doubt to clear.'  
 My leader pausing, I from him require,  
 Whose hard blasphemings vented yet his wrath,  
 'Who art thou, railing with so bitter ire  
 On other ?' 'Who art *thou*, to make thy path  
 Through <sup>11</sup> Antenora spurning other's cheek  
 So roughly,' answered he, 'too much the scathe,  
 Wert thou alive ?' 'I *am*, and if thou seek

the body, and caused the light to pass through. The memory of Arthur's exploits is so clouded over by fable, that, with Milton, some have disputed his very existence.

<sup>8</sup> Focaccia de Cancellieri, a noble of Pistoia, cut off the hand of a cousin, and murdered an uncle; from which crimes, according to Gio. Villani, the factions of the Bianchi and Neri first arose in Pistoia.

<sup>9</sup> Sassol Mascheroni is also said

to have assassinated his own uncle.

<sup>10</sup> Alberto Camicione de Pazzi, of Valdarno, treacherously slew his relative Ubertino. Carlino de Pazzi, being of the Bianchi faction, traitorously surrendered the castle of Piano di Trevigne to the Florentine Neri for a bribe.

<sup>11</sup> Antenora, named from the Trojan Antenor, who is accused of having sold his country to the Greeks.

Fu mia risposta, se domandi fama,  
 Ch' io metta il nome tuo tra l' altre note.  
 Ed egli a me: Del contrario ho io brama:  
 Levati quinci, e non mi dar più lagna:  
 Chè mal sai lusingar per questa lama.  
 Allor lo presi per la cuticagna,  
 E dissi: E' converrà che tu ti nomi,  
 O che capel qui su non ti rimagna.  
 Ond' egli a me: Perchè tu mi dischiomi, 100  
 Nè ti dirò ch' io sia, nè mostrerolti,  
 Se mille fiate in sul capo mi tomi.  
 Io avea già i capelli in mano avvolti,  
 E tratto glien avea più d' una ciocca,  
 Latrando lui con gli occhi in giù raccolti,  
 Quando un altro gridò: Che hai tu, Bocca?  
 Non ti basta sonar con le mascelle,  
 Se tu non latri? qual diavol ti tocca?  
 Omai, diss' io, non vo' che tu favelle,  
 Malvagio traditor, chè alla tua onta 110  
 Io porterò di te vere novelle.  
 Va via, rispose, e ciò che tu vuoi, conta;  
 Ma non tacer, se tu di qua entr' eschi,  
 Di quel ch' ebbe or così la lingua pronta.  
 Ei piange quì l' argento de' Franceschi:  
 Io vidi, potrai dir, quel da Duera  
 Là dove i peccatori stanno freschi.  
 Se fossi dimandato altri chi v' era,  
 Tu hai da lato quel di Beccheria,  
 Di cui segò Fiorenza la gorgiera. 120  
 Gianni del Soldanier credo che sia  
 Più là con Ganellone e Tribaldello,  
 Ch' aprì Faenza quando si dormia.  
 Noi eravam partiti già da ello,  
 Ch' io vidi duo ghiacciati in una buca  
 Sì, che l' un capo all' altro era capello:

<sup>12</sup> This is Bocca degli Abati, by whose treason four thousand Guelphs were destroyed at Mont' Aperti. (See note on Canto x., 32.) Bocca supposes Dante to be a disembodied spirit like himself.

<sup>13</sup> Buoso da Duera, of Cremona, is accused by Malaspina, in his chronicle, of having taken a bribe from the commander of the French forces, Guy de Montfort, in the year 1265, to allow the troops of

Charles of Anjou unmolested passage through the defiles of the Parmesan, on their march to the conquest of Naples, to prevent which Buoso had been stationed there by Manfred, with a chosen body of soldiers.

<sup>14</sup> This is said to have been an abbot of Vallombrosa, a Pavian by birth, who, being Papal Legate in Florence when it was in the power of the Guelphs, and intriguing to

Renown,' I said, 'that I thy name indite  
 'Mid other rolls, 't were worth thy while to speak.'  
 And he: 'My wish to that is opposite;  
 Hence; trouble me no more; thou art not taught  
 The way to flatter in this den aright.'  
 Him, ending, by his hindward scalp I caught,  
 And said: 'It must be so: thy name make known;  
 Or every hair shall off thy head be raught!'  
 Whence he to me: 'I will nor tell nor own  
 My name, albeit of hairs thou pluck my last,  
 If thousand times thou hale me upside down.'  
 His twisted locks already held I fast,  
 And more than once a tuft had rent away;  
 But while his eyes he, barking, upward cast,  
 Another cried, 'What ails thee, <sup>12</sup> Bocca? say,  
 Is 't not enough thy noisy jaws to grind,  
 But thou must bark? What devil's touch doth fray?'  
 'No more I bid thee speak,' I said, 'to find  
 Who thou, malignant traitor: I the news  
 Shall truly bear that brings thy shame to mind.'  
 'Begone,' he answered; 'tell whate'er thou choose!  
 But keep not silence, if thou hence depart,  
 Of him, so forward now his tongue to use.  
 Here weighs the Frenchmen's silver on his heart;  
 "I saw <sup>13</sup> Duera's lord," thou canst report,  
 "Where cold eternal breeds the sinner's smart."  
 If any ask, who else of treasonous sort  
 Were there, know <sup>14</sup> Beccaria next thy side,  
 Whose forfeit neck the Florence axe cut short.  
 Beyond, methinks, <sup>15</sup> John Soldanier doth hide,  
 With <sup>16</sup> Ganelon and <sup>17</sup> Tribaldell bestowed,  
 That oped Faenza's gate at sleeping tide.'  
 Now had we parted and resumed our road,  
 When in one hole two frozen shapes I saw,  
 Whose heads, the one like other's head-gear showed:

betray it to the Ghibellines, was discovered in the midst of his plots, and publicly beheaded. Some commentators have called him a native of Parma, but the poet seems to make him of Florentine extraction.

<sup>13</sup> Giovanni Soldanieri deserted his party, and devoted himself to the interests of the Guelphic faction in Florence, who rewarded his apostasy by raising him to the chief place among them.

<sup>16</sup> Ganellon or Cano, of Mayence, celebrated in romance as the traitor whose disloyalty caused the rout of Charlemagne at Roncesvalles.

<sup>17</sup> Tribaldello de' Manfredi, commandant in Faenza, betrayed that town, in 1281, to the combined troops of Pope Martin IV. and Charles of Naples, whose object was to exterminate the Ghibellines from Romagna.

E come il pan per fame si manduca,  
 Così il sovran li denti all' altro pose  
 Là 've il cervel s' aggiunge colla nuca.  
 Non altrimenti Tideo sì rose  
 Le tempie a Menalippo per disdegno,  
 Che quei faceva il teschio e l' altre cose.  
 O tu che mostri per sì bestial segno  
 Odio sovra colui che tu ti mangi,  
 Dimmi il perchè, diss' io, per tal convegno,  
 Che se tu a ragion di lui ti piangi  
 Sappiendo chi voi siete, e la sua pecca,  
 Nel mondo suso ancor io te ne cangi,  
 Se quella con ch' io parlo non si secca.

130

## CANTO XXXIII.

*Narra il conte Ugolino come la morte sua fu cruda e come perdesse ad uno ad uno i figliuoli. In questa terza sfera detta Tolomea son posti coloro i quali tradirono chi in lor mise fede. Qui si trova frate Alberigo, e Branca d' Oria. Imprecazione contra a' Genovesi.*

LA bocca sollevò dal fiero pasto  
 Quel peccator, forbendola a' capelli  
 Del capo, ch' egli avea dietro guasto.  
 Poi cominciò: Tu vuoi ch' io rinnovelli  
 Disperato dolor che il cor mi preme,  
 Già pur pensando, pria ch' io ne favelli.  
 Ma se le mie parole esser den seme,  
 Che frutti infamia al traditor ch' i' rodo,  
 Parlare e lagrimar vedrai insieme.  
 I' non so chi tu sie, nè per che modo  
 Venuto se' quaggiù; ma Fiorentino  
 Mi sembri veramente, quand' i' t' odo.  
 Tu dei saper ch' io fui 'l Conte Ugolino,

10

<sup>1a</sup> Tydeus, son of Ceneus, King, of Calydon, and father of Diomed, slew Menalippus at the siege of Thebes, and was himself mortally wounded. The fact here alluded to is told by Statius, *Theb.*, viii.

<sup>1</sup> In the year 1285 the sovereignty of Pisa was disputed by three competitors, two of the Guelphs, Nino, judge of Gallura in Sardinia, and Count Ugolino de'

Gherardesci, his maternal grandfather; and one of the Ghibellines, Ruggieri degli Ubaldini, Archbishop of Pisa. The last-mentioned of these prevailed on Ugolino to expel his grandson and make himself master of Pisa; and when he had thus taken advantage of the divisions in the Guelphic party, in the year 1288, he succeeded in exciting the populace of Pisa against Ugolino by a charge of

And, as on bread assailed by hunger's jaw,  
 His teeth the topmost on his neighbour set,  
 Where with the nape the crown is joined, to gnaw.  
 Not with more greedy fangs did <sup>18</sup> Tydeus fret  
 The brows of Menalippus in disdain,  
 Than he the skull with all its garnish ate.  
 'O thou, by sign so bestial making plain  
 What hatred thine of him that is thy meal,  
 Tell me the cause,' I said, 'and thus remain  
 Our compact ; if a just revenge thou feel,  
 I, learning who ye are, and what his crime,  
 To thee above due recompense will deal,  
 If that I speak with dry not ere the time.'

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 CANTO XXXIII.

ARGUMENT.—*Count Ugolino. Tolommea, place of those who betrayed such as trusted them. Frate Alberigo. The living found among the dead.*

His mouth uplifting from its hideous food  
 The sinner wiped to cleanse it on the hair  
 Of that same ravaged head, whose back he chewed.  
 Then thus began : 'Agony of deep despair  
 Would'st thou revive, whereof mine heart a throe  
 Feels e'en to think it, ere my tongue declare.  
 But if my words may be the seed to sow  
 His infamy, the traitor's whom I gnaw,  
 Thou shalt see words and tears together flow.  
 I know not who thou art, nor by what law  
 Thou hast dived hither, but true Florentine  
 Believe ; from hearing thee my proof I draw.  
 Know thou that I was once <sup>1</sup> Count Ugoline,

meditated treason: a tumultuous mob, led on by the chiefs of the Pisan nobility, Gualandi, Sismondi, and Lanfranchi, tore Ugolino, with four of his family, two sons and two nephews, from his palace, and hurried them to prison. This was done in August. In the following March the citizens caused the doors of the tower in the Piazza degli Anziani, where they were confined, to be locked, and the

keys thrown into the Arno, that no one might convey food to the prisoners any longer; and eight days after this, the tower being forced open, Ugolino and the four youths were found dead, carried out with their fetters still about their legs, and buried at S. Francesco, in a tomb, from which Buti afterwards saw their irons taken out. The hill which screens Lucca from Pisa is Monte S. Giuliano.



E questi l' Arcivescovo Ruggieri :  
 Or ti dirò perch' i' son tal vicino.  
 Che per l' effetto de' suo' ma' pensieri,  
 Fidandomi di lui, io fossi preso  
 E poscia morto, dir non è mestieri.  
 Però quel che non puoi avere inteso,  
 Cioè come la morte mia fu cruda, 20  
 Udirai, e saprai se m' ha offeso.  
 Breve pertugio dentro dalla muda,  
 La qual per me ha il titol della fame,  
 E in che conviene ancor ch' altri si chiuda,  
 M' avea mostrato per lo suo forame  
 Più lune già, quand' i' feci il mal sonno,  
 Che del futuro mi squarciò il velame.  
 Questi pareva a me maestro e donno,  
 Cacciando il lupo e i lupicini al monte,  
 Per che i Pisan veder Lucca non ponno. 30  
 Con cagne magre, studiose e conte,  
 Gualandi con Sismondi e con Lanfranchi  
 S' avea messi dinanzi dalla fronte.  
 In picciol corso mi pareano stanchi  
 Lo padre e i figli, e con l' agute scane  
 Mi pareva lor veder fender li fianchi.  
 Quando fui desto innanzi la dimane,  
 Pianger senti' fra il sonno i miei figliuoli,  
 Ch' eran con meco, e dimandar del pane.  
 Ben se' crudel, se tu già non ti duoli, 40  
 Pensando ciò ch' il mio cor s' annunziava :  
 E se non piangi, di che pianger suoli ?  
 Già eran desti, e l' ora s' appressava  
 Che il cibo ne soleva essere addotto,  
 E per suo sogno ciascun dubitava :  
 Ed io sentii chiavar l' uscio di sotto  
 All' orribile torre ; ond' io guardai  
 Nel viso a' miei figliuoi senza far motto.  
 I' non piangeva ; sì dentro impietrai :  
 Piangevan elli ; ed Anselmuccio mio 50  
 Disse : Tu guardi sì, padre : che hai ?  
 Però non lagrimai, nè rispos' io  
 Tutto quel giorno, nè la notte appresso,  
 Infin che l' altro sol nel mondo uscìo.

<sup>2</sup> It has been argued that the word *chiavare* should here be rendered *to nail up*, as the doors would have been locked, as a

matter of course, during the whole of the Count's imprisonment. But the historical account (see the preceding note) bears out the common

This the Archbishop Roger is : now learn  
 The reason why such neighbour's part is mine.  
 To tell that by his evil counsels' turn  
 I, fondly trusting me to him, was caught  
 And done to death, my tale hath no concern.  
 But what might never to thine ear be brought,  
 Namely, how cruel was the death that slew,  
 Hear thou, and judge if he hath wronged me aught.  
 A narrow loop-hole of the darkened mew,  
 That earns by me the title for her own  
 Of Famine's Tower, and prison yet is due  
 To other captive, through its chink had shown  
 Now many a moon, when that ill dream I dreamed,  
 Which rent the veil, and coming things made known.  
 There he, by me both Lord and Master deemed,  
 Upon the hill which Lucca town doth screen  
 From Pisan eyes, the wolf and wolf-cubs seemed  
 To chase. With dogs well-entered, staunch, and lean,  
 Gualandi, with Sismondi first to rank  
 And with Lanfranchi ranged, in front were seen.  
 Brief was the course, methought, and wearied sank  
 Father and sons : I dreaming saw the stroke  
 Of their keen fangs who ripped the quarry's flank.  
 When I before the morrow's dawn awoke,  
 I heard my children moaning in their sleep  
 Who lay around me ; and for bread they spoke.  
 Ah pitiless ! if yet from tears thou keep,  
 To think what my prophetic heart saw clear ;  
 And if thou weep not, what shall make thee weep !  
 Now had they wakened, and the hour drew near  
 That went to bring our sustenance, and stirred  
 Each, inly doubting of his dream, to fear ;  
 And I, that from below the portal heard  
 Of that abhorred tower <sup>2</sup> by keys made fast,  
 Looked in my children's face without a word.  
 I wept not—on my stony heart had passed  
 A spell ; they wept, and my sweet Anselm said,  
 " Father, what ailest thou, such look to cast ? "  
 Yet answer made I none, nor tear I shed  
 That whole day through, nor through succeeding night,  
 Till rays of other sun the world o'erspread.

interpretation ; and even supposing  
 that the principal door of the tower  
 had been daily locked, yet to hear  
 it closed at the time when Ugolino  
 might naturally expect it to be

opened to admit their food, would  
 flash upon his mind at once as a  
 proof of their intended destruction  
 by famine.

Come un poco di raggio si fu messo  
 Nel doloroso carcere, ed io scorsi  
 Per quattro visi il mio aspetto stesso ;  
 Ambo le mani per dolor mi morsi ;  
 E quei, pensando ch' io il fessi per voglia  
 Di manicar, di subito levorsi, 60  
 E disser : Padre, assai ci fia men doglia,  
 Se tu mangi di noi : tu ne vestisti  
 Queste misere carni, e tu le spoglia.  
 Quetami allor per non farli più tristi :  
 Quel dì e l' altro stemmo tutti muti :  
 Ahi dura terra, perchè non t' apristi ?  
 Posciachè fummo al quarto dì venuti,  
 Gaddo mi si gittò disteso a piedi,  
 Dicendo : Padre mio, chè non m' aiuti ?  
 Quivi morì : e come tu mi vedi, 70  
 Vid' io cascar li tre ad uno ad uno  
 Tra il quinto dì e il sesto : ond' io mi diedi  
 Già cieco a brancolar sovra ciascuno,  
 E due dì li chiamai poi che fur morti :  
 Poscia, più che il dolor, potè il digiuno.  
 Quand' ebbe detto ciò, con gli occhi torti  
 Riprese il teschio misero co' denti,  
 Che furo all' osso : come d' un can, forti.  
 Ahi Pisa, vituperio delle genti  
 Del bel paese là, dove il Sì suona ; 80  
 Poi che i vicini a te punir son lenti,  
 Muovasi la Capraia e la Gorgona,  
 E faccian siepe ad Arno in su la foce,  
 Sì ch' egli annieghi in te ogni persona.  
 Chè se il Conte Ugolino aveva voce  
 D' aver tradita te delle castella,  
 Non dovei tu i figliuoi porre a tal croce.  
 Innocenti facea l' eta novella,  
 Novella Tebe, Uguccione e il Brigata,  
 E gli altri duo che il canto suso appella. 90  
 Noi passamm' oltre, là 've la gelata  
 Ruvidamente un' altra gente fascia,  
 Non volta in giù, ma tutta riversata.  
 Lo pianto stesso lì pianger non lascia,  
 E il duol, che truova in su gli occhi rintoppo,  
 Si volve in entro a far crescer l' ambascia.

<sup>3</sup> Sì, the Italian 'yes.'

<sup>4</sup> Capraia and Gorgona are two small islands on the Tuscan coast

—the former a little to the north-east of Corsica, the latter a few leagues higher up. They are

And when a scanty beam had touched with light  
 Our dolorous prison, and in faces four  
 Mine own reflected aspect smote my sight,  
 Both hands for anguish with my teeth I tore;  
 And they, misdeeming I to eat was fain,  
 Who did so, sudden raised them from the floor,  
 And said, "O Father, lighter far our pain,  
 On us to feed thee,—whom thou didst invest  
 With this unhappy flesh, thou strip again."  
 To spare them grief, mine own I then suppressed:  
 That day and morrow silent I and they  
 Endured. Stern earth! how opened not thy breast  
 To hide us? When we counted the fourth day,  
 Young Gaddo stretched him at my feet to lie,  
 Saying: "My father, why mine help delay?"  
 Here perished: and as thou dost me, so I  
 Beheld my three, as one by one they failed,  
 Between the fifth and sixth day fall and die.  
 Already blind, my groping limbs I trailed  
 O'er each, and on the dead two whole days long  
 I called; then hunger o'er my grief prevailed.  
 He ended, and, with eyes distort, among  
 The crashing bones of that lorn skull to grind  
 Once more impressed his teeth, as bandog's strong.  
 Ah Pisa! foul reproach of humankind  
 In that fair land where <sup>3</sup> *Si* is heard to sound!  
 Since slow to punish thee thy neighbour's mind,  
 Burst be <sup>4</sup> Capraia's and Gorgona's bound,  
 And let them pile 'gainst Arno's mouth a hedge,  
 Till every child of thine by him be drowned.  
 For if Count Ugolino fame allege  
 Betrayer of thy castles, yet thou 'rt shamed,  
 Dooming the sons to feel such torments' edge:  
 Young Hugo, sure,—Brigata,—went unblamed,  
 Thou <sup>5</sup> second Thebes, by right of tender years;  
 Nor less that other twain my song hath named.  
 Onward we passed where other tribe appears,  
 Bound by that iccfield in more rugged chains,  
 Nor downward bent, but each his face uprears.  
 There grief itself the flow of grief restrains,  
 And sorrow, finding barriers on their eyes,  
 Rolls inward still to aggravate their pains:

selected probably as nearest the  
mouth of the Arno.

<sup>3</sup> *Novella Tebe*, from the horrible

cruelties practised in it. Uguccione  
and Brigata, the two victims  
hitherto unnamed by the poet.

Chè le lacrime prime fanno groppo,  
 E, sì come visiere di cristallo,  
 Riempion sotto il ciglio tutto il coppo.  
 Ed avvegna che, sì come d' un callo, 100  
 Per la freddura ciascun sentimento  
 Cessato avesse del mio viso stallo,  
 Già mi pareva sentire alquanto vento :  
 Perch' i' : Maestro mio, questo chi muove ?  
 Non è quaggiuso ogni vapore spento ?  
 Ond' egli a me : Avaccio sarai, dove  
 Di ciò ti farà l' occhio la risposta,  
 Veggendo la cagion che il fiato piove.  
 Ed un de' tristi della fredda crosta  
 Gridò a noi : O anime crudeli 110  
 Tanto, che data v' è l' ultima posta,  
 Levatemi dal viso i duri veli,  
 Sì ch' io sfoghi il dolor che il cor m' impregna,  
 Un poco pria che il pianto si raggieli.  
 Perch' io a lui : Se vuoi ch' io ti sovvegna,  
 Dimmi chi se', e s' io non ti disbrigo,  
 Al fondo della ghiaccia ir mi convegna,  
 Rispose adunque : Io son Frate Alberigo,  
 Io son quel delle frutte del mal orto,  
 Che qui riprendo dattero per figo. 120  
 O, dissi lui : Or se' tu ancor morto ?  
 Ed egli a me : Come il mio corpo stea  
 Nel mondo su, nulla scienza porto.  
 Cotal vantaggio ha questa Tolomea,  
 Che spesse volte l' anima ci cade  
 Innanzi ch' Atropòs mossa le dea.  
 E perchè tu più volentier mi rade  
 Le invetrate lagrima dal volto,  
 Sappi che tosto che l' anima trade,  
 Come fec' io, il corpo suo l' è tolto 130  
 Da un dimonio, che poscia il governa  
 Mentre che il tempo suo tutto sia volto.  
 Ella ruina in sì fatta cisterna :  
 E forse pare ancor lo corpo suso  
 Dell' ombra che di qua dietro mi verna.

\* Alberigo dei Manfredi, one of the Joyous Brotherhood. (See note on Canto xxiii., v. 103.) He affected to become reconciled to some of his associates with whom he was at feud, invited them to his

house, and at the conclusion of a sumptuous entertainment, ordered *the fruit* to be brought, at which preconcerted signal a band of his retainers rushed in and massacred the guests.

For their first tears a frozen lump arise,  
 The socket all, like vizor framed of glass,  
 Filling, as each below the eyebrow dries.  
 And grant, the deadening chill had caused to pass  
 Whatever touch of feeling once had dwelt  
 Within my visage, as from callous mass,  
 Yet seemed already that a breeze I felt;  
 Whence I, 'Good master, who such air doth move?  
 Can aught in this froze den to vapour melt?'  
 'Thou shalt thine eyes the surest answer prove,'  
 He said, 'anon arriving where thou must  
 Discern the cause that wafts the gale above.'  
 With that a lost one from the icy crust  
 Shrieked out: 'O spirits doomed at last to feel  
 How cruel ye, to utmost mansion thrust!  
 These rigid curtains of my sight unseal,  
 That I a little may the grief assuage  
 With which my heart goes big, ere tears congeal  
 Again.' 'Would'st thou,' I said, 'my help engage,  
 Tell who thou wert; and if to extricate  
 I fail, the deepest icepit be my wage.'  
 'Friar <sup>6</sup> Alberic am I,' he answered straight:  
 'He, for the fruits of that ill garden's seed  
 Renowned, who here for fig receive a date.'  
 'Ha!' said I, 'thou already dead indeed?'  
 And he to me: 'Not mine the skill to ken  
 How yet my body in the world may speed:  
 Such vantage hath this <sup>7</sup> Ptolemean den,  
 That oft the soul falls hither, nor delays  
 Till <sup>8</sup> Atropos decide the moment when.  
 And that thou may'st the solid tears, that glaze  
 My countenance, more willingly efface,  
 Know, in the instant when a soul betrays,  
 As did mine own, it yields the body's place  
 To demon habitant, whose fell control  
 Sways ever, till its years have run their race.  
 In cistern fashioned thus is plunged the soul:  
 And haply yet on earth goes visible  
 That shadow's body, which in yonder hole

<sup>7</sup> *Tolommea* receives its name  
 from that Ptolemy of Egypt who  
 caused Pompey the Great, when  
 after the battle of Pharsalia he had  
 taken refuge in Egypt, to be trea-

cherously murdered.

<sup>8</sup> Atropos, the Fate to whom is  
 committed the office of cutting off  
 that vital thread which her two  
 sisters spin.

Tu il dei saper, se tu vien pur mo giuso :  
 Egli è Ser Branca d' Oria, e son più anni  
 Poscia passati ch' ei fu sì racchiuso.  
 I' credo, diss' io lui, che tu m' inganni ;  
 Chè Branca d' Oria non morì unquanche, 140  
 E mangia e bee e dorme e veste panni.  
 Nel fosso su, diss' ei, di Malebranche,  
 Là dove bolle la tenace pece,  
 Non era giunto ancora Michel Zanche,  
 Che questi lasciò un diavolo in sua vece  
 Nel corpo suo, e d' un suo prossimano  
 Che il tradimento insieme con lui fece.  
 Ma distendi oramai in qua la mano,  
 Aprimi gli occhi : ed io non gliele apersi,  
 E cortesia fu lui esser villano. 150  
 Ahi Genovesi, uomini diversi  
 D' ogni costume, e pien d' ogni magagna,  
 Perchè non siete voi del mondo spersi ?  
 Chè col peggiore spirto di Romagna  
 Trovai un tal di voi, che per sua opra  
 In anima in Cocito già si bagna,  
 Ed in corpo par vivo ancor di sopra.

## CANTO XXXIV.

*Quarta ed ultima sfera detta Giudecca ; centro del mondo ; sede di  
 Lucifero immenso mostro dalle grandi ali che l' inferno agghiaccia.  
 Quivi son puniti da ultimo coloro che tradirono i propri benefat-  
 tori. Evvi Giuda, Cassio e Bruto maciullati nelle tre bocche del gran  
 mostro infernale. I poeti si fan scala dell' Angelo ribelle per salire  
 a riveder le stelle.*

*VEXILLA Regis prodeunt inferni*

Verso di noi : però dinanzi mira,  
 Disse il Maestro mio, se tu il discerni.  
 Come quando una grossa nebbia spira,  
 O quando l' emisperio nostro annotta  
 Par da lungi un mulin che il vento gira ;  
 Veder mi parve un tal dificio allotta :  
 Poi per lo vento mi ristrinsi retro  
 Al Duca mio ; che non v' era altra grotta.  
 Già era, e con paura il metto in metro, 10

\* Branca d'Oria, of the celebrated family of that name in Genoa, slew his father-in-law, Michel Zanche, to gain possession of his judicatory of Logodoro, in Sardinia. (See Canto xxii., v. 88.)

Winters behind me : thou must know him well  
 If late come down : <sup>9</sup> Ser Branca Doria this,  
 For many a year inwalled in yonder cell.'  
 Then answered I: 'Thou mockest me, I wis,  
 For Branca Doria's life not yet hath ended :  
 To eat, drink, sleep and raiment wear is his.'  
 'To upper trench,' he said, 'by fiends defended  
 Of Evil Paw, where boils the pitchy tide,  
 Ere Michel Zanche's ghost had yet descended,  
 This one a devil, which his room supplied,  
 In his and kinsman's body left to be,  
 His mate in treason, as by blood allied.  
 But hither now put forth thine hands on me  
 Mine eyes to open : ' and I opened not :  
 To him so churlish trick was courtesy.  
 Ah Genoese, men fouled with every spot,  
 Strange to all civil nurture ! why of old  
 Hath vengeance spared your race from earth to blot ?  
 With the worst spirit of Romagna's mould  
 I found one such of yours, his crimes had hurled  
 The soul already to Cocytus' hold,  
 The body living seems to walk the world !

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CANTO XXXIV.

ARGUMENT.—*Giudecca, place of the betrayers of their benefactors. Vision of Lucifer and his three victims. Passage of the centre of Earth, and return of the Poets to upper air.*

'*THE banners of the King of Hell unfurl*  
 Toward us,' my master cried, 'then let thine eyes  
 Look onward to discern him.' As through curl  
 Of thick-breathed vapour looming, or the skies  
 Of this our hemisphere in dead of night,  
 Driven by the blast, is seen afar to rise  
 A windmill, such the fabric that my sight  
 Here startled, as the whirlwind caused to run  
 Behind my guide ; nor shelter to invite  
 Was other near. Already had I won

<sup>1</sup> The first line on this Canto is in Latin, and a parody on the opening of a hymn sung in the Romish Church, at vespers, during the Passion-week—  
*'Vexilla regis prodeunt.'*



Là, dove l' ombre tutte eran coperte,  
 E trasparen come festuca in vetro.  
 Altre stanno a giacere, altre stanno erte,  
 Quella col capo, e quella con le piante;  
 Altra, com' arco, il volto a' piedi inverte.  
 Quando noi fummo fatti tanto avanti,  
 Ch' al mio Maestro piacque di mostrarmi  
 La creatura ch' ebbe il bel sembiante,  
 Dinanzi mi si tolse, e fe' restarmi,  
 Ecco Dite, dicendo, ed ecco il loco, 20  
 Ove convien che di fortezza t' armi.  
 Com' io divenni allor gelato e fioco,  
 Nol dimandar, Lettor, ch' io non lo scrivo,  
 Però ch' ogni parlar sarebbe poco.  
 Io non morii, e non rimasi vivo:  
 Pensa oramai per te, s' hai fior d' ingegno,  
 Qual io divenni, d' uno e d' altro privo.  
 Lo imperador del doloroso regno  
 Da mezzo il petto uscìa fuor della ghiaccia;  
 E più con un gigante io mi convegno, 30  
 Che i giganti non fan con le sue braccia:  
 Vedi oggimai quant' esser dee quel tutto  
 Ch' a così fatta parte si confaccia.  
 S' ei fu sì bel com' egli è ora brutto,  
 E contra il suo Fattore alzò le ciglia,  
 Ben dee da lui procedere ogni lutto.  
 O quanto parve a me gran meraviglia,  
 Quando vidi tre facce alla sua testa!  
 L' una dinanzi, e quella era vermiglia;  
 L' altre eran due, che s' aggiungèno a questa 40  
 Sovr' esso il mezzo di ciascuna spalla,  
 E si giungèno al luogo della cresta;  
 E la destra pareva tra bianca e gialla;  
 La sinistra a vedere era tal, quali  
 Vengon di là, onde il Nilo s' avvalla.  
 Sotto ciascuno uscivan duo grand' ali,

\* Lucifer, the brightest of the morning stars, say the Fathers, until he forfeited his place. Milton has imitated his predecessor here:—

'He above the rest,  
 In shape and gesture proudly  
 eminent,  
 Stood like a tower. His form had  
 not yet lost  
 All her original brightness, nor

appeared  
 Less than archangel ruined, and  
 the excess  
 Of glory obscured: as when the  
 sun new risen  
 Looks through the horizontal misty  
 air  
 Shorn of his beams.'

*Paradise Lost*, b. i.

\* Different explanations are given of Satan's threefold aspect.

'To where (I dread to rhyme it) all immersed,  
 Like motes in glass, the shades pellucid shone.  
 There some to lie and some to stand dispersed,  
 This doth his head, and that his soles, uprear;  
 Bow-like, a third hath face to feet reversed.  
 When we by forward step were drawn so near,  
 That now it pleased my master to display  
 The creature <sup>2</sup> once so beautiful of cheer,  
 He from my front retired, then made to stay,  
 And said: 'Behold thou Dis—the spot behold,  
 Where thou thine heart with courage must array.'  
 Ask me not, reader, how both hoarse and cold  
 I then became; I write it not, nor strive  
 To tell what never might by speech be told.  
 There I nor died, nor yet remained alive:  
 Now think, if thou hast power of thought, and see  
 What state was mine, that could of both deprive.  
 The Sovran of the joyless Empery  
 His breast from out the icebelt halfway bared,  
 And I with giant nearer match should be,  
 Than were the giants with his arms compared:  
 See, then, how monstrous must that whole have been,  
 That with its so-formed part conforming squared!  
 If he, once fair as he is foul of mien,  
 Against his Maker arrogantly raised  
 The brow, from him might well proceed, I ween,  
 All things disastrous. How the sight amazed,  
 When on his head I viewed a <sup>3</sup> three-fold face!  
 One fronting us, that all of scarlet blazed;  
 Above each shoulder's centre from their base  
 To blend with this arose the other two,  
 And made their joining where the crest hath place.  
 'Twixt white and yellow seemed the right one's hue,  
 And likest theirs who come whence Nilus springs  
 To bathe his valley, was the left to view.  
 From under each went forth two mighty wings,

The more ancient commentators understood this to indicate various passions—the scarlet, anger; the yellow, avarice or envy; the black, slothfulness. Lombardi, and after him Biagioli, interpret these colours of the European, Asiatic, and African complexion; sinners being assembled from every climate hither. I confess I do not like

this geographical conceit: Milton, at least, knew nothing of it when he described his Satan, while apostrophising the sun—

'Thrice changed with pale, ire,  
 envy, and despair.'

Nor would there be anything appropriate in the position of the two Romans, of which the poet is careful to apprise us.

Quanto si conveniva a tanto uccello ;  
 Vele di mar non vid' io mai cotali.  
 Non avean penne, ma di vipistrello  
 Era lor modo ; e quelle svolazzava, 50  
 Sì che tre venti sì movean da ello.  
 Quindi Cocito tutto s' aggelava :  
 Con sei occhi piangeva, e per tre menti  
 Gocciava il pianto e sanguinosa bava.  
 Da ogni bocca dirumpea co' denti  
 Un peccatore, a guisa di maciulla,  
 Sì che tre ne facea così dolenti.  
 A quel dinanzi il mordere era nulla,  
 Verso il graffiar, che tal volta la schiena  
 Rimanea della pelle tutta brulla. 60  
 Quell' anima lassù che ha maggior pena,  
 Disse il Maestro, è Giuda Scariotto,  
 Che il capo ha dentro, e fuor le gambe mena.  
 Degli altri duo c' hanno il capo di sotto,  
 Quel che pende dal nero ceffo è Bruto :  
 Vedi come si storce, e non fa motto.  
 E l' altro è Cassio, che par sì membruto.  
 Ma la notte risurge ; e oramai  
 E da partir, chè tutto avèm veduto.  
 Com' a lui piacque, il collo gli avvinghiai ; 70  
 Ed ei prese di tempo e loco poste :  
 E, quando l' ale furo aperte assai,  
 Appigliò se alle vellute coste :  
 Di vello in vello giù discese poscia  
 Tra il folto pelo e le gelate croste.  
 Quando noi fummi là dove la coscia  
 Si volge appunto in sul grosso dell' anche,  
 Lo Duca con fatica e con angoscia  
 Volse la testa ov' egli avea le zanche,  
 Ed aggrappossi al pel come uom che sale ; 80  
 Sì che in inferno i' credea tornar anche.  
 Attienti ben, chè per cotali scale,  
 Disse il Maestro, ansando com' uom lasso,  
 Conviensi dipartir da tanto male.  
 Poi uscì fuor per lo foro d' un sasso,  
 E pose me in su l' orlo a sedere :  
 Appresso porse a me l' accorto passo.  
 I' levai gli occhi, e credetti vedere

\* In order to understand this intricate passage, we must remember that the poet had a tolerably

correct idea of the centre of gravity; and therefore, as soon as Virgil, sliding down the hairy sides of the

Whose vastness well with such a bird compares :  
 The ship I know not, that her canvas flings  
 So broadly to the gale. No plumage theirs,  
 But filmy like the bat's, and ever rose,  
 As still he fluttered them, three several airs,  
 Whose icy breathings all Cocytus froze.  
 Six eyes had he to weep—o'er triple chin  
 With trickling tears his bloody slaver flows.  
 From every mouth suspense a child of sin  
 His teeth in manner of the flax-brake tore,  
 And three at once, so tortured, held within.  
 Yet nought the bite to him that hung before,  
 Compared with clawings, whence his back, all red  
 And skinless, oft remained one angry sore.  
 'Lo !' said my master, 'on whose soul is shed  
 Wrath's utmost—Judas he, the' Iscariot !  
 Who shows the struggling legs, but hides the head.'  
 'Of twain, whose downward heads have equal lot,  
 Is Brutus hanging from the sable snout ;  
 Mark how he writhes him !—word he utters not.  
 And Cassius he that seems of limb so stout.  
 But night returns : 't is time that we make good,  
 Since we have seen the whole, our way without.'  
 Then, I his neck encircling, as he would,  
 He chose of time and place the fitting tide,  
 And when the wings enough disparted stood,  
 Fast to those hairy ribs his grasp applied,  
 Thence seizing lock by lock, he deep descended  
 'Tween the thick fleece and solid icecrust's side.  
 'When now we dropped to where the thigh hath blended  
 Its curve exactly with the haunches' swell,  
 With weariness and pain my guide, suspended,  
 Held now his head where late his ancles fell,  
 And clutched, like man who climbs, the shaggy hair,  
 That I believed we turned us back to Hell.  
 'Cling fast ; for we by so misshapen stair'—  
 The master said, whose panting gasps made known  
 His faintness—' must to quit such ill prepare.'  
 Then issued forth by hollow vent of stone,  
 And while along the ledge he found me seat,  
 Near my place took with wary step his own.  
 I raised mine eyes, expectant yet to meet

infernal monarch, has reached that point, his toil of climbing upwards      to the soles of Lucifer's feet commences.

Lucifero com' i' l' avea lasciato,  
 E vidili le gambe in su tenere. 90  
 E s' io divenni allora travagliato,  
 La gente grossa il pensi, che non vede  
 Qual era il punto ch' i' avea passato.  
 Levati su, disse il Maestro, in piede :  
 La via è lunga, e il cammino malvagio,  
 E già il sole a mezza terza riede.  
 Non era camminata di palagio  
 Là v' eravàm, ma natural burella  
 Ch' avea mal suolo, e di lume disagio.  
 Prima ch' io dell' abisso mi divella, 100  
 Maestro mio, diss' io quando fu' dritto,  
 A trarmi d' erro un poco mi favella.  
 Ov' è la ghiaccia? e questi com' è fitto  
 Sì sottosopra? e come in sì poc' ora  
 Da sera a mane ha fatto il sol tragitto?  
 Ed egli a me: Tu immagini ancora  
 D' esser di là dal centro, ov' io mi presi  
 Al pel del vermo reo che il mondo fora.  
 Di là fosti cotanto, quant' io scesi :  
 Quando mi volsi, tu passasti il punto 110  
 Al qual si traggon d' ogni parte i pesi :  
 E se' or sotto l' emisperio giunto  
 Ch' è contrapposto a quel che la gran secca  
 Coverchia, e sotto il cui colmo consunto  
 Fu l' uom che nacque e visse senza pecca :  
 Tu hai i piedi in su picciola spera  
 Che l' altra faccia fa della Giudecca.  
 Qui è da man, quando di là è sera :  
 E questi che ne fe' scala col pelo,  
 Fitt' è ancora, sì come prim' era. 120  
 Da questa parte cadde giù dal cielo :  
 E la terra che pria di qua si sperse,  
 Per paura di lui fe' del mar velo  
 E venne all' emisperio nostro ; e forse  
 Per fuggir lui lasciò quì il luogo voto  
 Quella che appar di quà, e su ricorse.  
 Luogo è laggiù da Belzebù rimoto

\* Dante, ignorant of the continent  
 of America, which was destined  
 one day, by its discovery, to reward  
 Italian genius, courage, and perse-

verance, supposes the great mass  
 of dry land to have fled affrighted  
 from the shock of Satan's fall; and  
 that he sank to the middle of

With Lucifer as I had left him last,  
 And saw him upward hold the legs and feet.  
 And if with wonder then I turned aghast,  
 Let the dull herd imagine, that doth take  
 But little note what point it was I passed.  
 'Up, lift thee on thy feet,' the master spake,  
 'Long is the journey, difficult the road,  
 The sun returns, and day will shortly break.'  
 No palace entry 't was whereon we strode,  
 But all deform with rugged pavement this,  
 And scant of light, a natural dungeon showed.  
 When now I stood erect: 'From Hell's abyss,  
 Master,' I said, 'ere I myself have torn,  
 Speak briefly to reform my thought amiss.  
 Where now the ice? What fixeth yon forlorn  
 Thus upside down? And wherefore hath from eve  
 The sun so quick his transit made to morn?'  
 'Thy mind,' said he, 'doth yet thy place conceive  
 Beyond the centre, where his shag I caught—  
 The guilty serpent who the world doth cleave:  
 Thou wert beyond it while descent I sought;  
 The point, to which all weights are tending, thou  
 Didst pass, what time I turned me, and art brought  
 Beneath that opposite half-cycle now  
 That poises ours, whereon the broad dry ground  
 Is spread, and hath His bloodshed on its brow,  
 THE MAN in life and death the Sinless found.  
 Thy feet a globule press, whose smaller room  
 Shapes other surface to Giudecca's round;  
 Here morning dawns, when there 't is evening gloom;  
 And he, whose hair a ladder's aid hath given,  
 There yet is fixed as by primeval doom.  
 When this side earth he headlong fell from heaven,  
 For fear of him, what land had erst appeared  
 Curtained herself in Ocean, and was driven  
 Far as our hemisphere: and, haply, feared  
 With like alarm, what there is seen above  
 Left in her flight this void, the upland reared.'  
 Down yonder doth from Belzebub remove

earth, a similar terror drove the  
 ground nearest his feet upward, to  
 form the mount of Purgatory,

leaving that void space in which  
 the travellers found themselves as  
 they quitted their strange ladder.

Tanto, quanto la tomba si distende,  
Che non per vista, ma per suono è noto  
D' un ruscelletto che quivi discende 130  
Per la buca d' un sasso ch' egli ha roso  
Col corso ch' egli avvolge, e poco pende.  
Lo Duca ed io per quel cammino ascoso  
Entrammo a ritornar nel chiaro mondo :  
E senza cura aver d' alcun riposo  
Salimmo su, ei primo ed io secondo,  
Tanto ch' io vidi delle cose belle  
Che porta il ciel, per un pertugio tondo,  
E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle.

FINE DELL' INFERNO.

A space as distant as that tomb hath scope,  
Whose amplitude not eye, but ear must prove,  
By tinkling of a rill whose waters ope  
Their way below through stony rent of time,  
Worn by their winding lapse and gentle slope.  
To seek return to daylight world sublime  
My guide and I that darksome path explored,  
And while he first, I second, 'gan to climb,  
No care to rest us might our haste afford,  
Till partly, where a rounded hole unbars,  
The glorious things I saw which heaven doth hoard,  
And thence we rose again to view the stars.

END OF THE INFERNO.





# IL PURGATORIO.



Quisque suos patimur manes ; exinde per amplum  
Mittimur Elysium. VIRG. *Æn.* vi.

## CANTO I.

*Invocazione a Calliope ; incontro di Catone guardiano del Purgatorio. Lavato colla rugiada, e cinto di uno schietto giunco s' invia il poeta colla sua guida verso la marina per le balze del monte, ove l' anime salgono a farsi belle.*

PER correr miglior acqua alza le vele  
 Omai la navicella del mio ingegno,  
 Che lascia dietro a sè mar sì crudele.  
 E canterò di quel secondo regno,  
 Ove l' umano spirito si purga,  
 E di salire al ciel diventa degno.  
 Ma quì la morta poesia risurga,  
 O sante Muse, poichè vostro sono,  
 E quì Calliopea alquanto surga,  
 Seguitando il mio canto con quel suono 10  
 Di cui le Piche misere sentiro  
 Lo colpo tal, che disperar perdono.  
 Dolce color d' oriental zaffiro,  
 Che s' accoglieva nel sereno aspetto  
 Dell' aer puro infino al primo giro,  
 Agli occhi miei ricominciò diletto,  
 Tosto ch' i' uscii fuor dell' aura morta,  
 Che m' avea contristati gli occhi e il petto.  
 Lo bel pianeta che ad amar conforta,  
 Faceva tutto rider l' oriente, 20  
 Velando i pesci ch' erano in sua scorta.  
 Io mi volsi a man destra, e posi mente  
 All' altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle  
 Non viste mai fuor che alla prima gente.  
 Goder pareva il ciel di lor fiammelle.  
 O settentrional vedova sito,  
 Poichè privato se' di mirar quelle !  
 Com' io del loro sguardo fui partito,  
 Un poco me volgendo all' altro polo,  
 Là onde il Carro già era sparito ; 30

<sup>1</sup> Hesiod, in his *Theogony*, makes Calliope chief of the Muses.

<sup>2</sup> The challenge given by the Pierides to the Muses, nine to nine, and the defeat which changed the vanquished into magpies, is told by Ovid, *Met.* v. 302, to the end of

the book. Calliope is the leader here.

<sup>3</sup> The sun being in Aries, and Venus a morning star, her rays would obscure the constellation of Pisces which preceded her.

<sup>4</sup> By the 'four stars' I have no

## CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.—*The Poets meet with Cato the Younger, who instructs them in the requisite process for pursuing their journey.*

O'ER better waters now to bound, her sail  
 My genius' little bark abroad doth fling,  
 Leaving behind her sea so fraught with bale;  
 And of that second kingdom will I sing,  
 In which the human spirit purifies,  
 And grows deserving heavenward to spring.  
 But here make that dead poësy to rise  
 Again, blest Muses, for I am your own,  
 While higher pitch <sup>1</sup> Calliopeia flies,  
 Attempering her carol to the tone  
 Whereof those hapless <sup>2</sup> Picæ felt the dint  
 So deep, that hope of pardon had they none.  
 The Oriental sapphire's tender tint,  
 Which on the placid front of that pure air  
 To the first circle did herself imprint,  
 Made pleasure to mine eyes again repair,  
 Soon as I rose the gale of death above,  
 That eyes and heart had clouded with despair.  
 The beauteous planet which invites to love  
 Won all the Orient to laugh in light,  
<sup>3</sup> The Fishes veiled, that did her escort move.  
 Of the' other pole observant on my right  
 I turned, and saw <sup>4</sup> four stars, that from the days  
 Of earliest human-kind are lost to sight.  
 All heaven seemed joyous in their sparkling rays—  
 Thou northern widowhood, ah! how forlorn,  
 That hast no longer right on them to gaze!  
 When from them I mine earnest looks had torn,  
 To other pole half-turning me, whence rolled  
 The <sup>5</sup> Wain already from the face of morn,

doubt the poet meant the four cardinal virtues of the ancient philosophy, Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude. The astronomical suggestions of the cross in the southern hemisphere

are purely an anachronism; as Dante himself evinces in the tiercet which follows. See Canto xxxi. Note 6.

<sup>5</sup> The constellation Ursa Major, Charles's Wain.

Vidi presso di me un veglio solo,  
 Degno di tanta reverenza in vista,  
 Che più non dee a padre alcun figliuolo.  
 Lunga la barba e di pel bianco mista  
 Portava a' suoi capegli simigliante,  
 De' quai cadeva al petto doppia lista.  
 Li raggi delle quattro luci sante  
 Fregiavan sì la sua faccia di lume,  
 Ch' io il vedea come il sol fosse davante.  
 Chi siete voi, che contra il cieco fiume 40  
 Fuggito avete la prigione eterna?  
 Diss' ei, movendo quell' oneste piume.  
 Chi v' ha guidati? o chi vi fu lucerna,  
 Uscendo fuor della profonda notte  
 Che sempre nera fa la valle inferna?  
 Son le leggi d' abisso così rotte?  
 O è mutato in ciel nuovo consiglio,  
 Che dannati venite alle mie grotte?  
 Lo Duca mio allor mi diè di piglio,  
 E con parole e con mani e con cenni, 50  
 Reverenti mi fe' le gambe e il ciglio.  
 Poscia rispose lui: Da me non venni.  
 Donna scese dal ciel, per li cui preghi  
 Della mia compagnia costui sovvenni.  
 Ma da ch' è tuo voler che più si spieghi  
 Di nostra condizion, com' ella è vera,  
 Esser non puote il mio che a te si nieghi.  
 Questi non vide mai l' ultima sera,  
 Ma per la sua follia le fu sì presso,  
 Che molto poco tempo a volger era. 60  
 Sì come i' dissi, fui mandato ad esso  
 Per lui campare, e non c' era altra via  
 Che questa per la quale io mi son messo.  
 Mostrata ho lui tutta la gente ria;  
 Ed ora intendo mostrar quegli spirti  
 Che purgan sè sotto la tua balla.  
 Come io l' ho tratto, saria lungo a dirti:  
 Dell' alto scende virtù che m' aiuta  
 Conducerlo a vederti e ad udirti.  
 Or ti piaccia gradir la sua venuta: 70  
 Libertà va cercando, che è sì cara,  
 Come sa chi per lei vita rifiuta.  
 Tu il sai, che non ti fu per lei amara

\* Cato the younger, whose death by his own hand at Utica is the subject of Addison's tragedy. Dante praises him highly in his *Convito*.

Near me I saw a lonely <sup>6</sup> warden old,  
 Deserving of such reverence in mien,  
 Of more a son his father might not hold.  
 Flowing his beard, with hoary hairs between,  
 And like the honours of his head in seeming,  
 Whose double stripe adown his breast was seen;  
 And those four holy stars, their radiance gleaming  
 Upon his face, so rich a lustre shed,  
 I saw him, as 'twere the sun before me beaming.  
 ' Say, who are ye that stealing up the bed  
 Of that blind streamlet have escaped the doom  
 Of the' everlasting prison-house?' he said,  
 And shook his reverend locks; 'who might presume  
 To guide, or who the lantern of your path  
 From deepest night, aye blackening Hell with gloom?  
 Are the infernal laws so broke, or hath  
 Heaven's newer counsel changed the hest of eld,  
 That to my caverns come ye, sons of wrath?'  
 Me swiftly then my leader grasping held,  
 And there with hand, with signal, and with word  
 My knees and brow to reverence compelled;  
 Then thus: 'I came not of myself, but stirred  
 By prayers of <sup>7</sup> lady from the realm divine  
 The aid of my companionship conferred  
 On yonder man. But since the will is thine  
 Of our condition plainer tale and true  
 To hear, thy wish to gainsay were not mine.  
 Life's latest eventide *he* never knew,  
 But for his foolishness was brought so nigh,  
 The moments left to turn were greatly few;  
 Yet on that instant, as I said, was I  
 Sent down to save him, and none other road  
 Than this whereon I journey was to try.  
 The guilty people all to him I showed,  
 And now to show the spirits is my thought,  
 Who 'neath thy sway to purge them make abode.  
 Were long to tell how I his guidance wrought,  
 But virtue sent from heaven mine help did make,  
 And him to see thee and to hear thee brought,  
 His coming now may' it please thee kindly take;  
 He goes in search of freedom, known so dear  
 To him who life renounces for her sake  
 Known thus to thee—for her thou didst not fear

<sup>7</sup> Beatrice. See *Inf.* c. ii.

In Utica la morte, ove lasciasti  
 La veste che al gran dì sarà sì chiara.  
 Non son gli editti eterni per noi guasti :  
 Chè questi vive, e Minos me non lega ;  
 Ma son del cerchio ove son gli occhi casti  
 Di Marzia tua, che in vista ancor ti prega,  
 O santo petto, che per tua la tegni : 80  
 Per lo suo amore adunque a noi ti piega ;  
 Lasciane andar per li tuoi sette regni :  
 Grazie riporterò di te a lei,  
 Se d' esser mentovato laggiù degni.  
 Marzia piacque tanto agli occhi miei,  
 Mentre ch' io fui di là, diss' egli allora,  
 Che quante grazie volle da me, fei.  
 Or che di là dal mal fiume dimora,  
 Più mover non mi può per quella legge  
 Che fatta fu quando me n' uscì fuori. 90  
 Ma se donna del ciel ti move e regge  
 Come tu di', non c' è mestier lusinga :  
 Bastiti ben, che per lei mi richegge.  
 Va dunque, e fa che tu costui ricinga  
 D' un giunco schietto, e che gli lavi il viso,  
 Sì che ogni sucidume quindi stinga :  
 Chè non si converria l' occhio sorpreso  
 D' alcuna nebbia andar davanti al primo  
 Ministro, che è di quei di Paradiso. 100  
 Questa isoletta intorno ad imo ad imo,  
 Laggiù colà dove la batte l' onda,  
 Porta de' giunchi sovra il molle limo.  
 Null' altra pianta che facesse fronda,  
 O indurasse, vi puote aver vita,  
 Perocchè alle percosse non seconda.  
 Poscia non sia di qua vostra reddita ;  
 Lo sol vi mostrerà, che surge omai,  
 Prender il monte a più lieve salita.  
 Così sparì ; ed io su mi levai  
 Senza parlare, e tutto mi ritrassi 110  
 Al duca mio, e gli occhi a lui drizzai.  
 Ei cominciò : Figliuol, segui i miei passi :  
 Volgianci indietro, che di qua dichina  
 Questa pianura a' suoi termini bassi.  
 L' alba vinceva l' ora mattutina  
 Che fuggia innanzi, sì che di lontano

• Minos, Judge of Hell, see *Inf.* c. v.

To die in Utica—there left the vest  
 Which in the Great Day shall so bright appear.  
 For us was broken no eternal hest ;  
 He lives, and <sup>8</sup> Minos binds not me, who came  
 From out the circle where, O sainted breast,  
 Thy <sup>9</sup> Marcia's modest eyes are yet the same,  
 Pleading with thee to own her thine—O grace  
 A love so lasting with the boon we claim.  
 Suffer our feet thy sevenfold realm to trace,  
 And I to her thy courteous deed will tell,  
 If thou disdain not mention in that place.'  
 'While yonder,' he replied, 't was mine to dwell,  
 Whate'er the courtesy that Marcia chose  
 Was done of me, she pleased mine eyes so well ;  
 Now, lingering, beyond the flood of woes,  
 She can no longer move me, by decree  
 Appointed when from out the deep I rose.  
 But if, as thou hast told, thy prompter be  
 A lady sent from heaven, what need to lure ?  
 Content thee that her name commend thy plea.  
 Go then, and with a knotless rush be sure  
 To girdle him, and wash the visage stained  
 By filthiness, from every blot impure,  
 Unmeet that eye with any cloud ingrained  
 The presence of that Angel undergo,  
 The first for heirs of paradise ordained.  
 This islet, on her lowliest base below,  
 Down yonder belts her, where the waters strive,  
 In rushes on the yielding slime that grow.  
 No other plant could there subsist alive  
 That put forth leaf, or hardened, nor would bend  
 All unresisting as the breakers drive.  
 But come not hither back ; the sun shall lend  
 His light to show you (for he rises now)  
 An easier stair, the mountain to ascend.'  
 He vanished, and I silently, with brow  
 Bent on my leader, raised me from the ground,  
 And all to him restored me. 'Follow thou  
 My steps,' he said, 'O son ; here turn we round  
 And back retire, for hence doth slope away  
 This plain her surface to the lowest bound.'  
 The dawn was vanquishing the morning gray  
 Which fled before, till on the beachèd main

<sup>8</sup> Marcia, see *Inf.* c. iv. 128.



Conobbi il tremolar della marina.  
 Noi andavam per lo solingo piano  
 Com' uom che torna alla smarrita strada,  
 Che infino ad essa li par ire in vano. 120  
 Quando noi fummo dove la rugiada  
 Pugna col sole, e per essere in parte  
 Ove adorezza poco si dirada ;  
 Ambo le mani in su l' erbetta sparte  
 Soavemente il mio Maestro pose ;  
 Ond' io che fui accorto di su' arte,  
 Porsi ver lui le guance lagrimose :  
 Quivi mi fece tutto scoperto  
 Quel color che l' inferno mi nascose.  
 Venimmo poi in sul lito deserto, 130  
 Che mai non vide navicar sue acque  
 Uom, che di ritornar sia poscia esperto.  
 Quivi mi cinse sì come altrui piacque :  
 O meraviglia ! che qual egli scelse  
 L' umile pianta, cotal si rinacque  
 Subitamente là onde la svelse.

## CANTO II.

*Veggono i due poeti venire un Angelo conducente un vascelletto pieno  
 d' anime, che vanno a purgarsi nel fuoco : riverenti si prostrano ;  
 Dante vien riconosciuto dal suo amico Casella celebre cantore.  
 Pregato da Dante canta e tutte le anime si soffermano intente ad  
 ascoltare, finchè Catone viene e le riprende di lor negligenza.*

Già era il sole all' orizzonte giunto,  
 Lo cui meridian cerchio coverchia  
 Jerusalem col suo più alto punto :  
 E la notte che opposita a lui cerchia,  
 Uscia di Gange fuor colle bilance,  
 Che la caggion di man quando soverchia ;  
 Sì che le bianche e le vermiglie guance,  
 Là dove io era, della bella Aurora,  
 Per troppa etate divenivan rance.  
 Noi eravam lunghesso il mare ancora, 10  
 Come gente che pensa suo cammino,  
 Che va col core, e col corpo dimora :

<sup>1</sup> Dante assumes the mound of Jerusalem, and therefore describes Purgatory to be the Antipodes of the sunrise here.

Afar I knew the trembling ripple-play.  
 We went along the solitary plain,  
 As man who turning toward the lost way wendeth,  
 And, till he find it, seems to go in vain.  
 But when we came to where the dew contendeth  
 Against the sun, and little thins to waste,  
 Because it lies where cooling shade defendeth,  
 Delicately my gentle master placed  
 Both outspread hands upon the grassy field ;  
 Whence I, whose mind his purpose quick embraced,  
 My tearful cheeks unto his touch did yield,  
 And here he wrought discovering to restore  
 My native hue, that Hell had late concealed.  
 Thereafter came we on the desert shore  
 That ne'er sees human voyager whose skill  
 Availeth him to cross those waters more.  
 'T was here he girded me, by other's will.  
 O miracle ! such as the lowly weed  
 He chose and plucked away, her place to fill  
 Did instantaneously the like succeed !

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 CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.—*An angel ferries the souls over the sea to the Hill of Purgatory. Interview with Casella. The reproof of Cato.*

<sup>1</sup> THE sun already that horizon's hem  
 Surmounted, whose meridian circle stands  
 In the full zenith o'er Jerusalem ;  
 And Night, who wheels opposing him, her hands  
 Poising the <sup>2</sup> scales that quit them, when she seeks  
 Unequal sway, from Ganges' hidden sands  
 Was rising, that the white and vermeil cheeks  
 Of fair Aurora, while I stood, put on  
 The saffron hue that waning prime bespeaks.  
 We tarried yet the ocean's brink upon,  
 Like unto people musing of their way,  
 Whose body lingers when the heart hath gone ;

<sup>2</sup> The sun being in Aries, Night would of course be in Libra. Dante supposes the eastern horizon-line of Jerusalem to be the meridian of India.

Ed ecco qual, su 'l presso del mattino,  
 Per li grossi vapor Marte rosseggia  
 Giù nel ponente sopra il suol marino;  
 Cotal m' apparve, se io ancor lo veggia,  
 Un lume per lo mar venir sì ratto,  
 Che il mover suo nessun volar pareggia;  
 Dal qual, com' io un poco ebbi ritratto  
 L' occhio per dimandar lo Duca mio, 20  
 Rividil più lucente e maggior fatto.  
 Poi d' ogni parte ad esso m' apparìo  
 Un non sapea che bianco, e di sotto  
 A poco a poco un altro a lui n' uscìo.  
 Lo mio Maestro ancor non fece motto  
 Mentre che i primi bianchi apparser ali:  
 Allor che ben conobbe il galeotto,  
 Gridò: Fa, fa che le ginocchia cali;  
 Ecco ' Angel di Dio: piega le mani:  
 Omai vedrai di sì fatti ufficiali. 30  
 Vedi che sdegna gli argomenti umani,  
 Sì che remo non vuol nè altro velo  
 Che l' ale sue tra liti sì lontani.  
 Vedi come l' ha dritte verso il cielo,  
 Trattando l' aere con l' eterne penne,  
 Che non si mutan come mortal pelo.  
 Poi come più e più verso noi venne  
 L' uccel divino, più chiaro appariva;  
 Perchè l' occhio da presso nol sostenne:  
 Ma china 'l giuso: e quei sen venne a riva 40  
 Con un vasello snelletto e leggiero,  
 Tanto che l' acqua nulla ne inghiottiva.  
 Da poppa stava il celestial nocchiero,  
 Tal che farìa beato per iscritto;  
 E più di cento spirti entro sediero.  
*In exitu Israel de Egitto*  
 Cantavan tutti insieme ad una voce,  
 Con quanto di quel salmo è poscia scritto.  
 Poi fece il segno lor di santa croce;  
 Ond' ei si gittar tutti in su la spiaggia, 50  
 Ed ei sen giò, come venne, veloce.  
 La turba che rimase lì, selvaggia  
 Parea del loco, rimirando intorno,  
 Come colui che nuove cose assaggia.  
 Da tutte parti saettava il giorno  
 Lo sol, ch' avea colle saette conte

\* The opening of the 113th Psalm; which Milton translated into Greek.

And lo ! as near the dawning of the day,  
Down in the west, upon the watery floor,  
The vapour-fogs do Mars in red array,  
Even such appeared to me a light that o'er  
The sea so quickly came, no wing could match  
Its moving. Be that vision mine once more !  
From which as I a moment dared to snatch  
Mine eye, to ask my leader, 't was more bright  
And larger grown, when I resumed the watch  
Then presently I knew not what of white  
Upon its every side was visible,  
And from below did other rise to sight  
Little by little. From my master fell  
No word, while yet those former white unrolled  
The wings ; but when he knew the pilot well,  
' Down, down upon thy knees,' he cried, ' and fold  
Thy hands, for lo ! the Angel of the Lord—  
Henceforth shalt thou such ministers behold.  
See how he scorns what human helps afford,  
That wills nor oar nor other sail, to ply  
'Tween shores so distant, than his wings accord.  
See how he spreads them heavenward, the sky  
With those imperishable plumes to fan  
That change them not, like hair of those who die.'  
Then, as his course toward us he closer ran,  
That wingèd thing of heaven more bright appeared,  
Nor brooked mine eye his nearer face to scan,  
But low I dropped it, and for shore he steered  
With boat so fleet, so light upon the flood,  
Her very keel the greedy waters cleared.  
High on the stern that heavenly pilot stood,  
His brow with bliss engraven, and ranged to sit  
More than a hundred souls the freight made good.  
<sup>3</sup> *When Israël did Egypt's bondage quit,*  
Together all in unison they sang,  
With what for sequel of that psalm is writ.  
Then, as he signed with holy cross, they flung  
Themselves with one consent upon the strand,  
And, swift as in his coming, off he sprung.  
The crowd there left behind him, to that land  
Seemed stranger, gazing round and round, as one  
Who doth new things assay to understand.  
From every side his daylight shafts the sun  
Was dealing, who with arrows keen in chase  
The application to their own deliverance from the flesh is obvious.

Di mezzo il ciel cacciato il capricorno.  
 Quando la nuova gente alzò la fronte  
 Ver noi, dicendo a noi: Se voi sapete,  
 Mostrate la via di gire al monte. 60  
 E Virgilio rispose: Voi credete  
 Forse che siamo esperti d' esto loco;  
 Ma noi sem peregrin, come voi siete.  
 Dianzi venimmo innanzi a voi un poco,  
 Per altra via che fu sì aspra e forte,  
 Che lo salire omai ne parrà gioco.  
 L' anime che si fur di me accorte,  
 Per lo spirar, ch' i' era ancora vivo,  
 Maravigliando diventaro smorte;  
 E come a messaggier, che porta olivo, 70  
 Tragge la gente per udir novelle,  
 E di calcar nessun si mostra schivo;  
 Così al viso mio s' affisar quelle  
 Anime fortunate tutte quante  
 Quasi obbliando d' ire a farsi belle.  
 Io vidi una di lor trarresi avanti  
 Per abbracciarmi con sì grande affetto,  
 Che mosse me a far lo simigliante.  
 O ombre vane; fuor che nell' aspetto!  
 Tre volte dietro a lei le mani avvinsi, 80  
 E tante mi tornai con esse al petto.  
 Di maraviglia, credo, mi dipinsi;  
 Perchè l' ombra sorrise e si ritrasse,  
 Ed io seguendo lei, oltre mi pinsi.  
 Soavemente disse ch' io posasse:  
 Allor conobbi chi era, e pregai  
 Che per parlarmi un poco s' arrestasse.  
 Risposemi: Così com' io t' amai  
 Nel mortal corpo, così t' amo sciolta;  
 Però m' arresto: ma tu perchè vai? 90  
 Casella mio, per tornare altra volta  
 Là dove io son, fo io questo viaggio,  
 Diss' io; ma a te come tanta ora è tolta?  
 Ed egli a me: Nessun m' è fatto oltraggio,  
 Se quei, che lava e quando e cui gli piace,  
 Più volte m' ha negato esto passaggio;  
 Chè di giusto voler lo suo si face.

<sup>4</sup> Capricorn being ninety degrees from Aries, the ascent of the sun is measured here by the poetical image of Apollo's darts chasing

the horned monster from the mid heavens.

<sup>5</sup> Compare Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 695.

<sup>6</sup> Casella was a maker of musi-

Had from mid heaven made <sup>4</sup> Capricorn to run,  
 When that new people lifted up the face  
 Toward us, and said, ' Let him of you that knows  
 Point out our pathway to the mountain-base.'  
 And Virgil answered, ' Ye perchance suppose  
 That we the place familiarly have known ;  
 But we like you are foreigners, and rose  
 (Our coming timed brief while before your own)  
 By other way, so rough and hard to scale,  
 That climbing now the merest jest were grown.'  
 The souls, to whom my breathing told my tale,  
 That with the living yet I numberèd,  
 Rapt in their own astonishment, grew pale.  
 And as the crowd, to hear his tidings led,  
 Draw round the herald who doth olive bear,  
 Nor any shuns on neighbour's kibe to tread,  
 So on my look hung fastening all that were  
 Among that company of spirits blest,  
 As if forgetful to go make them fair.  
 Of these I noted one before the rest  
 Step to embrace me with so warm a strain  
 Of love, that I the like to him expressed.  
 Ah <sup>5</sup> shades, in everything but aspect vain !  
 Three times behind the shape my hands I wound,  
 As many caught them to my breast again.  
 My face, I ween, was painted with a stound,  
 For smilingly the phantom form retired  
 Itself, I following still, as it gave ground.  
 That I should pause, it softly then required,  
 Whom thus I recognised ; and to allow  
 Converse with me, brief tarriance desired.  
 ' Even as in mortal mould I loved thee, now  
 As much,' he answered, ' do I love thee free ;  
 Therefore I stop ; but wherefore wendest thou ? '  
 ' Mine own <sup>6</sup> Casella, once again to be  
 Where now I am,' said I, ' this voyage I make ;  
 But why so long the time withheld from thee ? '  
 And he to me, ' No injury I take,  
 If He who lifts both when and whom He will  
 Times more than one my passage here forespake ;  
 For righteous ordinance His works fulfil.

cal instruments, a composer, and a practical musician. Crescimbeni states that he had seen in the Vatican a madrigal with the title

Lemma da Pistoia, e Casella *diede il suono,* i. e. set to music. Lemma flourished about the year 1300.

Veramente da tre mesi egli ha tolto  
 Chi ha voluto entrar con tutta pace.  
 Ond' io che era alla marina volto, 100  
 Dove l' acqua di Tevere s' insala,  
 Benignamente fui da lui ricolto  
 A quella foce, ov' egli ha dritta l' ala :  
 Perocchè sempre quivi si ricoglie,  
 Qual verso d' Acheronte non si cala.  
 Ed io : Se nuova legge non ti toglie  
 Memoria o uso all' amoroso canto,  
 Che mi solea quetar tutte mie voglie,  
 Di ciò ti piaccia consolare alquanto  
 L' anima mia, che con la sua persona 110  
 Venendo qui, è affannata tanto.  
*Amor che nella mente mi ragiona,*  
 Cominciò egli allor sì dolcemente,  
 Che la dolcezza ancor dentro mi suona.  
 Lo mio Maestro, ed io, e quella gente  
 Ch' eran con lui, parevan sì contenti,  
 Come a nessun toccasse altro la mente.  
 Noi eravam tutti fissi ed attenti  
 Alle sue note ; ed ecco il veglio onesto,  
 Gridando ; Che è ciò, spiriti lenti ? 120  
 Qual negligenza, qual stare è questo ?  
 Correte al monte a spogliarvi lo scoglio,  
 Ch' esser non lascia a voi Dio manifesto.  
 Come quando, cogliendo biada o loglio,  
 Gli colombi adunati alla pastura,  
 Queti senza mostrar l' usato orgoglio,  
 Se cosa appare ond' elli abbian paura,  
 Subitamente lasciano star l' esca,  
 Perchè assaliti son da maggior cura ;  
 Così vid' io quella masnada fresca 130  
 Lasciar il canto, e fuggir ver la costa,  
 Come uom che va, nè sa dove riesca ;  
 Nè la nostra partita fu men tosta.

' An allusion to the Jubilee in-  
 stituted by Pope Boniface VIII.  
 and the privileges it was believed

to confer on those who died during  
 its celebration.

7 A three months' tide he truly hath embraced  
 Whoe'er would enter with acceptance still,  
 Whence I that had my seaside way retraced  
 Where Tiber's waters mingle in the brine,  
 Was of his bounty with a welcome graced.  
 Now for that mouth his pinion right in line  
 He sets, for thither alway mustering hies  
 Whoso toward <sup>8</sup> Acheron doth not decline.'  
 And I, 'If newer law to thee denies  
 Nor memory for the lay of love, nor art,  
 That wont mine every wish to tranquillise,  
 Please thee to sing it, and allay the smart  
 Which from her travel hitherward is wounding  
 My soul, encumbered with her mortal part.'  
 9 *Love, to my mind his argument propounding,*  
 Began he so melodiously to sing,  
 That melody within me yet is sounding !  
 My chief and I, and all the gathering  
 Of people with him, seemed so well content,  
 As no one's mind had recked of other thing ;  
 Fixed all and heedful of his notes we bent,  
 And lo ! the elder of the reverend cheer  
 Crying, 'What make ye, spirits indolent ?  
 What negligence, what idle stop is here ?  
 Run to the mount, the slough which now doth hide  
 From you the Vision of your God to clear.'  
 As when the' assembled doves at feeding tide  
 To peck their corn or darnel from the farm,  
 Stilled from the riot of their customed pride,  
 If aught appear whence they conceive of harm,  
 Suddenly leave their bait upon the spot,  
 Because a greater care doth now alarm,  
 So I beheld how that fresh troop forgot  
 His chaunting, toward the mountain-side to press,  
 As man who goes, the issue knowing not ;  
 Nor we our own departing hastened less.

<sup>8</sup> See *Inf.* c. xiv. 116. for the rivers of hell.

<sup>9</sup> This is the first line of the

second Canzone, explained by the author himself in his *Convito*. Tratt. iii. § 1.



## CANTO III.

*Pensosi dell' erto cammino i poeti, incontrano una comitiva d' anime che indicano loro più agevole via. Manfredi narra il suo pentimento e i suoi affanni, e prega Dante di risarcire sua fama appo la di lui figlia Costanza imperatrice.*

AVVEGNACCHÈ la subitana fuga  
 Dispergesse color per la campagna,  
 Rivolti al monte, ove ragion ne fruga,  
 Io mi ristrinsi alla fida compagna :  
 E come sare' io senza lui corso ?  
 Chi m' avria tratto su per la montagna ?  
 Ei mi pareva da sè stesso rimorso :  
 O dignitosa coscienza e netta,  
 Come t' è picciol fallo amaro morso !  
 Quando li piedi suoi lasciar la fretta, 10  
 Che l' onestade ad ogni atto dismaga,  
 La mente mia che prima era ristretta,  
 Lo intento rallargo, sì come vaga,  
 E diedi il viso mio incontro al poggio,  
 Che inverso il ciel più alto si dialaga.  
 Lo sol, che dietro fiammeggiava roggio,  
 Rotto m' era dinanzi alla figura,  
 Ch' aveva in me de' suoi raggi l' appoggio.  
 Io mi volsi dallato con paura  
 D' esser abbandonato, quando i' vidi 20  
 Solo dinanzi a me la terra oscura :  
 E il mio conforto : Perchè pur diffidi,  
 A dir mi cominciò tutto rivolto ;  
 Non credi tu me teco, e ch' io ti guidi ?  
 Vespero è già colà, dov' è sepolto  
 Lo corpo, dentro al quale io facev' ombra :  
 Napoli l' ha, e da Brandizio è tolto.  
 Ora, se innanzi a me nulla s' adombra,  
 Non ti maravigliar più che de' cieli,  
 Che l' uno all' altro raggio non ingombra. 30  
 A sofferir tormenti e caldi e gieli  
 Simili corpi la virtù dispone,  
 Che, come fa, non vuol che a noi si sveli.

<sup>1</sup> Dante here alludes to the well-known epitaph of Virgil :

*Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc  
 Parthenope ; cecini pascua, rura, duces.*

## CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.—*Dante feels alarm at seeing no shadow fall from Virgil. Approach to the mountain. Company of the Negligent. Manfred of Sicily.*

BE it, the sudden rout those other sprites  
 O'er all the plain tumultuary drove,  
 The mountain whither goading reason cites  
 To seek ; I to my tried companion clove ;  
 And how without him had I sped ? who been  
 The guide to carry me those heights above ?  
 He felt, methought, compunction from within ;  
 O nobleness of conscience undebased,  
 For thee how bitter tooth has little sin !  
 Soon as his feet relented from the haste  
 That comeliness from any act must drive,  
 My mind her former thralldom quick replaced  
 With scope more liberal, as inquisitive,  
 And on the' opposing hill I set my gaze,  
 Whose overflow doth heavenward higher strive.  
 The sun, who poured behind his ruddy blaze,  
 Sundered in front of me, the shadow taking  
 My shape, who made the target for his rays.  
 I turned me on my side, with terror shaken—  
 When before me alone I saw the ground  
 Was darkened o'er—in fear to be forsaken ;  
 And he, my comfort, turning wholly round,  
 Began to chide me : 'Wherefore thy distrust ?  
 'Dost not believe me here, to guide thee bound ?  
 'Now is it evening where that earthy crust  
 Lies buried, in the which I cast a shade ;  
 Brundusium took, and Naples holds the dust.  
 That now no shadow in my front is made,  
 Be no more wonder than the heavens unfold,  
 Where beam his fellow-beam may ne'er invade.  
 To feel the dints of pain and heat and cold  
 Like bodies doth that energy decree,  
 Who willeth not her ways to us be told.

'I sang flocks, tillage, heroes ; Mantua gave  
 Me life, Brundusium death, Naples a grave.'

Matto è chi spera che nostra ragione  
 Possa trascorrer la infinita via,  
 Che tiene una sustanzia in tre persone.  
 State contenti, umana gente, al quia;  
 Chè se potuto aveste veder tutto,  
 Mestier non era partorir Maria;  
 E disiar vedeste senza frutto 40  
 Tai, che sarebbe lor disio quetato,  
 Ch' eternalmente è dato lor per lutto.  
 Io dico d' Aristotele e di Plato,  
 E di molti altri. E qui chinò la fronte;  
 E più non disse, e rimase turbato.  
 Noi divenimmo intanto appiè del monte:  
 Quivi trovammo la roccia sì erta,  
 Che indarno vi sarien le gambe pronte.  
 Tra Lerici e Turbia, la più diserta,  
 La più romita via è una scala, 50  
 Verso di quella, agevole ed aperta.  
 Or chi sa da qual man la costa cala,  
 Disse il Maestro mio, fermando il passo,  
 Sì che possa salir chi va senz' ala?  
 E mentre che, tenendo il viso basso,  
 Esaminava del cammin la mente,  
 Ed io mirava suso intorno al sasso,  
 Da man sinistra m' apparì una gente  
 D' anime, che movièno i piè ver noi,  
 E non pareva, sì venivan lente. 60  
 Leva, dissi al Maestro, gli occhi tuoi:  
 Ecco di qua chi ne darà consiglio,  
 Se tu da te medesmo aver nol puoi.  
 Guardommi allora, e con libero piglio  
 Rispose: Andiamo in là, ch' ei vegnon piano;  
 E tu ferma la speme, dolce figlio.  
 Ancora era quel popol di lontano,  
 I' dico, dopo i nostri mille passi,  
 Quanto un buon gittator trarria con mano,  
 Quando si strinser tutti a' duri massi 70  
 Dell' alta ripa, e stetter fermi e stretti,  
 Come a guardar, chi va dubbiando, stassi.  
 O ben finiti, o già spiriti eletti,  
 Virgilio incominciò, per quella pace  
 Ch' io credo che per voi tutti si aspetti,

<sup>2</sup> The poet conveys the whole-      our first parents not aimed at a  
 some lesson of humility. Had      higher state than was intended

He is a fool, that hopes our reason free  
 Across the track of Infinite to run,  
 Where walks The Substance One in Persons Three.

<sup>2</sup> Content you in the *wherefore*, every son  
 Of earth; for could ye but have seen the whole,  
 That Mary bore a child had need been none;  
 And fruitless have ye seen the longing soul  
 In such, their longing had been surely heard,  
 That now is given them for eternal dole.

Of Aristotle, of Plato is my word,  
 And many more.' And here he bowed his face,  
 And ceased to speak; and inward trouble stirred.

Meantime we journeyed to the mountain-base;  
 And here so steep we found the rocky breast,  
 That vainly might our legs the sinew brace  
 To climb. 'Tween <sup>3</sup> Lerici and Turbia west,  
 Compared to that, were easy, open stair  
 The least-frequented path and loneliest.

'Who now shall tell us on which hand and where  
 The sloping side?' my master said, delaying  
 His step, 'that one without a wing to bear  
 'May scale it?' and while of the road he weighing  
 Tasked yet his mind, and held his visage low,  
 And I looked up, the cliff around surveying,

On my left hand a company made show  
 Of souls that ever moved the feet more near  
 To us, and seemed not—they came so slow.  
 'Lift up thine eyes,' I bade the master, 'here,  
 'If thou seek counsel of thyself in vain,  
 'See who shall give it us.' With franker cheer  
 He looked on me and answered: 'Yonder train  
 'Comes softly onward; thither let us wend,  
 And thou, sweet son, unshaken hope maintain.'

Yet was that people distant, at the end,  
 I mean, of thousand paces we had stepped,  
 Far as an able hurler's hand could send  
 His bolt, when to the massive rocks they crept  
 Of that steep bank, and halted straitly closing,  
 As one that doubtful goes is gazing kept.

'O well-departed, souls already chosen!'  
 Virgil began, 'by that my mind believes  
 'To wait you all—the peace of heaven's composing;

for them—'Ye shall be as Gods,'  
 —their fall would not have ren-  
 dered necessary the Incarnation.

<sup>3</sup> Lerici and Turbia are in the  
 Genoese territory, the former near  
 Sarzana, the latter near Monaco.

Ditene, dove la montagna giace,  
 Si che possibil sia l' andare in suso :  
 Che il perder tempo a chi più sa più spiace.  
 Come le pecorelle escon del chiuso  
 Ad una, a due, a tre, e l' altre stanno 80  
 Timidette atterrando l' occhio e il muso ;  
 E ciò che fa la prima, e l' altre fanno,  
 Addossandosi a lei s' ella s' arresta,  
 Semplici e quete, e lo 'mperchè non sanno :  
 Sì vid' io muovere a venir la testa  
 Di quella mandria fortunata allotta,  
 Pudica in faccia, e nell' andare onesta.  
 Come color dinanzi vider rotta  
 La luce in terra dal mio destro canto,  
 Sì che l' ombr' era da me alla grotta. 90  
 Restaro, e trasser sè indietro alquanto,  
 E tutti gli altri che venièno appresso,  
 Non sappiendo il perchè, fero altrettanto.  
 Senza vostra dimanda io vi confesso,  
 Che questi è corpo uman che voi vedete,  
 Perchè il lume del sole in terra è fesso.  
 Non vi maravigliate ; ma credete,  
 Che non senza virtù che dal ciel vegna,  
 Cerca di soverchiar questa parete.  
 Così il Maestro. E quella gente degna : 100  
 Tornate, disse, intrate innanzi dunque,  
 Co' dossi delle man facendo insegna.  
 Ed un di loro incominciò : Chiunque  
 Tu se,' così andando, volgi il viso,  
 Pon mente, se di là mi vedesti unque.  
 Io mi volsi ver lui, e guardai 'l fiso :  
 Biondo era e bello, e di gentile aspetto :  
 Ma l' un de' cigli un colpo avea diviso.  
 Quando i' mi fui umilmente disdetto  
 D' averlo visto mai, ei disse : Or vedi : 110  
 E mostrommi una piaga a sommo il petto.  
 Poi disse sorridendo : i' son Manfredi,

<sup>4</sup> In the month of August 1258, Manfred, Prince of Tarento, natural son of the Emperor Frederic II, was crowned king of Sicily in Palermo. In the year 1266 Charles of Anjou, profiting by the treachery of the count of Caserta (who is said to have been jealous of Man-

fred), passed the Gariglione unopposed, defeated the army of Manfred at Ceperano (see *Inf.* c. xxviii.), and at the fatal battle of Benevento, fought on the 26th of February 1266, deprived him of his crown and life. The body of the fallen monarch was buried at the

Say where the mount more gradual upheaves  
 And makes it possible to climb her wall ;  
 Who knows the most, him wasted time most grieves.  
 As go the silly sheep from penfold all  
 By one, by two, by three, while others pause,  
 And eye and mouth they timorously let fall  
 Groundward ; as doth the first, the rest she draws  
 To do, that hang behind her if between  
 She tarry, still and simple, of the cause  
 Unknowing, thus by me the head was seen  
 Moving to come of that most happy flock,  
 Comely in gait and modest in their mien.  
 When those the foremost saw my right side block  
 The light that smote the ground in broken ray,  
 My shadow falling on the rifted rock,  
 They stopped and back retired some little way,  
 And all that hindward on their track did press,  
 Not knowing wherefore, did the like as they.  
 ' Without your asking, I to you confess  
 Human this body which your eyes perceive,  
 Because the sunlight flings a ray the less  
 Upon the ground. Nor wonder, but believe  
 Not without virtue from a source divine  
 Seeks he this wallèd barrier to achieve.'  
 So spake my master, and to him that line  
 Of worthies, ' Turn you then, become the van,'  
 And made with back of hand concordant sign.  
 ' Whoe'er thou art,' thus one of them began,  
 ' Turn, as thou goest, on me thy full regard ;  
 Think, hast thou ever seen me *there*, as man ? '  
 I turned me round, and in his face looked hard ;  
 Fair was he. goodly, and of gentle bearing,  
 Save that a sword-cut had one eyebrow scarred.  
 When I, my words in lowliness preparing,  
 That ever I had seen him did deny,  
 ' See here,' he said, and showed his bosom wearing  
 A wound ; then smiling adds, ' Manfred am I,

bridge of Benevento, and a heap  
 of stones cast on his grave by the  
 army, but Pignatelli, Bishop of  
 Cosenza, and legate of Pope  
 Clement IV., caused his remains  
 to be exhumed, and with the  
 ceremonial of excommunication  
 exposed on the banks of the Verde,

a stream which falls into the  
 Tronto not far from Ascoli, in  
 Umbria Fermo. Arrivabene, from  
 whom I copy the preceding details,  
 discredits the tradition which im-  
 puts parricide and fratricide to  
 the unfortunate Manfred.

Nipote di Costanza imperatrice :  
 Ond' io ti prego che quando tu riedi,  
 Vadi a mia bella figlia, genitrice  
 Dell' onor di Cicilia e d' Aragona,  
 E dichi a lei il ver, s' altro si dice.  
 Poscia ch' i' ebbi rotta la persona  
 Di duo punte mortali, io mi rendei  
 Piangendo a Quei che volentier perdona. 120  
 Orribil furon li peccati miei ;  
 Ma la bontà infinita ha sì gran braccia,  
 Che prende ciò, che si rivolge a lei.  
 Se il pastor di Cosenza che alla caccia  
 Di me fu messo per Clemente, allora  
 Avesse in Dio ben letta questa faccia,  
 L' ossa dell corpo mio sarièno ancora  
 In co' del ponte presso a Benevento,  
 Sotto la guardia della grave mora.  
 Or le bagna la pioggia e move il vento 130  
 Di fuor dal regno, quasi lungo il Verde,  
 Ove le trasmutò a lume spento.  
 Per lor maladizion sì non si perde,  
 Che non possa tornar l' eterno amore,  
 Mentre che la speranza ha fior del verde.  
 Ver e che quale in contumacia muore  
 Di santa Chiesa, ancor che al fin si penta,  
 Star li convien da questa ripa in fuore  
 Per ogni tempo, ch' egli e stato, trenta,  
 In sua presunzion, se tal decreto 140  
 Più corto per buon preghi non diventa.  
 Vedi oramai se tu mi puoi far lieto,  
 Rivelando alla mia buona Costanza  
 Come m' hai visto, ed anco esto divieto ;  
 Chè qui per quei di là molto s' avanza.

\* Constance, celebrated for her beauty, is mentioned in the *Paradiso*, c. iii. 113.

\* Constance, daughter of Manfred, was given in marriage to Peter III. of Arragon. Of her

Grandson of <sup>5</sup> Empress Constance, Henry's wife ;  
 Wherefore I pray, when thou returnest, hie  
 To <sup>6</sup> her my beauteous daughter, who gave life  
 To Arragon's and to Sicilia's pride ;  
 Tell her the truth, if other tale be rife.  
 When I had felt two mortal blows divide  
 My flesh, submissive unto Him, whose will  
 Is ever pardon, sorrowing I cried.  
 Horrible sins were mine ; but wide to fill  
 Are boundless mercy's arms, whose surplusage,  
 Whate'er returns to her, embraceth still.  
 Had he, Cosenza's pastor, whom the rage  
 Of Clement loosed to hunt me down, read deep  
 In God and understandingly this page,  
 My body's bones had yet been left to sleep  
 Upon the bridge-head near to <sup>7</sup> Benevent,  
 Under the safeguard of the ponderous heap.  
 Unkingdomed now, along the Verde's bent  
 They bear the driving wind, the drenching shower,  
 Where he with torch reversed misplacing sent.  
 Their malison hath no condemning power  
 So fixed, that Love eternal cannot bend,  
 As long as hope hath any green to flower.  
 Doubtless, who contumacious meets his end  
 To Holy Church, though he repent at last,  
 Outside this mountain thirty-fold must spend  
 The time which he in his presumption passed,  
 Unless that ordinance by strong appeal  
 Of godly prayers be shorter made. Now cast  
 About to find if thou mayest work me weal,  
 And tell to my good Constance how thine eyes  
 Beheld me, and this interdict reveal ;  
 For much our furtherance in the living lies.'

children, Frederick was king of  
 Sicily, James of Arragon.

' Benevento, not far from  
 Capua eastward.



## CANTO IV.

*Salgono i poeti per malagevole strettissima via ; giunti ad una cima  
Dante contempla il sole dal sinistro lato e vede le anime de' negli-  
genti, che tardi in vita vennero a pentimento. S' intrattiene con  
Belacqua chiedente preghiere.*

QUANDO per dilettanze ovver per doglie,  
Che alcuna virtù nostra comprenda,  
L' anima bene ad essa si raccoglie,  
Par che a nulla potenza più intenda ;  
E questo è contra quello error, che crede  
Che un' anima sovr' altra in noi s' accenda.  
E però, quando s' ode cosa o vede,  
Che tenga forte a se l' anima volta,  
Vassene il tempo, e l' uom non se n' avvede ;  
C' altra potenza è quella che l' ascolta, 10  
Ed altra è quella che ha l' anima intera :  
Questa e quasi legata, e quella è sciolta.  
Di ciò ebb' io esperienza vera,  
Udendo quello spirto ed ammirando ;  
Che ben cinquanta gradi salito era  
Lo sole, ed io non m' era accorto, quando  
Venimmo dove quell' anime ad una  
Gridaro a noi : Qui è vostro dimando.  
Maggiore aperta molte volte impruna,  
Con una forcatella di sue spine, 20  
L' uom della villa, quando l' uva imbruna,  
Che non era le calla, onde saline  
Lo Duca mio ed io appresso soli,  
Come da noi la schiera si partine.  
Vassi in Sanleo, e discendesi in Noli ;  
Montasi su Bismantova in cacume  
Con esso i piè : ma qui convien ch' uom voli,  
Dico coll' ali snelle e con le piume  
Del gran disio, dietro a quel condotto,  
Che speranza mi dava, e facea lume. 30  
Noi salivam per entro il sasso rotto,  
E d' ogni lato ne stringea lo stremo,

<sup>1</sup> Sanleo, in the territory of Urbino, and a little to the west of the republic of San Marino, on the skirts of the Apennines.

<sup>2</sup> Noli, a seaport between Finale and Savona, in the Genovese.

<sup>3</sup> If Bismantova were, as the commentators assert, in the vicinity

## CANTO IV.

**ARGUMENT.**—*The poets begin to climb the hill. Dante's weariness. Astronomical results of the site of Purgatory. Others of the Negligent. Belacqua.*

WHENE'ER to pleasant or to painful sense  
 Susceptible by faculty of ours  
 The mind applies her with a bent intense,  
 She seems unconscious of her other powers ;  
 And this the erring creed may contravene  
 That one mind kindling up within us towers  
 O'er other. Hence when aught is heard or seen  
 That rivets on itself the' attentive mind,  
 Time wears, and man the while doth nothing ween ;  
 For this time-noting power is not of kind  
 With that the mind entire doth occupy,  
 And this as fettered is, that unconfined ;  
 Of which a true experience then was I,  
 Hearing that spirit and admiring, taught ;  
 For fifty good degrees the sun more high  
 Had mounted, and I never gave it thought ;  
 Until we came where, all uniting, those  
 Kind spirits cried, ' Lo ! here is that ye sought.'  
 A wider gap the villain hind doth close  
 Full many a time by thorns a fork may shift  
 At one removing, when more purple grows  
 The grape, than was that entry by whose rift  
 Alone my guide and I behind him, when  
 The troop had quitted us, went up the clift.  
 Up to <sup>1</sup> Sanleo—down to <sup>2</sup> Noli's glen—  
 Even of <sup>3</sup> Bismantova mere feet presume  
 To tread the top ; here, any born of men  
 Must fly, with pinions fleet, I mean, and plume  
 Of the great longing, follower in the wake  
 Of him that gave me hope, and did illume.  
 We clambered where the rock an entrance brake ;  
 Each side we felt the grazing surface hedge,

of Reggio, which is between Parma  
 and Modena, I presume it must lie  
 south-west of that town, and be

one of the spurs of the Apennine.  
 The ordinary maps fail to identify  
 it.

E piedi e man voleva il suol di sotto.  
 Quando noi fummo in su l' orlo supremo  
 Dell' alta ripa, alla scoperta spiaggia,  
 Maestro mio, diss' io, che via faremo?  
 Ed egli a me: Nessun tuo passo caggia;  
 Pur su al monte dietro a me acquista,  
 Fin che n' appaia alcuna scorta saggia.  
 Lo sommo er' alto che vincea la vista, 40  
 E la costa superba più assai,  
 Che da mezzo quadrante a centro lista.  
 Io era lasso, quando cominciai:  
 O dolce padre, volgiti, e rimira  
 Com' io rimango sol, se non ristai.  
 O figliuol, disse insin quivi ti tira,  
 Additandomi un balzo poco in sue.  
 Che da quel lato il poggio tutto gira.  
 Sì mi spronaron le parole sue,  
 Ch' io mi sforzai, carpando appresso lui, 50  
 Tanto che il cinghio sotto i piè mi fue.  
 A seder ci ponemmo ivi ambedui  
 Volti a levante, ond' eravam saliti,  
 Che suole a riguardar giovare altrui.  
 Gli occhi prima drizzai a' bassi liti;  
 Poscia gli alzai al sole, ed ammirava  
 Che da sinistra n' eravam feriti.  
 Ben s' avvide il Poeta, che io stava  
 Stupido tutto al carro della luce,  
 Ove tra noi ed Aquilone intrava. 60  
 Ond' egli a me: Se Castore a Polluce  
 Fossero in compagnia di quello specchio,  
 Che su e giù del suo lume conduce,  
 Tu vedresti il Zodíaco rubecchio  
 Ancora all' Orse più stretto rotare,  
 Se non uscisse fuor del cammin vecchio.  
 Come ciò sia, se il vuoi poter pensare  
 Dentro raccolto immagina Sion  
 Con questo monte in su la terra stare  
 Sì, che ambedue hanno un solo orizon, 70  
 E diversi emisperi: onde la strada,  
 Che mal non seppe carreggiar Feton,

<sup>4</sup> Dante, forgetful of his own position in the Antipodes, wonders to see the sun on his left while he is looking eastward, travelling between him and the North Pole

contrary to all his former experience.

<sup>5</sup> Were the sun in the constellation Gemini instead of Aries, his bright path in the zodiac would

The soil below both feet and hands bespake.  
 When we had struggled to the topmost ledge  
 Of that tall mound, upon the opening rise,  
 'Which way,' said I, 'my master, shall we edge?'  
 And he to me, 'Drop never step; make prize  
 Of the' upward hill behind me, till our view  
 At last encounter somewhere escort wise.'  
 High up, o'erpowering sight, the summit drew,  
 And haughtier far the side than line to run  
 From half the quadrant made the centre through.  
 I was aweary, when I thus begun,  
 'Turn, gentle father, mark how I abide  
 Alone, unless thou tarry.' 'Trail thee, son,  
 Thus far,' he said, and, using for my guide  
 His finger, brief way up a bulging showed,  
 That girdles all the mountain from that side.  
 His words to spur me on were such a goad,  
 That till the girdle came beneath my feet  
 I forced me upward, crawling on his road.  
 There we together pausing made our seat  
 And turned us eastward, whence we clomb before,  
 For retrospect to man is often sweet.  
 Mine eyes I first abased to view the shore,  
 Then lifted to the sun in wondering mood,  
 How from the <sup>4</sup> left his ray to smite us bore.  
 Well marked the poet how aghast I stood  
 Watching the car of light with stupid air  
 'Tween us and Aquila make entrance good;  
 Whence he: 'If <sup>5</sup> Castor now and Pollux were  
 To yonder mirror—which is never slack  
 To light above, below—companion pair,  
 Thou hadst beheld the reddening zodiac  
 Go wheeling to the Bears more nearly still,  
 Unless he wandered off his ancient track.  
 How that may be to reason if thou will,  
 Imagine <sup>6</sup> Sion in thy thought profound  
 On upper earth to stand with yonder hill  
 So that they both have one horizon-bound  
 And differing hemispheres; thou wilt the course,  
 That for his damage <sup>7</sup> Phaëton could not round,

irradiate a tract still nearer to the  
 Arctic stars, Ursa Major and  
 Minor.

<sup>6</sup> Jerusalem and the mount of  
 Purgatory are in Dante's poetical

cosmography diametrically op-  
 posed. See *Inf.* c. xxxiv.

<sup>7</sup> For the story of Phaeton see  
 Ovid, *Met.* ii.

Vedrai come a costui convien che vada  
 Dall' un, quando a colui dall' altro fianco,  
 Se l' intelletto tuo ben chiaro bada.  
 Certo, Maestro mio, diss' io, unquanco  
 Non vid' io chiaro sì, com' io discerno,  
 Là dove mio ingegno pareva manco :  
 Che il mezzo cerchio del moto superno,  
 Che si chiama Equatore in alcun' arte, 80  
 E che sempre riman tra il sole e il verno,  
 Per la ragion che di', quinci si parte  
 Verso settentrion, quando gli Ebrei  
 Vedevan lui verso la calda parte.  
 Ma se a te piace, volentier saprei  
 Quanto avemo ad andar, chè il poggio sale  
 Più che salir non posson gli occhi miei.  
 Ed egli a me: Questa montagna e tale,  
 Che sempre al cominciar di sotto è grave,  
 E quanto uom più va su e men fa male. 90  
 Però quand' ella ti parrà soave  
 Tanto, che il su andar ti sia leggiero,  
 Come a seconda giù l' andar per nave ;  
 Allor sarai al fin d' esto sentiero :  
 Quivi di riposar l' affanno aspetta :  
 Più non rispondo, e questo so per vero.  
 E, com' egli ebbe sua parola detta,  
 Una voce di presso sonò : Forse  
 Che di sedere in prima avrai distretta.  
 Al suon di lei ciascun di noi si torse, 100  
 E vedemmo a mancina un gran petrone,  
 Del qual ned io ned ei prima s' accorse.  
 Là ci traemmo ; ed ivi eran persone  
 Che si stavano all' ombra dietro al sasso,  
 Come l' uom per negghienza a star si pone.  
 Ed un di lor che mi sembrava lasso,  
 Sedeva ed abbracciava le ginocchia,  
 Tenendo il viso giù tra esse basso.  
 O dolce Signor mio, diss' io, adocchia  
 Colui che mostra se più negligente, 110  
 Che se pigrizia fosse sua sirocchia.  
 Allor si volse a noi, e pose mente,  
 Movendo il viso pur su per la coscia,  
 E disse : Va su tu, che se' valente.  
 Conobbi allor chi era ; e quell' angoscia,

\* Query, the Primum Mobile,

See, passing this on one side, how perforce  
It must pass that the other, if such law  
Thine intellect probe clearly to the source.'  
' Certes, my master, never yet I saw,'  
Said I, ' so clearly as I now discern  
What of my genius seemed to find the flaw.  
For the mid circle of the <sup>8</sup> wheel superne,  
That hight Equator in some certain arts,  
And ever twixt the sun's and winter's turn  
Remaineth, for thy reason argued, starts  
On northside journey hence, when Hebrew race  
Was wont to note him on the torrid parts.  
But what our travel's limit, of thy grace  
Fain would I know ; the hill springs up too much  
Beyond my starting eyeballs' spring to trace.'  
And he to me : ' This mountain land is such  
As man, beginning low, doth ever deem  
Grievous, and as he mounts hath less the touch  
Of trouble ; therefore when to thee it seem  
So mild, to climb is not more wearisome  
Than in a bark to float adown the stream,  
Then to this pathway's end shalt thou have come ;  
There from thy toil reposing look to rest ;  
This know I true, to farther answer dumb.'  
And even as he his final word expressed,  
A voice came sounding near to us, ' Thy lot  
Ere then may be to seat thee, sore distressed.'  
Each at the sound we turning toward the spot  
Saw a huge boulder on the weaker hand,  
Which I, as he, before had heeded not.  
Thither we drew us, and behold ! a band  
Behind the stone were standing in the shade,  
As man for sloth disposeth him to stand ;  
And one that seemed of weariness o'er-weighed  
Was sitting there with arms about his knees,  
His countenance low down between them laid.  
' O my sweet lord, consider him of these,'  
I said, ' who doth more indolently show  
' Than if his sister had been sluggard ease.'  
Thereat he turned and pondered on us, slow  
Moving his face just high enough to say  
Over his thigh, ' Up, thou art strong to go.'  
I knew him then, nor let the pang delay

of which we hear more in the *Paradiso*?

Che m' avacciava un poco ancor la lena,  
 Non m' impedì l' andare a lui; e poscia  
 Che a lui fui giunto, alzò la testa appena,  
 Dicendo: Hai ben veduto, come il sole  
 Dall' omero sinistro il carro mena? 120  
 Gli atti suoi pigri, e le corte parole  
 Mosson le labbra mie un poco a riso;  
 Poi cominciai; Belacqua, a me non duole  
 Di te omai: ma dimmi, perchè assiso  
 Qui ritta se'? attendi tu iscorta,  
 O pur lo modo usato t' hai ripreso?  
 Ed ei: Frate, l' andare in su che porta?  
 Che non mi lascerebbe ire a' martiri  
 L' angel di Dio che siede in su la porta.  
 Prima convien che tanto il ciel m' aggiri 130  
 Di fuor da essa, quanto fece in vita,  
 Perch' io indugiai al fin li buon sospiri;  
 Se orazione in prima non m' aita,  
 Che surga su di cor che in grazia viva:  
 L' altra che val, che in ciel non è udita?  
 E già il Poeta innanzi mi saliva,  
 E dicea: Vienne omai, vedi ch' è tocco  
 Meridian dal sole, e dalla riva  
 Copre la notte già col piè Marrocco.

---

 CANTO V.

*Maraviglia di alcune anime vedendo Dante in anima e in corpo vivo andare per lo secondo regno; seguita la comitiva de' neghittosi e di coloro che colpiti da morte violenta si pentirono morendo e furon salvi. Il Poeta ne riconosce parecchi che nomina distintamente fra cui l' infelice Pia.*

Io era già da quell' ombre partito,  
 E seguitava l' orme del mio Duca,  
 Quando dietro a me drizzando il dito,  
 Una gridò: Ve', che non par che luca  
 Lo raggio da sinistra a quel di sotto,  
 E come vivo par che si conduca.  
 Gli occhi rivolsi al suon di questo motto,  
 E vidile guardar per maraviglia

\* Nothing more is known of this Belacqua, than that he was a maker of or performer on lutes and guitars.

Me seeking him, which yet some quicker sped  
 My breathing ; and when I to him my way  
 Had laboured, hardly lifting up his head,  
 ' The chariot of the sun—hast viewed him well  
 On the left shoulder driving it ? ' he said.  
 His lazy motions and the words that fell  
 So short a little moved my lips to smile,  
 When I began, <sup>9</sup> ' Belacqua, this may quell  
 My grief for thee ; but tell me why the while  
 Thou 'rt seated here. Or dost thou guide expect,  
 Or merely reassume thy wonted style ? '  
 ' Brother,' said he, ' what might my climb effect ?  
 The door-keeper of God, that o'er the gate  
 Sitteth, would me from penance-pains reject ;  
 I first without must heaven's revolving wait  
 Long as my life it orb'd, since to mine end  
 I the good sighings did procrastinate.  
 If all the sooner prayer do not befriend  
 Sent up from gracious heart, of what avail  
 Were other kind, that heaven no ear doth lend ? '  
 Even now before me 'gan the poet scale  
 His path, and cried, ' Come on ; the sun stands over  
 His place meridional, and on the pale  
 Night with her foot <sup>10</sup> Morocco now doth cover.'

---

 CANTO V.

ARGUMENT.—*Virgil's rebuke. Souls singing the Miserere. Interview with Buonconte de Montefeltro and others.*

Now had I ceased amid those shades to linger,  
 And followed as my guardian's footprint led,  
 When one behind me, pointing with the finger,  
 Exclaimed, ' See how the ray seems hinderèd  
 Upon his left to shine, who climbeth under,  
 And seems as he were living wight to tread ! '  
 I looked and saw them gaze for very wonder  
 (As turned mine eyes at hearing of that word)

<sup>10</sup> Morocco was the farthest known region to the west in the poet's age.



Pur me, pur me, e il lume ch' era rotto.  
 Perche l' animo tuo tanto s' impiglia, 10  
 Disse il Maestro, che l' andare allenti?  
 Che ti fa ciò che quivi si pispiglia?  
 Vien dietro a me, e lascia dir le genti;  
 Sta come torre, fermo, che non crolla  
 Giammai la cima per soffiar de' venti.  
 Che sempre l' uomo, in cui pensier rampolla  
 Sovra pensier, da se dilunga il segno,  
 Perche la foga l' un dell' altro insolla.  
 Che poteva io ridir, se non: I' vegno?  
 Dissilo, alquanto del color consperso 20  
 Che fa l' uom di perdon tal volta degno.  
 E intanto per la costa da traverso  
 Venivan genti innanzi a noi un poco,  
 Cantando *Miserere* a verso a verso.  
 Quando s' accorser ch' io non dava loco,  
 Per lo mio corpo, al trapassar de' raggi,  
 Mutar lor canto in un O lungo e roco;  
 E duo di loro in forma di messaggi  
 Corsero incontra noi, e dimandarne;  
 Di vostra condizion fatene saggi. 30  
 E il mio Maestro: Voi potete andarne,  
 E ritrarre a color che vi mandaro,  
 Che il corpo di costui e vera carne.  
 Se per veder la sua ombra restaro,  
 Com' io avviso, assai è lor risposto:  
 Faccianli onore, ed esser può lor caro.  
 Vapori accesi non vid' io sì tosto  
 Di prima notte mai fender sereno,  
 Nè, sol calando, nuvole d' agosto,  
 Che color non tornasso suso in meno, 40  
 E giunti là, con gli altri a noi dier volta,  
 Come schiera che corre senza freno.  
 Questa gente, che preme a noi, è molta,  
 E vengonti a pregar, disse il Poeta;  
 Però pur va, ed in andando ascolta.  
 O anima, che vai per esser lieta  
 Con quelle membra, con le quai nascesti,  
 Venian gridando, un poco il passo queta.  
 Guarda, se alcun di noi unque vedesti,  
 Sì che di lui di là novelle porti: 50

<sup>1</sup> Dante, adopting the creed of his age and country, maintains throughout the efficacy of prayers for the souls of the departed; and

On me, me only, and where the light did sunder.  
 'Why is thy mind so intricately stirred'—  
 The master said—'it turns thy pace to slow?  
 Thee what imports if whisper there be heard?  
 Come thou behind me; leave the folk below  
 To say their say; stand firm as tower that nought  
 Vaileth her crest for any winds that blow.  
 Ever the man, whose thought o'ercrowding thought  
 Gushes, the more divides him from his aim,  
 When one the other's salient force hath wrought  
 To softness.' What could I retort, for shame,  
 But this—'I come'? I spake it, inly stung,  
 While something of the flushing that can claim  
 Man's pardon sometimes, to my cheeks had sprung.  
 Meantime a people heading us brief way,  
 That verse by verse their *Miserere* sung,  
 Came from the transverse border; and when they  
 Marked how I gave no passage to the skies  
 To shine my body through, they changed their lay  
 For one long, hoarse-breathed 'Oh!' and two in guise  
 Of messengers did to confront us speed,  
 And asked, 'Of your condition make us wise.'  
 And thus my master: 'Ye may now, if need,  
 Return to those who sent you forth, and tell  
 That his corporeal shape is flesh indeed.  
 If to behold his shadow did impel  
 Their halt, as I opine, enough replied;  
 'Honour they him; it may requite them well.'  
 I never saw at prime of night divide  
 The blue serene so fleetly vapours burning,  
 Nor clouds of August at the sunset-tide,  
 But upward those in briefer time returning,  
 Their place regained, with all the rest wheeled round  
 On us, like troop that runs the bridle spurning.  
 'This sort, who throng to meet us, much abound;  
 They come,' the poet said, 'to make request  
 Of thee; go forward still, and gaining ground  
 Harken.' 'O soul thus journeying to be blest  
 In the same limbs in which thy mother bore,'  
 They crying came, 'thy step one moment rest.  
 Mark who of us was ever seen before  
 By thee; so carry news of him again;

this one fact might suffice to show  
 how far the poet was (though after  
 his own fashion a church reformer)

from any sympathy with Protes-  
 tantism in its principle.

Deh perchè vai ! deh perchè non t' arresti ?  
 Noi fummo già tutti per forza morti ;  
 E peccatori infino all' ultim' ora :  
 Quivi lume del ciel ne fece accorti  
 Sì, che, pentendo e perdonando, fuora  
 Di vita uscimmo a Dio pacificati,  
 Che del disio di sè veder n' accuora.  
 Ed io: Perchè ne' vostri visi guati,  
 Non riconosco alcun ; ma se a voi piace,  
 Cosa ch' io possa, spiriti ben nati, 60  
 Voi dite ; ed io farò per quella pace,  
 Che, dietro a' piedi di sì fatta guida,  
 Di mondo in mondo cercar mi si face.  
 Ed uno incominciò ; Ciascun si fida  
 Del beneficio tuo senza giurarlo,  
 Pur che il voler non possa non ricida.  
 Ond' io, che solo innanzi agli altri parlo,  
 Ti prego, se mai vedi quel paese  
 Che siede tra Romagna e quel di Carlo,  
 Che tu mi sie de' tuoi prieghi cortese 70  
 In Fano sì, che ben per me e' adori,  
 Perch' io possa purgar le gravi offese.  
 Quindi fu' io ; ma li profonde fori,  
 Onde uscì il sangue, in sul qual io sedea,  
 Fatti mi furo in grembo agli Antenori,  
 Là dov' io più sicuro esser credea :  
 Quel da Esti il fe' far, che m' avea in ira  
 Assai più là che dritto non volea.  
 Ma s' io fossi fuggito inver la Mira,  
 Quand' i' fui sovraggiunto ad Oriaco, 80  
 Ancor sarei di là dove si spira.  
 Corsi al palude, e le cannuce e il braco  
 M' impigliar sì, ch' io caddi, e lì vid' io  
 Delle mie vene farsi in terra laco.  
 Poi disse un altro : Deh, se quel disio  
 Si compia che ti tragge all' alto monte,  
 Con buona pietate aiuta il mio.  
 Io fui di Montefeltro, i' son Buonconte :

\* The March of Ancona, situate between Romagna and the confines of Naples, which latter kingdom was at that time possessed by Charles of Anjou. Fano was one of its chief towns. The spirit speaking here is said by Volpi to

be James del Carsero, murdered by command of Azzone III. of Este, while on his way to assume the office of Podestà in Milan.

\* Tradition ascribed the founding of Padua to Antenor, after the fall of Troy.

Ah! why press on? ah? why not tarry more?  
 All we, by violence numbered with the slain,  
 Were sinners even to our latest hour;  
 Then light from heaven our danger made so plain  
 That by repentance and by pardon's power  
 We reconciled to God did life resign,  
 Who makes our craving to behold Him sour  
 All present things.' And I: 'Though on your line  
 Of faces gazing I remember none,  
 Yet please you name, blest spirits, what is mine  
 To compass, by that peace it shall be done  
 Which makes me, tending leader such in sort,  
 From world to world pursue till she be won.'  
 And one began: 'Without thine oath's support  
 Each on thy bounty leans in sure belief,  
 Unless impuissance the will cut short.  
 Whence I, who speak before my mates as chief,  
 Implore, if e'er thine eye the region see  
 That 'tween <sup>2</sup> Romagna sits and Charles's fief,  
 Thy courteous prayers may move my friends for me  
 In Fano, till they worshipping have knelt,  
 That I to cleanse my grievous guilt be free.  
 Thence was I; but the deep-cut stabs were dealt  
 To me, whence flowed the blood I made my seat,  
 When in the <sup>3</sup> Antenòreans' lap I dwelt,  
 There where I deemed my safety most complete.  
 The deed was his of Este, who in despite  
 More held me there, than righteous doom would mete.  
 But had I toward the <sup>4</sup> Mira turned my flight  
 When at Oriàco messengers of blood  
 O'ertook me, still in other world I might  
 Be breathing. To the marsh I ran; the mud  
 And reeds so tangled that I fell, and there  
 Saw from my veins a lake the land o' erflood.'  
 Then said another: 'If that longing e'er  
 Be slaked, that draws thee up the mountain-brow,  
 With good compassion make my weal thy care.  
 Of Montefeltro late, <sup>5</sup> Buonconte now

<sup>4</sup> Mira and Oriàco are places in the Paduan territory, on the river Brenta.

<sup>5</sup> Buonconte was the son of that Count Guido di Montefeltro, who tells his own story in the *Inferno*, c. xxvii. It is worthy of note that two of the grandest passages in

the Divine Comedy relate the respective destinies of this father and son, and in both the same agency of evil spirits is prominent. After the fatal rout of Campaldino (see the following note), Buonconte was never seen again. Joan or Joanna was his wife.

Giovanna, o altri non hadi me cura ;  
 Perch' io vo tra costor con bassa fronte. 90  
 Ed io a lui : Qual forza, o qual ventura  
 Ti traviò sì fuor di Campaldino,  
 Che non si seppe mai tua sepoltura ?  
 Oh, rispos' egli, appiè del Casentino  
 Traversa un' acqua che ha nome l' Archiano,  
 Che sopra l' Ermo nasce in Apennino.  
 Là ve il vocabol suo diventa vano  
 Arriva' io forato nella gola,  
 Fuggendo a piede e sanguinando il piano.  
 Quivi perdei la vista, e la parola 100  
 Nel nome di Maria fini', e quivi  
 Caddi, e rimase la mia carne sola.  
 I' dirò il vero, e tu il ridi' tra i vivi ;  
 L' Angel di Dio mi prese, e quel d' inferno  
 Gridava : O tu dal ciel, perchè mi privi ?  
 Tu te ne porti di costui l' eterno,  
 Per una lagrimetta che il mi toglie ;  
 Ma io farò dell' altro altro governo.  
 Ben sai come nell' aere si raccoglie  
 Quell' umido vapor che in acqua riede, 110  
 Tosto che sale dove il freddo il coglie.  
 Giunse quel mal voler, che pur mal chiede,  
 Con l' intelletto, e mosse il fumo e il vento  
 Per la virtù che sua natura diede.  
 Indi la valle, come il dì fu spento,  
 Da Pratomagno al gran giogo coperse  
 Di nebbia, e il ciel di sopra fece intento  
 Sì, che il pregno aere in acqua si converse :  
 La pioggia cadde, ed a' fossati venne  
 Di lei ciò, che la terra non sofferse : 120  
 E come a' rivi grandi si convenne,  
 Ver lo fiume real tanto veloce  
 Sì ruinò, che nulla la ritenne.  
 Lo corpo mio gelato in su la foce  
 Trovò l' Archian rubesto ; e quel sospinse  
 Nell' Arno, e sciolse al mio petto la croce,

\* On the 11th of July, A.D. 1289, at Certomondo in the plain of Campaldino, the Aretines with inferior numbers attacked the Florentine army, and were defeated with great loss. A fragment of a letter written by Dante is still

extant, in which he states that he took part in this battle, the result of which for many years crushed the hopes of the Ghibelline party. A bishop of Arezzo, suspected of double treachery to his fellow-citizens and the Florentines, lost

Am I; nor Joan nor other hath regard  
 To me, that humbled in this host I bow  
 My front.' And I, 'What stress, what hap so hard  
 Thee devious did from <sup>6</sup> Campaldino force,  
 All knowledge of thy sepulture debarred?'  
 'Ah! thwart the foot of Casentine doth course  
 A stream,' he said, '<sup>7</sup> Archiano's name obtaining,  
 Beyond the waste in Apennine, its source;  
 Where it peculiar name hath none remaining,  
 Thither came I, my throat by death-wound riven,  
 Fleeing afoot, with blood the lowland staining.  
 Here eyesight failed me, and my last word, given  
 To Mary's name; here fell I, and on the spot  
 My flesh remained alone. Tell thou the living  
 The truth I'll tell thee; me God's angel got  
 For his, while one of Hell's with loud appeal  
 Cried, 'Thou from heaven—why rob me of my lot?  
 Thou for one paltry tear-drop, wept to steal  
 My prize, dost his immortal part bear hence,  
 But I with the' other other way will deal.'  
 Thou knowest well how doth in air condense  
 That humid vapour which in rain returns,  
 Soon as it meets the touch of cold intense;  
 That evil will which but for evil burns  
 He joined with intellect; and fog and blast  
 Moved by that impulse each from nature learns;  
 Then spread the valley, when the day was past,  
 From the <sup>8</sup> Great Meadow to the mighty range  
 With cloud, and heaven above so thick o'ercast  
 As did the pregnant air to water change;  
 Down poured the rain, and through the torrents gushed  
 All the soaked earth did from her lap estrange,  
 And when the larger streams it joining flushed,  
 With such impetuous speed as nought could hold  
 On toward the royal river headlong rushed.  
 Right o'er his mouth my corpse, already cold,  
 The wild-swoln Archian found and floating lifted  
 To Arno, and the <sup>9</sup> cross mine arms did fold

his life on the field; where the Aretines left 1700 slain, and 1000 were taken prisoners.

<sup>7</sup> The Archiano is a confluent of the Arno.

<sup>8</sup> Prato Magno, afterwards named Prato Vecchio, divided the valley of the Arno from the Ca-

sentin. The 'mighty range' is the Apennine.

<sup>9</sup> He had folded his arms across his breast in token of his dying a penitent believer. We still see the legs on the monumental effigies of crusaders arranged in the same symbolical posture.

Ch' io fei di me quando il dolor mi vinse :  
 Voltommi per le ripe e per lo fondo,  
 Poi di sua preda mi coperse e cinse.  
 Deh, quando tu sarai tornato al mondo, 130  
 E riposato della lunga via,  
 Seguitò il terzo spirito al secondo,  
 Ricorditi di me, che son la Pia :  
 Siena mi fe', disfecemi Maremma,  
 Salsi colui che innanellata pria,  
 Disposando, m' avea con la sua gemma.

## CANTO VI.

*Continua il Poeta a conversare co' negligenti; vista d' altri spiriti notevoli. Incontro del Mantovano Sordello che abbraccia riverente Virgilio. Uscita di Dante contro la divisa e misera Italia; ironia contra Firenze.*

QUANDO si parte il giuoco della zara,  
 Colui che perde si riman dolente,  
 Ripetendo le volte, tristo impara :  
 Con l' altro se ne va tutta la gente :  
 Qual va dinanzi, e qual dietro il prende,  
 E qual da lato gli si reca a mente.  
 Ei non s' arresta, e questo e quello intende ;  
 A cui porge la man, più non fa pressa ;  
 E così dalla calca si difende.  
 Tal era io in quella turba spessa, 10  
 Volgendo a loro e qua e là la faccia.  
 E promettendo mi sciogliea da essa.  
 Quivi era l' Aretin che dalle braccia  
 Fiere di Ghin di Tacco ebbe la morte,

<sup>10</sup> Pia was the wife of M. Nello della Pietra, the wealthiest of the Siennese, who, becoming suspicious of her fidelity to him, removed her to the unhealthy region of the Maremma, bordering on the Mediterranean. Some authorities assert that the jealous husband would not wait the slow poison of the marsh, but used the dagger to rid himself of his wife.

<sup>1</sup> Hazard is a very ancient game, played with dice. The caster takes the box and throws what is

called a *main*, which must be above four and not exceeding nine, the caster continuing to throw until a number between those limits turns up. Certain numbers are against the caster's chance, except when the main happens to bear a particular relation to them; e.g. twelve when the main is six, eleven when it is seven, twelve when it is eight, in which cases, or when the caster's second throw equals the main, he wins the stakes, and his throw is called a

When pain subdued me, from my breast he shifted,  
 Tossed me along the sides and down the deep,  
 Then girt me shrouding in the spoil he drifted.'  
 'Ah! when the world revisiting thou keep—'  
 Began a third the second soul behind—  
 'The rest thy lengthened pilgrimage will reap,  
 Recal thou me, once <sup>10</sup> Pia, to thy mind;  
 Sienna gave, Maremma took my life;  
 He knows it, who with jewelled ring to bind  
 My finger circling, had espoused me wife.'

## CANTO VI.

ARGUMENT.—*The Poets leave the Negligent. Pierre de la Brosse.  
 Meeting with Sordello. Apostrophe to Italy.*

At 'Hazard, when the parting cast is played,  
 The loser tarrying, whom his luck doth gall,  
 Repeats and sadly learns how throws are made;  
 But with his rival goes the people all,  
 One moves before, one after by his dress  
 Detains, one sidelong would to mind recal  
 Himself; he listening to them each, no less  
 Advances; whom his hand rewards, no more  
 Molests, and thus he fendeth off the press;  
 So 'mid that straitening crowd myself I bore,  
 And this and that way face of heeding gave,  
 And shook me free with promises good store.  
 Here the' <sup>2</sup>Aretine, who found a bloody grave  
 From Ghin di Tacco's arms, and <sup>3</sup>he, the rout

*nick.* The opponent, who is called the setter, has on the whole a slight advantage. The game is one of calculations and combinations, as the poet here indicates, and has been called 'the arithmetic of dice.'

<sup>2</sup> This was Benincasa of Arezzo, who in his office of judge at Sienna had sentenced a brother and nephew of the notorious brigand-chief Ghino di Tacco to death. Ghino followed him to Rome, and there in open day cut his head from his shoulders and

carried it off in triumph. Boccaccio in his *Decameron*, Gior. x. Nov. 2. tells a pleasant tale of the mode in which Ghino cured the Abbot of Cligni, and through his intervention obtained pardon and advancement from Boniface VIII.

<sup>3</sup> Guccio or Cione de' Tarlati, a youth of one of the chief houses in Arezzo, was carried by his horse into the river Arno and drowned, while pursuing the Bostoli, a rival family. 'Cione' I take to be simply the diminutive of Guccione.



E l' altro che annegò correndo in caccia.  
 Quivi pregava con le mani sporte  
 Federigo Novello, e quel da Pisa  
 Che fe' parer lo buon Marzucco forte.  
 Vidi Cont' Orso, e l' anima divisa  
 Dal corpo suo per astio e per invidia, 20  
 Come dicea, non per colpa commisa;  
 Pier dalla Broccia dico: e qui proveggia,  
 Mentr' è di qua, la donna di Brabante,  
 Sì che però non sia di peggior greggia.  
 Come libero fui da tutte quante  
 Quell' ombre che pregar pur ch' altri preghi,  
 Sì che s' avacci il lor divenir sante,  
 Io cominciai: E' par che tu mi nieghi,  
 O luce mia, espresso in alcun testo,  
 Che decreto del cielo orazion pieghi; 30  
 E queste genti pregan pur di questo.  
 Sarebbe dunque loro speme vana?  
 O non m' è il detto tuo ben manifesto?  
 Ed egli a me: La mia scrittura è piana,  
 E la speranza di costor non falla,  
 Se ben si guarda con la mente sana.  
 Chè cima di giudizio non s' avvalla,  
 Perchè fuoco d' amor compia in un punto  
 Cio che dee soddisfar chi quì s' astalla:  
 E là dov' io fermai cotesto punto, 40  
 Non si ammendava, per pregar, difetto,  
 Perchè il prego da Dio era disgiunto.  
 Veramente a così alto sospetto  
 Non ti fermar, se quella nol ti dice,  
 Che lume fia tra il vero e l' intelletto.  
 Non so se intendi; io dico di Beatrice:  
 Tu la vedrai di sopra, in su la vetta  
 Di questo monte, ridente e felice.  
 Ed io: Buon Duca, andiamo a maggior fretta;  
 Chè già non m' affatico come dianzi. 50

<sup>4</sup> This was the son of Count Guy of Battifole, slain by one of the Bostoli.

<sup>5</sup> Marzucco of Pisa, having taken the vows of the Friars Minor, preached a sermon at the funeral of his own son Farinata, who had been slain by Beccio da Caprona, in which he urged the duty of forgiving injuries, and in token of his own self-command kissed

the hand by which his son had fallen.

<sup>6</sup> It is uncertain whether this was one of the Alberti, or son of Napoleon of Cerbaia, but his fate seems owing to the treachery of relatives.

<sup>7</sup> Pierre de la Brosse, born of obscure parents in Touraine, rose to high place and favour in the court of Philip III. (La Hardi) of

That hotly chasing, perished in the wave ;  
<sup>4</sup> Frederic Novello here with hands spread out  
 Entreated, and the Pisan o'er whose bier  
 The good <sup>5</sup> Marzucco showed his heart so stout.  
 I saw <sup>6</sup> Count Orso, and the spirit here  
 By fraud and envy from its body riven,  
 And not for crime, whereof he pleaded clear ;  
<sup>7</sup> Pierre de la Brosse I mean ; while time is given,  
 Take she—the Lady of Brabant—good heed  
 That even to guiltier flock she be not driven.  
 When I from all that shadowy host was freed  
 Whose prayer of others' prayer doth make pursuit,  
 The quicker so their holiness to speed,  
 I straight began : ' Thou seemest to dispute,  
 ' Light of my mind, in <sup>8</sup> certain text direct  
 That prayer of man might heaven's decree commute ;  
 Yet doth this people pray for such effect ;  
 Then are they doomed to cherish fruitless hope,  
 Or does my mind thy meaning not detect ? '  
 And he to me : ' Plain is my writing's scope,  
 ' Yet erreth not the confidence of those,  
 If sound mind rightly mark it. Her high cope  
 It is not Judgment vails, but Love, that glows  
 With living fire, doth in a moment quit  
 The' arrear which he for satisfaction owes,  
 Who sojourns here. And where that point I writ  
 Affirming, failure no amends of prayer,  
 While prayer from God was sundered, might permit.  
 Verily, of doubt so deep I bid beware  
 Thou aught conclude, till by the light averred  
 Which on thine intellect brings truth to bear.  
 I know not if thou mark me ; but my word  
 Means Beatrice ; her above this peaked height  
 Smiling and happy thou shalt view preferred.'  
 And I, ' Good leader, speed we now ere night  
 ' Faster ; I feel no more my weariness,

France ; but after the second marriage of that monarch with Mary, daughter of the Count of Brabant, he fell under the suspicion of having poisoned Louis, the heir to the throne ; a crime of which he had accused Queen Mary. The French historians, Mezeray and Velly, assume his guilt as certain. Philip himself consulted a Beguine of Nivelles in Flanders, who pre-

tended to supernatural intelligence, and was by her assured of the Queen's innocence. But it is probable that Dante was better informed, and has only done justice to the memory of one who fell a victim to his integrity and courage. De la Brosse was hung at Paris, A.D. 1276.

<sup>8</sup> ' Desine fata Deum flecti sperare precando.'—Virg. *Æn.* vi. 376.

E vedi omai che il poggio l' ombra getta.  
 Noi anderem con questo giorno innanzi,  
 Rispose, quanto più potremo omai ;  
 Ma il fatto è d' altra forma che non stanzi.  
 Prima che sii lassù, tornar vedrai  
 Colui che già si copre della costa,  
 Sì che i suoi raggi tu romper non fai.  
 Ma vedi là un' anima, che a posta  
 Sola soletta verso noi riguarda,  
 Quella ne insegnerà la via più tosta. 60  
 Venimmo a lei : O anima Lombarda,  
 Come ti stavi altera e disdegnosa,  
 E nel mover degli occhi onesta e tarda !  
 Ella non ci diceva alcuna cosa ;  
 Ma lasciavane gir, solo guardando  
 A guisa di leon quando si posa.  
 Pur Virgilio si trasse a lei, pregando  
 Che ne mostrasse la miglior salita,  
 E quella non rispose al suo dimando :  
 Ma di nostro paese e della vita 70  
 C' inchiese. E il dolce Duca incominciava :  
 Mantova... E l' ombra, tutta in sè romita,  
 Surse ver lui del luogo ove pria stava,  
 Dicendo : O Mantovano, io son Sordello  
 Della tua terra. E l' un l' altro abbracciava.  
 Ahi serva Italia, di dolore ostello,  
 Nave senza nocchiero in gran tempesta,  
 Non donna di provincie, ma bordello !  
 Quell' anima gentil fu così presta,  
 Sol per lo dolce suon della sua terra, 80  
 Di fare al cittadin suo quivi festa ;  
 Ed ora in te non stanno senza guerra  
 Li vivi tuoi, e l' un l' altro sì rode  
 Di quei che un muro ed una fossa serra.  
 Cerca, misera, intorno dalle prode  
 Le tue marine, e poi ti guarda in seno  
 Se alcuna parte in te di pace gode.  
 Che val, perchè ti racconciasse il freno  
 Giustiniano, se la sella è vota?  
 Senz' esso fora la vergogna meno. 90

\* Sordello is praised by Dante in his treatise *De Vulgari Eloquio* as one who purified the Italian language from provincial barbarisms. He held for a time the

supreme authority in Mantua, and was noted for his wise and upright administration. He was also a distinguished troubadour, and much esteemed at the court of

And see, the mount already shades the light.'  
 'Our onward course,' he answered, 'will we press  
 To utmost limit that we can to-day;  
 But the fact shapes it other than thy guess.  
 Thou wilt, ere thou achieve thine upward way,  
 See him return whom now the slope is hiding,  
 So that thou dost no longer break his ray.  
 But lo! a spirit that of purpose biding  
 Alone and lonesome sets on us the face;  
 Learn we the readier pathway from its guiding.'  
 To it we came. O soul of Lombard race,  
 How didst thou stand majestically proud!  
 Moving thine eyes with how sedate a grace  
 Decorous!—It spake nought to us aloud,  
 But suffered us to pass with only glance  
 Such as a lion glares when couching bowed;  
 Yet toward it Virgil making slow advance  
 That it would point our best ascent desired;  
 To answer his demand none utterance  
 It gave, but of our father-land enquired  
 And life; and when my gentle guide prefaced  
 Mantua—the shade, within itself retired,  
 From where it stood to meet him sprang in haste,  
 Saying, 'O Mantuan, of thy land am I  
<sup>9</sup> Sordello; 'and one the other straight embraced.  
 Ah! Italy, thou slave! griefs' hostelry,  
 Ship without pilot in a mighty storm,  
 No queen of provinces, but harlot-stye!  
 So prompt did nobleness that soul inform,  
 Only for sweet sound of his native land  
 To greet his townsman here with welcome warm;  
 And now of all thy living ones none stand  
 Unwarred; and man bites man within the bound  
 One common wall, one common moat hath spanned!  
 Seek, wretched one, thy seaboard coasts around,  
 Then turn thy view more inward on thy breast,  
 If any part in thee at peace be found.  
 Of what avail <sup>10</sup> Justinian's care addrest  
 To mend the curb, while empty goes the seat?  
 Thine infamy were lighter, unrepent.

Raymond Berenger. He wrote a  
 poem on the Sicilian Vespers.  
 One of his lays is given in the  
*Parnasse Occitanien*.

<sup>10</sup> The Emperor, celebrated for

his efforts to codify the Roman  
 law, the 'curb' of which Dante  
 speaks. We shall meet him in  
*Paradise*, c. vi.

Ahi gente, che dovresti esser devota,  
 E lasciar seder Cesar nella sella,  
 Se bene intendi ciò che Dio ti nota !  
 Guarda com' esta fiera è fatta fella,  
 Per non esser corretta dagli sproni,  
 Poi che ponesti mano alla predella.  
 O Alberto Tedesco, che abbandoni  
 Costei ch' è fatta indomita e selvaggia,  
 E dovresti inforcar li suoi arcioni,  
 Giusto giudizio dalle stelle caggia 100  
 Sopra il tuo sangue, e sia nuovo ed aperto,  
 Tal che il tuo successor temenza n' aggia ;  
 Chè avete tu e il tuo padre sofferto,  
 Per cupidigia di costà distretti,  
 Che il giardin dell' imperio sia deserto.  
 Vieni a veder Montecchi e Cappelletti,  
 Monaldi e Filippeschi, uom senza cura :  
 Color già tristi, e costor con sospetti.  
 Vien, crudel, vieni, e vedi la pressura  
 De' tuoi gentili, e cura lor magagne, 110  
 E vedrai Santafor com' è sicura.  
 Venei a veder la tua Roma che piagne,  
 Vedova, sola, e dì e notte chiama :  
 Cesare mio, perchè non m' accompagne ?  
 Vieni a veder la gente quanto s' ama !  
 E se nulla di noi pietà ti muove,  
 A vergognar ti vien della tua fama.  
 E se licito m' è, o sommo Giove,  
 Che fosti in terra per noi crucifisso,  
 Son li giusti occhi tuoi rivolti altrove ? 120  
 O è preparazion, che nell' abisso  
 Del tuo consiglio fai, per alcun bene,  
 In tutto dall' accorger nostro scisso ?  
 Chè le terre d' Italia tutte piene  
 Son di tiranni, ed un Marcel diventa  
 Ogni villan che parteggiando viene.

<sup>11</sup> The Poet here apostrophises the ecclesiastical body, whom he accuses of having intruded on the proper province of the civil, that is, the imperial power. The consequences of their maladministration endure to our times, and form the subject of M. About's *Question Romaine*.

<sup>12</sup> On the deposition of Adolphus of Nassau, Albert Duke of Austria became Emperor. The poet re-

proaches him with neglecting his interests in Italy; his excuse may be found in the revolt of the Swiss, whose success in vindicating their independence is connected with the story of William Tell. Albert perished by the hand of his own nephew John, on the banks of the Rûs.

<sup>13</sup> Albert was succeeded by Henry VII. (of Luxemburg).

<sup>14</sup> The families of Montague and

<sup>11</sup> Ah ! tribe for whom devotion more were meet,  
 And leave that Cæsar seat him on the throne,  
 Wert thou the doctrine of thy God discreet  
 To handle ! Mark that beast, how vicious grown,  
 Wanting the spur's correction duly plied,  
 Since thou hast grasped the bridle for thine own.  
 Thou <sup>12</sup> German Albert, that afar dost hide  
 From her, untameably to wildness bred,  
 Whose duty were her saddle to bestride,  
 Be righteous judgment on thine offspring's head  
 Hurl'd from the stars ! and be it strange and plain,  
 Such as shall strike thy <sup>13</sup> successor with dread.  
 Why suffered ye for greediness of gain  
 Elsewhere, thou and thy father, hard-beset,  
 The garden of the empire waste remain ?  
 Come see the <sup>14</sup> Montague, the Capulet,  
<sup>15</sup> Monaldi and Filippeschi, reckless man,  
 These ready-saddened, those suspecting yet.  
 Come, cruel, come, see every partisan  
 Of thine, how crushed ; and heal their canker-spot ;  
 Thou 'lt find what <sup>16</sup> Santafor of safety can.  
 Come thou to see thy Rome, that mourns her lot,  
 Widowed, alone, both day and night exclaim,  
 ' Cæsar, my husband, wherefore with me not ? '  
 Come thou to see the people, how they flame  
 With mutual love ; and if for us thou prove  
 No pity, come and blush to own thy fame !  
 And if to ask be lawful, supreme Jove,  
 Thou that on earth wert crucified for us,  
 Thy righteous eyes why elsewhere remove ?  
 Or is it ground of issue prosperous  
 Laid deep in thine unfathomable will,  
 Clean severed from our cognisance, that thus  
 Swarm tyrants each Italian state to fill,  
 And every churl that comes to faction lent  
 Turns to a patriot <sup>17</sup> Marcellus still ?

Capulet, whatever those private enmities which Shakspeare has immortalised, appear to have been both Ghibelline. They had expelled Azzo of Este from the chief magistrate's post in Verona, but in the year 1267 were in their turn compelled to give way to the Guelph faction.

<sup>15</sup> The Monaldi and Filippeschi were noble Ghibelline houses of Oviato.

<sup>16</sup> Ironical. The stronghold of

Santafor in the Siennese was at this time haunted by brigands and outlaws.

<sup>17</sup> As there were three of this distinguished name equally opposed to the aggrandisement of Julius Cæsar, it is by no means clear that the poet meant to individualise this allusion. Two of the three were personal friends of Cicero ; although the *Oratio pro M. Marcello* is falsely ascribed to him.

Fiorenza mia, ben puoi esser contenta  
 Di questa digression che non ti tocca,  
 Mercè del popol tuo che sì argomenta.  
 Molti han giustizia in cor, ma tardi scocca, 130  
 Per non venir senza consiglio all' arco;  
 Ma il popol tuo l' ha in sommo della bocca.  
 Molti rifiutan lo comune incarco;  
 Ma il popol tuo sollecito risponde  
 Senza chiamare, e grida: I' mi sobbarco.  
 Or ti fa lieta, che tu hai ben' onde:  
 Tu ricca! tu con pace, tu con senno.  
 S' io dico ver, l' effetto nol nasconde.  
 Atene e Lacedemona, che fenno  
 L' antiche leggi, e furon sì civili, 140  
 Fecero al viver bene un picciol cenno,  
 Verso di te, che fai tanto sottili  
 Provvedimenti, che a mezzo novembre  
 Non giunge quel che tu d' ottobre fili.  
 Quante volte del tempo che rimembre,  
 Legge, moneta, e uficio, e costume  
 Hai tu mutato, e rinnovato membre!  
 E se ben ti ricorda, e vedi lume,  
 Vedrai te simigliante a quella inferma,  
 Che non può trovar posa in su le piume, 150  
 Ma con dar volta suo dolore scherma.

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 CANTO VII.

*Sordello riconosciuto Virgilio suo immortale concittadino, fa scorta ai due Poeti, li conduce ad una grotta da ove veggono coloro che, preoccupati del governo de' regni, tardi si pentirono; purgan costoro i lor peccati in una valletta smaltata di verde e di fiori.*

POSCIACHÈ l' accoglienze oneste e liete  
 Furo iterate tre e quattro volte,  
 Sordel si trasse, e disse: Voi chi siete?  
 Prima che a questo monte fosser volte  
 L' anime degne di salire a Dio,  
 Fur l' ossa mie per Ottavian sepolte.  
 Io son Virgilio: e per null' altro rio

<sup>10</sup> Athens had witnessed the same ill effects of an unchecked democracy, in the instance of Cleon and others. A later age has seen the same mischiefs repeated on a larger scale.

My precious Florence ! be thou well content  
 Of this digression, where thou hast no part,  
 Thanks to thy people, that way provident !  
 Many have justice quivered in the heart,  
 But launch it not till reason bend the bow—  
 Thy people wears it on the lip to dart :  
<sup>18</sup> Many by choice the public load forego—  
 Thy people answers of its zeal intense  
 Ere any call, and cries, ' I stoop me low.'  
 Now make thee happy—thou hast plenty whence—  
 Thou wealthy, thou so peaceful, thou so wise !  
 If I speak truth, the' effect gives evidence.  
 Athens and Sparta, once the nurseries  
 Of civil order, founts of ancient law,  
 Did for the common weal slight hints devise  
 Compared to thee, who dost so finely draw  
 Precaution's thread, not half November through  
 Endures thy spinning which October saw.  
 How many times, since memory gave the clue,  
 Hast thou coins, customs, offices, decrees  
 Altered—nay, turned thy very <sup>19</sup> limbs to new ?  
 And thou, remembering well, with eye that sees  
 The light, wilt know thee like the sickly one  
 That on her bed of down can find no ease,  
 But turns and turns again her ache to shun.

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CANTO VII.

ARGUMENT.—*Sordello converses with Virgil. The Poets halt during the night. Sordello describes the Emperor Rodolph and other monarchs.*

Soon as the clasps of blithe and courteous greeting  
 Had thrice or four times been of both resumed,  
 ' Tell who ye are,' Sordello said, retreating.  
 ' Or ever to this mountain side were doomed  
 The souls found worthy unto God to climb,  
 My bones were by <sup>1</sup> Octavius' care entombed ;  
 I Virgil am, and for none other crime

<sup>18</sup> He means by the expulsion of the one party by the other, as each alternately prevailed.

<sup>1</sup> Augustus Cæsar ordered the body of Virgil to be transported from Brundisium to Naples.



Lo ciel perdei, che per non aver fè :  
 Così rispose allora il Duca mio.  
 Qual è colui che cosa innanzi a sè 10  
 Subita vede, ond' ei si maraviglia,  
 Che crede e no, dicendo : Ell' è, non è:  
 Tal parve quegli, e poi chinò le ciglia,  
 Ed umilmente ritornò ver lui,  
 E abbracciollo ove il minor s' appiglia.  
 O gloria de' Latin, disse, per cui  
 Mostrò ciò che potea la lingua nostra,  
 O pregio eterno del loco ond' io fui,  
 Qual merito, o qual grazia mi ti mostra ?  
 S io son d' udir le tue parole degno, 20  
 Dimmi se vien d' inferno, e di qual chiostra.  
 Per tutti i cerchi del dolente regno,  
 Rispose lui, son io di qua venuto ;  
 Virtù del ciel mi mosse, e con lei vegno.  
 Non per far, ma per non fare ho perduto  
 Di veder l' alto Sol che tu disiri,  
 E che fu tardi da me conosciuto.  
 Luogo è laggiù non tristo da martiri,  
 Ma di tenebre solo, ove i lamenti  
 Non suonan come guai, ma son sospiri. 30  
 Quivi sto io co' parvoli innocenti,  
 Da denti morsi della morte, avante  
 Che fosser dall' umana colpa esenti.  
 Quivi sto io con quei che le tre sante  
 Virtù non si vestiro, e senza vizio  
 Conobber l' altre, e seguir tutte quante.  
 Ma se tu sai e puoi, alcuno indizio  
 Dà noi, perchè venir possiam più tosto  
 Là dove il Purgatorio ha dritto inizio.  
 Rispose : Luogo certo non c' è posto ; 40  
 Licitò m' è andar suso ed intorno ;  
 Per quanto ir posso, a guida mi t' accosto.  
 Ma vedi già come dichina il giorno,  
 Ed andar su di notte non si puote ;  
 Però è buon pensar di bel soggiorno.  
 Anime sono a destra qua remote :  
 Se mi consenti, i' ti merrò ad esse,  
 E non senza diletto ti fien note.  
 Com' è ciò ? fu risposto : chi volesse  
 Salir di notte, fora egli impedito 50  
 D' altrui ! o non sarà che non potesse ?

<sup>1</sup> Limbo, see *Inf.* c. iv.

Lost I the heavens, but that I wanted faith.'  
So did my leader answer him that time.  
As one, whom sudden thing before him stayeth,  
Believes and disbelieves in his surprise,  
And now 'it is,' and now 't is not' he saith,  
Such seemed he, and anon with downcast eyes  
Humbly returning did my guide embrace  
Where one of meaner state his hold applies.  
Then said: 'O glory of the Latin race,  
By whom our language all her might made clear,  
Eternal honour of thy native place,  
What grace, what merit, gives to see thee near?  
Comest thou from hell—and from what cloister-hold?  
Tell me, if worthy deemed thy words to hear.'  
'Through all the circles,' answered he, 'that fold  
The dolorous realm, I thence my course have run;  
Virtue from heaven first moved and makes me bold  
To come; nor lost I sight of that high Sun—  
By thee desired, by me too lately known—  
For that I did, but that I left undone.  
There is a place below by glooms alone  
Made sad, and not by tortures, where laments  
Are only sighs, nor sound of anguished moan.  
There I abide with infant innocents  
Bit by the fangs of death ere they might be  
Delivered from the stain of birth-offence;  
There I abide mid those who in the three  
More saintly virtues clad them not; they knew  
The rest, and followed all, from vices free.  
But if thou know and can, impart some clue  
To us whereby we may the sooner find  
Where Purgatory takes beginning true.'  
'We have,' he said, 'no certain place assigned;  
Far as I may, myself to thee I link  
(For I have leave alike to climb or wind)  
A guide; but mark; already day doth sink,  
And upward path ye cannot wend by night,  
Wherefore of pleasant halt 't were well to think.  
Yonder are souls retired upon the right;  
To them I'll bring thee, if thou deem it good,  
Nor will to know them yield thee no delight.'  
'How so?' was answered him; 'if any would  
Ascend by night, should other cause his let,  
Or were his wish by want of power withstood?'

E il buon Sordello in terra fregò il dito,  
 Dicendo; Vedi, sola questa riga  
 Non varcheresti dopo il sol partito:  
 Non però che altra cosa desse briga,  
 Che la notturna tenebra, ad ir suso:  
 Quella col non poter la voglia intriga.  
 Ben si poria con lei tornare in giuso,  
 E passeggiar la costa intorno errando,  
 Mentre che l'orizzonte il dì tien chiuso. 60  
 Allora il mio Signor, quasi ammirando:  
 Menane, disse, dunque là 've dici  
 Che aver si può diletto dimorando.  
 Poco allungati c' eravam di lici,  
 Quand' io m' accorsi che il monte era scemo,  
 A guisa che i valloni sceman quici.  
 Colà, disse quell' ombra, n' anderemo  
 Dove la costa face di sè grembo,  
 E quivi il nuovo giorno attenderemo. 70  
 Tra erto e piano era un sentiero sghembo,  
 Che ne condusse in fianco della lacca,  
 Là dove più che a mezzo muore il lembo.  
 Oro ed argento fino e cocco e biacca,  
 Indico legno lucido e sereno,  
 Fresco smeraldo in l' ora che si fiacca,  
 Dall' erba e dalli fior dentro a quel seno  
 Posti, ciascun saria di color vinto,  
 Come dal suo maggiore è vinto il meno.  
 Non avea pur natura ivi dipinto,  
 Ma di soavità di mille odori 80  
 Vi facea un incognito indistinto.  
*Salve, Regina*, in sul verde e in su' fiori  
 Quindi seder cantando anime vidi,  
 Che per la valle non parean di fuori:  
 Prima che il poco sole omai s' annidi,  
 Cominciò il Mantovan che ci avea volti,  
 Tra color non vogliate ch' io vi guidi.  
 Da questo balzo meglio gli atti e i volti  
 Conoscerete voi di tutti quanti,  
 Che nella lama giù tra essi accolti. 90  
 Colui che più sied' alto, e fa sembianti  
 D' aver negletto ciò che far dovea,  
 E che non muove bocca agli altrui canti,

\* Indigo, which some commentators have suggested, is not a wood. Others suppose ebony to be meant.

\* Compare the beautiful passage in the concluding scene of *The Birds* of Aristophanes:—

The good Sordello made his finger fret  
 The ground, and said, 'Behold, thou hadst not stept  
 Even beyond this line, the sun once set;  
 Yet not that other cause should intercept,  
 More than nocturnal gloom, your climbing yonder;  
 By her the will with impotence is kept  
 Entangled. True, one might with her go wander  
 Downwards, and pace the outside round in ring  
 Long as the' horizon holds the daybreak under.'  
 With that my lord rejoined, as marvelling,  
 'Come then, conduct us whither thou dost tell,  
 If our abidance there delight may bring.'  
 Thence had we hardly parted, when I well  
 Discerned the mountain there was excavate,  
 As here on earth when scooped by hollow dell.  
 'There, where the side doth of itself create  
 A lap, will we betake us,' said the shade,  
 'And there the dawning of the day await.'  
 'Tween steep and flat a slanting path was made  
 Which toward that hollow's flank our coming sped,  
 Where the keen edge, than midway, more doth fade.  
 Fine gold and silver, cochineal, white lead,  
 The <sup>3</sup> Indian wood so clear and bright, the green  
 Of emerald newly cleft, all vanquishèd,  
 Each in his own peculiar tinct, had been  
 Of grass and flowers within that bosom sprent,  
 As is the less before his greater seen.  
 Nor only painting there had Nature lent,  
 But from the sweets a thousand odours yield  
<sup>4</sup> One unknown, undistinguishable, blent.  
 Seated upon the flowers and verdant field,  
 Singing <sup>5</sup> *Hail, Queen of Heaven*, I souls espied,  
 And whom, without, the valley's dip concealed.  
 'Ere yet the scanty sun do nestling hide,'  
 The Mantuan who had turned our way began,  
 'Amid their gathering will me not to guide;  
 From off this upland ye may better scan  
 The deeds and looks of each, than mingled there  
 Among them in the level. Yonder man  
 Who sits in higher place, with conscious air  
 To have neglected that his duty taught,  
 Nor moveth lip the others' chaunt to share,

ὁσμὴ δ' ἀνώνμαστος ἐς βάθος  
 κύκλου  
 χωρεῖ, καλὸν θέαμα· θυμιαμάτων δ'  
 αἶθραι διαφαίρουσι πλεκτάνην καπνοῦ.

l. 1713.

<sup>5</sup> *Salve, regina*, the opening of  
 a well-known hymn in praise of the  
 Virgin.

Ridolfo imperador fu, che potea  
 Sanar le piaghe ch' hanno Italia morta,  
 Sì che tardi per altri si ricrea.  
 L' altro che nella vista lui conforta,  
 Resse la terra dove l' acqua nasce,  
 Che Molta in Albia, ed Albia in mar ne porta :  
 Ottachero ebbe nome, e nelle fasce 100  
 Fu meglio assai, che Vincislao suo figlio  
 Barbuto, cui lussuria ed ozio pasce.  
 E quel Nasetto, che stretto a consiglio  
 Par con colui ch' ha sì benigno aspetto,  
 Morì fuggendo e disfiando il giglio :  
 Guardate là, come si batte il petto.  
 L' altro vedete ch' ha fatto alla guancia  
 Della sua palma, sospirando, letto.  
 Padre e suocero son del mal di Francia :  
 Sanno la vita sua viziata e lorda, 110  
 E quindi viene il duol che sì li lancia.  
 Quel che par sì membruto, e che s' accorda  
 Cantando con colui dal maschio naso,  
 D' ogni valor portò cinta la corda.  
 E se re dopo lui fosse rimasto  
 Lo giovinetto che retro a lui siede,  
 Bene andava il valor di vaso in vaso ;  
 Che non si puote dir dell' altre rede.  
 Giacomo e Federigo hanno i reami :

\* Rodolph of Hapsburg, the illustrious founder of the Austrian dynasty, could be stigmatised as negligent only from an Italian point of view. We read of him that in Thuringia alone he destroyed sixty castles, the haunts of public robbers, and ordered ninety-nine highwaymen to be hanged at one time in the city of Erfurt. The necessities of his treasury, probably, and the disturbances in Germany and Bohemia, disposed him to bargain with the Italian cities for various privileges and immunities. Even Dante seems to qualify the censure here expressed by what follows. (See note 7.)

' Ottocar, king of Bohemia, refused to do homage to his former grand-marshal, and indignantly exclaimed: 'I owe Rodolph nothing; he was formerly my servant, and I paid him wages.' He was however obliged to submit,

and rendered homage in a pavilion on the island of Camberg in the Danube, the curtains of which are said to have been furtively drawn aside at the moment of his humiliation. Renouncing his allegiance by the instigation of his haughty Russian queen, Ottocar was defeated and slain in battle. The Moldau (on which Prague stands), and the Elbe, are the only rivers of note in Bohemia.

\* This prince is described as of very handsome person; and one annotator calls him, 'an ecclesiastic of humble and gentle disposition.' Dante here ascribes to him a character which exactly agrees with that of his son of the same name, with whom, however, he must not be confounded.

\* Philip III. of France waging war against Pedro III. king of Arragon, invaded Catalonia and laid siege to Gerona, but on the defeat of his naval armament by

<sup>6</sup> Rudolph the Emperor was, who might have wrought  
 To heal the wounds that Italy have slain  
 Till other mediciner too late is brought.  
<sup>7</sup> He, from whose sight the first doth comfort gain,  
 Governed the land where first the water flows  
 Moldau to Elbe, and Elbe bears to the main.  
 His name was Ottacar; in swaddling clothes  
 Far better was he than his bearded child  
<sup>8</sup> Wenceslaus, who in sloth and license grows.  
 That <sup>9</sup> curt-nosed, who with <sup>10</sup> him of aspect mild  
 Seems occupied so close in counsel, dying  
 A fugitive, the lily's white defiled.  
 Look yonder, how he beats his breast, while sighing;  
 The other, mark you, of his open hand  
 Hath made a bed for his own cheek to lie in;  
 One, father to the curse of France's land,  
 And one, his wife's. Their bitter grief that stings  
 Is that they know his bad life's filthy brand.  
<sup>11</sup> He that appears of limb so large, and sings  
 With <sup>12</sup> one of manlier nose in true accord,  
 Wore for his girdle twined all worthy things.  
 Had after him survived, his realm to hold,  
 The stripling whom a seat behind him bears,  
 Vessel to vessel well that worth had poured;  
 Not such our warrant of his other heirs;  
 His kingdoms <sup>13</sup> *James* and *Frederick* possess—

Roger D'Oria (or di Loria), Pedro's admiral, he was compelled to raise the siege with great loss, and retired to Perpignan, where he died either of chagrin or of malaria, A.D. 1285.

<sup>10</sup> Henry III. king of Navarre, whose daughter Joanna became the wife of Philip IV. of France (Le Bel). Of this last the poet speaks with bitter invective both here and in c. xx.

<sup>11</sup> Pedro III. of Arragon, mentioned in n. 9, who, claiming the crown of Sicily in right of his wife Constance, abetted the native populace in the rebellion which ensued on the massacre of the French at the Sicilian Vespers, and expelled Charles of Anjou. Pedro died of a wound received in battle against Philip Le Hardi. (See n. 9.)

<sup>12</sup> All the commentators agree that this is Charles of Anjou, and the subsequent allusion to Apulia

and Provence confirms their view. Yet it surprises me that Dante should have assigned Charles no worse lot.

<sup>13</sup> Pedro III. had four sons. The eldest, Alphonso, succeeded him in the kingdom of Arragon, but dying soon after childless, the second son James reigned in Spain; Frederick, the third son, in Sicily. The 'stripling' here named was Pedro, the youngest. In Canto iii. Dante makes Manfred call Frederic and James the *glory* of their lands; did he change his mind as time and his poem advanced? At one time he had dedicated the *Paradiso* to this Frederick, in whom he possibly expected to find a powerful protector for himself and his party, but was grievously disappointed. Both kings seem to have been undeserving the bitter reproach with which he has burdened their memory.

Del retaggio miglior nessun possiede. 120  
 Rade volte risurge per li rami  
 L' umana probitate : e questo vuole  
 Quei che la dà, perchè da lui si chiami.  
 Anco al Nasuto vanno mie parole,  
 Non men ch' all' altro Pier, che con lui canta,  
 Onde Puglia e Proenza già si duole.  
 Tant' è del seme suo minor la pianta,  
 Quanto più che a Beatrice e Margherita,  
 Costanza di marito ancor si vanta.  
 Vedete il re della semplice vita  
 Seder là solo, Arrigo d' Inghilterra : 130  
 Questi ha ne' rami suoi migliore uscita.  
 Quel che più basso tra costor s' atterra,  
 Guardando in suso, e Guglielmo Marchese,  
 Per cui ed Alessandria e la sua guerra  
 Fa pianger Monferrato e il Canavese.

## CANTO VIII.

*Due Angeli con due spade infuocate e spuntate scendono a guardia della valle e fuggano il serpente. I Poeti scendono e parlano con Nino Giudice e con Corrado Malaspina, che predice l' esiglio a Dante.*

ERA già l' ora che volge il disio  
 Ai naviganti, e intenerisce il core  
 Lo dì ch' han detto a' dolci amici addio;  
 E che lo novo peregrin d' amore  
 Punge, se ode squilla di lontano,  
 Che paia il giorno pianger che si more :  
 Quand' io incominciai a render vano  
 L' udire, ed a mirare una dell' alme  
 Surta, che l' ascoltar chiedea con mano.  
 Ella giunse e levò ambo le palme, 10  
 Ficcando gli occhi verso l' oriente,  
 Come dicesse a Dio : D' altro non calme.

<sup>14</sup> Charles II., son of Charles of Anjou, was made prisoner by Roger Doria (see n. 9), and condemned to die, but rescued by Constance, and detained in Arragon about five years.

<sup>15</sup> Constance was wife to Pedro III. Margaret and Beatrice were

married, the former to Louis IX. of France, the latter to his brother Charles of Anjou. The bitter resentment of the Ghibelline here breaks out against the royal house of France.

<sup>16</sup> Our Henry III. is held in no such estimation by English writers.

I' the better heritage is none that shares.  
 Seldom revives the human righteousness  
 Along the branches ; so His will ordains  
 Who gives, that we to Him our prayer address.  
 And to the nosed my word no less pertains  
 Than the other, Peter, joined with him to chaunt,  
 Whence <sup>14</sup> Provence and Apulia now complains ;  
 So much degenerate from its seed the plant,  
 As <sup>15</sup> Constance of her husband yet hath more  
 Than Beatrice or Margaret to vaunt.  
 Behold the king of simple life before,  
<sup>16</sup> Henry of England, where alone he sits :  
 His boughs for him a goodlier issue bore.  
<sup>17</sup> William the Marquis he who there submits  
 To humbler place, and upward looks on these ;  
 Whose loss with warfare Alessandria quits,  
 Grieving Monferrat and the Canavese.'

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 CANTO VIII.

ARGUMENT.—*Visit of two guardian angels. The poets descend into a hollow. Meeting with Nino da Gallura. The serpent foiled.*

'T WAS now the hour the longing heart that bends  
 In voyagers, and meltingly doth sway,  
 Who bade farewell at morn to gentle friends ;  
 And wounds the pilgrim newly bound his way  
 With poignant love, to hear some distant bell  
 That seems to mourn the dying of the day ;  
 When I began to slight the sounds that fell  
 Upon mine ear, one risen soul to view,  
 Whose beckoning hand our audience would compel.  
 It joined both palms together and upthrew,  
 The fixed eyes eastward bent, as though it said  
 To God, ' With other I have nought to do.'

<sup>17</sup> William VI. Marquis of Monferrat, incurred the odium of the nobles whose disorderly conduct he attempted to suppress, and, being treacherously seized at Alessandria, was exposed in a wooden cage to public view, and

died in custody A.D. 1292. A war ensued between his partisans and his murderers, in which the former were worsted. Monferrat and the Canavese were in the Piedmontese territory.



*Te lucis ante* sì devotamente  
 Le uscì di bocca, e con sì dolci note,<sup>1</sup>  
 Che fece me a me uscir di mente.  
 E l' altre poi dolcemente e devote  
 Seguitar lei per tutto l' inno intero,  
 Avendo gli occhi alle superne ruote.  
 Aguzza quì, Lettor, ben gli occhi al vero,  
 Chè il velo è ora ben tanto sottile, 20  
 Certo che il trapassar dentro è leggiero.  
 I' vidi quello esercito gentile  
 Tacito poscia riguardare in sue,  
 Quasi aspettando pallido ed umile :  
 E vidi uscir dell' alto, e scender giue  
 Due angeli con duo spade affocate,  
 Tronche e private delle punte sue.  
 Verdi, come fogliette pur mo nate,  
 Erano in veste, che da verdi penne  
 Percosse traean dietro e ventilate. 30  
 L' un poco sovra noi a star si venne,  
 E l' altro scese nell' opposta sponda,  
 Sì che la gente in mezzo si contenne.  
 Ben discerneva in lor la testa bionda ;  
 Ma nelle facce l' occhio si smarria,  
 Come virtù che a troppo si confonda.  
 Ambo vegnon del grembo di Maria,  
 Disse Sordello, a guardia della valle,  
 Per lo serpente che verrà via via.  
 Ond' io che non sapeva per qual calle, 40  
 Mi volsi intorno, e stretto m' accostai  
 Tutto gelato alle fidate spalle.  
 E Sordello anche : Ora avvalliamo omai  
 Tra le grandi ombre, e parleremo ad esse :  
 Grazioso fia lor vedervi assai.  
 Solo tre passi credo ch' io scendesse,  
 E fui di sotto, e vidi un che mirava  
 Pur me, come conoscer mi volesse.  
 Tempo era già che l' aer s' annerava,  
 Ma non sì, che tra gli occhi suoi e i miei 50  
 Non dichiarasse ciò che pria serrava.  
 Ver me si fece, ed io ver lui mi fei :

<sup>1</sup> *Te lucis ante terminum*; the first line of a hymn sung in the Latin Church at compline (completorium), the last of the seven

canonical hours. It sought protection of God against the dangers of the night; probably, therefore, the poet would have his reader

<sup>1</sup> *Thee ere the light fail* from the lips was sped  
 In tones so dulcet, so devoutly sung,  
 As me from out myself entrancing led ;  
 And with as dulcet and devout a tongue  
 Followed the rest through all that hymn complete,  
 Their eyes upon those orbs supernal hung.  
 Here, reader, whet thine own the truth to meet,  
 For now so thinly wove the veil between,  
 Certes, to pass within were easy feat.  
 Of me was all that high-born army seen  
 To gaze in silence up, their chaunting left,  
 Like them who wait, with pale and lowly mien ;  
 And from on high, their downward way that cleft,  
<sup>2</sup> I saw two Angels, each a flaming brand  
 That waved, but curtal, and of point bereft.  
 Green as are leaflets when they fresh expand  
 Their garments were, in waves behind them tost  
 By stroke of pinions green that aëry fanned.  
 One hovering just above us took his post,  
 His comrade lighted on the' opposing brink,  
 And so between them sat that guarded host.  
 Their bright hair well I marked, yet eye should shrink  
 Upon their lineaments its glance to bend,  
 As faculty that from excess doth sink  
 Confounded. 'Both from Mary's lap descend,'  
 Sordello said, 'the valley from the snake  
 That cometh in a moment to defend.'  
 Whence I, unknowing whither it would make  
 Its path, turned round and closer came, all chill,  
 The trusted shoulders for my screen to take.  
 Sordello too, resuming: 'Now we will  
 Move down amid the mighty shades, and taste  
 Their converse, whom with pleasure we shall fill  
 To see us.' I, methought, had downward paced  
 Only three steps, and noted there below  
 One that on me, as fain to know me, placed  
 His look. 'T was now the time the air would grow  
 Darker, nor yet between his eyes and mine  
 What it before was hiding failed to show.  
 Toward me did he, and I toward him, incline.

conclude that the disembodied spirits sang on his behalf rather than their own. Compare the conclusion of the Paternoster in c.vi.

<sup>2</sup> Milton has borrowed his Ithuriel and Zephon from this passage. See *Par. Lost*. B. 4.

Giudice Nin gentil, quanto mi piacque,  
 Quando ti vidi non esser tra i rei !  
 Nullo bel salutar tra noi si tacque :  
 Poi dimandò : Quant' è, che tu venisti  
 Appiè del monte per le lontane acque ?  
 O, dissi lui, per entro i luoghi tristi  
 Venni stamane, e sono in prima vita,  
 Ancor che l' altra sì andando acquisti. 60  
 E come fu la mia risposta udita,  
 Sordello ed egli indietro si raccolse,  
 Come gente di subito smarrita.  
 L' uno a Virgilio, e l' altro ad un si volse  
 Che sedea lì, gridando : Su, Currado,  
 Vieni a veder che Dio per grazia volse.  
 Poi volto a me : Per quel singular grado,  
 Che tu dei a colui, che sì nasconde  
 Lo suo primo perchè, che non gli è guado,  
 Quando sarai di là dalle larghe onde, 70  
 Di' a Giovanna mia, che per me chiami  
 Là dove agl' innocenti si risponde.  
 Non credo che la sua madre più m' ami,  
 Poscia che trasmutò le bianche bende,  
 Le quai convien che misera ancor brami.  
 Per lei assai di lieve si comprende,  
 Quanto in femmina fuoco d' amor dura,  
 Se l' occhio o il tatto spesso nol raccende.  
 Non le farà sì bella sepoltura  
 La vipera che i Milanesi accampa, 80  
 Com' avria fatto il gallo di Gallura.  
 Così dicea, segnato della stampa  
 Nel suo aspetto di quel dritto zelo,  
 Che misuratamente in core avvampa.  
 Gli occhi miei ghiotti andavan pure al cielo,  
 Pur là dove le stelle son più tarde,  
 Sì come ruota più presso allo stelo.  
 E il duca mio : Figliuol, che lassù guarde ?  
 Ed io a lui : A quelle tre facelle,  
 Di che il polo di qua tutto quanto arde. 90

\* Nino, of the Pisan house of the Visconti, judge of Gallura, one of the four districts of Sardinia. He put to death, on discovering his dishonest practices, that Friar Gomito who is mentioned *Inf.* c. xxii. 81.

\* This was a Conrade Malaspina, but not, as he tells us himself the

earlier chief of that family who bore the same name, and was Marquis of Lunigiana.

\* Giovanna, daughter of Nino Visconti, wife of Richard da Camino, who was treacherously murdered while playing at chess. See on *Par.* c. ix. 49.

<sup>3</sup> Nino, thou noble judge, how was my breast.  
 Lightened to find the lost ones' place not thine !  
 We left no comely greeting unexpressed ;  
 Then he demanded, ' On the distant main  
 How long ago hadst thou thy voyage addrest  
 Unto the hill-foot ? ' ' Oh ! through realms of pain,'  
 Said I, ' this morn I entered, and am bound  
 In the first life, albeit the next to gain  
 I travel thus.' Was hardly heard the sound  
 Of my reply—Sordello and the shade  
 Shrank back, like men whom sudden news astound.  
 This turned to Virgil ; that to one who made  
 His seat there, crying, ' <sup>4</sup> Conrade, up and see  
 What God hath of His gracious will displayed.'  
 Then turning, ' By the special thanks of thee  
 Owed unto Him who doth so deeply hide  
 His own first reason, that no ford may be,  
 When thou shalt come beyond the spacious tide,  
 Bid my <sup>5</sup> Joanna cry for me above,  
 Where answer does the innocent abide.  
 I trow her <sup>6</sup> mother bears me no more love,  
 Since the white weepers she exchanged ; of such  
 She, wretch, is doomed e'en yet the wish to prove.  
 By her is lightly understood, how much  
 In female kind the flames of love endure,  
 If not rekindled oft by sight or touch.  
 Not her awaits so princely sepulture  
 From <sup>7</sup> Viper that appoints the Milan camp,  
 As did Gallura's Cock erewhile assure.'  
 Thus spake he, while his aspect bore the stamp  
 Imprinted of that pure and honest zeal  
 Which lights the heart—but with a measured lamp.  
 My greedy eyes right up to heaven I steal,  
 Even there where every laggard star delays,  
 As nearer to its axle goes the wheel.  
 And thus my leader : ' Son, why upward gaze ? '  
 ' At yon <sup>8</sup> three cressets,' answered I, ' that pour  
 On all this side the pole so bright a blaze.'

<sup>5</sup> Beatrice d' Estè, wife of Nino Visconti, after his death married secondly Galeazzo Visconti of Milan. That family endured great vicissitudes of fortune previously to their establishment in the seignory of the Milanese.

<sup>7</sup> The viper was the crest of the Milanese Visconti, the cock that of Nino.

<sup>8</sup> The 'three cressets' are the Christian virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity, which have taken place of the four stars mentioned in c. i.

Ed egli a me : Le quattro chiare stelle  
 Che vedevi staman, son di là basse,  
 E queste son salite ov' eran quelle.  
 Com' ei parlava, e Sordello a sè il trasse  
 Dicendo : Vedi là il nostro avversaro ;  
 E drizzò il dito, perchè in là guatasse.  
 Da quella parte, onde non ha riparo  
 La picciola vallea, era una biscia,  
 Forse qual diede ad Eva il cibo amaro.  
 Tra l' erba e i fior venia la mala striscia, 100  
 Volgendo ad or ad or la testa, e il dosso  
 Leccando come bestia che si liscia.  
 Io nol vidi, e però dicer nol posso,  
 Come mosser gli astor celestiali,  
 Ma vidi bene e l' uno e l' altro mosso.  
 Sentendo fender l' aere alle verdi ali,  
 Fuggì il serpente, e gli angeli dier volta  
 Suso alle poste rivolando iguali.  
 L' ombra che s' era al Giudice raccolta,  
 Quando chiamò, per tutto quell' assalto 110  
 Punto non fu da me guardare sciolta.  
 Se la lucerna che ti mena in alto  
 Trovi nel tuo arbitrio tanta cera,  
 Quant' è mestiero infino al sommo smalto,  
 Cominciò ella, se novella vera  
 Di Valdimagra, o di parte vicina  
 Sai, dilla a me, che già grande là era.  
 Chiamato fui Currado Malaspina :  
 Non son l' antico, ma di lui discesi :  
 A' miei portai l'amor che quì raffina. 120  
 O, dissi lui, per li vostri paesi  
 Giàimmai non fui; ma dove si dimora  
 Per tutta Europa, ch' ei non sien palesi ?  
 La fama che la vostra casa onora,  
 Grida i signori, e grida la contrada,  
 Sì che ne sa chi non vi fu ancora.  
 Ed io vi giuro, s' io di sopra vada,  
 Che vostra gente onrata non si sfregia  
 Del pregio della borsa e della spada.  
 Uso e natura sì la privilegia, 130  
 Che, perchè il capo reo lo mondo torca,  
 Sola va dritta, e il mal cammin dispregia.  
 Ed egli : Or va, chè il sol non si ricorca

\* Valdimagra, the valley of the river Magra, near the

And he to me, 'The radiant starry four  
 Beheld of thee this morn are sunken there,  
 And *these* have mounted where *they* moved of yore.'  
 Him speaking yet Sordello drew with care  
 To him, saying, 'Mark, our enemy appears,  
 His finger pointing whence he should beware.  
 That side the tiny vale no fence uprears  
 An adder was; such haply did prevail  
 With Eve to pluck the bitter food of tears.  
 'Tween grass and flowers crawled on the venom trail,  
 And ever turned the crest, and like some brute  
 That sleeks itself it licked the scaly mail.  
 I saw not, and I therefore must be mute,  
 How the celestial falcons moved for fight;  
 That both *had* moved, I saw nor might dispute.  
 The serpent, when he felt the green wings smite  
 The cloven air, slunk off; the angels took,  
 Their upward posts regaining, equal flight.  
 Not once the shadow that its seat forsook  
 To join the judge, what time he called it nigher,  
 Through all that onset ceased on me to look.  
 'So may the taper that conducts thee higher  
 Find so much wax in thy consent, as fate  
 To reach the topmost pavement shall require,'  
 Began it; 'if thou canst true news relate  
 Of <sup>9</sup>Valdimagra or its neighbourhood,  
 Tell me, who there in other days was great.  
 Once Conrade Malaspina named, I stood  
 In line from him of old, though not the same;  
 The love unto mine own which there imbued  
 Refines it here.' 'O, never yet I came,'  
 Said I, 'within your lands; but where the place,  
 All Europe through, that blazons not their fame?  
 The glory that your ancient house doth grace,  
 Alike the nobles' and the country's theme,  
 Who yet is there a stranger, well may trace;  
 And I—so may I win that height supreme—  
 Swear that your honoured line admits no stains  
 Or on the purse's or the sword's esteem.  
 Nature and use such privilege maintains  
 For it, though ill head wrest the world, it goes  
 Alone upright, and evil way disdains.'  
 And he: 'Go now: the sun shall not repose

banks of which are Luni and Sarzana. See *Inf.* c. xxiv.

Sette volte nel letto che il Montone  
 Con tutti e quattro i piè cuopre ed inforca,  
 Che cotesta cortese opinione  
 Ti fia chiavata in mezzo della testa  
 Con maggior chiovi che d' altrui sermone;  
 Se corso di giudicio non s' arresta.

## CANTO IX.

*Addormentatosi Dante sogna d' un' Aquila che alla regione del foco il trasporta; svegliatosi, si trova accanto Virgilio, dinanzi alla porta del Purgatorio che un Angelo disse, dietro fervida prece del pentito Poeta.*

LA concubina di Titone antico  
 Già s' imbiancava al balzo d' oriente,  
 Fuor delle braccia del suo dolce amico :  
 Di gemme la sua fronte era lucente,  
 Poste in figura del freddo animale,  
 Che con la coda percuote la gente :  
 E la notte de' passi, con che sale,  
 Fatti avea duo nel loco ov' eravamo,  
 E il terzo già chinava ingiuso l' ale ;  
 Quand' io che meco avea di quel d' Adamo, 10  
 Vinto dal sonno, in su l' erba inchinai  
 Là 've già tutti e cinque sedevamo.  
 Nell' ora che comincia i tristi lai  
 La rondinella presso alla mattina,  
 Forse a memoria de' suoi primi guai,  
 E che la mente nostra pellegrina  
 Più dalla carne, e men da' pensier presa,  
 Alle sue vision quasi è divina ;  
 In sogno mi pareva veder sospesa  
 Un' aquila nel ciel con penne d' oro, 20  
 Con l' ale aperte, ed a calar intesa :  
 Ed esser mi pareva là dove foro  
 Abbandonati i suoi da Ganimede,

<sup>10</sup> It is said that in the year 1307 Dante, an exile and in poverty, experienced the hospitality of Marcello Malaspina, son of this Conrade, at Luni. This, if true, was the more honourable to his host, who, the only one of his

house, had warmly espoused the Guelph party.

<sup>1</sup> Aurora, goddess of the dawn. It should be needless here to detail the ill-omened gift of immortality without youth, conferred on

<sup>10</sup> Seven times upon the bed the Ram of heaven  
 With his four feet doth cover and inclose,  
 Ere this thy courteous estimate be driven  
 Deep in thy brain, therein with stronger nails  
 Nailed down than are by others' rumour given,  
 Unless the' arrested course of judgment fails.'

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CANTO IX.

ARGUMENT.—*Dante in a dream is carried by an Eagle upwards, and on waking is informed by Virgil how his dream has been realised. The portal of Purgatory and its angelic guardian.*

Now on the orient slope in white awaking .  
 The partner of the old <sup>1</sup> 'Tithonus' bed,  
 The arms of her loved paramour forsaking,  
 Her forehead had with radiant gems o'erspread,  
 Set in the shape of <sup>2</sup> that cold creeping thing  
 Which by its tail striketh the people dead ;  
 And of the steps the night doth upward spring  
 Two had she o'er our resting-place completed,  
 The third already downward bending wing,  
 When I, to whom of Adam's clay was meted  
 My share, upon the grass o'ercome with sleep  
 Reclined, where we before all five were seated.  
 What time the swallow doth begin to weep,  
 Near on the morning's dawn, her plaintive lays,  
 Some memory of <sup>3</sup> her ancient woes to keep,  
 And that our fancy more a wanderer strays  
 Beyond the flesh, and less by thought controlled  
 On her own visions bends prophetic gaze,  
 Methought, an eagle, with his plumes of gold  
 High balancing in heaven, I saw in dream,  
 As if intent to stoop, his wings unfold ;  
 And o'er that region hovering he did seem,  
 Where <sup>4</sup> Ganymede his kindred left forlorn,

Tithonus: at least for the readers of English poetry.

<sup>2</sup> The scorpion, here meant of the zodiacal sign so called.

<sup>3</sup> The tale of Procne, changed to a swallow, is told by Ovid, *Met.* vi.

<sup>4</sup> Ovid, in his *Met.* x., tells how

Ganymede, son of Tros, king of Troy, was carried off by Jupiter's eagle from Mount Ida to take Hebe's place as cupbearer to the Gods. Titian has made this the subject of a fine picture, now in our National Gallery.



Quando fu ratto al sommo concistoro.  
 Fra me pensava : Forse questa fiede  
 Pur quì per uso, e forse d' altro loco  
 Disdegna di portarne suso in piede.  
 Poi mi pareva che più rotata un poco,  
 Terribil come folgor discendesse,  
 E me rapisse suso infino al foco. 30  
 Ivi pareva ch' ella ed io ardesse,  
 E sì l' incendio immaginato cosse,  
 Che convenne che il sonno si rompesse.  
 Non altrimenti Achille si riscosse,  
 Gli occhi svegliati rivolgendo in giro,  
 E non sapendo là dove si fosse,  
 Quando la madre da Chirone a Schiro  
 Trafugò lui, dormendo in le sue braccia,  
 Là onde poi gli Greci il dipartiro :  
 Che mi scoss' io, sì come dalla faccia 40  
 Mi fuggì il sonno, e diventai smorto,  
 Come fa l' uom che spaventato agghiaccia.  
 Dallato m' era solo il mio conforto,  
 E il sole er' alto già più di due ore,  
 E il viso m' era alla marina torto.  
 Non aver tema, disse il mio Signore :  
 Fatti sicur, chè noi siamo a buon punto :  
 Non stringer, ma rallarga ogni vigore.  
 Tu se' omai al Purgatorio giunto :  
 Vedi là il balzo che il chiude d' intorno ; 50  
 Vedi l' entrata là 've par disgiunto.  
 Dianzi, nell' alba che procede al giorno,  
 Quando l' anima tua dentro dormia  
 Sopra li fiori, onde laggiù è adorno,  
 Venne una donna, e disse : I' son Lucia :  
 Lasciatemi pigliar costui che dorme,  
 Sì l' agevolerò per la sua via.  
 Sordel rimase, e l' altre gentil forme :  
 Ella ti tolse, e come il dì fu chiaro,  
 Sen venne suso, ed io per le sue orme. 60  
 Qui ti posò : e pria mi dimostraro  
 Gli occhi suoi belli quell' entrata aperta ;  
 Poi ella e il sonno ad una se n' andarò.  
 A guisa d' uom che in dubbio si raccerta,  
 E che muti in conforto sua paura,

\* Thetis carried her son to early death which awaited him  
 Sciros, an island in the Ægean, to before Troy. Her maternal care  
 avert, if possible, the fate of an was frustrated by the craft of

Rapt unto heaven's consistory supreme.  
 I musing thought, the bird is haply borne  
 Of custom hitherward to strike a prey,  
 And quarry swooped from other place would scorn.  
 Then seemed that in a few more circles' play  
 Down like the lightning terrible he came  
 And bore me to the fiery sphere away.  
 There seemed that he and I were both in flame,  
 And so the' imagined conflagration burned,  
 Needs were my slumbers broken. With the same  
 Surprise Achilles to himself returned,  
 And rolled his newly-wakened eyes awhile  
 Round him, nor yet his whereabouts discerned,  
 When sleeping in her arms to Sciros' isle  
<sup>5</sup>His mother bore him, hid from Chiron's view,  
 Thence sometime to be lured by Greekish guile;  
 As I, when slumber from mine eyes withdrew,  
 Recovered sense, and, like the man whose blood  
 Freezes with terror, turned of pallid hue.  
 My comforter alone beside me stood;  
 Two hours and more the sun already soared,  
 And toward the margin of the briny flood  
 My front was twisted. 'Fear not,' said my lord,  
 "'T is well with us; be confident of cheer,  
 Nor be thy vigour checked, but all outpoured.  
 To Purgatory's self thou comest here;  
 See yonder bank around its circuit drawn,  
 The entrance see, where opening doth appear,  
 Before the dayspring, in the early dawn,  
 While yet thy soul within repose did take  
 Upon the flowers that deck the lowly lawn,  
 A lady came; "I <sup>6</sup> Lucia am," she spake;  
 "Hence let me bear the one in slumber laid,  
 His upward way the lighter thus to make."  
 Sordello and each other gentle shade  
 Remained; she took thee, and as day grew bright  
 Mounted, I following in the track she made.  
 Here placing thee, her beauteous eyes gave light  
 To mine that open entrance to discern;  
 Then she and sleep together took their flight.  
 Like man that rallies of his doubt to learn  
 The certitude, and, once the truth perceived,

Ulysses. See *Inf.* c. xxvi. 61., and the note.

<sup>6</sup> Lucia personifies Illuminating Grace. See *Inf.* c. ii. 97.

Poi che la verità gli è scoperta,  
 Mi cambia' io: e come senza cura  
 Videmi il Duca mio, su per lo balzo  
 Si mosse, ed io dietro inver l'altura.  
 Lettor, tu vedi ben com' io innalzo 70  
 La mia materia, e però con più arte  
 Non ti maravigliar s' io la rincalzo.  
 Noi ci appressammo, ed eravamo in parte,  
 Che là, dove pareami in prima un rotto,  
 Pur come un fesso che muro diparte,  
 Vidi una porta, e tre gradi di sotto,  
 Per gire ad essa, di color diversi,  
 Ed un portier che ancor non facea motto.  
 E come l' occhio più è più v' apersi,  
 Vidil seder sopra il grado soprano, 80  
 Tal nella faccia, ch' io non lo sofferì:  
 Ed una spada nuda aveva in mano  
 Che rifletteva i raggi sì ver noi,  
 Ch' io dirizzava spesso il viso in vano.  
 Ditel costinci, che volete voi?  
 Cominciò egli a dire: ov' è la scorta?  
 Guardate che il venir su non vi noi.  
 Donna del ciel, di queste cose accorta,  
 Rispose il mio Maestro a lui, pur dianzi  
 Ne disse: Andate là, quivi è la porta. 90  
 Ed ella i passi vostri in bene avanzi,  
 Ricominciò il cortese portinaio:  
 Venite dunque a' nostri gradi innanzi,  
 Là ne venimmo: e lo scaglione primaio  
 Bianco marmo era sì pulito e terso,  
 Ch' io mi specchiava in esso quale i' paio.  
 Era il secondo tinto più che perso,  
 D' una petrina ruvida ed arsiccia,  
 Crepata per lo lungo e per traverso.  
 Lo terzo, che di sopra s' ammassiccia, 100  
 Porfido mi pareva sì fiammeggiante,  
 Come sangue che fuor di vena spiccia.  
 Sopra questo teneva ambo le piante  
 L' Angel di Dio, sedendo in su la soglia,  
 Che mi sembiava pietra di diamante.  
 Per li tre gradi su di buona voglia

<sup>7</sup> Lucia, see the preceding note.

<sup>8</sup> So Milton, *Par. L.* iii., 'Each stair mysteriously was meant.' It

is agreed that here the white step means candour and sincerity of confession; the second, of darker hue and coarser grain, the dust and

His former fear doth to contentment turn,  
 Such was my change ; and when of care relieved  
 My leader saw me, upward o'er the bank  
 He moved, and I behind, to where it heaved.  
 Reader, thou notest well, to loftier rank  
 How I my matter build ; then marvel not  
 If with more laboured art I pile the flank.  
 We wended nearer, and had gained a spot  
 Where, in the place that I before had thought  
 A gap, like fissure which some wall had got,  
 I saw a portal, and for access wrought  
 Three steps below, that differing colour took,  
 And there a porter who as yet said nought.  
 And opening more and more mine eyes to look,  
 I saw him seated o'er the upper stair,  
 Such in his aspect as I might not brook ;  
 And in his hand a naked sword he bare,  
 At which I oft essayed in vain to glance,  
 So strong on us reflected it the glare.  
 ' Say from your place what will ye ? nor advance ;  
 Where is your escort ? ' so began he speech.  
 ' See that your climbing breed you no mischance.'  
 ' 7 A lady sent from heaven, nor now to teach  
 In these things,' said my master ; ' came to lead,  
 And bade us that way come the gate to reach.'  
 ' And to your footsteps may she give good speed,'  
 Again the courteous porter did begin ;  
 ' Come forward, then, and to our steps proceed.'  
 We came—and there <sup>8</sup> the foremost step to win  
 White marble was, so polished and so clean,  
 I saw my very likeness glassed within.  
 Darker than purple was the second seen,  
 One half-burnt crag, of coarse and rugged grain,  
 That cracked along it and across had been.  
 The third, which heaps it massive o'er the twain,  
 Seemed porphyry, as glowing-red to meet  
 Mine eyes, as blood that spirteth from a vein.  
 On this, God's angel planted both his feet,  
 And of the threshold, which methought in show  
 Was adamant rock, he made him seat.  
 Me, nothing loth, my leader caused to go

ashes of true contrition ; and the  
 third, of red colour, is, according to  
 Lombardi, penance by flagellation  
 —according to Biagioli, the fervent

gush of charity. Perhaps the poet  
 had loftier and truer ideas of the  
 soul's purgation, and symbolised  
 here the blood of Atonement.

Mi trasse il Duca mio, dicendo : Chiedi  
 Umilmente che il serrame scioglia.  
 Divoto mi gittai a' santi piedi ;  
 Misericordia chiesi che m' aprisse : 110  
 Ma pria nel petto tre fiate mi diedi.  
 Sette P. nella fronte mi descrisse  
 Col punton della spada, e : Fa' che lavi,  
 Quando se' dentro, queste piaghe, disse.  
 Cenere o terra che secca si cavi,  
 D' un color fora col suo vestimento,  
 E di sotto da quel trasse duo chiavi.  
 L' una era d' oro e l' altra era d' argento :  
 Pria con la bianca, e poscia con la gialla  
 Fece alla porta sì ch' io fui contento. 120  
 Quandunque l' una d' este chiavi falla,  
 Che non si volga dritta per la toppa,  
 Diss' egli a noi, non s' apre questa calla.  
 Più cara è l' una ; ma l' altra vuol troppa  
 D' arte e d' ingegno avanti che disserri,  
 Perch' ell' è quella che il nodo disgroppa.  
 Da Pier le tengo ; e disse mi, ch' io erri  
 Anzi ad aprir, che a tenerla serrata,  
 Pur che la gente a' piedi mi s' atterri.  
 Poi pinse l' uscio alla porta sacrata, 130  
 Dicendo : Intrate ; ma facciovvi accorti  
 Che di fuor torna chi 'ndietro si guata.  
 E quando fur ne' cardini distorti  
 Gli spigoli di quella regge sacra,  
 Che di metallo son sonanti e forti,  
 Non rugglò sì, nè si mostrò sì acra  
 Tarpeia, come tolto le fu il buono  
 Metello, donde poi rimase macra.  
 Io mi rivolsi attento al primo tuono,  
 E, *Te Deum laudamus*, mi pareva 140  
 Udir in voce mista al dolce suono.  
 Tale imagine appunto mi rendea  
 Ciò ch' i' udiva, qual prender si suole  
 Quando a cantar con organi si stea :  
 Che or sì, or no, s' intendon le parole.

<sup>9</sup> Seven impressions of the letter P. (*peccatum*), to signify the seven deadly sins.

<sup>10</sup> One is the key of *knowledge* (the silver), by which the confessor opens and deals with the secrets of the penitent's heart and life ; the other that of *authority*, by which he absolves. Hence the order in

which they are here applied.

<sup>11</sup> Dante expresses the readiness of the Divine Mercy to pardon.

<sup>12</sup> The *Erarium* or treasury of Rome was on the Tarpeian rock, which was said to have derived its name from Tarpeia, daughter of the governor of the citadel. The public treasure was stored in the

Up the three steps, and warned, 'To make request  
 That he the lock unfasten, bend thee low.'  
 I, to those sainted feet devoutly pressed,  
 Of mercy cried that he would ope to me,  
 But first I smote me thrice upon the breast.  
<sup>9</sup> Seven times upon my front he traced a P  
 With his sword's point, and, 'See, the scars of these  
 Thou wash,' he said, 'when thou within shalt be.'  
 Full well the colour of his garb agrees  
 With ashes, or dried earth when excavate,  
 And from beneath it he drew forth <sup>10</sup> two keys.  
 One was of gold; of silver was its mate;  
 He first the white and then the yellow tried,  
 Till I was right contented, on the gate.  
 'Whenever one of these two keys applied  
 Fails in the wards due turning to produce,'  
 He said, 'this avenue doth closed abide.  
 The one more costly, but the other's use  
 Ere it unlock demands more wit and skill,  
 Since this it is which can the knot unloose.  
 Of Peter hold I them, who bade ward ill,  
 When souls abased themselves my feet before,  
<sup>11</sup> Rather by opening than by closing still.'  
 Then o'er the sacred threshold thrust the door,  
 Saying 'Enter, but I warn you that without,  
 Who looks behind, returns him evermore.'  
 And when upon their sockets wrenched about  
 The hinges of that holy portal strained,  
 Of metal each sonorous framed and stout,  
 Not so for good <sup>12</sup> Metellus' loss complained  
 Tarpeia, nor so harshly groaned to vent  
 Her creaking woe, that meagre she remained.  
 When to the earliest note I turned intent,  
*We praise thee, God*, upon mine ear seemed ringing  
 From voice harmoniously to music blent.  
 So perfect image to my mind was bringing  
 What there I heard, as wont to move it when  
 With organ's louder tone we mingle singing,  
 That now the words are caught, now lost again.

vaults of the temple of Saturn. 'Caesar easily obtained authority from his subservient senate to appropriate these resources. One voice was raised against the proceeding, that of a Tribune named Metellus, a bold as well as a bitter opponent of the Marian party, whose courage at least may deserve honourable re-

cord. His official veto on the decree of the senate was contemptuously disregarded; but he placed himself before the door of the temple, and vehemently protested that the spoilers should not enter but over his body.—Merivale, *Hist. of Romans*, c. xv.

## CANTO X.

*Descrizioni di bellissimi bassi rilievi veduti in sulle pareti dell' angusta via. Preci della vedovella all' Imperatore Traiano. I Poeti vengono in luogo ove sotto gravi pesi son puniti i superbi.*

Poi fummo dentro al soglio della porta  
 Che il malo amor dell' anime disusa,  
 Perchè fa parer dritta la via torta,  
 Sonando la senti' esser richiusa :  
 E s' io avessi gli occhi volti ad essa,  
 Qual fora stata al fallo degna scusa ?  
 Noi salivam per una pietra fessa,  
 Che si moveva d' una e d' altra parte,  
 Sì come l' onda che fugge e s' appressa.  
 Qui si convien usare un poco d' arte, 10  
 Cominciò il Duca mio, in accostarsi  
 Or quinci, or quindi al lato che si parte.  
 E ciò fece li nostri passi scarsi  
 Tanto, che pria lo scemo della luna  
 Rigiunse al letto suo per ricorcarsi,  
 Che noi fossimo fuor di quella cruna.  
 Ma quando fummo liberi ed aperti  
 Su dove il monte indietro si rauna,  
 Io stancato, ed ambedue incerti  
 Di nostra via, ristemmo su in un piano 20  
 Solingo più che strade per diserti.  
 Dalla sua sponda, ove confina il vano,  
 Appiè dell' alta ripa, che pur sale,  
 Misurrebbe in tre volte un corpo umano :  
 E quanto l' occhio mio potea trar d' ale  
 Or dal sinistro ed or dal destro fianco,  
 Questa cornice mi pareva cotale.  
 Lassù non eran mossi i piè nostri anco,  
 Quand' io conobbi quella ripa intorno,  
 Che dritto di salita aveva manco, 30  
 Esser di marmo candido, e adorno  
 D' intagli sì, che non pur Policleteo,  
 Ma la natura gli averebbe scorno.

<sup>1</sup> Polycletus, one of the most celebrated statuaries of Greece, a native of Sicyon, and probably presented with the rights of citizen-

ship at Argos, in reward for his great statue of Hera in her temple there. He was contemporary with Phidias, and is said to have carried

## CANTO X.

**ARGUMENT.**—*The poets enter Purgatory. Sculptures inculcating Humility. Souls of the Proud, and their appropriate penance.*

Soon as we crossed the threshold of that gate  
 Which love of evil makes the soul disuse,  
 Causing the crooked way to seem the straight,  
 I heard the jar the closing door renews ;  
 And had I turned to look thereon, my crime  
 Where were the plea could worthily excuse ?  
 Up through a rifted rock was ours to climb,  
 That swaying did now this, now that way move,  
 Like tided wave that ebbs and flows in time.  
 ‘Here,’ said my leader, ‘it might well behoove  
 ‘That we, alternate with the off side closing  
 To humour it, our skill should something prove.  
 And this delayed our footsteps nicely chosen  
 So long, the moon her decrement inclined  
 Again upon her bed of rest reposing,  
 Ere we might up that narrow eyelet find  
 Our way. But when unstrained now and freed  
 We clomb to where the mount draws in behind,  
 I tired, and both uncertain where to speed  
 Our onward course, we halted on a plain  
 Lonelier than tracks that o’er the desert lead.  
 From where the brink confines the void inane  
 Unto the high bank’s foot that upward springs  
 Should human body measure three times ta’en ;  
 And to the point mine eye could spread its wings  
 The left flank now, and now the right to glance,  
 Like-shapen cornice to my sight it brings.  
 Our feet above had yet made none advance,  
 When I the circuit by that bank embraced,  
 That privilege to climb it nowhere grants,  
 Discerned to be of purest marble, graced  
 With sculptures such, not <sup>1</sup> Polyclete must be,  
 But Nature’s self, before them deep abased.

the ideal of human nature to its perfection, as his great Athenian rival had that of the Deities. See an

able article on Polycleitus in Dr. Smith’s *Dict. of Classical Biography and Mythology*.



L' angel che venne in terra col decreto  
 Della molt' anni lagrimata pace,  
 Che aperse il ciel dal suo lungo divieto,  
 Dinanzi a noi pareva sì verace  
 Quivi intagliato in un atto soave,  
 Che non sembiava immagine che tace.  
 Giurato si sarìa ch' ei dicesse: *Ave*; 40  
 Perchè quivi era imaginata quella,  
 Che ad aprir l' alto amor volse la chiave.  
 Ed avea in atto impressa esta favella,  
*Ecce ancilla Dei*, sì propriamente,  
 Come figura in cera si suggella.  
 Non tener pure ad un luogo la mente,  
 Disse il dolce Maestro, che m' avea  
 Da quella parte, onde il core ha la gente :  
 Perch' io mi mossi col viso, e vedea  
 Diretro da Maria, per quella costa, 50  
 Onde m' era colui che mi movea,  
 Un' altra storia nella roccia imposta :  
 Perch' io varcai Virgilio, e femmi presso :  
 Acciocchè fosse agli occhi miei disposta.  
 Era intagliato lì nel marmo stesso  
 Lo carro e i buoi traendo l' arca santa,  
 Perchè si teme ufficio non commesso.  
 Dinanzi pareva gente ; e tutta quanta  
 Partita in sette cori, a' duo miei sensi  
 Facea dicer l' un No, l' altro Sì, canta. 60  
 Similmente al fumo degl' incensi  
 Che v' era imaginato, e gli occhi e il naso  
 Ed al sì ed al no discordi fensi.  
 Lì precedeva al benedetto vaso,  
 Trescando alzato, l' umile Salmista,  
 E più e men che re era in quel caso.  
 Di contra effigiata ad una vista  
 D' un gran palazzo Micol ammirava,  
 Sì come donna dispettosa e trista.  
 Io mossi i piè del luogo dov' io stava, 70  
 Per avvisar da presso un' altra storia  
 Che diretro a Micol mi biancheggiava.  
 Quivi era storiata l' alta gloria  
 Del roman prence, lo cui gran valore  
 Mosse Gregorio alla sua gran vittoria :

<sup>2</sup> Gabriel, Luke i. 26.

<sup>3</sup> In this sculpture the poet has combined two distinct events, be-

tween which an interval of three months occurred. The removal of the ark from the house of Obed-

The <sup>2</sup> Angel sent on earth with that decree  
 Of Peace, for many a year with weeping sought,  
 Which from its long forbiddance heaven set free,  
 Before our eyes so truthfully was brought,  
 And graven in benignant art, that none  
 Had deemed he saw a speechless image wrought.  
 One would have sworn his lips had *Hail* begun,  
 Since her the sculptured stone did there record,  
 Who turned the key for heavenly love to run ;  
 And on her mien imprinted was the word,  
 As lively as a shape on wax impressed  
 For seal, *Behold the handmaid of the Lord*.  
 'Keep not thy mind to one sole place addrest,'  
 My gentle master said, who had me near  
 The side where beats the heart in human breast ;  
 Wherefore I moved my face and saw, in rear  
 Of Mary, on the side where he was set  
 Who caused my moving, other tale appear  
 Upon the rock engraved, whereof to get  
 Closer distinguishment, I Virgil crossed  
 To where mine eyes the story's order met.  
 On the same marble there <sup>3</sup> the cart embossed  
 And beeves to draw the holy ark were guided,  
 Which taught to dread the uncommitted post.  
 Before seemed hosts all in seven choirs divided,  
 Whose song 'tween two of my five senses made  
 Debate, while one for *no*, one *yes*, decided ;  
 And similarly there the smoke portrayed  
 From incense-offerings, of the *no* and *yes*  
 To eyes and nose like discrepance conveyed.  
 Before that hallowed chest in lowliness  
 Went on the Psalmist, leaping as he danced,  
 And in that plight was more than king and less.  
 On other side at windowed height advanced  
 Of stately palace, imaged with despite  
 Of haughty dame resentful, Michal glanced.  
 I moved my feet from where I stood for sight  
 More nearly placed of other storied scene  
 That after Michal on mine eye shone white.  
 Here of the Roman prince had pictured been  
 The high renown, whose worth preeminent  
<sup>4</sup> Gregory to his high triumph stirred ; I mean

Edom was evidently not on a cart.  
 Both incidents are recorded in  
 II. Samuel c. 6.

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Aquinas writes that

Gregory I. by his intercession  
 obtained grace for the soul of  
 Trajan to pass out of the infernal  
 regions to Paradise.

Io dico di Traiano imperadore ;  
 Ed una vedovella gli era al freno,  
 Di lagrime atteggiata e di dolore.  
 Dintorno a lui pareva calcato e pieno  
 Di cavalieri, e l' aquile nell' oro 80  
 Sovr' esso in vista al vento si movièno.  
 La miserella infra tutti costoro  
 Pareva dicer : Signor, fammi vendetta  
 Del mio figliuol ch' è morto, ond' io m' accoro.  
 Ed egli a lei rispondere : Ora aspetta  
 Tanto ch' io torni. Ed ella : Signor mio,  
 Come persona in cui dolor s' affretta,  
 Se tu non torni ? Ed ei : chi fia dov' io  
 La ti farà. Ed ella : L' altrui bene 90  
 A te che fia, se il tuo metti in obbligo ?  
 Ond' elli : Or ti conforta, che conviene  
 Ch' io solva il mio dovere, anzi ch' io muova :  
 Giustizia vuole e pietà mi ritiene.  
 Colui che mai non vide cosa nuova,  
 Produisse esto visibile parlare  
 Novello a noi, perchè non si truova.  
 Mentr' io mi diletta'va di guardare  
 Le immagini di tante umilitadi,  
 E per lo fabbro loro a veder care ;  
 Ecco di quà, ma fanno i passi radi, 100  
 Mormorava il Poeta, molte genti :  
 Questi ne invieranno agli alti gradi.  
 Gli occhi miei ch' a mirar erano intenti,  
 Per veder novitadi, onde son vaghi,  
 Volgendosi ver lui, non furon lenti.  
 Non vo' però, Lettor, che tu ti smaghi  
 Di buon proponimento, per udire  
 Come Dio vuol che il debito si paghi.  
 Non attender la forma del martire :  
 Pensa la succession, pensa che, a peggio, 110  
 Oltre la gran sentenza non può ire.  
 I' cominciai : Maestro, quel ch' io veggio  
 Muover a noi, non mi sembran persone,  
 E non so che, sì nel vedir vaneggio.  
 Ed egli a me : La grave condizione  
 Di lor tormento a terra gli rannicchia  
 Sì, che i miei occhi pria n' ebber tenzione.  
 Ma guarda fiso là, e disviticchia

\* Dio Cassius relates this

The Emperor Trajan.   <sup>5</sup> At his bridle went  
     A widowed wretch, whose attitude to mould  
     Both tears and sorrows had their impress lent.  
 There trampled all and filled we might behold  
     With thronging knights around him, and o'erhead  
     Still, as we looked, waved eagles wrought in gold  
 Unto the gale. It seemed the lorn one said  
     Among them all, 'My Lord, avenge me thou  
     For my dead son, o'er whom this heart has bled ;'  
 And he to answer her, 'Nay, tarry now  
     Till I return ;' and she, 'My Lord !' with moan  
     Of one whose grief doth tarriance nought allow,  
 'If thou return not back ?' and he, 'My throne  
     Who takes, shall right thee ;' and she, 'Of others' good  
     What portion thine, forgetting thus thine own ?'  
 Whence he, 'Be comforted ; 't were fit I should,  
     Or ever I stir hence, my duty do ;  
     So justice wills me, stayed by pity's mood.'  
 He, in whose sight was never aught of new,  
     Such converse visible decreed to make,  
     Novel to us, as hidden here from view.  
 While I delighted me good note to take  
     Of such humilities in sculptured row,  
     And dear to vision for the framer's sake,  
 'Lo ! yonder—but their pace they order slow—  
     A troop ;' the poet murmured ; 'we shall learn  
     From these our road to higher ranks to know.'  
 Mine eyes, that looked intently to discern  
     The' unwonted things whereon they love to stray,  
     Did toward him nothing linger to return ;  
 Nor would I, reader, thou thyself dismay,  
     Or from thy better purpose quail averse,  
     To hear how God appoints our debt to pay.  
 Heed not what form of suffering doth amerce,  
     But ponder well their later sequel ; ponder,  
     At worst, the great award annuls their curse.  
 'Master,' began I, 'that which I see yonder  
     Moving toward us seems not of human state,  
     Nor know I what, so fond my sight doth wander.'  
 And he to me, 'Their torment with its weight  
     Conditioned so contracts them to the ground,  
     As made mine eyes before of them debate.  
 But gaze till thine untwining sight have found,

anecdote of the Emperor Hadrian.

Col viso quel che vien sotto a quei sassi :  
 Già scorger puoi come ciascun si picchia. 120  
 O superbi Cristian miseri lassi,  
 Che, della vista della mente infermi,  
 Fidanza avete ne' ritrosi passi;  
 Non v' accorgete voi, che noi siam vermi  
 Nati a formar l' angelica farfalla,  
 Che vola alla giustizia senza schermi ?  
 Di che l' animo vostro in alto galla ?  
 Voi siete quasi entomata in difetto,  
 Sì come verme, in cui formazion falla.  
 Come per sostentar solaio o tetto, 130  
 Per mensola talvolta una figura  
 Si vede giunger le ginocchia al petto,  
 La qual fa del non ver vera rancura  
 Nascere a chi la vede ; così fatti  
 Vid' io color, quando posi ben cura.  
 Ver è che più e meno eran contratti,  
 Secondo ch' avean più e meno addosso.  
 E qual più pazienza avea negli atti,  
 Piangendo pareva dicer : Più non posso.

## CANTO XI.

*Parafrasi del 'Pater noster' cantata dalle anime del Purgatorio. Dante procedendo colla fida scorta incontra Umberto Aldobrandeschi, e Oderisio da Gubbio celebre miniatore, col quale ragiona a lungo. La mondana gloria è fumo ed ombra che svanisce nell' eternità.*

O PADRE nostro, che ne' cieli stai,  
 Non circoscritto, ma per più amore,  
 Che a' primi effetti di lassù tu hai,  
 Laudato sia il tuo nome e il tuo valore  
 Da ogni creatura, com' è degno  
 Di render grazie al tuo dolce vapore.  
 Vegna ver noi la pace del tuo regno,  
 Che noi ad essa non potem da noi,  
 S' ella non vien, con tutto nostro ingegno.  
 Come del suo voler gli angeli tuoi 10  
 Fan sacrificio a te, cantando Osanna,  
 Così facciano gli uomini de' suoi.  
 Dà oggi a noi la cotidiana manna,  
 Senza la qual per questo aspro deserto  
 A retro va chi più di gir s' affanna.

Him yonder coming 'neath his stony load ;  
 Now canst thou find what pecks at each to wound.  
 Proud Christians ! wretches tired of your true road,  
 That, in the vision of the mind infirm,  
 On backward steps have confidence bestowed,  
 What, know ye not that we are each a worm,  
 Of that angelic butterfly that flies  
 To justice indefeasible the germ ?  
 What floats your spirit upward thus to rise ?  
 Ye are no more than insects incomplete,  
 Like misformed grub that still an embryo lies.  
 As sometimes in a corbel's stead we greet  
 A human shape that, placed some roof to bear  
 Or ceiling, makes the knees and breast to meet,  
 Whose untruth does a true distress prepare  
 For each beholder ; fashioned thus the proud  
 I saw, when I considered them with care.  
 True is it, they were more or less embowed,  
 As more or less upon the back they bore ;  
 And who most patience in his air avowed,  
 Seemed weepingly to say, ' I can no more.'

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CANTO XI.

*ARGUMENT.—Paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer. Dante meets with  
 Humbert Aldobrandeschi ; and with Oderisi the Illuminator.  
 Provenzano Salvani.*

' OUR Father, which in heaven dost make thy dwelling  
 Not circumscribed, but of thy love immense  
 Upon thy first creations there excelling,  
 Unto thy name and thine omnipotence  
 Be rendered praise from all created things,  
 Paying due thanks to thy sweet influence.  
 Come unto us the peace thy kingdom brings,  
 Which, coming not, ourselves with all our skill  
 Attain not by our own endeavourings.  
 As unto thee thine angels of their will  
 Do sacrifice, Hosanna singing, may  
 The humankind of theirs the like fulfil.  
 The daily manna give to us this day,  
 Without the which, who hardest of our throng  
 Toils over this rough wild, goes backward way ;

E come noi lo mal che avem sofferto  
 Perdoniamo a ciascuno, e tu perdona,  
 Benigno, e non guardare al nostro merto.  
 Nostra virtù, che di leggier s' adona,  
 Non spermentar con l' antico avversaro, 20  
 Ma libera da lui, che sì la sprona.  
 Quest' ultima preghiera, Signor caro,  
 Già non si fa per noi, che non bisogna,  
 Ma per color, che dietro a noi restaro.  
 Così a sè e noi buona ramogna  
 Quell' ombre orando andavan sotto il pondo,  
 Simile a quel che talvolta si sogna,  
 Disparmente angosciate tutte a tondo,  
 E lasse su per la prima cornice, 30  
 Purgando le caligini del mondo.  
 Se di là sempre ben per noi si dice,  
 Di quà che dire e far per lor si puote  
 Da quei, ch' hanno al voler buona radice?  
 Ben si dee loro aitar lavar le note,  
 Che portar quinci, sì che mondi e lievi  
 Possano uscire alle stellate ruote.  
 Deh ! se giustizia e pietà vi disgrevi  
 Tosto, sì che possiate muover l' ala,  
 Che secondo il disio vostro vi levi, 40  
 Mostrate da qual mano in ver la scala  
 Si va più corto; e se c' è più d' un varco,  
 Quel ne insegnate che men erto cala :  
 Chè questi che vien meco, per l' incarco  
 Della carne d' Adamo, onde si veste,  
 Al montar su contra sua voglia è parco.  
 Le lor parole, che rendero a queste,  
 Che dette avea colui cu' io seguiva,  
 Non fur da cui venisser manifeste ;  
 Ma fu detto : A man destra per la riva 50  
 Con noi venite, e troverete il passo  
 Possibile a salir persona viva.  
 E s' io non fossi impedito dal sasso,  
 Che la cervice mia superba doma,  
 Onde portar conviemmi il viso basso,  
 Cotesti che ancor vive, e non si noma,  
 Guardere' io, per veder s' io 'l conosco,  
 E per farlo pietoso a questa soma.  
 I' fui Latino, e nato d' un gran Tosco :

<sup>1</sup> The Aldobrandeschi were place see on Canto vi. n. 16. The counts of Santafore, on which Siennese, maddened by the over-

And as to each we pardon suffered wrong,  
 Thou, merciful, on ours let pardon light,  
 Nor note what merit may to us belong.  
 Test not our virtue, soon o'ercome, in fight  
 With our old enemy—but from him afford  
 Deliverance, and from his goading spite.  
 This our last orison, beloved Lord,  
 No longer for ourselves, that have not need,  
 But whom we left to follow us, is poured.<sup>1</sup>  
 So praying for themselves and us good speed,  
 Those shades beneath the load upon them hurled,  
 Whose weight with burden of some dream agreed,  
 Up-rounding that first cornice all, though curled  
 With pains unequal, and with weary foot,  
 Went purging off the blackness of the world.  
 If voice of blessing there is never mute  
 For us, what word or deed can hence their pains  
 Repay, from those whose wishes have good root?  
 Our duty bids us help to wash the stains  
 They carried hence, till pure and lightened, higher  
 Unto the starry circles each attains.  
 'May justice so with pity soon conspire  
 Disburdening you, that ye the wing may move  
 To lift you, and accomplish your desire;  
 Show on which hand to reach the stair above  
 Goes shortest way, and which less steeply beareth  
 Teach us, if more than one approach there prove;  
 Since this my comrade, by the vest he weareth  
 Of Adam's flesh, his heritage, opprest,  
 Against his better will of climbing spareth.'  
 The words which they for answer then addressed  
 To his appeal, whom I was close attending,  
 From whom they came made nowise manifest;  
 But this was said; 'Come ye to right hand bending,  
 With us along this bank; ye'll find the pass  
 To living wight effectual access lending;  
 And I, were I not hindered by the mass  
 Of stone with which my haughty neck is tamed,  
 That thus compels my visage to abase,  
 Had looked on this man, living yet, nor named,  
 To see if e'er I knew him, and had wrung  
 From him the pity by this burden claimed.  
<sup>1</sup> Latin was I, from noble Tuscan sprung,

weening pride and insolence of him to be murdered in Campagna-  
 the Humbert here named, caused tico.



Guglielmo Aldobrandeschi fu mio padre :  
 Non so se il nome suo giammai fu vosco. 60  
 L' antico sangue e l' opere leggiadre  
 De' miei maggior mi fer sì arrogante,  
 Che non pensando alla comune madre,  
 Ogni uomo ebbi in dispetto tanto avanti  
 Ch' io ne mori', come i Senesi sanno,  
 E sallo in Campagnatico ogni fante.  
 Io sono Umberto : e non pure a me danno  
 Superbia fe', chè tutti i miei consorti  
 Ha ella tratti seco nel malanno.  
 E quì convien ch' io questo peso porti 70  
 Per lei, tanto che a Dio si soddisfaccia,  
 Poi ch' io nol fei tra' vivi, quì tra' morti.  
 Ascoltando, chinai in giù la faccia ;  
 Ed un di lor, non questi che parlava,  
 Si torse sotto il peso che lo impaccia :  
 E videmi e conobbemi e chiamava,  
 Tenendo gli occhi con fatica fisi  
 A me, che tutto con loro andava.  
 O, dissi lui, non se' tu Oderisi,  
 L' onor d' Agubbio, e l' onor di quell' arte 80  
 Che alluminare è chiamata in Parisi ?  
 Frate, diss' egli, più ridon le carte  
 Che pennelleggia Franco Bolognese :  
 L' onore è tutto or suo, e mio in parte.  
 Ben non sare' io stato sì cortese  
 Mentre ch' io vissi, per lo gran disio  
 Dell' eccellenza, ove mio core intese.  
 Di tal superbia quì si paga il fio ;  
 Ed ancor non sarei quì, se non fosse,  
 Che, possendo peccar, mi volsi a Dio. 90  
 O vanagloria dell' umane posse,  
 Com' poco verde in su la cima dura,  
 Se non è giunta dall' etati grosse !  
 Credette Cimabue nella pintura

<sup>2</sup> Campagnatico is situated on the river Ombrone in the Siennese. The word 'knave' in this line is used in its ancient signification of 'servant.'

<sup>3</sup> Oderisi of Agubbio or Gubbio (the ancient Ugubium) was summoned to Rome in the year 1298 by Boniface VIII, and employed, together with Giotto, in illuminating manuscripts. The perfection to which this art was carried in the thirteenth and fourteenth

centuries is well known; and the *Divina Commedia* itself was illustrated by the beautiful conceptions of Giulio Clovio. Dante resided for some time in Gubbio, and partly educated the sons of Bosone de Raffaelli of that place; he there probably formed his friendship with Oderisi.—*Sec. di Dante*, l. iv. Part 2.

<sup>4</sup> Franco Bolognese was pupil of Oderisi. He is regarded as the first artist who introduced a taste

William Aldobrandeschi called me son ;  
 I know not if his name from any tongue  
 Reached you. Mine ancient blood and bright deeds done  
 Of ancestors my soul inflated so,  
 Thought of our common mother took I none,  
 But did on every man such scorn bestow,  
 That, as Sienna knows, for that I died—  
 Knows it each knave in <sup>2</sup> Campagnatico.  
 I Humbert am ; nor me alone my pride  
 Hath harmed, but with her to bad fortune led  
 ‘ All who by lineage were to me allied.  
 And here must I for her this weight o’erhead  
 Support, until my God I here content,  
 Since not amid the living, ‘mid the dead.’  
 Then one, while I my face to listen bent  
 (’T was not the speaker) twisted him about  
 Under the load that freedom doth prevent,  
 And saw, and knew me, and my name with shout,  
 Labouring to keep his fixed eyes elevate  
 To me, who crouched to walk with him, cried out.  
 ‘ Ha ! ’ said I, ‘ art thou not <sup>3</sup> Oderisi, late  
 Agubbio’s glory, glory of the style  
 Which they of Paris term *illuminate* ? ’  
 ‘ Brother,’ he said, ‘ the pictures brighter smile  
 Pencilled by <sup>4</sup> Franco Bolognesè ; now  
 His all the land is—partly mine the while.  
 Nor had I been so courteous to allow  
 Thus much when living, for the mighty thirst  
 Of eminence which had my heart’s best vow.  
 Right dearly such a pride is here amerced ;  
 Yet here I were not, if I had not been,  
 While peccable, to God converted first.  
 O vanity of human powers ! their green—  
 How briefly doth it on the crown endure,  
 Unless dull after-ages supervene !  
 In painting <sup>5</sup> Cimabuè deemed him sure

for painting at Bologna, afterwards  
 so famous for its school. Some  
 relics of his performances are still  
 pointed out in the Museo Mal-  
 vezzi in that city.—*Secolo di Dante*,  
 l. iii. Part 1.

<sup>5</sup> Cimabue, of a noble Floren-  
 tine family, was born A.D. 1240,  
 and died in A.D. 1300. He is  
 commonly held as the father of  
 Italian, and therefore of modern,  
 painting. Lanzi compares him

and Giotto respectively to Michael  
 Angelo and Raffaello. Cimabue  
 painted in fresco and distemper.  
 His style was more masculine than  
 that of Giotto, but wants grace.  
 The peculiar turn of the poet’s ex-  
 pression indicates a reference to  
 the epitaph on Ciambue:

‘ Credidit ut Cimabos picturæ  
 castra tenere,  
 Sic tenuit vivens ; nunc tenet  
 astra poli.’

Tener lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto il grido,  
 Sì che la fama di colui oscura.  
 Così ha tolto l' uno all' altro Guido  
 La gloria della lingua ; e forse è nato  
 Chi l' uno e l' altro cacerà di nido.  
 Non è il mondan romore altro che un fiato 100  
 Di vento, che or vien quinci ed or vien quindi,  
 E muta nome, perchè muta lato.  
 Che fama avrai tu più, se vecchia scindi  
 Da te la carne, che se fossi morto  
 Innanzi che lasciassi il pappo e il dindi,  
 Pria che passin mill' anni ? ch' è più corto  
 Spazio all' eterno, che un muover di ciglia,  
 Al cerchio che più tardi in cielo è torto.  
 Colui, che del cammin sì poco piglia  
 Dinanzi a me, Toscana, sonò tutta, 110  
 Ed ora a pena in Siena sen pispiglia ;  
 Ond' era sire, quando fu distrutta  
 La rabbia fiorentina, che superba  
 Fu a quel tempo, sì com' ora è putta.  
 La vostra nominanza è color d' erba,  
 Che viene e va, e quei la discolora,  
 Per cui ell' esce della terra acerba.  
 Ed io a lui : Lo tuo ver dir m' incuora  
 Buona umiltà, e gran tumor m' appiani :  
 Ma chi è quei di cui tu parlavi ora ? 120  
 Quegli è, rispose, Provenzan Salvani :  
 Ed è quì, perchè fu presuntuoso  
 A recar Siena tutta alle sue mani.  
 Ito è così, e va senza riposo,  
 Poi che morì : cotal moneta rende  
 A soddisfar chi è di là tropp' oso.  
 Ed io : Se quello spirito che attende,  
 Pria che si penta, l' orlo della vita,  
 Laggiù dimora, e quassù non ascende,  
 Se buona orazion lui non aita, 130  
 Prima che passi tempo, quanto visse,  
 Come fu la venuta a lui largita ?  
 Quando vivea più glorioso, disse,  
 Liberamente nel campo di Siena,

\* Giotto was born of humble parents, near Florence, between the years 1270-1276. He was the personal friend of Dante, and is said to have embodied the concep-

tions of the poet in some paintings of subjects taken from the Apocalypse in the church of the Monastery of St. Clara in Naples.

' The former of these was

To keep the field ; now <sup>6</sup> Giotto has the cry,  
 And all the former's glory doth obscure.  
 Thus fame of language <sup>7</sup> one from other Guy  
 Hath reft ; and he is haply born, that bides  
 His time for driving each the nest to fly.  
 A breath of wind, coming as fortune guides,  
 Now hence, now thence, is worldly rumour all,  
 And changing name because it changeth sides.  
 What will thy fame be greater, letting fall  
 Thy flesh in age, than hadst thou died before  
 Thou' hadst left of sop and coin thy baby-call,  
 Ere thousand years have run—term scanted more  
 To match eternity, than wink compares  
 With slowest zone that heaven doth girdle o'er ?  
<sup>8</sup> Him that so tardy way before thee fares  
 All Tuscany resounded ;—scarce his own  
 Sienna now his name to whisper cares,  
 Where he sat lord <sup>9</sup> what time was overthrown  
 The Florentine's mad rage, that in those days  
 Was arrogant as now 't is strumpet grown.  
 Colour of grass is your reputed praise,  
 That comes and goes, and his the power to bleach,  
 Who can from earth the blade unripened raise.'  
 'Truthful thy word,' I said, ' my heart to teach  
 Good lowliness, and level my proud swell ;  
 But who is he, the subject of the speech ? '  
 ' 'T is Provenzan Salvani ; to dispel  
 Presumptuous thought,' he answered, ' set with us,  
 Who deemed his hands might all Sienna quell.  
 Unresting hath he gone and goeth thus  
 From his death-hour. To expiate the crime  
 Such coin pays he who lives too venturous.'  
 And I : ' If spirit that delays the time  
 Of his repentance to life's border-end  
 Lingers down there, and hither may not climb,  
 Unless some pious orison befriend,  
 Until a second lifetime run its race,  
 Say why the boon indulged him, here to wend ? '  
 ' When he,' 't was answered, ' lived in haughtiest case,  
 All shame renounced, an object for each giver

Guido Guinicelli of Bologna, per-  
 haps the earliest Italian poet. In  
 c. xxvi. Dante relates his meeting  
 with him. His fame is here said  
 to be eclipsed by that of Guido  
 Cavalcanti, the poet's personal

friend, of whom mention is made  
*Inf.* c. x. 63.

<sup>6</sup> Provenzano Salvani, an in-  
 fluent citizen of Sienna.

<sup>9</sup> At the battle of Montaperto.  
 See *Inf.* c. x. 86, and note 3.

Ogni vergogna deposta, s'affisse :  
 E lì, per trar l' amico suo di pena,  
 Che sostenea nella prigion di Carlo,  
 Si condusse a tremar per ogni vena.  
 Più non dirò, e scuro so che parlo;  
 Ma poco tempo andrà che i tuoi vicini 140  
 Faranno sì, che tu potrai chiosarlo.  
 Quest' opera gil tolse quei confini.

## CANTO XII.

*Partitisi i Poeti da Oderisi proseguono il loro viaggio da man destra, ove veggon mirabilmente scolpiti nel letto del piano molti esempj di superbia. Passano poscia nel secondo balzo in cui son puniti gl' invidiosi. L' Angelo ventilando coll' ala la fronte di Dante gli cancella un P. e il rende più leggiero al salire.*

Di pari, come buoi che vanno a giogo,  
 M' andava io con quella anima carca,  
 Fin che il sofferse il dolce pedagogo :  
 Ma quando disse : Lascia lui, e varca,  
 Chè quì è buon con la vela o co' remi,  
 Quantunque può ciascun, pinger sua barca ;  
 Dritto sì, come andar vuoi, rifemi  
 Con la persona, avvegna che i pensieri  
 Mi rimanessero e chinati e scemi.  
 Io m' era mosso, e seguia volentieri 10  
 Del mio Maestro i passi, ed ambedue  
 Già mostravam come eravam leggieri,  
 Quando mi disse : Volgi gli occhi in giù :  
 Buon ti sarà, per alleggiar la via,  
 Veder lo letto delle piante tue.  
 Come, perchè di lor memoria sia,  
 Sovr' a' sepolti le tombe terragne  
 Portan segnato quel ch' elli eran pria :  
 Onde lì molte volte se ne piagne  
 Per la puntura delle rimembranza, 20  
 Che solo a' pii dà della calcagne :  
 Sì vid' io lì, ma di miglior sembianza,

<sup>10</sup> This nameless friend of Salvani had been imprisoned by Charles I. of Naples, who, it is said, demanded 10,000 florins of gold for his ransom. The custom remains

to this day. ' Others of these disguised gentlemen of the begging-box sit at the corners of the streets, or on the steps of the churches, or wander about, enter-

He stood spontaneous in Sienna's Place,  
 And there <sup>10</sup> his friend from hardship to deliver  
 Which he endured in Charles's dungeon bound,  
 Constrained himself through every vein to shiver.  
 No more; I know my sayings darkly sound;  
<sup>11</sup> But a brief while, and them thy neighbour's act  
 Shall help thee all too rightly to expound.  
 This work redeemed him from those confines' tract.'

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CANTO XII.

ARGUMENT.—*The Poets in their journey traverse a pavement sculptured with subjects from sacred and profane history, and from mythology. They meet an angelic guide.*

In line with that o'erladen soul I moved,  
 Like oxen paired beneath a yoke to tread,  
 While yet my kind conductor so approved :  
 But when 'Press onward, leaving him,' he said,  
 'For here 't is good alike with sail and oar  
 To each man's utmost that his bark be sped,'  
 Erect, as nature wills us move, once more  
 I reared my frame; albeit my thoughts, declined  
 And mutilate, continued as before.  
 I had gone forward, and with willing mind  
 Followed my master's steps; and either vies  
 To show how light were we that path to wind;  
 When he addressed me: 'Downward turn thine eyes;  
 Thy way to lighten shall it well contrive  
 To view the bed whereon thy footing lies.'  
 As oft above the buried, to revive  
 Their memory, the groundsel slab reveals  
 In effigies what once they were alive,  
 Whence many a time the saddened gazer feels  
 Remembrance stir him there with pungent goad,  
 Though to the good alone that spur she deals,  
 So saw I there, but of more goodly mode,

ing everywhere the shops to collect  
 sums for prisoners: and among  
 these are often gentlemen of good  
 family and fortune.'—Story, *Roba*  
*di Roma*, i. p. 56.

<sup>11</sup> Alluding to the destitute con-

dition to which Dante himself  
 should be reduced; so pathetically  
 described, *Par. c. xvii.*, and lately  
 familiarised to English eyes by  
 the genius of a great painter.

Secondo l' artificio, figurato  
 Quanto per via di fuor dal monte avanza.  
 Vedeo colui che fu nobil creato  
 Più d' altra creatura, giù dal cielo  
 Folgoreggiando scendere da un lato.  
 Vedeo Briareo, fitto dal telo  
 Celestial, giacer dall' altra parte,  
 Grave alla terra per lo mortal gelo. 30  
 Vedeo Timbreo, vedeo Pallade e Marte,  
 Armati ancora, intorno al padre loro,  
 Mirar le membra de' Giganti sparte.  
 Vedeo Nembrotte appiè del gran lavoro,  
 Quasi smarrito, e riguardar le genti  
 Che in Sennaar con lui superbi foro.  
 O Niobe, con che occhi dolenti  
 Vedeo io te segnata in su la strada  
 Tra sette e sette tuoi figliuoli spenti !  
 O Saul, come in su la propria spada 40  
 Quivi parevi morto in Gelboè,  
 Che poi non sentì pioggia nè rugiada !  
 O folle Aragne, sì vedeo io te  
 Già mezza aragna, trista in su gli stracci  
 Dell' opera che mal per te si fe'.  
 O Roboam, già non par che minacci  
 Quivi il tuo segno, ma pien di spavento  
 Nel porta un carro prima che altri il cacci.  
 Mostrava ancor lo duro pavimento  
 Come Almeone a sua madre fe' caro 50  
 Parer lo sventurato adornamento.  
 Mostrava come i figli si gittaro  
 Sovra Sennacherib dentro dal tempio,  
 E come, morto lui, quivi il lasciaro.  
 Mostrava la ruina e il crudo scempio  
 Che fe' Tamiri, quando disse a Ciro :  
 Sangue sitisti, ed io di sangue t' empio.

<sup>1</sup> Satan. Compare Isaiah xiv. 12, Luke x. 18, Rev. xii. 9.

<sup>2</sup> This was his name among the immortals; men called him Ægeon. See *Inf.* c. xxxi. 98, and note. Thymbræus was a title of Apollo, derived from a place in the Troad, where savory (thymbra) abounded.

<sup>3</sup> Nimrod is found in the same circle of hell with the other giants. *Inf.* c. xxxi. 58. See Gen. xi. 2.

<sup>4</sup> The tale of Niobe is related

by Ovid, *Met.* vi. 165. The celebrated group now at Florence is thought to have been made up of statues taken from different places; the principal figures occupied the pediment of the temple to Apollo Sosianus at Rome. In the time of Pausanias people fancied they could still discern the petrified figure of the mother on Mount Sipylus, a range between Magnesia and Smyrna.

By rules of nicest art in shapes embossed  
 What from the mountain juts to spread the road.  
 I saw <sup>1</sup> *him* there of all creation most  
 Transcendent creature made, on one side dart  
 Like flash of lightning from the heaven he lost.  
 I saw <sup>2</sup> Briareus lie on the' other part  
 Pierced with celestial bolt, whose mortal chill  
 Made earth feel heavy with a mother's heart.  
 I saw Apollo, Mars, and Pallas, still  
 In armour, while their father they surrounded,  
 On scattered limbs of giants gaze at will.  
 I saw where <sup>3</sup> Nimrod stood as one astounded  
 At his huge fabric's base, on them to glare  
 Whose pride with his in Shinar was confounded.  
 O <sup>4</sup> Niobe! with eyes of what despair  
 I saw thee imaged on that floor in stone  
 Among twice seven, thy children's corpses, there!  
 O Saul! how, by thy proper sword o'erthrown,  
 Dead on <sup>5</sup> Gilboa's mountain didst thou show,  
 That since hath never rain nor dew-drop known!  
 O madly-vain <sup>6</sup> Arachne! thee I so  
 Beheld, half-spider now, desponding lean  
 Upon the ravelled web that wrought thy woe.  
 O <sup>7</sup> Rehoboam! not now with threatening mien  
 Thine image showed, but cowardly dismayed  
 Upon the car, lest others chase, was seen.  
 Showed that hard pavement how <sup>8</sup> Alcmaeon made  
 The fatal ornament seem dearly won  
 Unto his mother, for her lord betrayed.  
 Showed on <sup>9</sup> Sennacherib how either son  
 Flung him, while he within the temple knelt,  
 And how they left him there, his murder done.  
 Showed the dire carnage which <sup>10</sup> Tomÿris dealt  
 And ruin, when dead Cyrus bore the flout:  
 'With blood I quench the blood-thirst thou hast felt.'

<sup>1</sup> See I. Sam. xxxi. 6, and II. Sam. i. 21.

<sup>6</sup> For the contest of Arachne with Pallas in weaving, and her subsequent fate, see Ovid, *Met.* vi. 1.

<sup>7</sup> This incident, resulting from the murder of Adoram, the king's collector of tribute, is recorded I. Kings xii. 18.

<sup>8</sup> Alcmaeon, son of Amphiaraus, on discovering the treachery of

his mother Eriphÿle, slew her, and was haunted by the Furies in consequence.

<sup>9</sup> See II. Kings xix. 37, and Is. xxxvii. 38.

<sup>10</sup> I have accented the name of this queen as Dante writes it. She reigned over the Massagetæ, and the story of her insult over the head of Cyrus the Great is told by Herodotus, i. 205-214.



Mostrava come in rotta si fuggiro  
 Gli Assiri, poi che fu morto Oloferne,  
 Ed anche le reliquie del martiro. 60  
 Vedeva Troia in cenere e in caverne :  
 O Ilion, come te basso e vile  
 Mostrava il segno che lì si discerne !  
 Qual di pennel fu maestro e di stile,  
 Che ritraesse l'ombre e i tratti, ch' ivi  
 Mirar farièno un ingegno sottile ?  
 Morti li morti, e i vivi parean vivi.  
 Non vide me' di me chi vide il vero,  
 Quant' io calcai fin che chinato givi. 70  
 Or superbite, e via col viso altiero,  
 Figliuoli d' Eva, e non chinate il volto,  
 Sì che veggiate il vostro mal sentiero.  
 Più era già per noi del monte volto,  
 E del cammin del sole assai più speso,  
 Che non stimava l' animo non sciolto ;  
 Quando colui che sempre innanzi atteso  
 Andava, cominciò : Drizza la testa ;  
 Non è piu tempo da gir sì sospeso.  
 Vedi colà un Angel che s' appresta  
 Per venir verso noi : vedi che torna 80  
 Dal servizio del dì l' ancella sesta.  
 Di riverenza gli atti e il viso adorna,  
 Sì ch' ei diletti lo inviarci in suso :  
 Pensa che questo dì mai non raggiorna.  
 Io era ben del suo ammonir uso,  
 Pur di non perder tempo, sì che in quella  
 Materia non potea parlarmi chiuso.  
 A noi venia la creatura bella  
 Bianco vestita, e nella faccia quale  
 Par tremolando mattutina stella. 90  
 Le braccia aperse, ed indi aperse l' ale :  
 Disse : Venite ; quì son presso i gradi,  
 Ed agevolmente omai si sale.  
 A questo annunzio vengon molto radi.  
 O gente umana, per volar su nata,  
 Perchè a poco vento così cadi ?  
 Menocci ove la roccia era tagliata ;  
 Quivi mi battèo l' ale per la fronte,  
 Poi mi promise sicura l' andata.

<sup>11</sup> For the deliverance of Beth- ulia, and the death of Holofernes, see the apocryphal book of Judith.

Showed how the' Assyrian host in shameful rout  
 For <sup>11</sup> Holofernes slain had turned to flee,  
 And how the sword their massacre worked out.  
 I saw, where Troy was, caves and ashes be ;  
 O Ilion, how abject and how vile  
 Showed thee the carving which is there to see !  
 What master could with pencil or with style  
 Draw shades and lines, whose force definitive  
 To wonder there might subtlest genius wile ?  
 Dead there seemed dead, the living still to live ;  
 Who sees the truth, no better sees than I,  
 Of all I trod, while I my face to give  
 Attention bowed. Now walk with heads on high,  
 And in your pride bend not, ye sons of Eve,  
 Your looks the curse upon your path to spy !  
 More of the mountain-round did we achieve  
 Already, and of the solar way was spent  
 Far more than mind not chainless could believe,  
 When he, that ever-watchful leading went,  
 Began : ' Lift up thy head ; the moments fleet  
 Too fast to linger here thus pensive bent.  
 An angel, see, prepares with us to meet ;  
 And see, the sixth <sup>12</sup> handmaiden of the morn  
 Returns, her service to the day complete.  
 With reverence thy deeds and looks adorn,  
 That he delight our upward track to tell ;  
 And think, to-day shall ne'er again be born.'  
 Of his reminders I was customed well,  
 To waste no time, nor of that import might  
 He speak what on mine ear mysterious fell.  
 The beautiful creation, robed in white,  
 Came on to meet us, and in aspect glowing  
 Like star of morning, tremulously bright.  
 Open the arms, the wings wide open throwing,  
 ' Approach,' it said, ' the steps are near at hand,  
 Facility to climb at once bestowing.  
 At this announcement comes too spare a band ;  
 O human people, born to soar for heaven,  
 Why fall so easily, by slight gale fanned ?'  
 He led us where the scarpèd rock was riven ;  
 Here both his wings he flapped my front adown,  
 With after-promise of safe passage given.

<sup>11</sup> The Hours, in classic mythology, are described as preparing

the chariot of the sun for his daily course.

Come a man destra, per salire al monte, 100  
 Dove siede la Chiesa che soggioga  
 La ben guidata sopra Rubaconte,  
 Si rompe del montar l'ardita foga,  
 Per le scalee che si fero ad etade  
 Ch'era sicuro il quaderno e la dogà;  
 Così s'allenta la ripa che cade  
 Quivi ben ratta dall'altro girone:  
 Ma quinci e quindi l'altra pietra rade.  
 Noi volgendo ivi le nostre persone,  
*Beati pauperes spiritu*, voci 110  
 Cantaron sì che nol dirla sermone.  
 Ahi! quanto son diverse quelle foci  
 Dalle infernali; chè quivi per canti  
 S'entra, e laggiù per lamenti feroci.  
 Già montavam su per li scaglion santi,  
 Ed esser mi pareva troppo più lieve,  
 Che per lo pian non mi pareva davanti:  
 Ond'io: Maestro, di', qual cosa greve  
 Levata s'è da me, che nulla quasi  
 Per me fatica andando si riceve? 120  
 Rispose: Quando i P, che son rimasi,  
 Ancor nel volto tuo presso che stinti,  
 Saranno, come l'un, del tutto rasi,  
 Fien li tuoi piè dal buon voler sì vinti,  
 Che non pur non fatica sentiranno,  
 Ma fia diletto loro esser su pinti.  
 Allor fec'io come color che vanno  
 Con cosa in capo non da lor saputa,  
 Se non che i cenni altrui sospicar fanno;  
 Perchè la mano ad accertar s'aiuta, 130  
 E cerca e trova, e quell'ufficio adempie  
 Che non si può fornir per la veduta;  
 E con le dita della destra scempie  
 Trovai pur sei le lettere, che incise  
 Quel dalle chiavi a me sopra le tempie:  
 A che guardando il mio Duca sorrise.

<sup>13</sup> In the year 1236, M. Rubaconte da Mandella, a Milanese, and Podestà of Florence, laid the first stone of a bridge over the Arno, which structure afterwards bore his

name; he also paved the streets of Florence. The 'church' is that of St. Miniato. The poet speaks of his native place ironically as usual.

<sup>14</sup> An allusion to frauds prac-

As to the right, to scale the mountain's crown  
 Where sits the church that holds beneath her yoke  
 O'er <sup>13</sup> Rubaconte the well-guided town,  
 The bolder fervour of the climb is broke  
 By help of staircase made in safer days,  
 Ere <sup>14</sup> ledger-leaf or stamped rib tricked the folk,  
 So here the bank its sudden steep delays,  
 That else falls rapidly from other round;  
 But the tall rock does this and that side graze.  
 Our persons turning, voices there we found  
*Blessed the poor in spirit* set to sing  
 With music such, no words could tell the sound.  
 Ah me! those portal-mouths—what change they bring  
 From the infernal! Here is entry learned  
 By songs, and there by shrieks that fiercely ring.  
 Already up the sacred stair we turned,  
 And strangely seemed I lighter grown than late  
 Upon the plain I of myself discerned;  
 Whence I: 'O master, say what thing of weight  
 Is lifted off me, that in me no strain  
 Of weariness my journeying doth create?'  
 He answered: 'When the P.s which yet remain  
 Upon thy features nearly worn away  
 Like this one shall be wholly razed again,  
 So shall good-will o'ercome thy feet, that they  
 Not only shall not weary of their speed,  
 But with delight shall upward spur obey.'  
 Then, like to those who ignorant proceed  
 With thing upon their head of them unthought,  
 Save that another's signs suspicion breed,  
 Whence aid of hand to certify is brought,  
 And seeks, and finds, and so fulfils in place  
 Of sight, that office she had never wrought,  
 Did I with finger of the right hand trace  
 Distinctly six the letters which erewhile  
 He of the keys did on my brows enchase.  
 This, when he saw, provoked my guide to smile.

tised in Florence: one by tearing  
 out a leaf from the public account-  
 book, and inserting another in its  
 place; the other, by removing a

bar or rib stamped with the com-  
 mon seal of the city, and fitting  
 it to a wine-measure of smaller  
 capacity.

## CANTO XIII.

*Arrivo nella cornice seconda, ove purgasi 'il peccato d' invidia. In  
contro d' anime in cilicio e cogli occhi cuciti con fil di ferro. Com-  
passione di Dante e discorso della Sapia da Siena.*

Noi eravamo al sommo della scala,  
Ove secondamente si risega  
Lo monte, che salendo altrui dismala :  
Ivi così una cornice lega  
Dintorno il poggio, come la primaia,  
Se non che l' arco suo più tosto piega.  
Ombra non gli è, nè segno che si paia ;  
Par sì la ripa, e par sì la via schietta  
Col livido color della petraia.  
Se quì per dimandar gente s' aspetta, 10  
Ragionava il Poeta, io temo forse  
Che troppo avrà d' indugio nostra eletta.  
Poi fisamente al sole gli occhi porse ;  
Fece del destro lato al muover centro,  
E la sinistra parte di sè torse.  
O dolce lume, a cui fidanza i' entro  
Per lo nuovo cammin, tu ne conduci,  
Dicea, come condur si vuol quinc' entro :  
Tu scaldi il mondo, tu sovr' esso luci ;  
S' altra cagione in contrario non pronta, 20  
Esser den sempre li tuoi raggi duci.  
Quanto di quà per un migliaio si conta,  
Tanto di là eravam noi già iti,  
Con poco tempo, per la voglia pronta.  
E verso noi volar furon sentiti,  
Non però visti, spiriti, parlando  
Alla mensa d' amor cortesi inviti.  
La prima voce che passò volando,  
*Vinum non habent*, altamente disse,  
E dietro a noi l' andò reiterando. 30  
E prima che del tutto non s' udisse  
Per allungarsi, un' altra : I' sono Oreste,  
Passò gridando, ed anche non s' affisse.

<sup>1</sup> Dante assumes the light of the sun to be an emanation from the Divine radiance.

<sup>2</sup> The words addressed by the

mother of Jesus to her son at the marriage-feast in Cana, John ii. 3.

<sup>3</sup> Orestes, son of Agamemnon,

## CANTO XIII.

ARGUMENT.—*Second stage of Purgatory. Penance of the Envious. Meeting with Sapia.*

WE had surmounted now the staircase top  
 Where scarped a second time that hill recedes,  
 Which any climbing taint of evil drop:  
 There also round the steep a cornice leads  
 Its circling width, as did the first we gained,  
 Save that to bend the curve it sooner speeds.  
 Nor shade appears nor sculpture there sustained;  
 Clean looks the upward slope, the road-way clean,  
 With livid colour of the rock ingrained.  
 'If here we wait until a troop be seen  
 To ask,' the poet reasoned, 'I have fears  
 Our choice may find too long delay between.'  
 Then to the sun a steady gaze he rears,  
 And making the right side his motions' centre  
 Round with the left part of himself he veers.  
 'O gentle light, in whom I trusting venture  
 My novel journey, thou,' he said, 'direct  
 Whate'er the way prescribed this spot to enter;  
 Thy warmth, thy radiance, does the world reflect;  
 If no opposing cause ply urgent force,  
 Ever should man thy guiding rays expect.'  
 Already had we travelled of our course  
 As far as here is counted for a mile,  
 In little time, our ready will the source  
 To quicken, when were felt, nor seen the while,  
 Spirits to fly toward us, summoning  
 Unto love's table in a courteous style.  
 The foremost voice that passed upon the wing  
 Cried out aloud <sup>2</sup> *They have no wine*, and went  
 Behind us, still the words republishing;  
 And ere the distance wholly might prevent  
 Our hearing that, another soul flew by  
 Crying, ' <sup>3</sup> I Orestes am,' nor did relent

whose disinterested friendship with Pylades became proverbial. Venturi's objection, that the poet introduces a matricide into Pur-

gatory, is simply absurd. In the next Canto we have the words of Cain, yet we know where Dante has placed his spirit!

O, diss' io, Padre, che voci son queste?  
 E com' io dimandai, ecco la terza  
 Dicendo: Amate da cui male aveste.  
 Lo buon Maestro: Questo cinghio sferza  
 La colpa della invidia, e però sono  
 Tratte da amor le corde della ferza.  
 Lo fren vuol esser del contrario suono; 40  
 Credo che l' udirai, per mio avviso,  
 Prima che giunghi al passo del perdono.  
 Ma ficca gli occhi per l' aer ben fiso,  
 E vedrai gente innanzi a noi sedersi,  
 E ciascun è lungo la grotta assiso.  
 Allora più che prima gli occhi apersi;  
 Guarda' mi innanzi, e vidi ombre con manti  
 Al color della pietra non diversi.  
 E poi che fummo un poco più avanti,  
 Udi' gridar: Maria, ora per noi, 50  
 Gridar, Michele, e Pietro, e tutti i Santi.  
 Non credo che per terra vada ancoi  
 Uomo sì duro, che non fosse punto  
 Per compassion di quel ch' i' vidi poi:  
 Chè quando fui sì presso di lor giunto,  
 Che gli atti loro a me venivan certi,  
 Per gli occhi fui di grave dolor munto.  
 Di vil cilicio mi parean coperti,  
 E l' un sofferia l' altro con la spalla,  
 E tutti dalla ripa eran sofferti. 60  
 Così li ciechi, a cui la roba falla,  
 Stanno a' perdoni a chieder lor bisogna,  
 E l' uno il capo sopra l' altro avvalla,  
 Perchè in altrui pietà tosto si pogna,  
 Non pur per lo sonar delle parole,  
 Ma per la vista che non meno agogna;  
 E come agli orbi non approda il sole,  
 Così all' ombre, dov' io parlav' ora.  
 Luce del ciel di se largir non vuole;  
 Chè a tutte un fil di ferro il ciglio fora, 70  
 E cuce sì, come a sparvier selvaggio  
 Si fa, però che queto non dimora.  
 A me pareva andando fare oltraggio,  
 Vedendo altrui, non essendo veduto:  
 Perch' io mi volsi al mio consiglio saggio.  
 Ben sapev' ei, che volea dir lo muto;

\* These are the words of our

Its speed. 'O sire, what voices these?' said I.  
And while I questioned, lo! the third, to urge  
'Love them that work you evil,' sounded nigh.  
'Lashes around this ring of envy purge  
The fault,' my gracious master said; 'from love  
Are therefore drawn the cords to shape their scourge.  
Sound contrary to this their rein must prove;  
And thou shalt hear it, as I well surmise,  
Ere thou the pass of pardon reach above.  
But through the air set fixedly thine eyes,  
Thou 'lt see beyond us crouching on the floor  
A people seated each along the rise.'  
Mine eyes I opened wider than before,  
And onward looked, and shades in mantles spied  
Of hue none other than the rock-reef bore;  
And when we had a brief way further hied,  
I heard a crying, 'Mary, pray for us,  
Pray, Michael, Peter, and all saints,' they cried.  
Walks not upon the earth man hardened thus  
Of heart, I trow, that pity had not stung  
For what I more beheld so dolorous,  
That when upon their line my footsteps hung  
So nigh, their movements came unto me cleared,  
With very crush of grief mine eyes were wrung.  
Clad in coarse haircloth all to me appeared,  
And one the other shouldered for support,  
And all to feel the bank's support were reared.  
So stand the blind when sustenance falls short,  
On pardon days, to beg the bread they need,  
And one o'er other stoops the head, to court  
The pity they more quickly strive to breed  
In others, not by sound alone of words,  
But by the view that can as keenly plead.  
And to the sightless as the sun affords  
No beam, so to the shadows, where I now  
Was speaking, heavenly light no gift accords;  
For threads of iron piercing every brow  
Sew up the lids, as falcon lately caught  
Is blinded, his unquiet heart to bow.  
To me it seemed that I but outrage wrought,  
For others' sight, unseen myself, to come,  
Whence counsel, turning to the wise, I sought.  
Well he divined what would have asked the dumb,

Saviour himself, Matt. v. 44.



E però non attese mia dimanda ;  
 Ma disse : Parla, e sii breve ed arguto.  
 Virgilio mi venia da quella banda  
 Della cornice, onde cader si puote, 80  
 Perchè da nulla sponda s' inghirlanda :  
 Dall' altra parte m' eran le devote  
 Ombre, che per l' orribile costura  
 Premevan sì, che bagnavan le gote.  
 Volsimi a loro, ed : O gente sicura,  
 Incominciai, di veder l' alto lume  
 Che il disio vostro sole ha in sua cura :  
 Se tosto grazia risolva le schiume  
 Di vostra coscienza, sì che chiaro  
 Per esta scenda della mente il fiume, 90  
 Ditemi, che mi fia grazioso e caro,  
 S' anima è quì tra voi, che sia latina;  
 E forse a lei sarà buon, s' io l' apparò.  
 O frate mio, ciascuna è cittadina  
 D' una vera città ; ma tu vuoi dire,  
 Che vivesse in Italia peregrina.  
 Questo mi parve per risposta udire  
 Più innanzi alquanto, che là dov' io stava ;  
 Ond' io mi feci ancor più là sentire.  
 Tra l' altre vidi un ombra che aspettava 100  
 In vista ; e se volesse alcun dir : Come ?  
 Lo mento, a guisa d' orbo, in su levava.  
 Spirto, diss' io, che per salir ti dome,  
 Se tu se' quelli che mi rispondesti,  
 Fammiti conto o per luogo o per nome.  
 I' fui Senese, rispose, e con questi  
 Altri rimondo qui la vita ria,  
 Lagrimando a Colui, che sè ne presti.  
 Sava non fui, avvegna che Sapia  
 Fossi chiamata, e fui degli altrui danni 110  
 Più lieta assai, che di ventura mia.  
 E perchè tu non credi ch' io t' inganni,  
 Odi se fui, com' io ti dico, folle.  
 Già discendendo l' arco de' miei anni,  
 Erano i cittadin miei presso a Colle  
 In campo giunti co' loro avversari,  
 Ed io pregava Dio di quel ch' ei volle.

\* Sapia was a Siennese lady, living in banishment at Collè, and probably feeling deeply the injustice of her exile. The play upon her name is common to

Dante with other great poets who have indulged in such verbal sarcasms; and such have given and will give rise to carping criticisms of critics like Venturi.

Wherefore, not waiting my demand, he said  
 At once, 'Speak pointedly words brief in sum.'  
 Virgil walked by me, where the cornice led  
 That side from which it easy were to fall,  
 Because no bordering rim hath garlanded.  
 On the' other were those godly spirits all  
 Whose bursting sorrow down their cheeks they poured  
 In tears that forced the ghastly seam-work's thrall.  
 I turned me to them, and 'O race assured—'  
 Began,—'to see the true light face to face,  
 The only wish your longings care to hoard,  
 So may from off your conscience timely grace  
 Remove the scum, until the mental flow  
 Gush through it undefiled to higher place,  
 Tell me, and thus a precious boon bestow,  
 If here 'mid you a Latin soul ye ken,  
 Whom it shall haply profit, if I know.'  
 'O brother mine, each soul is citizen  
 Of one true city; but thy speech inferred  
 Who lived in Italy, a pilgrim then.'  
 Me seemèd, I for answer got this word  
 Some space beyond the spot whereon I stood,  
 Wherefore I nearer yet my step made heard,  
 And there amid the rest a shape I viewed  
 Waiting in look. If any would enquire  
 How so? the chin, as is the blind man's mood,  
 It lifted. 'Soul,' I said, 'that to aspire  
 Tamest thyself, if thou mine answerer be,  
 Thy place or name reveal to my desire.'  
 'I, of Sienna once, am here,' said she,  
 'Mid these, to clean my guilty life from spot,  
 Weeping to Him that of Himself gives free.  
 Though named <sup>5</sup> Sapia, sapient was I not;  
 And more abundant joy for others' woes  
 I felt, than for mine own auspicious lot.  
 And lest thou deem that I by craft impose,  
 Hear if I were not all the fool I tell.  
 My years their arch now bending to the close,  
 My townsmen nigh to <sup>6</sup> Collè, as befel,  
 Were with their adversaries joined in fight,  
 And I besought of God what pleased him well.

<sup>5</sup> At Collè the Siennese were routed by the troops of Florence in the year 1269; and Provenzano Salvani, falling into their hands

there, was beheaded. Collè was once a place of wealth and importance, situated on Val d' Elsa, thirty miles from Florence.

Rotti fur quivi, e volti negli amari  
 Passi di fuga, e veggendo la caccia,  
 Letizia presi ad ogni altra dispari : 120  
 Tanto ch' io levai in su l' ardità faccia :  
 Gridando a Dio : Omai più non ti temo,  
 Come fa il merlo per poca bonaccia.  
 Pace volli con Dio in su lo stremo  
 Della mia vita ; ed ancor non sarebbe  
 Lo mio dover per penitenzia scemo,  
 Se ciò non fosse : che a memoria m' ebbe  
 Pier Pettinagno in sue sante orazioni,  
 A cui di me per caritate increbbe.  
 Ma tu chi se' che nostre condizioni 130  
 Vai dimandando, e porti gli occhi sciolti,  
 Sì come io credo, e spirando ragioni ?  
 Gli occhi, diss' io, mi fieno ancor quì tolti ;  
 Ma picciol tempo, chè poca è l' offesa  
 Fatta per esser con invidia volti.  
 Troppa è più la paura, ond' è sospesa  
 L' anima mia, del tormento di sotto,  
 Che già lo incarco di laggiù mi pesa.  
 Ed ella a me : Chi t' ha dunque condotto  
 Quassù tra noi, se giù ritornar credi ? 140  
 Ed io : Costui ch' è meco, e non fa motto :  
 E vivo sono ; e però mi richiedi,  
 Spirito eletto, se tu vuoi ch' io muova  
 Di là per te ancor li mortai piedi.  
 O questa è ad udir sì cosa nuova,  
 Rispose, che gran segno è che Dio t' ami ;  
 Però col prego tuo talor mi giova.  
 E chieggioti per quel che tu più brami,  
 Se mai calchi la terra di Toscana,  
 Che a' miei propinqui tu ben mi rinfami. 150  
 Tu gli vedrai tra quella gente vana  
 Che spera in Talamone, e perderagli  
 Più di speranza, che a trovar la Diana ;  
 Ma più vi metteranno gli ammiragli.

<sup>1</sup> Pietro Pettinajo was a Florentine hermit of great celebrity.

<sup>2</sup> The Siennese, having obtained possession of Talamone, a stronghold on the sea-board of the Siennese

Maremma, flattered themselves with the notion of becoming a naval power. To this the poet alludes in the last line of this Canto ; their admirals, who were annually

There were they routed, and the steps of flight  
 Trod bitterly ; and I that saw where rolled  
 The chase, drank in so measureless delight,  
 To heaven I turned my face, untimely bold,  
 And cried to God, " Thy fear I now disown,"  
 Even as the blackbird at brief calm of old.  
 I courted peace with God, when life had flown  
 Unto her confine ; but to raze my debt  
 Not to this hour might penitence atone,  
 Had not the <sup>7</sup> Combmaker, good Peter, set  
 Memory of me within his sainted prayers,  
 Whose charity my wants with pity met.  
 But who art thou, that questioning, how fares  
 Our state, art wending, and as I divine,  
 With eyes unsewed, and talk that breath upbears ? '  
 ' Even here,' I said, ' shall sin mine eyes confine,  
 But for a brief time only ; to address  
 Their glance to envy, small offence was mine ;  
 Far, far more anxiously doth fear distress  
 My soul misdoubting of that nether pain,  
 So does their load below already press.'  
 And she to me, ' If thou expect again  
 To sink, who led thee to our upper seat ? '  
 And I, ' 'T was this one, who doth mute remain  
 By me, that am alive ; do thou entreat,  
 Spirit elect, if thou wilt have me do  
 Aught *there* to friend thee, moving mortal feet.'  
 ' Ah ! this,' she answered, ' is a thing so new  
 To hear—'t is mighty proof God holds thee dear.  
 Then let thy sometime prayer my help ensue ;  
 And if to Tuscan land again thou steer  
 Thy steps, I beg by that thou cravest most,  
 Unto my kindred my report make clear.  
 Thou 'lt see them in that empty-minded host  
 That hopes in <sup>8</sup> Talamon, and there shall waste  
 More hope, that on <sup>9</sup> Diana's fountain lost,  
 Yet more shall be by the' admirals misplaced.'

appointed, many of them falling victims to the insalubrious climate.

<sup>7</sup> The people of Sienna, whom Dante (*Inf.* c. xxix. 131) satirises

for their emptiness, wasted much time and money in digging for a supposed subterraneous spring under their city, called the Diana.

## CANTO XIV.

*Nella stessa cornice degli Invidiosi incontra il Poeta Guido del Duca e Mess. Rinieri da Calboli: imprecazione contro Toscana ed annunzio tremendo ai Fiorentini. Piaghe di Romagna, e menzione d' antiche famiglie. Esemplj di spavento per rattener l' uomo entro sua meta.*

CHI è costui che il nostro monte cerchia,  
 Prima che morte gli abbia dato il volo,  
 Ed apre gli occhi a sua voglia e coperchia?  
 Non so chi sia; ma so ch' ei non è solo:  
 Dimandal tu che più gli t' avvicini,  
 E dolcemente, sì che parli, accôlo.  
 Così duo spirti, l' uno all' altro chini,  
 Ragionavan di me ivi a man dritta;  
 Poi fer li visi, per dirmi, supini:  
 E disse l' uno: O anima, che fitta 10  
 Nel corpo ancora, in ver lo ciel ten vai,  
 Per carità ne consola, e ne ditta,  
 Onde vieni, e chi se': chè tu ne fai  
 Tanto maravigliar della tua grazia,  
 Quanto vuol cosa, che non fu più mai.  
 Ed io: Per mezza Toscana si spazia  
 Un fiumicel che nasce in Falterona,  
 E cento miglia di corso nol sazia.  
 Di sovr' esso rech' io questa persona:  
 Dirvi chi sia, sarìa parlare indarno;  
 Chè il nome mio ancor molto non suona. 20  
 Se ben lo intendimento tuo accarno  
 Con lo intelletto, allora mi rispose  
 Quei che prima dicea, tu parli d' Arno.  
 E l' altro disse a lui: Perchè nascose  
 Questi il vocabol di quella rivera,  
 Per com' uom fa dell' orribili cose?  
 E l' ombra che di ciò dimandata era,  
 Si sdebitò così: Non so, ma degno  
 Ben è che il nome di tal valle pera: 30  
 Chè dal principio suo, dov' è sì pregno  
 L' alpestro monte, ond' è tronco Peloro,

<sup>1</sup> Falterona is an enormous rocky mass in the chain of the Apennines, from the summit of which both seas, the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, are visible. I have followed the majority of commentators in understanding the epithet 'pregno,' v. 31, of

## CANTO XIV.

ARGUMENT.—*The poets encounter Guy del Duca and Reignier de Calboli. Satirical description of the course of the Arno. Voices of Cain and Aglauros.*

‘WHO’S he that doth our mountain’s orbit measure  
 Ere liberal death have made the flight his own,  
 And opes the eyes and closes at his pleasure?’  
 ‘I know not who, yet know him not alone;  
 Demand it thou, as more within his reach,  
 And win thine answer by a gentle tone.’  
 Even thus two spirits, each inclined on each,  
 Upon the right hand there held conference  
 Of me, then turned their faces up for speech.  
 And one accosted: ‘Soul, i’ the body’s fence  
 That hampered yet thy way toward heaven art taking,  
 For charity, console and tell us whence  
 Thou journeyest, and who thou art, so making  
 Our minds to thrill with wonder at thy grace,  
 As thing before unparagoned is waking.’  
 And I: ‘A rill o’er Tuscany’s mid space  
 Careereth, born in <sup>1</sup> Falterona first,  
 Nor sateth it with hundred miles of race.  
 This shape of mine was on its margin nursed;  
 But for my name which yet is little heard,  
 ’T were idle talk by me to you rehearsed.’  
 ‘If that mine apprehension hath inferred,’  
 The first to speak replied, ‘thy meaning well  
 Digesting, then of Arno is thy word.’  
 And thus to him the other: ‘Why to tell  
 That river’s rightful name did he avoid,  
 As man is wont to hide things horrible?’  
 And such the words the questioned shade employed  
 For his devoir: ‘I know not, but beseems  
 It well, such valley’s name were clean destroyed,  
 Since from its well-head, where so pregnant teems  
 That mountain-chain whence is <sup>2</sup> Pelorus’ seat,

copious waters issuing; but with considerable doubts whether it do not describe the mountain-swell in that region.

<sup>2</sup> Pelorus, the north-eastern promontory of Sicily, which the poet with geological truth assumes to have continued the Apennine range.

Che in pochi luoghi passa oltra quel segno,  
 Infin là, 've si rende per ristoro  
 Di quel che il ciel della marina asciuga,  
 Ond' hanno i fiumi ciò che va con loro,  
 Virtù così per nimica si fuga  
 Da tutti, come biscia, o per sventura  
 Del loco, o per mal uso che li fruga :  
 Ond' hanno sì mutata lor natura 40  
 Gli abitator della misera valle,  
 Che par che Circe gli avesse in pastura.  
 Tra brutti porci, più degni di galle,  
 Che d' altro cibo fatto in uman uso,  
 Dirizza prima il suo povero calle.  
 Botoli trova poi, venendo giuso,  
 Ringhiosi più che non chiede lor possa,  
 Ed a lor disdegnosa torce il muso.  
 Vassi caggendo, e quanto ella più ingrossa,  
 Tanto più trova di can farsi lupi 50  
 La maladetta e sventurata fossa.  
 Discesa poi per più pelaghi cupi,  
 Trova le volpi sì piene di froda  
 Che non temono ingegno che le occupi.  
 Nè lascerò di dir, perch' altri m' oda :  
 E buon sarà costui, se ancor s' ammenta  
 Di ciò, che vero spirto mi disnoda.  
 Io veggio tuo nipote, che diventa  
 Cacciator di quei lupi, in su la riva  
 Del fiero fiume, e tutti li sgomenta. 60  
 Vende la carne loro, essendo viva ;  
 Poscia gli ancide come antica belva :  
 Molti di vita, e sè di pregio priva.  
 Sanguinoso esce della trista selva ;  
 Lasciala tal, che di qui a mill' anni  
 Nello stato primaio non si rinselva.  
 Come all' annunzio de' futuri danni  
 Si turba il viso di colui che ascolta,  
 Da qualche parte il periglio lo assanni ;  
 Così vid' io l' altr' anima, che volta 70  
 Stava ad udir, turbarsi e farsi trista,  
 Poi ch' ebbe la parola e sè raccolta.  
 Lo dir dell' una, e dell' altra la vista

\* The enchantments of Circe  
 are said to have changed the  
 human victims of her seduction to  
 brutes. See Homer, *Od.* x. 135.

† The inhabitants of Arezzo.  
 \* The poet's own countrymen of  
 Florence.

Few are the spots he marks with ampler streams,  
 To where its way for recompense is bent  
 Of that the sky from off the seaboard wrings,  
 Whence bear the rivers each his complement,  
 Do all from virtue, as 'twere snake that stings,  
 Shrink like a foe, whether misfortune strange  
 Of soil corrupts, or evil custom brings  
 The goad, whereby of nature have such change  
 The dwellers in that vale of wretchedness,  
 As charmed by <sup>3</sup> Circe in her parks to range.  
 'Mid brutish swine, more worthy far to mess  
 On acorns, than the food that fits mankind,  
 She first her needy path does onwards press;  
 Then stoops <sup>4</sup> a breed of mongrel curs to find,  
 With grin more savage than their power hath pitch,  
 And with a scornful twist leaves them behind;  
 Then falling, as the more in waters rich  
 She swells, the more discovers, <sup>5</sup> wolves are made  
 Of dogs, that cursèd evil-omened ditch.  
 Thence farther down, in murkier gulfs embayed,  
 She finds <sup>6</sup> the foxes so complete in guile,  
 They fear no subtler craft that can invade.  
 Nor I, that others hear, will less revile;  
 What my true spirit unravels, that he call  
 To mind hereafter shall be worth his while.  
 I see thy <sup>7</sup> grandson, whom it doth befall  
 Those wolves as hunter o'er the bank to drive  
 Of the fierce river, and the hearts of all  
 To cow; their flesh he barter, yet alive,  
 Then slaughters them, like time-worn beef, for food;  
 Many of life, himself he doth deprive  
 Of honour, bloodstained quits the' accursèd wood;  
 He leaves it such that not in thousand years  
 From now its ancient prime it shall make good.'  
 As troubled grows the face of him who hears,  
 In some announcement of disastrous doom,  
 What side the threatening tusk this peril rears,  
 So I beheld that other soul assume  
 At gathering up the tale, to which addrest  
 It turned to hearken, troubled air of gloom.  
 The word of one, the other's mien impressed

<sup>3</sup> The Pisans are thus characterised.

<sup>7</sup> In the year 1302 Fulcieri de' Calboli held the office of Podestà in Florence. He is said to have

been bribed by the faction of the Neri to put to death or imprison the chiefs of the opposite party, the Bianchi.



Mi fe' voglioso di saper lor nomi,  
 E dimanda ne fei con prieghi mista.  
 Perchè lo spirto, che di pria parlomi,  
 Ricominciò : Tu vuoi ch' io mi deduca  
 Nel fare a te ciò, che tu far non vuomi ;  
 Ma da che Dio in te vuol che traluca  
 Tanta sua grazia, non ti sarò scarso : 80  
 Però sappi ch' io son Guido del Duca.  
 Fu il sangue mio d' invidia sì riarso,  
 Che se veduto avessi uom farsi lieto,  
 Visto m' avresti di livore sparso.  
 Di mia semenza cotal paglia mieto.  
 O gente umana, perchè poni il core  
 Là 'v' è mestier di consorto divieto ?  
 Questi è Rinier ; quest' è il pregio e l' onore  
 Della casa da Calboli, ove nullo  
 Fatto s' è reda poi del suo valore. 90  
 E non pur lo suo sangue è fatto brullo  
 Tra il Po e il monte, è la marina e il Reno,  
 Del ben richiesto al vero ed al trastullo ;  
 Chè dentro a questi termini è ripieno  
 Di venenosi sterpi, sì che tardi  
 Per coltivare omai verrebbero meno.  
 Ov' è il buon Lizio, ed Arrigo Manardi,  
 Pier Traversaro, e Guido di Carpigna ?  
 O Romagnuoli tornati in bastardi !  
 Quando in Bologna un Fabbro si ralligna ? 100  
 Quando in Faenza un Bernardin di Fosco,  
 Verga gentil di picciola gramigna ?  
 Non ti maravigliar, s' io piango, Tosco,  
 Quando rimembro con Guido da Prata  
 Ugolin d' Azzo, che vivette nosco :  
 Federigo Tignoso e sua brigata ;  
 La casa Traversara, e gli Anastagi ;

\* Little is known of Guy del Duca, except that his native place was Brettinoro in Romagna ; and that after his death Henry Maynard caused the bench on which he sat (as his assessor?) to be broken up, saying that he could nowhere find a man of equal probity to succeed him.

\* Nothing is known of this Reignier. The Calboli were lords of Brettinoro, which in 1306 came into the power of the commons of

Forli.

<sup>10</sup> The Reno rises on the east side of the Apennine, and flows northward until it joins the Po at Ferrara. The poet here delineates Romagna geographically.

<sup>11</sup> For notice of Arrigo Mainardi, see above, note 8.

<sup>12</sup> Lizio di Valbona, known for his liberality and other virtues.

<sup>13</sup> Pietro Traversaro was one of the ancient and noble house of that name in Ravenna.

On me great wishfulness to know their name ;  
 For this with mingling prayers I made request.  
 Wherefore the soul that hailed me first became  
 Again the speaker : ' Thou wouldst bring me low  
 To do thy will, nor wilt for me the same ;  
 But since so bright in thee God wills to show  
 His grace, I will not niggard be to foil  
 Thine aim. In me, then,<sup>8</sup> Guy del Duca know ;  
 My blood with envy did so fiercely boil  
 Only to witness others' joyous laugh,  
 Thou hadst beheld the livid spot to soil  
 My face. I sowed, and thus I reap, the chaff.  
 O human-kind ! why turn the heart aside  
 Where 't is forbid that partner go thy half ?  
 This<sup>9</sup> Regnier is, the glory and the pride  
 Of Calboli's great house, where none to heir  
 His worthiness hath risen since he died.  
 And not his blood alone is rendered bare,  
 'Tween Po, the mountain,<sup>10</sup> Reno, and the shore,  
 O' the good both sport and earnest need to share.  
 Within those bounds is all so tangled o'er  
 With venom'd sprouts, to cultivate the wild  
 Were now but tardy means that crop to lower.  
 Where's<sup>11</sup> Henry Maynard,<sup>12</sup> Licio, virtue's child,  
<sup>13</sup> Traversaro's,<sup>14</sup> Guy Carpigna's old repute ?  
 Ah ! Romagnuole, with bastard slips defiled !  
 What time Bologna sees a smith take root,  
 Faenza a<sup>15</sup> Bernardin di Fosco born  
 Her own, of meanest herb the gentle shoot,  
 Wonder thou not, O Tuscan, if I mourn  
 Remembering how with Guy da<sup>17</sup> Prata bred  
<sup>18</sup> Ugolino d'Azzo did our life adorn ;  
 Frederic Tignoso, and the troop he led,  
 The Traversaran,<sup>19</sup> Anastasian lines,

Their line ended in an heiress  
 named Traversara, who wedded  
 the exiled Stephen, son of An-  
 drew II., King of Hungary.—*Secolo*  
*di D.*, l. i. p. 1.

<sup>14</sup> Guido di Carpigna was of  
 Montefeltro, lord of an imperial  
 fief in that district, but seems to  
 have lived in Brettinoro.

<sup>15</sup> This man's name is said to  
 have been Lambertaccio. His  
 merits had all but raised him to  
 absolute power in Bologna.

<sup>16</sup> Of him I suppose nothing  
 more is known than that he was  
 of mean extraction. M. Arriva-  
 bene does not mention him.

<sup>17</sup> Prata, a place between Faenza  
 and Ravenna.—*Volpi*.

<sup>18</sup> Ugolino d'Azzo and Federigo  
 Tignoso are apparently known  
 only by the poet's mention of them  
 here.

<sup>19</sup> The Anastagi, as the Tra-  
 versari, were nobles of Ravenna.

E l' una gente e l' altra è diretata.  
 Le donne e i cavalier, gli affanni, e gli agi,  
 Che ne invogliava amore e cortesia, 110  
 Là dove i cuor son fatti sì malvagi.  
 O Brettinoro, chè non fuggi via,  
 Poichè gita se n' è la tua famiglia,  
 E molta gente per non esser ria?  
 Ben fa Bagnacaval, che non rifiglia,  
 E mal fa Castrocaro, e peggio Conio,  
 Che di figliar tai Conti più s' impiglia.  
 Ben faranno i Pagan, dacchè il Demonio  
 Lor sen girà; ma non però che puro  
 Giammai rimanga d' essi testimonio. 120  
 O Ugolin de' Fantoli, sicuro  
 E il nome tuo, da che più non s' aspetta  
 Chi far lo possa tralignando oscuro.  
 Ma va via, Tosco, omai, ch' or mi diletta  
 Troppo di pianger più che di parlare,  
 Sì m' ha nostra ragion la mente stretta.  
 Noi sapevam che quell' anime care  
 Ci sentivano andar: però tacendo  
 Facevan noi del cammin confidare.  
 Poi fummo fatti soli procedendo, 130  
 Folgore parve, quando l' aer fende,  
 Voce che giunse di contra, dicendo:  
 Anciderammi qualunque m' apprende;  
 E fuggìo, come tuon che si dilegua,  
 Se subito la nuvola scoscende.  
 Come da lei l' udir nostro ebbe tregua,  
 Ed ecco l' altra con sì gran fracasso,  
 Che somigliò tonar che tosto segua:  
 Io sono Aglauro, che divenni sasso.  
 Ed allor per instringermi al Poeta, 140  
 Indietro feci e non innanzi il passo.  
 Già era l' aura d' ogni parte queta,  
 Ed ei mi disse: Quel fu il duro camo,  
 Che dovria l' uom tener dentro a sua meta.

<sup>20</sup> Bagnacavallo, Castrocaro, and Conio, were castles or lordships in Romagna, and we gather from Dante's allusion to them here that they were possessed by worthless masters, of the same type, probably, with those robber-chieftains whose ruined haunts still overhang the Rhine and its tributaries.

<sup>21</sup> Mainardo Pagani da Susinana governed Casena for some time. Dexterous and astute, he contrived to play the part of a Ghibelline in Romagna and of a Guelph in Tuscany. His cunning seems to have gained him the name of Il Demonio.

That both and each are now disherited !  
 Ladies and knights, the toil, the rest, designs  
 Prompting in us of love and courtesy,  
 Where now each heart to naughtiness inclines !  
 O Brettinoro, wherefore slow to flee,  
 Since now with many more, the taint to shun,  
 Thy lineal house hath torn itself from thee ?  
<sup>20</sup> Bagnacaval, unchilding, well hath done,  
 And ill does Castrocaro, Conio worse,  
 The more it strains to yield such Counts a son.  
 When the <sup>21</sup> Pagani from their demon-curse  
 Are freed, they shall do well, yet not so pure  
 Abide their witness, that no stain asperse.  
 O <sup>22</sup> Ugolin de' Fantoli, secure  
 Is thy good name, that unexpectant art  
 Of such degenerate seed as might obscure.  
 But, Tuscan, go thy ways ; it heals the smart  
 More now to sorrow than to speak again,  
 With which our communing hath wrung my heart.'  
 We knew that our departure was made plain  
 To those dear spirits ; thus by silence they  
 Confirmed us of our road. When now we twain  
 Became once more alone upon our way,  
 Shot like the levin, aery cleft that maketh,  
 A voice encountering our front, to say,  
<sup>23</sup> ' He shall my blood spill, whosoever taketh.'  
 Then like a thunder-clap was hurried past  
 Bursting, when suddenly the storm-cloud breaketh.  
 Scarce had our hearing respite from the last,  
 And lo ! the second—with so loud a shock,  
 Peal upon peal like thunder following fast :  
 ' I am <sup>24</sup> Aglauros, who was turned to rock.'  
 Then forward I no more, but backward stept,  
 My hand within the poet's fain to lock.  
 Again the air around us tranquil slept ;  
 And he : ' The rigorous muzzle there went by,  
 Whence man should to his proper bounds be kept.

<sup>22</sup> This person was of Faenza in Romagna.

<sup>23</sup> See Gen. iv. 14.

<sup>24</sup> Aglauros, daughter of Erechtheus, king of Athens, envied her sister Herse, the beloved of Mercury. See Ovid, *Met.* ii. Here let me observe that the criticism which would object to such combinations as that of Cain and

Aglauros is lamentably shallow. The poet's philosophy lies far deeper ; he brings the earliest examples known to him, historical or legendary, sacred or profane, to express the verdict of the universal human conscience, the law written in the heart, on such qualities as Pride and Envy.

Ma voi prendete l' esca, sì che l' amo  
 Dell' antico avversario a sè vi tira ;  
 E però poco val freno e richiamo.  
 Chiamavi il cielo, e intorno vi si gira,  
 Mostrandovi le sue bellezze eterne,  
 E l' occhio vostro pure a terra mira ;  
 Onde vi batte chi tutto discerne.

150

## CANTO XV.

*Ammaestati dall' Angelo lo cui splendore abbaglia Dante, i due Poeti  
 sagliono al terso balzo dove è punita l' ira. Estasi meravigliosa  
 di Dante e ammonimenti di Virgilio. Si leva un denso fumo che  
 toglie il vedere oltre.*

QUANTO tra l' ultimar dell' ora terza,  
 E il principio del dì par della spera,  
 Che sempre a guisa di fanciullo scherza,  
 Tanto pareva già in ver la sera  
 Essere al sol del suo corso rimaso ;  
 Vespero là, e quì mezza notte era.  
 E i raggi ne ferman per mezzo il naso,  
 Perchè per noi girato era sì il monte,  
 Ghe già dritti andavamo in ver l' occaso ;  
 Quand' io senti' a me gravar la fronte  
 Allo splendore assai più che di prima,  
 E stupor m' eran le cose non conte :  
 Ond' io levai le mani in ver la cima  
 Delle mie ciglia, e fecimi il solecchio,  
 Che del soverchio visibile lima.  
 Come quando dall' acqua o dallo specchio  
 Salta lo raggio all' opposita parte,  
 Salendo su per lo modo parecchio  
 A quel che scende, e tanto si diparte  
 Dal cader della pietra in igual tratta,  
 Sì come mostra esperienza e arte ;  
 Così mi parve da luce rifratta  
 Ivi dinanzi a me esser percosso,  
 Perchè a fuggir la mia vista fu ratta.  
 Che è quel, dolce Padre, a che non posso

10

20

<sup>1</sup> Dante here follows the ancient geographers, who placed the Ebro in Spain at ninety degrees W. of Jerusalem; he therefore makes

But still ye take the bait, and thus to ply  
 His hook your ancient foe hath profit found,  
 That nought avails reclaim or curb to try.  
 What if heaven call you, and revolve around  
 His own eternal beauties in your eyes?  
 Yet shall they stubborn fix them on the ground;  
 Whence He, the' ALLSEEING, doth your sin chastise.'

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CANTO XV.

ARGUMENT.—*Evening. Approach of an Angel. Conversation  
 of the Poets. Dante's Vision.*

THE <sup>1</sup> third hour's ending from the dawn to sever  
 What seemeth of that sphere to intervene,  
 Which, restless as a child, disports it ever,  
 So much till eventide seemed now between,  
 Remaining to the sun his course to close,  
 'T was evening there, what here had midnight been;  
 And the low sunbeams smote us 'mid the nose,  
 For so the mountain had we circled round,  
 That right against the sunset now we rose;  
 When I my forehead more than erewhile found  
 Sink heavily before the dazzling blaze,  
 And things unfathomed were to me a stound;  
 Whence I my hands did to the arch upraise  
 Of mine own brows, my screenwork thus to frame,  
 The too-resplendent brightness that allays.  
 As when from water, or from glass the same,  
 The glancing ray doth oppositely dart,  
 In just rebound to that which downward came,  
 Shooting aloft, and strikes as far apart  
<sup>2</sup> Of the stone's fall, in equal distance done,  
 Even as shows experience and art,  
 So seemed it that I was smote upon,  
 There full confronting me, by light reflected,  
 The which my visage made all haste to shun.  
 ' Who's he, sweet sire, from whom is unprotected

Italy forty-five degrees W. of the  
 same place. Jerusalem and the  
 Mount of Purgatory are in his

theory antipodes.

<sup>2</sup> Meaning the perpendicular.

Schermar lo viso tanto, che mi vaglia,  
 Diss' io, e pare in ver noi esser mosso?  
 Non ti maravigliar, se ancor t' abbaglia  
 La famiglia del cielo, a me rispose:  
 Messo è, che viene ad invitar ch' uom saglia. 30  
 Tosto sarà che a veder queste cose  
 Non ti fia grave, ma fieti diletto,  
 Quanto natura a sentir ti dispose.  
 Poi giunti fummo all' angel benedetto,  
 Con lieta voce disse: Intrate quinci  
 Ad un scaleo vie men che gli altri eretto.  
 Noi montavamo, già partiti linci,  
 E, *Beati misericordes*, fue  
 Cantato retro, e godi tu che vinci.  
 Lo mio Maestro ed io soli ambedue 40  
 Suso andavamo, ed io pensava, andando,  
 Prode acquistar nelle parole sue;  
 E dirizza' mi a lui sì dimandando:  
 Che volle dir lo spirto di Romagna,  
 E divieto e consorto menzionando?  
 Perch' egli a me: Di sua maggior magagna  
 Conosce il danno; e però non s' ammiri  
 Se ne riprende, perchè men sen piagna.  
 Perchè s' appuntano i vostri desiri,  
 Dove per compagnia parte si scema, 50  
 Invidia muove il mantaco a' sospiri.  
 Ma se l' amor della spera suprema  
 Torcesse in suso il desiderio vostro,  
 Non vi sarebbe al petto quella tema;  
 Chè per quanto si dice più lì nostro,  
 Tanto possiede più di ben ciascuno,  
 E più di caritate arde in quel chiostro.  
 Io son d' esser contento più digiuno,  
 Diss' io, che se mi fosse pria taciuto,  
 E più di dubbio nella mente aduno. 60  
 Com' esser puote che un ben distributo  
 I più posseditor faccia più ricchi  
 Di sè, che se da pochi e posseduto?  
 Ed egli a me: Perocchè tu rificchi  
 La mente pure alle cose terrene,  
 Di vera luce tenebre dispicchi.  
 Quello infinito ed ineffabil bene  
 Che lassù è, così corre ad amore,

\* The fifth of the Beatitudes, Matt. v. 7.

My face, nor power of mine to shield avails,  
 Said I, 'with seeming way toward us directed?'  
 'Wonder not, if thy dazzled sight yet quails  
 At heaven's familiars,' he replied again;  
 'An envoy this, whose invitation hails  
 Our climbing. Soon it shall no longer pain  
 To see these things, but yield delight as high  
 As nature grants thee spirit to sustain.'  
 When to that blessed angel we drew nigh,  
 'Enter ye hence,' he said with gladsome voice,  
 'A stair less arduous than the rest to try.'  
 We parted thence, our limbs 'gan upward hoise,  
 And <sup>3</sup> *Blessed are the merciful* was sung  
 Behind, and 'Thou that conquerest, rejoice.'  
 We two, my master and myself, upsprung  
 Mounting alone; and as we went, my plan  
 Was how to gather profit from his tongue,  
 And turned me to him, while I thus began;  
 'What meant Romagna's spirit by his word  
 That both on *'partners and forbiddance* ran?'  
 'He knows the loss by his chief taint incurred,'  
 Said he to me, 'then let it not surprise,  
 To save such pang if such reproof be heard.  
 For while your heart its longings there applies,  
 Whence part is drained by any partner near,  
 Still envy blows the bellows to your sighs;  
 But if the love of yon supernal sphere  
 The cravings of your souls should upward turn,  
 Your breast were then a stranger to that fear,  
 Since there to call it *ours* the more that learn,  
 The more of good does every one possess,  
 And in that cloister more of love doth burn.'  
 'Greater mine hunger, my contentment less,'  
 Said I, 'than hadst thou earlier held thy peace,  
 And more of doubting doth my mind compress.  
 How might a good distributed increase  
 Wealth from itself to more possessors sharing,  
 Than if the fewer number held the lease?'  
 And he to me: 'Since thou the mind art bearing  
 Fastened on earthly things, from off the light  
 Of truth itself thy grasp is darkness tearing.  
 That Good ineffable and infinite  
 That dwells on high, to love is swift to go,

<sup>4</sup> See c. xiv. 87.



Come a lucido corpo raggio viene.  
 Tanto si dà, quanto trova d'ardore : 70  
 Sì che quantunque carità si stende,  
 Cresce sovr' essa l' eterno valore.  
 E quanta gente più lassù s' intende,  
 Più v' è da bene amare, e più vi s' ama,  
 E come specchio l' uno all' altro rende.  
 E se la mia ragion non ti disfama,  
 Vedrai Beatrice, ed ella pienamente  
 Ti torrà questa e ciascun' altra brama.  
 Procaccia pur, che tosto sieno spente,  
 Come son già le due, le cinque piaghe, 80  
 Che si richiudon per esser dolenta.  
 Com' io voleva dicer : Tu m' appaghe :  
 Vidimi giunto in su l' altro girone,  
 Sì che tacer mi fer le luci vaghe.  
 Ivi mi parve in una visione  
 Estatica di subito esser tratto,  
 E vedere in un tempio più persone :  
 Ed una donna in su l' entrar con atto  
 Dolce di madre, dicer : Figliuol mio,  
 Perchè hai tu così verso noi fatto ? 90  
 Ecco dolenti lo tuo padre ed io  
 Ti cercavamo. E come quì si tacque,  
 Ciò, che pareva prima, disparìo.  
 Indi m' apparve un' altra con quelle acque  
 Giù per le gote, che il dolor distilla,  
 Quando per gran dispetto in altrui nacque ;  
 E dir : Se tu se' sire della villa,  
 Del cui nome ne' Dei fu tanta lite,  
 Ed onde ogni scienza disfavilla,  
 Vendica te di quelle braccia ardite 100  
 Che abbracciar nostra figlia, o Pisistrato.  
 E il signor mi pareva benigno e mite  
 Risponder lei con viso temperato :  
 Che farem noi a chi mal ne desira,  
 Se quei, che ci ama, è per noi condannato ?  
 Poi vidi genti accese in fuoco d' ira,  
 Con pietre un giovinetto ancider, forte  
 Gridando a sè pur : Martira, martira :

\* Thus Damiani, in the poem of which a version is given in my preface.

\* The Virgin Mary, Luke ii. 48.

\* This story of Pisistratus

and his wife is told by Valerius Maximus, v. 1, *De Humanitate et Clementia*. Neptune and Pallas Athenè, according to the local tradition, disputed for the honour

As beaming ray turns lucid body bright.  
 What warmth it finds, as much it doth bestow,  
 That howsoever charity transcends,  
 O'er it the' eternal energy doth grow.  
<sup>5</sup> The greater, then, the host that heavenward tends,  
 The more beloved, as good hath more to love,  
 And, like a mirror, one to other lends.  
 And if my tale unto thy hunger prove  
 No stay, thou shalt see Beatrice, and she  
 Shall amply this and every want remove.  
 Only that those five wounds soon cancelled be,  
 As are the two already, thou provide,  
 Which heal them by repentant tears in thee.'  
 When I would answer, 'Thou hast satisfied,'  
 I saw me raised to other circle's floor,  
 Whereat my roving eyes to speak denied.  
 There seemed I saw in vision, while to soar  
 By sudden trance ecstatic I felt,  
 Crowds gathered in a temple—at the door  
<sup>6</sup> A woman stand, whose countenance did melt  
 With mother's tenderness; and said, methought,  
 'My son, why hast thou thus toward us dealt?  
 Behold, thy father and myself have sought  
 Thee sorrowing.' And as she ceased to speak,  
 What had before been, vanished. Then was brought  
 Before mine eyes <sup>7</sup> another, down whose cheek  
 Trickled the drops distilled from sorrow's hoard,  
 When born of bitter spite she fain would wreak;  
 And spake: 'If thou art of the city lord,  
 Whose naming 'tween the Gods bred strife so wild,  
 Whence science all in sparkling flood is poured,  
 Of those insulting arms, that dared our child  
 Embrace, avenge thee, O Pisistratus!'  
 And her the ruler seemed, benign and mild,  
 With calmly-tempered mien to answer thus;  
 'What shall we do to him that seeks our ill,  
 If he that loves us is condemned through us?'  
<sup>8</sup> Then saw I men a stripling youth to kill  
 With stoning, fired by hottest flames of hate,  
 And loud their mutual cry, 'Slay, slay him!' still.

of naming the city of Ce-  
 crops. Neptune caused a horse  
 to spring from the earth; Pallas, an  
 olive-tree. The Goddess con-  
 quered, and the city was named

Athenæ. See the second chorus  
 in the *Edipus at Colonus* of So-  
 phocles.

<sup>8</sup> The martyrdom of Stephen,  
 Acts vii. 57.

E lui vedea chinarsi per la morte,  
 Che l' aggravava già, in ver la terra, 110  
 Ma degli occhi facea sempre al ciel porte;  
 Orando all' alto Sire in tanta guerra,  
 Che perdonasse a' suoi persecutori,  
 Con quell' aspetto che pietà disserra.  
 Quando l' anima mia tornò di fuori  
 Alle cose, che son fuor di lei vere,  
 Io riconobbi i miei non falsi errori.  
 Lo Duca mio, che mi potea vedere  
 Far sì com' uom che dal sonno si alega,  
 Disse: Che hai, che non ti puoi tenere, 120  
 Ma se' venuto più che mezza lega  
 Velando gli occhi, e con le gambe avvolte  
 A guisa di cui vino o sonno piega?  
 O dolce Padre mio, se tu m' ascolte,  
 I' ti dirò, diss' io, ciò che mi apparve  
 Quando le gambe mi furon sì tolte.  
 Ed ei: Se tu avessi cento larve  
 Sovra la faccia, non mi sarien chiuse  
 Le tue cogitazion, quantunque parve.  
 Ciò che vedesti fu, perchè non scuse 130  
 D' aprir lo cuore all' acque della pace  
 Che dall' eterno fonte son diffuse.  
 Non dimandai, Che hai, per quel che face  
 Chi guarda pur con l' occhio che non vede,  
 Quando disanimato il corpo giace,  
 Ma dimandai per darti forza al piede:  
 Così frugar conviensi i pigri, lenti  
 Ad usar lor vigilia quando riede.  
 Noi andavam per lo vespero attenti  
 Oltre, quanto potean gli occhi allungarsi, 140  
 Contra i raggi serotini e lucenti:  
 Ed ecco a poco a poco un fumo farsi  
 Verso di noi, come la notte, oscuro,  
 Nè da quello era loco da cansarsi:  
 Questo ne tolse gli occhi e l' aer puro.

\* I understand this, with Lombardi, of the real ebullitions of anger which Dante acknowledges; his mind being now released from its

And him beheld I drooping with the weight  
Of instant death, that toward earth inclined ;  
His eyes yet opened heavenward each a gate.  
He to the Lord, in war so fierce, to find  
Forgiveness to his persecutors, prayed,  
With aspect such as pity doth unbind.  
And I, when from without my soul had made  
Return to things that are without her true,  
° Mine own too real errors inly weighed.  
Then asked my leader, who could see me do  
As man that shaketh off the bands of sleep :  
' What aileth, not to hold thy footing through  
Full half a league and more, but journeying keep  
Thine eyelids closed, and so the legs to twist  
As he whom wine or slumber bows to creep ? '  
' O my sweet father ! if to hear thou list,  
All that appeared,' I said, ' will I declare,  
When thus my legs unnerved their footing missed.'  
And he : ' Wert thou a hundred masks to wear  
Upon thy face, of nothing hadst thou mused  
How small soever, but to me 't were bare.  
Thy vision was to leave thee unexcused  
From opening to the streams of peace thy breast,  
That from the' eternal fountain are diffused :  
Nor, when I asked "What aileth ? " was my quest  
Like his who glares with eye of sight forsaken,  
Soon as the body lieth dispossessed  
Of spirit ; but I asked, the stronger making  
Thy foot ; so must one goad the sluggard throng,  
Slow to employ recovered hours of waking.'  
In evening calm we went and gazed along  
Our path, as far as eyeglance might extend  
Against the rays poured slantingly and strong,  
And lo ! by small degrees a smoke to send  
Its volume toward us, as the night obscure ;  
Nor place of refuge might from that defend,  
Our vision lost, the air no longer pure.

ecstatic trance, and turned to external realities.

## CANTO XVI.

*Vanno i Poeti per lo spesso fumo ed incontrano Marco il gran Lombardo, il quale compiagne il tristo mondo voto di virtù. Sublime ragionamento sul libero arbitrio: vista di uno splendore tramandato da un Angelo che s' avvicina.*

Buio d' inferno, e di notte privata  
 D' ogni pianeta sotto pover cielo,  
 Quant' esser può di nuvol tenebrata,  
 Non fece al viso mio sì grosso velo,  
 Come quel fumo ch' ivi ci coperse,  
 Nè a sentir di così aspro pelo;  
 Chè l' occhio stare aperto non sofferse:  
 Onde la Scorta mia saputa e fida  
 Mi s' accostò, e l' omero m' offerse.  
 Sì come cieco va dietro a sua guida 10  
 Per non smarrirsi, e per non dar di cozzo  
 In cosa che il molesti o forse ancida,  
 M' andava io per l' aere amaro e sozzo,  
 Ascoltando il mio Duca che diceva  
 Pur: Guarda, che da me tu non sie mozzo.  
 Io sentia voci, e ciascuna pareva  
 Pregar, per pace e per misericordia,  
 L' Agnel di Dio, che le peccata leva.  
 Pure *Agnus Dei* eran le loro esordia:  
 Una parola in tutti era, ed un modo, 20  
 Sì che pareva tra esse ogni concordia.  
 Quei sono spirti, Maestro, oh' i' odo?  
 Diss' io. Ed egli a me: Tu vero apprendi,  
 E d' iracondia van solvendo il nodo.  
 Or tu chi se', che il nostro fumo fendi,  
 E di noi parli pur, come se tue  
 Partissi ancor lo tempo per calendi?  
 Così per una voce detto fue.  
 Onde il Maestro mio disse: Rispondi,  
 E dimanda se quinci si va sue. 30  
 Ed io: O creatura, che ti mondi,  
 Per tornar bella a colui che ti fece,  
 Maraviglia udirai se mi secondi.  
 Io ti seguirò quanto mi lece,  
 Rispose; e se veder fumo non lascia,  
 L' udir ci terrà giunti in quella vece.

## CANTO XVI.

**ARGUMENT.**—*Penance of the Irascible. Conference with Mark of Lombardy. Erroneous notion of the influence of the stars exposed. Papal aggression.*

BLACKNESS of hell, or night beneath a heaven  
 Beggared of wealth, where planet hath no place,  
 And cloud o'er cloud their utmost gloom have driven,  
 Hung never veil so thick upon my face  
 As there the smoke o'erhanging us did shroud,  
 Nor left of prickly shag so smarting trace,  
 That opening of the eyelid nought allowed ;  
 Whence my wise escort, faithful to my side,  
 Came closer, and his shoulder proffering bowed.  
 Even as a blind man walks behind his guide,  
 That he nor miss the way nor rashly blunder  
 On thing whence harm, or haply death betide,  
 So I, the foul and bitter smoke-drift under,  
 Went listening to my chief, who 'gan to say  
 But this, 'Beware lest aught between us sunder.'  
 I was apprised of voices ; and to pray  
 For mercy and for grace appeared they each  
 The Lamb of God who taketh sins away.  
*O Lamb of God* preluded all their speech,  
 One was the word in all, the manner one,  
 As sociable true concord seemed to teach.  
 'Are these I hear, O master,' I begun,  
 'Spirits?' He answered, 'Truly thou conceivest ;  
 And thus, till anger's knot be all undone,  
 They go.' 'Tell who thou art, our smoke that cleavest,  
 And by thy talk of us, as if thy time  
 Calends did yet divide, impression leavest.'  
 Such words a single voice from out their chime  
 Uttered ; whence said my master, 'Answer thou,  
 And make demand if hence we have to climb,'  
 'Creature,' I said, 'that cleansing seekest how  
 In beauty to behold thy Maker, strange  
 The wonder thou shalt hear, conducting now  
 My steps.' 'I'll follow thee, far as my range  
 Permitteth,' it replied ; 'if sight the smoke  
 Forbid, let hearing link us in exchange.'

Allora incominciai : Con quella fascia,  
 Che la morte dissolve men vo suso,  
 E venni quì per la infernale ambascia :  
 E, se Dio m' ha in sua grazia richiuso 40  
 Tanto, che e' vuol che io veggia la sua corte  
 Per modo tutto fuor del modern' uso,  
 Non mi celar chi fosti anzi la morte,  
 Ma dilmi, e dimmi s' io vo bene al varco ;  
 E tue parole fien le nostre scorte.  
 Lombardo fui, e fui chiamato Marco :  
 Del mondo seppi, e quel valore amai  
 Al quale ha or ciascun disteso l' arco :  
 Per montar su dirittamente vai :  
 Così rispose ; e soggiunse : Io ti prego 50  
 Che per me preghi , quando su sarai.  
 Ed io a lui : Per fede mi ti lego  
 Di far ciò che mi chiedi ; ma io scoppio  
 Dentro a un dubbio, s' i' non me ne spiego.  
 Prima era scempio, ed ora è fatto doppio  
 Nella sentenza tua, che mi fa certo  
 Quì ed altrove, quello ov' io l' accoppio.  
 Lo mondo è ben così tutto deserto  
 D' ogni virtute, come tu mi suone,  
 E di malizia gravido e coverto : 60  
 Ma prego che m' additi la cagione,  
 Sì ch' io la vegga, e ch' io la mostri altrui ;  
 Chè nel cielo uno, ed un quaggiù la pone.  
 Alto sospir, che duolo strinse in hui,  
 Mise fuor prima, e poi cominciò : Frate,  
 Lo mondo è cieco, e tu vien ben da lui.  
 Voi che vivete, ogni cagion recate  
 Pur suso al cielo, sì come se tutto  
 Movesse seco di necessitate.  
 Se così fosse, in voi fora distrutto 70  
 Libero arbitrio, e non fora giustizia,  
 Per ben, letizia, e per male, aver lutto.  
 Lo cielo i vostri movimenti inizia,  
 Non dico tutti : ma, posto ch' io il dica,  
 Lume v' è dato a bene ed a malizia,

<sup>1</sup> All the commentators agree that this Mark was by birth a Venetian. Some have imagined that Marco Polo is the person meant, but without just grounds ; this man being described in the *Hundred Old Novels*, N. xli. as

poor, whereas the famous traveller was possessed of immense wealth, and was moreover alive long after A.D. 1300, when Dante visits Purgatory.

<sup>2</sup> Compare the reflections of Edmund in *King Lear*, Act 1,

With that began I : ' In that earthy cloak  
 I here ascend, which is by death unrolled,  
 And hitherward through hellish horrors broke.  
 And if the grace of God to me unfold  
 So much, He wills that on His court I look  
 In other sort than our-day fashions hold,  
 Hide not, but tell me who, ere death o'ertook,  
 Thou wert ; and tell if right my course I frame,  
 And let thy words to be our escort brook.'  
 ' I was a <sup>1</sup> Lombard once, and Mark my name ;  
 I knew the world ; and gave that worth my love,  
 Askaunt from which all now have bent their aim.  
 To mount aloft thou dost directly move.'  
 So answered he ; then added, ' Let thy prayer  
 Be mine, I pray, when thou shalt be above.'  
 And I to him : ' The bond of faith I swear  
 Ties me to do thy bidding ; but I burst  
 Inly with doubt which yet unsolved I bear.  
 ' T is doubled now, that single was at first,  
 By thine avouch, whence I the truth conclude  
 With which I link it, orherwhere rehearsed  
 As here. The world from all intent of good  
 Is emptied, even as thou makest me know,  
 And all with malice pregnant and imbued.  
 But thou, I pray, point out the cause, that so  
 I may discern, and I reveal to other ;  
 For one assigns it heaven, and one, below.'  
 A deep sigh heaving first, he might not smother,  
 Which grief wrung to a shriek, he ended pause :  
 ' The world is blind ; and thou art from it, brother !  
<sup>2</sup> Ye that are yet alive do every cause  
 Ascribe to heaven above, as if that still  
 Moved with it all by necessary laws.  
 If thus it were, then freedom of the will  
 In you had been destroyed ; nor were it right  
 Ye tasted joy for good, and woe for ill.  
 Heaven your initial movings doth incite ;  
 I say not all ; but granted that I said,  
 To know both good and ill is given you light,

Sc. 2 : ' This is the excellent fop-  
 pery of the world ! that, when we  
 are sick in fortune, (often the sur-  
 feit of our own behaviour,) we  
 make guilty of our disasters the  
 sun, the moon, and the stars : as if  
 we were villains by necessity ; fools,

by heavenly compulsion ; knaves,  
 thieves, and treachers by spherical  
 predominance ; drunkards, liars,  
 and adulterers, by enforced obe-  
 dience of planetary influence ; and  
 all that we are evil in, by a divine  
 thrusting on.'



E libero voler che, se fatica  
 Nelle prime battaglie col ciel dura,  
 Poi vince tutto, se ben si notrica.  
 A maggior forza ed a miglior natura  
 Liberi soggiacete, e quella cria  
 La mente in voi, che il ciel non ha in sua cura. 80  
 Però, se il mondo presente disvia,  
 In voi è la cagione, in voi si cheggia,  
 Ed io te ne sarò or vera spia.  
 Esce di mano a lui, che la vagheggia,  
 Prima che sia, a guisa di fanciulla,  
 Che piangendo e ridendo pargoleggia,  
 L' anima semplicetta, che sa nulla,  
 Salvo che, mossa da lieto fattore,  
 Volontier torna a ciò che la trastulla. 90  
 Di picciol bene in pria sente sapore ;  
 Quivi s' inganna, e dietro ad esso corre,  
 Se guida o fren non torce il suo amore.  
 Onde convenne legge per fren porre ;  
 Convenne rege aver, che discernesse  
 Della vera cittade almen la torre.  
 Le leggi son, ma chi pon mano ad esse ?  
 Nullo ; perocchè il pastor che precede  
 Ruminar può, ma non ha l' unghie fesse.  
 Perchè la gente, che sua guida vede 100  
 Pure a quel ben ferire ond' ell' è ghiotta,  
 Di quel si pasce, e più oltre non chiede.  
 Ben puoi veder che la mala condotta  
 È la cagion che il mondo ha fatto reo,  
 E non natura che in voi sia corrotta.  
 Soleva Roma, che il buon mondo feo,  
 Duo Soli aver, che l' una e l' altra strada  
 Facean vedere, e del mondo e di Deo.  
 L' un l' altro ha spento ; ed è giunta la spada  
 Col pastorale ; e l' uno e l' altro insieme 110  
 Per viva forza ma convien che vada ;  
 Perocchè, giunti, l' un l' altro non teme.  
 Se non mi credi, pon mente alla spiga,  
 Ch' ogni erba si conosce per lo seme.  
 In sul paese ch' Adige e Po riga  
 Solea valore e cortesia trovarsi

\* Dante, censuring here as elsewhere the avarice of ecclesiastica, interprets the ruminating power as typical of thoughtful wisdom ;

the cloven hoof, of open-handed liberality.

\* Dante, in his *Treatise on Monarchy*, explains this, assigning to

And liberty of will, which, making head  
 Hardily in those first battlings with the course  
 Of Heaven, soon conquers all, if duly fed.  
 Unto a better nature, mightier force,  
 Truly are ye subjected, whence the mind  
 In you, that skies control not, hath her source.  
 Ye are the cause, then ; be the blame assigned  
 Your own, if this world from the path beguiles,  
 As in my true espial thou shalt find.  
 From out His hand, who fondly on her smiles  
 Ere yet she be, in frolic girlhood goes  
 And plays the baby, weeping, laughing whiles,  
 The soul in her simplicity ; nor knows  
 But only that, from joyous Maker moving,  
 She gladly turns to that which joy bestows.  
 Of puny good the savour earlier proving,  
 Here is she cheated, and doth after scour  
 In chase, if guide nor curb divert her loving.  
 Wherefore 't was meet, for curb, to set the power  
 Of laws, and meet to have a chief, whose view  
 Of the true city might at least the tower  
 Discern. Laws are there ; but their handler who ?  
 None—for the leading shepherd cannot claim  
<sup>3</sup> The cloven hoof, albeit the cud he chew.  
 Wherefore the crowd, who see their leader aim  
 The good they gloat on only to possess,  
 Seek not beyond, but pasture on the same.  
 That evil guidance thus to wickedness  
 Hath turned the world, is palpable to thee,  
 And not that nature doth her taint express.  
 When Rome the good world made,<sup>4</sup> two suns had she  
 Accustomed, that on either path outpoured  
 A light, the world's, and that of God, to see.  
 The one hath quenched the other ; and the sword  
 Is to the crosier linked, and ill to speed  
 Of very force they walk with one accord ;  
 Since joined, its fellow neither cares to heed.  
 If thou believe not, on the spike go pore,  
 Since every herb hath witness in the seed.  
<sup>5</sup> Where Po and Adige flood the champaign o'er,  
 Courage and gentleness did once abound,

man two supreme authorities: the  
 Papal, to guide him on his way  
 towards a better world ; the Im-  
 perial, to direct him in his tem-

poral concerns.

<sup>4</sup> These two rivers water Lom-  
 bardy, Romagna, and the Marca  
 Trevigiana.

Prima che Federigo avesse briga :  
 Or può sicuramente indi passarsi  
 Per qualunque lasciasse, per vergogna  
 Di ragionar co' buoni, o d'appressarsi. 120  
 Ben v' en tre vecchi ancora, in cui rampogna  
 L' antica età la nuova, e par lor tardo  
 Che Dio a miglior vita li ripogna ;  
 Currado da Palazzo, e il buon Gherardo,  
 E Guido da Castel, che me' si noma  
 Francescamente il semplice Lombardo.  
 Di' oggimai che la Chiesa di Roma,  
 Per confondere in sè duo reggimenti,  
 Cade nel fango, e sè brutta e la soma.  
 O Marco mio, diss' io, bene argomenti ; 130  
 Ed or discerno, perchè dal retaggio  
 Li figli di Levì furono esenti :  
 Ma qual Gherardo è quel che tu, per saggio,  
 Di', ch' è rimaso, della gente spenta,  
 In rimproverio del secol selvaggio ?  
 O tuo parlar m' inganna o e' mi tenta,  
 Rispose a me ; chè, parlandomi Tosco,  
 Par che del buon Gherardo nulla senta.  
 Per altro soprannome i' nol cocosco,  
 S' io nol togliessi da sua figlia Gaia. 140  
 Dio sia con voi, che più non vegno vosco.  
 Vedi l' albòr che per lo fumo raia,  
 Già biancheggiare, e me convien partirmi,  
 L' angelo è ivi, prima ch' egli paia.  
 Così parlò, e più non volle udirmi.

\* After the return of Frederick II. from the East, his life was one continued struggle against the Popes. Gregory IX., in a bull sent into Germany to be published there, describes him as 'a beast of blasphemy,' setting himself up in impious pride against the gospel and its Divine Author, Frederick retorted by calling the pontiff 'The Great Dragon, and Anti-

christ.' See Russell's *Modern Europe*, p. i. Letter xxxii., Waddington's *Hist. of the Church*, c. xx.

\* Conrade was a gentleman of Brescia, and held office in Florence, A.D. 1276, as vicar of Charles of Anjou.—*Secolo di Dante*, B. iii. §. 2.

\* Gherardo da Camino, Lord of Treviso, from which he had expelled another Girard, was noted

Ere <sup>6</sup> Frederick his quarrel made so sore.  
 Would any now avoid, lest shame confound,  
 Or to converse with good men, or to mate,  
 With full assurance may he step that ground.  
 Three sires, in whom the age of elder date  
 Rebukes the new, live yet; and long debarred  
 Seem they, ere God to better life translate.  
<sup>7</sup> Such Conrade of the Palace, good <sup>8</sup> Geràrd,  
 And <sup>9</sup> Guy Castel, to whom the better style  
 Of 'honest Lombard' might the French award.  
 Now publish of the church of Rome, that, while  
 She makes of two one medley governance,  
 Falls in the mire, and doth herself defile  
 And burden.' 'Thou, my Mark, dost well advance,'  
 Said I, 'thy reasons; now I understand  
 Why Levi's sons took none inheritance.  
<sup>10</sup> But who that Gerard, whom of perished band  
 Thy tale reports as sample yet retained  
 With due reproach our brutal age to brand?'  
 'Thy tongue deceives me, or to tempt is feigned,'  
 Said he, 'who, speaking Tuscan, dost pretend  
 Of the good Gerard thou no note hast gained.  
 Unless her own his daughter <sup>11</sup> Gaia lend,  
 I know no surname else to make him clear.  
 May God be with you. I no farther wend;  
 Behold the dawn already whitening here,  
 That shimmers through the smoke; 't is mine to fly—  
 Yonder the angel is—ere he appear.'  
 So spake he, nor endured to wait reply.

for liberality and other great qualities. Some have said that the Poet, when at variance with his former protector, Can della Scala, found refuge and a welcome with Gerard at Treviso.

<sup>9</sup> Guido da Castello was of the Lombard town, Reggio, and seems to have sought refuge at Verona with the Scaligers, at whose table

Dante and he frequently met as guests.

<sup>10</sup> This is merely poetic artifice to give opportunity for farther eulogy of Dante's friend.

<sup>11</sup> The accounts of this lady's character are conflicting, but it is not likely that Dante would have named her except as a mark of respect.

## CANTO XVII.

*Usciti i due poeti dal fumo riveggono la luce del sole che tramonta. Dante rapito in estatica visione vede alcuni miserandi esempj d'ira. L'Angelo gli cancella questo peccato dalla fronte, e il conduce su per le scale introducenti al balzo, ove si piange l'accidia. Come amore possa esser semenza di bene o di male.*

RICORDITI, lettor, se mai nell' alpe  
 Ti colse nebbia, per la qual vedessi  
 Non altrimenti, che per pelle talpe ;  
 Come, quando i vapori umidi e spessi  
 A diradar cominciansi, la spera  
 Del sol debilmente entra per essi ;  
 E fia la tua immagine leggiera  
 In giugnere a veder, com' io rividi  
 Lo sole in pria, che già nel corcare era.  
 Sì, pareggiando i miei co' passi fidi 10  
 Del mio Maestro, uscì fuor di tal nube,  
 A' raggi morti già ne' bassi lidi.  
 O immaginativa, che ne rube  
 Tal volta sì di fuor, ch' uom non s' accorge,  
 Perchè d' intorno suonin mille tube,  
 Chi muove te, se il senso non ti porge ?  
 Muoveti lume, che nel ciel s' informa  
 Per sè, o per voler che giù lo scorge.  
 Dell' empiezza di lei, che mutò forma  
 Nell' uccel che a cantar più si diletta, 20  
 Nell' immagine mia apparve l' orma :  
 E qui fu la mia mente sì ristretta  
 Dentro da sè, che di fuor non venia  
 Cosa che fosse allor da lei ricetta.  
 Poi piovve dentro all' alta fantasia  
 Un crocifisso dispettoso e fiero  
 Nella sua vista, e cotal si moria.  
 Intorno ad esso era il grande Assuero,  
 Ester sua sposa e il giusto Mardocheo,  
 Che fu al dire ed al far così intero. 30  
 E come questa immagine rompeo

<sup>1</sup> The classic poets told the metamorphoses of Procne and Philomela with some variations. Dante seems to have followed

those who made Procne changed into the nightingale. Ovid, *Met.* vi. 667, hardly determines the point. Anacreon and the Scholiast

## CANTO XVII.

ARGUMENT.—*The Poets emerge from the smoke, and mount to the Fourth Circle. Visions of the Revengeful. Discourse of Virgil on Love, how perverted.*

READER, remember thou, if ever stole  
 I' the' Alps a mist upon thee, which thy gaze  
 Could pierce no farther than her film the mole,  
 As the dense vapours of that humid haze  
 Began to thin them, how the solar ball  
 Dealt languidly debilitated rays  
 Through them, yet shall thy fancy make but small  
 Approach to see, how earliest I once more  
 Beheld the sun now drooping to his fall.  
 Thus I from such a cloud my footsteps bore,  
 Still with my trusty master's equal wheeling,  
 To rays, now paled from off the basement shore.  
 Imaginative power, so sometime stealing  
 Man from without, that nothing hath he recked  
 If all around a thousand trumps be pealing,  
 What moves thee, if the sense do nought collect?  
 Light moves thee, which in heaven is self-derived,  
 Or of the will that downward doth direct.  
<sup>1</sup> Her impious craft, who of her shape deprived  
 Became the bird that most delights to sing,  
 Its trace upon my phantasy revived:  
 And to my mind came no external thing,  
 (So was it here to inner self restrained)  
 Which it could then find room for harbouring.  
 Next on my rapt imagination rained  
<sup>2</sup> One hanging on a gallows, proud of mood  
 And spiteful in his mien, and such retained  
 In death. Around, great Ahasuerus stood,  
 Esther his bride, and righteous Mordecai,  
 Of word and deed unswervingly so good.  
 And even as this image 'gan to fly,

on the *Birds* of Aristophanes authorise our poet's reading.

<sup>2</sup> Haman, see the Book of Esther. The identity of Ahasuerus

with Xerxes, the invader of Greece, is argued at great length in a learned article in Kitto's *Biblical Cyclopedia*.

Sè per sè stessa, a guisa d' una bulla  
 Cui manca l' acqua sotto qual si feo ;  
 Surse in mia visione una fanciulla ;  
 Piangendo forte, e diceva, O regina,  
 Perchè per ira hai voluto esser nulla ?  
 Ancisa t' hai per non perder Lavina ;  
 Or m' hai perduta ; i' sono essa che lutto,  
 Madre, alla tua pria ch' all' altrui ruina.  
 Come si frange il sonno, ove di butto 40  
 Nuova luce percuote il viso chiuso,  
 Che fratto guizza pria che muoia tutto,  
 Così l' immaginar mio cadde giuso,  
 Tosto che il lume il volto mi percosse,  
 Maggiore assai, che quello ch' è in nostr' uso.  
 I' mi volgea per vedere ov' io fosse,  
 Quand una voce disse : Qui si monta :  
 Che da ogni altro intento mi rimosse ;  
 E fece la mia voglia tanto pronta 50  
 Di riguardar chi era che parlava,  
 Che mai non posa, se non si raffronta.  
 Ma come al sol, che nostra vista grava,  
 E per soverchio sua figura vela,  
 Così la mia virtù quivi mancava.  
 Questi è divino spirito, che ne la  
 Via d' andar su ne drizza senza prego,  
 E col suo lume sè medesmo ceta.  
 Sì fa con noi, come l' uom si fa sego ;  
 Che quale aspetta prego, e l' uopo vede, 60  
 Malignamente già si mette al nego.  
 Ora accordiamo a tanto invito il piede :  
 Procacciam di salir pria che s' abbui,  
 Chè poi non si poria, se il dì non riede.  
 Così disse il mio Duca, ed io con lui  
 Volgemmo i nostri passi ad una scala ;  
 E tosto ch' io al primo grado fui,  
 Senti' mi presso quasi un muover d' ala,  
 E ventarmi nel volto, e dir : *Beati*  
*Pacifici*, che son senza ira mala.  
 Già eran sopra noi tanto levati 70  
 Gli ultimi raggi che la notte segue,  
 Che le stelle apparivan da più lati.  
 O virtù mia, perchè sì ti dilegue ?  
 Fra me stesso dicea, che mi sentiva

\* Amata, wife of King Latinus,  
 is represented by Virgil as hang-  
 ing herself on the rupture of the

contract between her daughter  
 Lavinia and Turnus.—Æn. B. xii.  
 595.

Its own self bursting, as a bubble shows  
When fails the water that did bulk supply,  
Upon my vision seemed a maiden rose  
Loud weeping, and exclaimed, ' Say wherefore, <sup>3</sup>Queen,  
The doom of nothingness thine anger chose ?  
Thou, not to lose Lavinia, now, I ween,  
Self-slain hast lost me ! Mother, I am she  
For whom thy fall, ere others' fall, has been  
A grief.' As sleep breaks off, when suddenly  
On the closed eyelids strikes a light new-thrown,  
And broken glides ere all destroyed it be,  
Did mine imagination thus fall prone,  
Soon as the light upon my features smote  
More brilliant far than we can call our own.  
I would have turned me, where I was to note,  
When a voice said, ' Here mount,' and from my breast  
Drove every other purpose far remote :  
And on my wish such eagerness impressed  
To look on him, whoever thus were hailing,  
As never, till it fronted him, would rest.  
But as before the sun, his shape when veiling  
In brightness insupportable he rides  
Our vision down, so here my force was failing.  
' Spirit divine is this, who promptly guides  
Our way to mount aloft, nor waits appeal,  
And in its proper light his presence hides.  
He deals with us, as man with self would deal,  
For whoso looks for prayer, and sees the need,  
His *no* already doth his spite reveal.  
Suit we to such encouragement our speed ;  
Make shift to climb, or e'er the light grow dim,  
For after, till returning day concede,  
We might not.' Thus my guide ; and I with him  
Together turned our footsteps to a stair ;  
And now the first step mounted, felt to skim  
Near me a kind of wingèd rush, and air  
To fan my forehead, and a voice to say,  
' *Blessed the peacemakers*, no guilt who bear  
Of wrath.' Now glanced the latest beams of day  
So far above us, which do night induce,  
The stars from many a side began to play.  
' Mine energy ! why thus revoke thy use ? '  
Inly I said, who felt my legs befriending



La possa delle gambe posta in tregue.  
 Noi eravam dove più non saliva  
 La scala su, ed eravamo affissi,  
 Pur come nave ch' alla spiaggia arriva :  
 Ed io attesi un poco s' i' udissi  
 Alcuna cosa nel nuovo girone ; 80  
 Poi mi rivolsi al mio Maestro, e dissi :  
 Dolce mio Padre, di' quale offensione  
 Si purga quì nel giro, dove semo ?  
 Se i piè si stanno, non stea tuo sermone.  
 Ed egli a me : L' amor del bene, scemo  
 Di suo dover, quiritta si ristora,  
 Quì si ribatte il mal tardato remo :  
 Ma perchè più aperto intendi ancora,  
 Volgi la mente a me, e prenderai  
 Alcun buon frutto di nostra dimora. 90  
 Nè creator, nè creatura mai,  
 Cominciò ei, figliuol, fu senza amore,  
 O naturale o d' animo ; e tu il sai.  
 Lo natural fu sempre senza errore ;  
 Ma l' altro puote errar per malo obbietto,  
 O per troppo, o per poco di vigore.  
 Mentre ch' egli è ne' primi ben diretto,  
 E ne' secondi sè stesso misura,  
 Esser non può cagion di mal diletto ;  
 Ma, quando al mal si torce, o con più cura, 100  
 O con men che non dee, corre nel bene,  
 Contra il fattore adovra sua fattura.  
 Quinci comprender puoi ch' esser conviene  
 Amor sementa in voi d' ogni virtute ;  
 E d' ogni operazion che merta pene.  
 Or perchè mai non può dalla salute  
 Amor del suo soggetto volger viso,  
 Dall' odio proprio son le cose tute :  
 E perchè intender non si può diviso,  
 Nè per sè stante, alcuno esser dal primo, 110  
 Da quello odiare ogni affetto è deciso.  
 Resta, se, dividendo, bene stimo,  
 Che il mal che s' ama è del prossimo, ed esso  
 Amor nasce in tre modi in vostro limo.  
 E chi, per esser suo vicin soppresso,  
 Spera eccellenza, e sol per questo brama,  
 Ch' el sia di sua grandezza in basso messo.

\* For the poet's own commentary on this

No more, their native power condemned to truce.  
 We now had scaled to where, the steps ascending  
 No farther, our arrest that stop did make,  
 As vessel nears the land her voyage ending.  
 Awhile I listened, if mine ear might take  
 In that new circle cognisance of aught;  
 Then turned me to my master, and bespake:  
 'Sweet father mine, say what offence is brought  
 To cleanse it in this ring whereon we halt;  
 If stayed our feet, thy teaching stay thou nought.'  
 And he: 'The love of goodness, in default  
 Of its own duty, yonder is repaired;  
 The oar ill-slackened, stripes must here assault,  
 But that my meaning be still plainer bared,  
 Give me but thine attention—thou shalt find  
 Of our delay that some good fruit is shared.  
 Creator never, nor created kind,  
 Was without love,' began he; 'thou, my son,  
 Well know'st it—or of nature or of mind.  
 Of the natural was always error none;  
 The other, through bad object, or of force  
 Too much or little, may to error run.  
 While for the first goods well it keepeth course,  
 And in the second measures self, to tame,  
 Of ill delight it cannot be the source.  
 But when to ill 'tis wrested, or with aim  
 Or more or less, than fitting were, it speeda,  
 Against the Framer works what He did frame.  
 Hence shalt thou comprehend how love the seeds  
 Must sow of every virtuous act in you,  
 And every act deserved pain that breeds.  
 Now, seeing love may never turn its view  
 From safety of its proper subject, hate  
 Of self must all things certainly eschew.  
 And since, apart from that First Uncreate,  
 Essence conceive we none that self sustains,  
 Hatred of Him can with no feeling mate.  
 Then, if my reckoning well divide, remains  
 Our neighbour's ill the loved one; and that love  
 Bodies within your clay three several strains.  
 There is that hopes preeminence above  
 His neighbour crushed—thence only doth require  
 That by his greatness he be downward drove.

metaphysical digression, see his *Convito*, Tratt. iii. § 3.

È chi podere, grazia, onore, e fama  
 Teme di perder perch' altri sormonti,  
 Onde s' attrista sì, che il contrario ama ; 120  
 Ed è chi per ingiuria par ch' adonti  
 Sì, che si fa della vendetta ghiotto ;  
 E tal convien, che il male altrui impronti.  
 Questo triforme amor quaggiù disotto  
 Si piange ; or vo' che tu dell' altro intende,  
 Che corre al ben con ordine corrotto.  
 Ciascun confusamente un bene apprende,  
 Nel qual si quieti l' animo, e desira :  
 Perchè di giugner lui ciascun contende.  
 Se lento amore in lui veder vi tira, 130  
 O a lui acquistar, questa cornice,  
 Dopo giusto penter, ve ne martira.  
 Altro ben è che non fa l' uom felice ;  
 Non è felicità, non è la buona  
 Essenza d' ogni ben frutto e radice.  
 L' amor, ch' ad esso troppo s' abbandona,  
 Di sovra noi si piange per tre cerchi ;  
 Ma come tripartito si ragiona,  
 Tacciolo, acciocchè tu per te ne cerchi.

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 CANTO XVIII.

*Dante chiede alla sua fida scorta come nasca in noi amore: sublime e profonda risposta di Lei: Veggono i poeti anime affrettarsi per compensare la loro tardanza accidiosa. Dante vagando d' uno in altro pensiero s' addormenta e cangia il pensiero in sogno.*

Posto avea fine al suo ragionamento  
 L' alto Dottore, ed attento guardava  
 Nella mia vista s' io pareva contento :  
 Ed io, cui nuova sete ancor frugava,  
 Di fuor taceva, e dentro dicea : Forse  
 Lo troppo dimandar, ch' io fo, li grava.  
 Ma quel padre verace, che s' accorse  
 Del timido voler che non s' apriva,  
 Parlando, di parlare ardir mi porse.  
 Ond' io : Maestro, il mio veder s' avviva 10  
 Si nel tuo lume, ch' io discerno chiaro  
 Quanto la tua ragion porti o descriva :  
 Però ti prego, dolce Padre caro,

There is that fears, if any else mount higher,  
 Himself power, favour, honour, fame, to lose,  
 So fretted, as the converse to desire.  
 There is besides, whom injury imbues  
 With shame that maketh him for vengeance lust,  
 And such to stamp another's ill must choose.  
 This triform passion here below us must  
 Be mourned. I will o' the' other now thou learn,  
 Its course corrupted, though its end be just.  
 Each does a good confusedly discern.  
 To give the mind repose, and appetite  
 Conceives, whence each to compass it doth yearn.  
 If sluggard love to see that good incite  
 Or to acquire, this cornice to your sin  
 After due penitence shall stripes requite.  
 Good is there else, which blesses not to win,  
 And is not bliss, and is not that divine  
 Essence, of good both fruit and origin.  
 The love which does too much to that incline  
 Is writhing in three upper circles' grasp ;  
 But how 't is triply reckoned, be not mine  
 To tell—thyself the mystery unclasp.'

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 CANTO XVIII.

ARGUMENT.—*Farther discourse of Virgil on Love and Free-will.  
 Penance of the Slothful. Abbot of San Zeno.*

MINE high learned teacher his discourse had ended  
 Of argument, and now for evidence  
 Of my contentment, earnest gaze he bended  
 On mine : and I, whom yet new thirst torments,  
 Silent without, said inly, ' Mine excess  
 Of question haply burdening is offence.'  
 But he, that truthful sire, my bashfulness  
 Of wishings unpromulgated well knowing,  
 Spake, and emboldened me to speak no less.  
 Whence I : ' O master, so my mind's eye glowing  
 Lives in thy light, I take discernment clear  
 Of all thy reason brings, or lips are showing ;  
 Wherefore I pray thee, gentle father dear,

Che mi dimostri amore, a cui riduci  
 Ogni buon operare e il suo contrar.  
 Drizza, disse, ver me l' acute luci  
 Dello intelletto, e fieti manifesto  
 L' error de' ciechi che si fanno duci.  
 L' animo, ch' sè creato ad amar presto,  
 Ad ogni cosa è mobile che piace, 20  
 Tosto che dal piacere in atto è desto.  
 Vostra apprensiva da esser verace  
 Tragge intenzione, e dentro a voi la spiega,  
 Sì che l' animo ad essa volger face.  
 E, se, rivolto, in ver di lei si piega,  
 Quel piegare è amor, quello è natura  
 Che per piacer di nuovo in voi si lega.  
 Poi come il fuoco movesi in altura,  
 Per la sua forma ch' e nata a salire  
 Là dove più in sua materia dura ; 30  
 Così l' animo preso entra in disire,  
 Ch' è moto spiritale, e mai non posa  
 Fin che la cosa amata il fa gioire.  
 Or ti puote apparer quant' è nascosa  
 La veritade alla gente ch' avvera  
 Ciascuno amore in sè laudabil cosa ;  
 Perocchè forse appar la sua matera  
 Sempr' esser buona ; ma non ciascun segno  
 È buono, ancor che buona sia la cera.  
 Le tue parole e il mio seguace ingegno, 40  
 Risposi lui, m' hanno amor scoperto ;  
 Ma ciò m' ha fatto di dubbiar più pregno ;  
 Chè s' amore e di fuori a noi offerto,  
 E l' anima non va con altro piede,  
 Se dritto o torto va, non è suo merto.  
 Ed egli a me : Quanto ragion qui vede  
 Dir ti poss' io ; da indi in là t' aspetta  
 Pure a Beatrice, ch' è opra di fede.  
 Ogni forma sustanzial, che setta  
 E da materia, ed è con lei unita, 50  
 Specifica virtude ha in sè colletta,  
 La qual senza operar non è sentita,  
 Nè si dimostra, ma che per effetto,  
 Come per verdi fronde in pianta vita.  
 Però, la onde vegna lo intelletto

<sup>1</sup> According to Dante's astro- its material source and home in  
 nomical notions expressed in his the Moon ; to which he here  
*Convito*, the element of fire had alludes.

Cause love, wherein, as thou hast traced, abides  
 Good action and his contrary, appear.'  
 'The sharpened lights thine intellect provides  
 Direct,' he said, 'on me; thou wilt discern  
 The error of those blind who make them guides.  
 The mind created prompt with love to burn,  
 Soon as by pleasure wakened to its act,  
 To every pleasant thing can lightly turn.  
 Your sentient faculty from very fact  
 Of being draws an image, to unfold  
 Within you so, as shall the mind attract  
 Toward that; and if, when turned, the bent it hold  
 Thitherward, that bent is love; that is in you  
 Nature, by pleasure's bond afresh controlled.  
 Then, as the flame must upward aim pursue,  
 Of its own form born <sup>1</sup> thither to aspire  
 Where longer age its matter doth endue,  
 Even so the captive soul assumes desire,  
 The motion spiritual, that hath no pause  
 Till in the thing beloved it joy acquire.  
 Now mayest thou note how far the truth withdraws  
 From such her features, as for truth conclude  
 Each love can in itself deserve applause.  
 Although the primal nature haply should  
 Appear good ever, not each seal imprest  
 Wears a good stamp, howe'er the wax be good.'  
 'Thy words, and eke my genius, apt addrest  
 To follow,' I replied, 'have love made known,  
 But caused more doubt to teem within my breast.  
 If in our path love from without be thrown,  
 And with none other foot goes on the soul,  
 Or right or wrong, 't is merit not her own.'  
 And he to me: 'So much I may unroll  
 As reason here discerns; thence onward wait  
 On Beatrice; let faith work out the whole.  
<sup>2</sup> Each form substantial, that is separate  
 From matter, yet conjoined with it, hath hived  
 Specific virtue in itself, whose state  
 Is unfelt blank, of action while deprived,  
 Nor e'er develops it, save in the effect,  
 As the green leaflet proves, the plant survived.  
 Wherefore man knows not whence comes intellect

<sup>1</sup> Dante is here speaking the language of the schoolmen, who divided these 'substantial forms' into material and immaterial.

Delle prime notizie, uomo non sape,  
 E de' primi appetibili l' affetto,  
 Che sono in voi, sì come studio in ape  
 Di far lo mele ; e questa prima voglia  
 Merto di lode, o di biasmo non cape. 60  
 Or, perchè a questa ogni altra si raccoglie,  
 Innata v' è la virtù che consiglia,  
 E dell' assenso de' tener la soglia  
 Quest' è il principio, là onde si piglia  
 Cagion di meritare in voi, secondo  
 Che buoni e rei amori accoglie e viglia.  
 Color che ragionando andaro al fondo,  
 S' accorser d' esta innata libertate,  
 Però moralità lasciaro al mondo.  
 Onde pognam che di necessitate 70  
 Surga ogni amor che dentro a voi s' accende,  
 Di ritenerlo è in voi la potestate.  
 La nobile virtù Beatrice intende  
 Per lo libero arbitrio, e però guarda  
 Che l' abbi a mente, s' a parlar ten prende.  
 La luna, quasi a mezza notte tarda,  
 Facea le stelle a noi parer più rade,  
 Fatta com' un secchion che tutto arda ;  
 E correa contra il ciel, per quelle strade  
 Che il sole infiamma allor che quel da Roma 80  
 Tra' Sardi e Corsi il vede quando cade ;  
 E quell' ombra gentil, per cui si noma  
 Pietola più che villa Mantovana,  
 Del mio carcar diposto avea la soma :  
 Perch' io, che la ragione aperta e piana  
 Sovra le mie questioni avea ricolta,  
 Stava com' uom che sonnolento vana.  
 Ma questa sonnolenza mi fu tolta  
 Subitamente da gente, che dopo  
 Le nostre spalle a noi era già volta. 90  
 E quale Ismeno già vide ed Asopo,  
 Lungo di sè di notte furia e calca,  
 Pur che i Teban di Bacco avesser uopo ;  
 Tale per quel giron suo passo falca,  
 Per quel ch' io vidi di color, venendo,

<sup>3</sup> The authors of moral philosophy as a system, which cannot exist without the postulate of a certain power of choice in man, making him a responsible being.

<sup>4</sup> The moon, at the opening of the poem, is assumed to be in Libra. She is now nearly through Scorpio.

<sup>5</sup> Pietola, a village near Mantua,

Of things first knowable, nor appetite  
 Which to first appetibles doth direct ;  
 Both are in you, as instinct to incite  
 The bee to make its honey, and to nought  
 Of praise or blame has this first will a right.  
 Now, that each other will to this be brought,  
 Innate is yours the virtue which adviseth,  
 And of assent to keep the portal ought.  
 This is the true beginning whence ariseth  
 Ground of desert in you, as in its heap  
 Ill loves it winnows out, the good compriseth.  
<sup>3</sup> They that in meditation searched the deep,  
 Had eyes that inborn liberty to see,  
 So left the world a moral rule to keep.  
 Be granted, then, that of necessity  
 Springs every love which kindling in you flames ;  
 To harbour it, the power is left you free.  
 When Beatrice the noble virtue names,  
 'T is freedom of the will ; then look, thou so  
 Bear it in mind, if talk thereon she frames.'  
 The moon, almost on midnight hanging slow,  
 To show us stars more scanty now began,  
 Herself like milkpail shaped, all fiery glow ;  
<sup>4</sup> And counter heaven along those regions ran  
 The sun inflames, while Roman's eye surveys  
 His sinking orb 'tween Sard and Corsican.  
 And he, the gentle shade, who wins more praise  
<sup>5</sup> To Pietola than Mantua's self, the cumber  
 Had now unloaded, which was mine to raise.  
 Whence I, that of my questions in their number  
 Had reaped the reason plain and unconcealed,  
 Stood like the man that drowzes on to slumber.  
 But I my slumber-fit was fain to yield  
 Full suddenly to people that behind  
 Our shoulders on our path already wheeled.  
 And what, their banks when tramp and tumult lined,  
<sup>6</sup> Ismenus and Asopus once saw striding  
 By night, that Thebes might want of Bacchus find,  
 Such curves his pace around that circle gliding,  
 (For all mine eyes discerned, while on them cast)

is generally believed to have borne  
 anciently the name of Andes,  
 where Virgil was born.

<sup>6</sup> Ismenus and Asopus are

rivers of Bœotia. On the reluc-  
 tance of the rulers of Thebes to  
 admit the Bacchanalian rites, see  
 Ovid, *Met.* iii. & iv.



Cui buon volere e giusto amor cavalca.  
 Tosto fur sovra noi, perchè, correndo,  
 Si movea tutta quella turba magna;  
 E duo dinanzi gridavan piangendo:  
 Maria corse con fretta alla montagna; 100  
 E Cesare, per suggiugare Ilerda,  
 Punse Marsilia, e poi corse in Ispagna.  
 Ratto ratto che il tempo non si perda  
 Per poco amor, gridavan gli altri appresso;  
 Chè studio di ben far grazia rinverda.  
 O gente, in cui fervore acuto adesso  
 Ricompie forse negligenza e indugio  
 Da voi per tiepidezza in ben far messo,  
 Questi che vive, e certo io non vi bugio, 110  
 Vuole andar su, purchè il sol ne riluca;  
 Però ne dite ond' è presso il pertugio.  
 Parole furon queste del mio Duca:  
 Ed un di quegli spirti disse: Vieni  
 Diretr' a noi, che troverai la buca.  
 Noi siam di voglia a muoverci sì pieni,  
 Che ristar non potem; però perdona,  
 Se villania nostra giustizia tieni.  
 I' fui Abate in san Zeno a Verona,  
 Sotto lo imperio del buon Barbarossa,  
 Di cui dolente ancor Melan' ragiona. 120  
 E tale ha già l' un piè dentro la fossa,  
 Che tosto piangerà quel monistero,  
 E tristo fia d' avervi avuta possa;  
 Perchè suo figlio, mal del corpo intero,  
 E della mente peggio, e che mal nacque,  
 Ha posto in luogo di suo pastor vero.  
 Io non so se più disse, o s' ei si tacque,  
 Tant' era già di là da noi trascorso;  
 Ma questo intesi, e ritener mi piacque.  
 E quei, che m'era ad ogni uopo soccorso, 130  
 Disse: Volgiti in qua, vedine due  
 All' accidia venir dando di morso.

<sup>1</sup> To greet her cousin Elizabeth.  
See Luke i. 39.

<sup>2</sup> Julius Cæsar besieged Massilles (Massilia) in the year B.C. 49, when the war had broken out between him and Pompey. He left C. Trebonius and D. Brutus to prosecute the siege, and with the rest of his troops hastened to

Spain, where he found Afranius and Petreius, Pompey's lieutenants, strongly posted at Ilerda (Lerida) in Catalonia. Though unsuccessful at first, he finally compelled these generals to surrender.

<sup>3</sup> This was not an Albert, as many commentators have assumed, but a Gerard. Abbot Albert

Whom good intent and righteous love is riding.  
 Quickly were they upon us ; for that vast  
 Assembly all came running on amain ;  
 And two before cried wailing as they passed,  
 ‘<sup>7</sup> Mary with speed the mountains ran to gain ;  
 And <sup>8</sup> Cæsar, bent to crush Ilerda’s power,  
 Massilia smote, thence hurried on to Spain.’  
 ‘ Away, away, nor lose the fleeting hour  
 For lack of love,’ cried they who thronged to close ;  
 ‘ Zeal to do well in grace renews the flower.’  
 ‘ People, whose quickening fervour haply glows  
 Of negligence and sloth the late amends,  
 Which, lukewarm, ye did on good deeds impose,  
 This living man (and sure no lie offends  
 Your ear) would mount, if only that the sun  
 Relume us ; therefore tell how near ascends  
 The rift !’ These were my leader’s words, and one  
 From out those spirits answered : ‘ In our wake  
 Follow, and thou shalt find the mouth. We run  
 So full of zeal our forward way to make,  
 We cannot halt. Gra’mency, then, we cry,  
 If thou for churlishness our duty take.  
 A Veronese, <sup>9</sup> Saint Zeno’s abbot I,  
 What time the laws good Barbarossa gave,  
 Of whom <sup>10</sup> Milan yet reasons with a sigh.  
 And <sup>11</sup> such hath now one foot within the grave  
 As soon shall wail that monastery’s curse,  
 And rue the time his power could thus enslave ;  
 For that his son, of body ill and worse  
 Of mind accomplished, and of birth to suit,  
 In her true pastor’s place he thrust perverse.’  
 More if he said, I know not, or was mute,  
 So far had he outrun us in his speed ;  
 But this I gathered, and was pleased to root  
 In mind. And he—mine aid at every need—  
 Said, ‘ Hither turn ; see two advance ; ’t is theirs  
 With biting tooth to render sloth her meed.’

belongs to the time of Frederic II., not that of Barbarossa.

<sup>10</sup> As Frederick Barbarossa destroyed Milan and sowed the ground with salt, the epithet ‘good’ is probably ironical.

<sup>11</sup> In the year 1292, Albert della Scala, being captain of the citizens of Verona, compelled the

monks of S. Zeno to elect for their Abbot his natural son Joseph, deformed in person and otherwise ill-conditioned.

<sup>12</sup> In accomplishment of the Divine wrath, announced concerning them to Moses, Numbers xiv. 28-35.

Diretro a tutti dicean : Prima fue  
 Morta la gente, a cui il mar s' aperse,  
 Che vedesse Giordan le rede sue ;  
 E quella, che l' affanno non sofferse  
 Fino alla fine col figliuol d' Anchise,  
 Sè stessa a vita senza gloria offerse.  
 Poi quando fur da noi tanto divise  
 Quell' ombre, che veder più non potersi, 140  
 Nuovo pensier dentro da me si mise,  
 Del qual più altri nacquero e diversi ;  
 E tanto d' uno in altro vaneggiai,  
 Che gli occhi per vaghezza ricopersi,  
 E il pensamiento in sogno trasmutai.

## CANTO XIX.

*Visione mistica di Dante e sua salita al quinto cerchio, nel quale, bocconi, gli avari piangono lor peccati. Il poeta ragiona coll' ombra di Adriano V. papa.*

NELL' ora che non può il calor diurno  
 Intiepidar più il freddo della luna,  
 Vinto da terra o talor da Saturno :  
 Quando i geomanti lor maggior fortuna  
 Veggiono in oriente, innanzi all' alba,  
 Surger per via che poco le sta bruna ;  
 Mi venne in sogno una femmina balba,  
 Con gli occhi guerci, e sovra i piè distorta,  
 Con le man monche, e di colore scialba.  
 Io la mirava ; e, come il sol conforta 10  
 Le fredde membra che la notte aggrava,  
 Così lo sguardo mio le facea scorta.  
 La lingua, e poscia tutta la drizzava  
 In poco d' ora, e lo smarrito volto,  
 Come amor vuol, così le colorava.  
 Poi ch' ell' avea il parlar così disciolto,  
 Cominciava a cantar sì, che con pena  
 Da lei avrei mio intento rivolto.<sup>1</sup>  
 Io son, cantava, io son dolce sirena,  
 Che i marinari in mezzo il mar dismago ; 20

<sup>1</sup> See Virgil, *Æn.* v. 750, for the foundation of the city of Acesta in Sicily, subsequently to the burning of the Trojan fleet, where the

more helpless portion of the emigrants who followed Æneas were left behind.

<sup>1</sup> The female here portrayed is

<sup>12</sup> 'Dead was the people'—so their warning bears  
 In rear of all—'for which the sea her tide  
 Sundered, ere Jordan looked upon his heirs.  
<sup>13</sup> And that which dared not to its end abide  
 With old Anchises' son his weary doom,  
 To vile inglorious life itself allied.'  
 At length, when from us by so large a room  
 Those shades were parted, sight no more descries,  
 New thought in me did inward seat assume,  
 Whence others more and various 'gan arise,  
 And I from one to other idly ranged,  
 Till for the 'extravagance I closed mine eyes  
 Again, and dreamy muse for sleep exchanged.

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 CANTO XIX.

ARGUMENT.—*Vision of False Happiness. An Angel conducts them to the Fifth Circle. Penance of the Avaricious. Pope Adrian V.*

IN the pale hour when dayborn heat no longer  
 Can mellow into warmth the lunar cold,  
 Or Earth or sometime Saturn proving stronger;  
 When geomancers in the east unrolled  
 Before the dawn their greater fortune view  
 Rise on a track that has but passing hold  
 Of darkness, on my sleep a female drew  
 Lispering and squint-eyed, crooked in her feet,  
 Stumped at her hands, and sickly-white of hue.  
 I looked on her; and as the sun with heat  
 Thaws the froze limbs o'erburdened by the night,  
 E'en so that gaze of mine her tongue made fleet  
 Of utterance, and then reared her all upright  
 In a brief moment, and her bloodless cheek  
 So crimsoned o'er, as love would most delight.  
 She, when her lips were thus unchained to speak,  
 Began a strain, whereon my mind so clung,  
 From her to turn it hardly might I seek.

<sup>14</sup> 'I am, I am that Siren sweet,' she sang,  
 'Who lead the seamen on the main astray,

supposed to typify the three remaining vices which are cleansed in Purgatory, viz. Avarice, Gluttony, and Incontinence. The Sirens were three in number, and

are supposed to have inhabited some rocky islet off Pæstum. Their interview with Ulysses is told by Homer, *Od.* xi., 166.

Tanto son di piacere a sentir piena.  
 Io trassi Ulisse del suo cammin vago  
 Al canto mio; e qual meco s' ausa  
 Rado sen parte, sì tutto l' appago.  
 Ancor non era sua bocca richiusa,  
 Quando una donna apparve santa e presta  
 Lunghesso me per far colei confusa.  
 O Virgilio, Virgilio, chi è questa?  
 Fieramente dicea; ed ei veniva  
 Con gli occhi fitti pure in quella onesta. 30  
 L' altro prendeva, e dinanzi l' apriva  
 Fendendo i drappi, e mostravami il ventre,  
 Quel mi svegliò col puzzo che n' usciva.  
 Io volsi gli occhi, e il buon Virgilio: Almen tre  
 Voci t' ho mosse, dicea: surgi e vieni,  
 Troviam la porta per la qual tu entre.  
 Su mi levai, e tutti eran già pieni  
 Dell' alto dì i giron del sacro monte,  
 Ed andavam col sol nuovo alle reni.  
 Seguendo lui, portava la mia fronte 40  
 Come colui che l' ha di pensier carica,  
 Che fa di sè un mezzo arco di ponte;  
 Quando io udi': Venite, quì si varca;  
 Parlare in modo soave e benigno,  
 Qual non si sente in questa mortal marca.  
 Con l' ale aperte che parean di cigno,  
 Volseci in su colui che sì parlonne,  
 Tra i duo pareti del duro macigno.  
 Mosse le penne poi e ventilonne,  
*Qui lugent* affermando esser beati, 50  
 Ch' avran di consolar l' anime donne.  
 Che hai, che pure in ver la terra guati?  
 La Guida mia incominciò a dirmi,  
 Poco ambedue dall' Angel sormontati.  
 Ed io: Con tanta suspizion fa irmi  
 Novella vision ch' a sè mi piega,  
 Sì ch' io non posso dal pensar partirmi.  
 Vedesti, disse, quella antica strega,  
 Che sola sovra noi omai si piagne?  
 Vedesti come l' uom da lei si slega? 60  
 Bastiti, e batti a terra le calcagne,  
 Gli occhi rivolgi al logoro, che gira  
 Lo Rege eterno con le ruote magne.  
 Quale il falcon che prima a' piè si mira

<sup>2</sup> Probably an impersonation of Truth.

So full the sense of pleasure yields my tongue.  
'T was I that lured Ulysses with my lay  
Charmed from his path; and who doth me consort,  
I so content him, rarely wends away.'  
Her closing lips not yet their tale made short,  
When to my side for her confusion came  
Sudden <sup>2</sup> a female form of saintly port.  
'O Virgil, Virgil, who is this?' aflame  
With ire she cried; and he approached me, making  
His eyes dwell only on that stainless dame.  
She caught that hag, and through her garment breaking  
Exposed in front, and me the body showed  
Whence issued odour foul, my sense awaking.  
I rolled mine eyes; and thus kind Virgil chode;  
'Three calls at least I gave thee: rise from sleep  
And come; find we the pass, thine entrance road.'  
I lifted me, and of that hallowed steep  
Were all the rings in high day ready glowing,  
And we advancing did the new sun keep  
Upon our reins. I followed him, yet showing  
My front as one who feels the press of thought  
To half-arch of a bridge his figure throwing;  
When I the words, 'Come, here is access,' caught  
Breathed in so dulcet and benign a tone  
As o'er this mortal realm were vainly sought.  
Who thus had spoken, both his wings, that shone  
Like swan's, to turn us upward did expand  
Between the two walls of that hard-grained stone;  
Then shook the wavy plumes and o'er us fanned,  
Assevering, how <sup>3</sup> *they who mourn are blest*,  
Whose souls shall of their comfort have command.  
'What ails thee, still with looks to earth depressed?'  
My guide began to question, while us both  
That angel shape a little did o'ercrest.  
And I: 'My step for that new vision go'th  
In such mistrust, I cannot thence retrieve  
My thought; so rivets it the mind though loth.'  
'Didst thou,' said he, 'that ancient witch perceive  
That only now above us anguish deals?  
Didst thou behold, how man her bonds may leave?  
Content thee; smite the pavement with thy heels;  
Thine eyes to look on that reclaim unhood,  
The King eternal whirls in mighty wheels.'  
As falcon, when her feet she first hath viewed,

<sup>2</sup> Matt. v. 4.

Indi si volge al grido, e si protende,  
 Per lo disio del pasto che là il tira ;  
 Tal mi fec' io, e tal, quanto si fende  
 La roccia per dar via a chi va suso,  
 N' andai infino ove il cerchiar si prende.  
 Com' io nel quinto giro fui dischiuso, 70  
 Vidi gente per esso che piangea,  
 Giacendo a terra tutta volta in giuso.  
*Adhæsit pavimento anima mea,*  
 Sentia dir loro con sì alti sospiri,  
 Che la parola appena s' intendea.  
 O eletti di Dio, gli cui soffriri  
 E giustizia e speranza fan men duri,  
 Drizzate noi verso gli alti saliri.  
 Se voi venite dal giacer sicuri,  
 E volete trovar la via più tosto, 80  
 Le vostre destre sien sempre di furi.  
 Così pregò il Poeta, e sì risposto  
 Poco dinanzi a noi ne fu ; perch' io  
 Nel parlare avvisai l' altro nascosto ;  
 E volsi gli occhi agli occhi al Signor mio :  
 Ond' elli m' assentì con lieto cenno  
 Ciò che chiedea la vista del disio.  
 Poi ch' io potei di me fare a mio senno,  
 Trassimi sopra quella creatura,  
 Le cui parole pria notar mi fenno, 90  
 Dicendo : Spirto, in cui pianger matura  
 Quel senza il quale a Dio tornar non puossi,  
 Sosta un poco per me tua maggior cura.  
 Chi fosti, e perchè volti avete i dossi  
 Al su, mi di' e se vuoi ch' io t' impetri  
 Cosa di là ond' io vivendo mossi.  
 Ed egli a me : Perchè i nostri diretri  
 Rivolga il cielo a sè, saprai : ma prima,  
*Scias quod ego fui successor Petri.*  
 Intra Siestri e Chiaveri s' adima 100  
 Una fumana bella, e del suo nome  
 Lo titol del mio sangue fa sua cima.  
 Un mese e poco più prova' io come  
 Pesa il gran manto a chi dal fango il guarda,

' Psalm cxix. 25. Compare  
 Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. :—

' Mammon led them on ;  
 Mammon, the least erected spirit  
 that fell

From heaven ; for e'en in heaven  
 his looks and thoughts  
 Were always downward bent,  
 admiring more  
 The riches of heaven's pavement,  
 trodden gold,

Thence turns her to the call, and straining darts  
 Her length, lured downward by her lust of food,  
 So sped I me, and up such height as parts  
 The rock for way to him who makes ascent,  
 I came to where once more the rounding starts.  
 When I on that fifth circle found a vent,  
 Along it I beheld a race that grieved  
 All prostrate on the soil and downward bent.  
<sup>4</sup> *Unto the pavement hath my spirit cleaved*  
 I gathered of their accents, though their speech  
 Was hardly heard, so deep the sighs they heaved.  
 'Ye chosen ones of God, whose sufferings each,  
 Justice and Hope, to mitigate agree,  
 Direct us right the lofty climbs to reach.'  
 'If ye now come from our prostration free,  
 And would of us the speediest path explore,  
 Cause that your right hands ever outside be.'  
 Thus prayed the poet; and brief way before  
 Our place was answered thus, whence I discerned  
 Those words a note of <sup>5</sup> other secret bore;  
 And eyes to eyes upon my chief I turned,  
 Whence he made cheerful signal to permit  
 What I implored him in the look that yearned.  
 I, thus empowered to deal as I saw fit  
 With me, crept on o'er that created thing  
 Whose former words made me so much to wit,  
 Saying, 'Soul, whose grief does that to ripeness bring,  
 Which wanting, none can come to God again,  
 For me thy greater care one moment fling  
 Aside; tell who thou wert, and why remain  
 Your backs turned upward; and if aught thou will  
 There, whence I moved alive, that I obtain.'  
 And he: 'Why toward it heaven reverses still  
 Our back-parts, thou shalt learn; but ere 't is said,  
<sup>6</sup> *Know thou, 't was mine St. Peter's seat to fill.*  
 'Tween <sup>7</sup> Siestri and Chiaveri deep her bed  
 A lovely streamlet makes, whose name conveys  
 Unto my blood their lineal title's head.  
 A month and barely more I proved how weighs  
 The mighty cloak on him that holds it high

Than aught divine or holy, else  
 enjoyed  
 In vision beatific.'

<sup>5</sup> The secret here spoken of is the  
 fact of Dante being still alive.

<sup>6</sup> Ottobona del Fiesco, a Genoese,  
 ascended the Papal throne and  
 took the name of Innocent V.

<sup>7</sup> Siestri and Chiaveri are places  
 in the east of the Genoese territory;  
 the stream is the Lavagno.



Che piuma sembran tutte l' altre some.  
 La mia conversione, omè ! fu tarda ;  
 Ma, come fatto fui Roman Pastore,  
 Così scopersi la vita bugiarda.  
 Vidi che lì non si quetava il core,  
 Ne più salir poteasi in quella vita ; 110  
 Perchè di questa in me s' accese amore.  
 Fino a quel punto misera e partita  
 Da Dio anima fui, del tutto avara :  
 Or, come vedi, qui ne son punita,  
 Quel ch' avarizia fa, qui si dichiara  
 In purgazion dell' anime converse,  
 E nulla pena il monte ha più amara.  
 Sì come l' occhio nostro non s' aderse  
 In alto, fisso alle cose terrene,  
 Così giustizia quì a terra il merse. 120  
 Come avarizia spese a ciascun bene  
 Lo nostro amore, onde operar perdesi,  
 Così giustizia quì stretti ne tiene  
 Ne' piedi e nelle man legati e presi ;  
 E quanto fia piacer del giusto Sire,  
 Tanto staremo immobili e distesi.  
 Io m' era inginocchiato, e volea dire ;  
 Ma com' io cominciai, ed ei s' accorse,  
 Solo ascoltando, del mio riverire :  
 Qual cagion, disse, in giù così ti torse ? 130  
 Ed io a lui: Per vostra dignitate  
 Mia coscienza dritta mi rimorse.  
 Drizza le gambe, e levati su, frate,  
 Rispose: non errar, conservo sono  
 Teco e con gli altri ad una potestate.  
 Se mai quel santo evangelico suono,  
 Che dice: *Neque nubent*, intendesti,  
 Ben puoi veder perch' io così ragiono.  
 Vattene omai; non vo' che più t' arresti,  
 Chè la tua stanza mio pianger disagia, 140  
 Col qual maturo ciò che tu dicesti.  
 Nepote ho io di là ch' ha nome Alagia,  
 Buona da sè, pur che la nostra casa  
 Non faccia lei per esemplo malvagia ;  
 E questa sola m' è di là rimasa.

\* It would be an endless task  
 to adduce all the passages of the  
*Divina Commedia* which illustrate  
 Dante's careful separation of the

official dignity of the Papal See  
 from his animadversions on indi-  
 vidual holders of that high office.

\* Mark xii. 25.

Out of the mire, till feather-light to raise  
 Seem all loads else. Of slow conversion I,  
 Woe's me ! but once the shepherd made to Rome,  
 I then discovered life was all a lie ;  
 I saw the heart had there no resting home,  
 Nor could in that life higher flight be soared ;  
 Wherefore my love for this did kindling come.  
 A wretched soul, and exiled from the Lord,  
 Was I until that hour ; all given to greed ;  
 Now, as thou seest, I reap the sad reward.  
 'Tis here declared what Avarice works indeed,  
 By cleansing of the souls so wrested round ;  
 Nor pang more bitter does the mountain breed.  
 Even as our eye-glance there was never found  
 To lift it high, on earthly things debased,  
 So here hath justice nailed it to the ground.  
 As avarice for every good effaced  
 Our love, whence all exertion wasting died,  
 So justice here confines us straitly braced,  
 Both feet and hands all pinioned down and tied ;  
 And long as shall the righteous Monarch please  
 Shall we distent and motionless abide.'  
 I wished to speak, and low had bent my knees ;  
 But when I had begun, and he divined,  
 Only by hearing, of my courtesies,  
 'What cause,' he said, 'thee downward thus inclined ?'  
<sup>8</sup> And I : 'Remorseful conscience bade reflect  
 Upon your dignity, and smote my mind.'  
 'Brother, lift straight thy legs, and stand erect,'  
 He answered ; 'err not ; I to One supreme  
 Thy fellow-servant am, and of the' elect.  
 If ever thou that holy gospel theme  
 Hast understood, which says, <sup>9</sup> *Nor shall they marry,*  
 Why thus I reason thou canst rightly deem.  
 Now go thy ways ; I will *no more* thou tarry ;  
 Thy stay disturbs my grief, with which awhile  
 What thou didst tell of I to ripeness carry.  
 On earth I have a niece, <sup>10</sup> Alice her style,  
 Good in herself, if yet our house's line  
 With their example change her not to vile ;  
 And she alone remaineth yonder mine.'

<sup>10</sup> Alice became the wife of the Marquis Marcello Malaspini, and it is conjectured that the poet pays

her here the acknowledgment of kindness and hospitality shown to him in his banishment.

## CANTO XX.

*Procedendo pel balzo, ove si piange l'avarizia il poeta parla di molti che furono incorrotti: Incontra Ugo Ciapetta che impreca l'avarizia de' suoi. In fine trema tutta la montagna del Purgatorio e l'anime intonano il 'Gloria in excelsis Deo.'*

CONTRA miglior voler, voler mal pugna;  
 Onde contra il piacer mio, per piacerli,  
 Trassi dell'acqua non sazia la spugna.  
 Mossimi; e il Duca mio si mosse per li  
 Luoghi spediti pur lungo la roccia,  
 Come si va per muro stretto a' merli,  
 Chè la gente che fonde a goccia a goccia  
 Per gli occhi il mal che tutto il mondo occupa  
 Dall'altra parte in fuor troppo s'approccia.  
 Maladetta sie tu, antica lupa, 10  
 Chè più che tutte l'altre bestie hai preda,  
 Per la tua fame senza fine cupa!  
 O ciel, nel cui girar par che si creda  
 Le condizion di quaggiù trasmutarsi,  
 Quando verrà per cui questa disceda?  
 Noi andavam co' passi lenti e scarsi,  
 Ed io attento all'ombre ch' i' sentia  
 Pietosamente piangere e lagnarsi:  
 E per ventura udi': Dolce Maria, 20  
 Dinanzi a noi chiamar così nel pianto,  
 Come fa donna che in partorir sia;  
 E seguitar: povera fosti tanto,  
 Quanto veder si può per quell'ospizio,  
 Ove sponesti il tuo portato santo.  
 Seguentemente intesi: O buon Fabrizio,  
 Con povertà volesti anzi virtute,  
 Che gran ricchezza posseder con vizio.  
 Queste parole m' eran sì piaciute,  
 Ch' io mi trassi oltre per aver contezza  
 Di quello spirto, onde parean venute. 30  
 Esso parlava ancor della larghezza  
 Che fece Nicolao alle pulcelle,

<sup>1</sup> I think it cannot reasonably be doubted, on comparing this apostrophe with the Poet's adventure in the dark forest, *Inf.* c. 1. that by the wolf he personifies Avarice.

<sup>2</sup> Luke ii. 7.

<sup>3</sup> The story of Fabricius, the Roman Consul, rejecting the gold of Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, is well known.

<sup>4</sup> The liberality of Nicolas,

## CANTO XX.

ARGUMENT.—*Apostrophe to Avarice. Interview with Hugh Capet.  
His description of his successors. Earthquake on the mount.*

WILL against better will is hardly mated ;  
 Against my pleasure thus, to pleasure him,  
 I from the water plucked the sponge unsated.  
 I moved, and with me moved my guide, to skim  
 Close by the rock, the vacant places threading,  
 As men that edge some narrow rampart's rim.  
 For they, whose eyes are drop by drop down shedding  
 The bane that all the world doth busy keep,  
 Too near the brink for other path lay spreading.  
 Curse on thee, <sup>1</sup> ancient wolf, who more dost heap  
 Of plunder, than all other beasts of prey,  
 Thine hunger found unfathomably deep !  
 O heaven, that art believed with circling play  
 To change the quality of all below,  
 When shall he come, who drives the pest away ?  
 We wended on with sparing steps and slow,  
 And I the shades observant noted well  
 Right piteously to moan, and speak their woe.  
 And thus I heard ' Sweet Mary,' as befel,  
 Shrieked out in front of us, the moans between,  
 Like woman's, whom her labour-pangs compel.  
 And this to follow : ' Poor thou must have been,  
 As by <sup>2</sup> that hostel, where thou didst unlade  
 Thine Holy Burden, clearly may be seen.'  
<sup>3</sup> ' Honest Fabricius ! ' was the sequel made,  
 ' Who countedst mighty wealth with vice combined  
 By poverty with virtue far outweighed.'  
 These words were so delightful to my mind,  
 The spirit whence they seemed to proceed  
 I drew me forward specially to find.  
 He spake moreover of the bounteous deed  
 Which on the damsels <sup>4</sup> Nicolas conferred

Bishop of Myra in Lycia, who with three golden balls, or sacks of money, enabled the indigent father of three damsels to portion them in marriage respectably, is a

favourite subject of mediæval sculpture, and in later times of painting. See Mrs. Jameson's excellent treatise on *Sacred and Legendary Art*.

Per condurre ad onor lor giovinezza.  
 O anima che tanto ben favelle,  
 Dimmi chi fosti, dissi, e perchè sola  
 Tu queste degne lode rinnovelle?  
 Non fia senza mercè la tua parola,  
 S' io ritorno a compier lo cammin corto  
 Di quella vita che al termine vola.  
 Ed egli: lo ti dirò, non per conforto 40  
 Ch' io attenda di là, ma perchè tanta  
 Grazia in te luce prima che sie morto.  
 I' fui radice della mala pianta,  
 Che la terra cristiana tutta aduggia  
 Sì, che buon frutto rado se ne schianta.  
 Ma, se Doagio, Guanto, Lilla e Bruggia  
 Potesser, tosto ne saria vendetta;  
 Ed io la cheggio a lui che tutto giuggia.  
 Chiamato fui di là Ugo Ciapetta:  
 Di me son nati i Filippi e i Luigi, 50  
 Per cui novellamente è Francia retta.  
 Figliuol fui d' un beccaio di Parigi.  
 Quando li regi antichi venner meno  
 'Tutti, fuor ch' un renduto in panni bigi,  
 Trova' mi stretto nelle mani il freno  
 Del governo del regno, e tanta possa  
 Di nuovo acquisto, e sì d' amici pieno,  
 Ch' alla corona vedova promossa  
 La testa di mio figlio fu, dal quale  
 Cominciar di costor le sacrate ossa. 60  
 Mentre che la gran dote Provenzale  
 Al sangue mio non tolse la vergogna,  
 Poco valea, ma pur non facea male.  
 Lì cominciò con forza e con menzogna  
 La sua rapina; e poscia, per ammenda,

\* The poet here indulges his bitterness of feeling against the line of French monarchs, especially Philip the Fair.

\* These Flemish towns had submitted to the rule of the French king in the year 1299, and Charles of Valois, after treacherously seizing the Count of Flanders and his two sons, had made Jaques, brother of the Comte de St. Pol, governor in Flanders. The citizens complained of his exactions to king Philip on his arrival, 'but were received,' says the Flo-

rentine historian, 'after the same fashion as the people of Israel by Rehoboam.'—Villani., b. viii. 32.

\* This is the father of the Hugh Capet who assumed the French crown in the year 987. He was called Hugh the Great, and was Duke of France and Count of Paris. He refused the offer of the French crown twice, and recalled Louis d' Outremer to wear it.

\* By some, Hugh Capet was said to be descendant of the famous Saxon chief Witikind; by others his line is traced back to Clovis:

heir tender age in honest ways to lead.  
 'Spirit,' I said, 'so excellent of word,  
 Tell who thou wert, and why thy record sole  
 Renews these praises worthy to be heard.  
 Nor shall thy speech remain a thankless dole,  
 If I return the brief-spanned way to make  
 Complete of that life, hurrying to the goal.'  
 And he: 'I'll tell thee, not for comfort's sake  
 I look for yonder, but the grace to suit  
 Which seems in thee so bright ere death o'ertake.  
 I to that <sup>5</sup> plant of evil was the root,  
 Whose shade so glooms all Christendom, to kill  
 Her harvest—seldom thence is torn good fruit.  
 But might <sup>6</sup> Douay and Bruges, Ghent and Lille  
 Obtain it, vengeance soon should have her course;  
 And I of Him, the' Alljudging, ask it still.  
 I there was named <sup>7</sup> Hugh Capet; of my source  
 The Philips and the Lewises begun,  
 Whose modern-dated rule in France hath force.  
 In Paris was I born a <sup>8</sup> butcher's son,  
 What time the ancient monarchs of those lands  
 Had dwindled all to <sup>9</sup> one, for whom was spun  
 The peasant's gray. I tightened in my hands  
 Found the state-reins of rule; and such a fence  
 Of ready friends my late-won prize commands,  
 And power, my son's head was promoted thence  
 Unto the widowed crown, and from that hour  
 With him their consecrated bones commence.  
 While not as yet the great <sup>10</sup> Provençal dower  
 All shame from my degenerate blood withdrew,  
 At least it wrought no wrong, if weak in power.  
 With force and falsehood thence it 'gan to do  
 Its work of spoil, and after, for amends,

one authority derives him from a Saxon noble named Richard, son of the Count of Ardenne; another, from the Royal House of Lombardy. That he sprang from a butcher, is not the invention of Dante, but is found in an extract from a MS. French romance in Alexandrine verses, apparently composed in the time of Philip the Bold, or Philip the Fair, with this variation, that it makes his mother Beatrix a Parisian butcher's daughter.—*Nouvelle Bibliothèque des Romans*,

vol. i.

<sup>8</sup> This probably refers to Charles the Simple, who died a prisoner in the castle of Peronne, A.D. 922. See Sir Walter Scott's *Quentin Durward*.

<sup>10</sup> Charles, Count of Anjou, brother of S. Louis of France, wedded Beatrice, daughter and heiress of Berenger III. Count of Toulouse, who brought him Provence (under which name was then included a large portion of the South of France) as her dowry.

Ponti e Normandia prese, e Guascogna.  
 Carlo venne in Italia, e, per ammenda  
 Vittima fe' di Curradino ; e poi  
 Ripinse al ciel Tommaso, per ammenda. 70  
 Tempo vegg' io, non molto dopo ancoi,  
 Che tragge un altro Carlo fuor di Francia,  
 Per far conoscer meglio e sè e i suoi.  
 Senz' arme n' esce, e solo con la lancia  
 Con la qual giostrò Giuda ; e quella punta  
 Sì, ch' a Fiorenza fa scoppiar la pancia.  
 Quindi non terra, ma peccato ed onta  
 Guadagnerà, per sè tanto più grave,  
 Quanto più lieve simil danno conta.  
 L' altro, che già uscì preso di nave, 80  
 Veggio vender sua figlia, e patteggiarne,  
 Come fan li corsar dell' altre schiave.  
 O avarizia, che puoi tu più farne,  
 Poi ch' hai il sangue mio a te sì tratto,  
 Che non si cura della propria carne?  
 Perchè men paia il mal futuro e il fatto,  
 Veggio in Alagna entrar lo fiordaliso,  
 E nel Vicario suo Cristo esser catto.  
 Veggio un' altra volta esser deriso ;  
 Veggio rinnovellar l' aceto e il fele, 90  
 E tra vivi ladroni esser anciso.  
 Veggio il nuovo Pilato sì crudele,  
 Che ciò nol sazia, ma senza decreto,  
 Porta nel tempio le cupide vele.  
 O Signor mio, quando sarò io lieto  
 A veder la vendetta, che, nascosa,  
 Fa dolce l' ira tua nel tuo segreto ?  
 Ciò ch' i' dicea di quell' unica sposa  
 Dello Spirito Santo, e che ti fece  
 Verso me volger per alcuna chiosa, 100

<sup>11</sup> Normandy was taken from John of England, A.D. 1204, the more easily, perhaps, from the general disgust inspired by the murder of Prince Arthur. Ponthien is a district of Lower Picardy. Gascony was anciently regarded as part of Guienne.

<sup>12</sup> See N. 4 on Canto III.

<sup>13</sup> Tradition accuses Charles of Anjou of having caused S. Thomas Aquinas to be poisoned by means of confectionery, from the dread

that if he arrived safely at the Council of Lyons, to which he had been summoned, that intrepid churchman would impeach him before the Pope for his cruelties. This was in the year 1274.

<sup>14</sup> The reception of Charles of Valois by Boniface VIII. at Anagni, his entrance into Florence as Pacificator, the arming of his retinue, the return of Corso Donati, and the troubles which followed, are told circumstantially by Villani,

Seized <sup>11</sup> Normandy, the Gascon, and Ponthieu.  
 To Italy came <sup>12</sup> Charles, and for amends  
 Conrade his victim made; and after this  
 Did back to heaven thrust <sup>13</sup> Thomas, for amends.  
 I see the time which not far distant is,  
 That draws another <sup>14</sup> Charles abroad from France,  
 The better to make known both him and his.  
 Unarmed he sallies, only with such lance  
 As Judas used to tilt, and this, with aim  
 That gores the paunch of Florence, doth advance.  
 Hence shall he gain no land, but sin and shame,  
 Which, all the more his damage he outbraves,  
 Counting it light, the heavier weighs with blame.  
<sup>15</sup> Who earlier went, made captive on the waves,  
 I see to sell his daughter, chaffering o'er  
 Her price, as corsairs trade for other slaves.  
 Ah avarice! what canst thou with us more,  
 When thou my blood in such enchainment hast,  
 That by their proper flesh they set no store?  
 But to eclipse all future crime and past,  
 I see <sup>16</sup> Anagni brook the lily-leaves,  
 And in his vicar Christ Himself made fast!  
 I see the scoffing He once more receives;  
 I see renewed the vinegar and gall,  
 And Him the slain between the living thieves.  
 I the new Pilate see, so fierce—not all  
 Contents him, till he steer without decree  
 His greedy sails within the temple-wall.  
 O thou, my Lord! when shall I joy to see  
 What now doth in Thy secret counsel hide,  
 Sweetening thine ire—the vengeance yet to be?  
 What I of her declared, <sup>18</sup> sole wedded bride  
 Unto the Holy Spirit, and which bent  
 Thy steps to me, some comment to provide,

who was an eye-witness, b. viii. c. 48. In the next chapter the historian relates his expedition to Sicily, A.D. 1302, and its disgraceful result.

<sup>15</sup> Charles II. of Sicily, taken prisoner by Roger D'Oria, admiral of the Aragonese fleet. He matched his daughter Beatrice for a large sum of money with the aged Azzo VIII. Marquis of Ferrara.

<sup>16</sup> This alludes to the outrage

on Boniface VIII, who was taken and detained a prisoner in Anagni (a town of the Campagna di Roma) for three days. The aged Pope refused all nourishment, and shortly after expired at Rome, in the year 1303, and the 86th of his age.

<sup>17</sup> Philip the Fair, king of France, suppressed the order of Knights Templars, and confiscated their vast possessions.

<sup>18</sup> The Virgin Mary. See v. 19.



Tant' è disposta a tutte nostre prece,  
 Quanto il dì dura ; ma, quando s' annotta,  
 Contrario suon prendemo in quella vece.  
 Noi ripetiam Pigmalione allotta,  
 Cui traditore e ladro e patricida  
 Fece la voglia sua dell' oro ghiotta ;  
 E la miseria dell' avaro Mida,  
 Che seguì alla sua dimanda ingorda,  
 Per la qual sempre convien che si rida.  
 Del folle Acam ciascun poi si ricorda, 110  
 Come furò le spoglie, sì che l' ira  
 Di Josuè qui par ch' ancor lo morda.  
 Indi accusiam col marito Safira :  
 Lodiamo i calci ch' ebbe Eliodoro ;  
 Ed in infamia tutto il monte gira  
 Polinestor ch' ancise Polidoro.  
 Ultimamente ci si grida : Crasso,  
 Dicci, chè il sai, di che sapore è l' oro.  
 Talor parliam l' un alto, e l' altro basso,  
 Secondo l' affezion ch' a dir ci sprona, 120  
 Ora a maggiore, ed ora a minor passo.  
 Però al ben che il dì ci si ragiona,  
 Dianzi non er' io sol ; ma qui da presso  
 Non alzava la voce altra persona.  
 Noi eravam partiti già da esso,  
 E brigavam di soverchiar la strada  
 Tanto, quanto al poder n' era permesso ;  
 Quand' io senti', come cosa che cada,  
 Tremar lo monte : onde mi prese un gielo,  
 Qual prender suol colui ch' a morte vada. 130  
 Certo non si scotea sì forte Delo  
 Pria che Latona in lei facesse il nido  
 A parturir li due occhi del cielo.  
 Poi cominciò da tutte parti un grido  
 Tal, che il Maestro inver di me si feo,

<sup>19</sup> Pygmalion, the brother and murderer of Sichæus, husband of Queen Dido. See Virgil, *Æn.* i. 347.

<sup>20</sup> The tale of Midas starving amid his gold is related by Ovid, *Met.* ii.

<sup>21</sup> Joshua, c. vii.

<sup>22</sup> Acts v. 1-11. The death of Ananias forms the subject of one of Raffaele's Cartoons ; that

of Sapphira was painted by N. Poussin.

<sup>23</sup> Heliodorus was sent by Seleucus, king of Syria, to plunder the temple at Jerusalem, and ignominiously chased from its precinct by an angelic vision. This event is recorded II. Maccab. iii. and has also been illustrated by Raffaele's pencil.

<sup>24</sup> Polymnestor, king of Thrace,

Is so dispensed to all our prayers to vent,  
 Long as the day lasts; but when night arrives  
 We change for sound of opposite intent.  
 Our memory then <sup>19</sup> Pygmalion revives,  
 Whom, while he served his glutton lust of gold,  
 To treason, theft, and parricide it drives.  
 And greedy <sup>20</sup> Midas' misery then is told,  
 The fate which his insatiate quest did hoard  
 Doomed yet to move men's laughter, as of old.  
 Of the fool <sup>21</sup> Achan then each takes record—  
 How he purloined the spoils, till seems to reach  
 Even here the curse by Joshua's wrath outpoured.  
<sup>22</sup> Sapphira with her spouse we next impeach,  
 The tramplings praise on <sup>23</sup> Heliodorus dealt,  
 And <sup>24</sup> Polymnestor's scandal in our speech  
 Rounds, for slain Polydore, the mountain's belt;  
 "Say, <sup>25</sup> Crassus,"—in our taunts hath final place,  
 "—What taste the gold hath; for thy tongue has felt."  
 At times we speak, one high, the other bass,  
 According as our impulse spurs us on  
 Now to a greater, now a lesser pace:  
 Whence in the good by day thus harped upon  
 Before I was not single, though to lift  
 The voice beside me was no other one.'  
 We had already left him, and made shift  
 The strawn way to surmount, up-labouring  
 As much as we of strength were given the gift,  
 When I felt under me like falling thing  
 The mountain tremble, whence a chill o'ertook  
 Me, like to his whose step doth deathward bring.  
 Certes, not <sup>26</sup> Delos e'er so strongly shook,  
 Ere yet, the twinborn eyes that light the sky  
 To bear, Latona nestled in its nook.  
 With that began from every man a cry  
 Such that my master turned to me more near,

murdered Polydorus, son of Priam,  
 in order to appropriate the treasure  
 which had been sent with him.  
 —Virg., *Æn.* iii. 49.

<sup>23</sup> Crassus, the wealthiest Roman  
 of his age, and the rival of Pompey  
 and Caesar, lost his army in a  
 campaign against the Parthians,  
 fell by his own hand, and being  
 found by the enemy, they beheaded  
 the corpse, and threw the head  
 into a vessel filled with molten

gold, with this taunt: 'Aurum  
 sitisti; aurum bibe.'

<sup>26</sup> According to Greek Mythology,  
 the island of Delos in the  
 Archipelago, which floated before,  
 was fixed by Apollo in gratitude  
 for the refuge it had afforded his  
 mother Latona at his birth and  
 that of his twin-sister Diana.—Virg.  
*Æn.* iii. 73. In that volcanic  
 region, a physical fact might under-  
 lie the old fable.

Dicendo : Non dubbiar, mentr' io ti guido.  
*Gloria in excelsis*, tutti, *Deo*,  
 Dicean, per quel ch' io da vicin compresi,  
 Onde intender lo grido si poteo,  
 Noi ci restammo immobili e sospesi, 140  
 Come i pastor che prima udir quel canto,  
 Fin che il tremar cessò, ed ei compiesi.  
 Poi ripigliammo nostro cammin santo,  
 Guardando l' ombre che giacean per terra,  
 'Tornate già in su l' usato pianto.  
 Nulla ignoranza mai con tanta guerra  
 Mi fe' desideroso di sapere,  
 Se la memoria mia in ciò non erra,  
 Quanta pare' mi allor pensando avere :  
 Nè per la fretta dimandare er' oso, 150  
 Nè per me lì potea cosa vedere.  
 Così m' andava timido e pensoso.

## CANTO XXI.

*Continuando il lor cammino incontrano i Poeti l' ombra di Stazio che spiega il canto delle anime e lo tremare del monte ; bei sensi d' affetto di Stazio verso Virgilio.*

LA sete natural che mai non sazia,  
 Se non con l' acqua onde la femminetta  
 Sammaritana dimandò la grazia,  
 Mi travagliava, e pungeami la fretta  
 Per la impacciata via retro al mio Duca,  
 E condoleami alla giusta vendetta.  
 Ed ecco, sì come ne scrive Luca,  
 Che Cristo apparve a' duo ch' erano in via,  
 Già surto fuor della sepulcral buca,  
 Ci apparve un' ombra, e dietro a noi venia 10  
 Dappiè guardando la turba che giace ;  
 Nè ci addemmo di lei : sì parlò pria,  
 Dicendo : Frati miei, Dio vi dea pace.  
 Noi ci volgemmo subito, e Virgilio  
 Rendè lui il cenno ch' a ciò si conface.  
 Poi cominciò : Nel beato concilio

<sup>1</sup> John iv. 15.

And said, ' Misdoubt not while thy guide am I.  
*Glory to God in the highest* I might hear  
 All saying, while my neighbourhood befriended  
 And made their shout distinguishably clear.  
 We stayed us motionless, in thought suspended,  
 As did the shepherds first to hear that song,  
 Until the trembling ceased, the chorus ended;  
 Then readvanced our sacred way along,  
 Viewing the shades that, to their wonted wail  
 Already turned, lay prone the ground to throng.  
 Never did ignorance with war assail  
 So fierce, and make me covetous to learn,  
 Unless my memory in that do fail,  
 As then we seemèd musingly to burn;  
 Nor had I for our haste to ask it dared,  
 Nor could I for myself thing there discern;  
 Thus timorous and pensive on I fared.

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### CANTO XXI.

ARGUMENT.—*The Poets are joined by the Spirit of Statius, who accompanies them, and relates his story, and the cause of the earthquake.*

THE natural thirst that never slakes with aught  
 Save with the gracious water, whence to taste  
<sup>1</sup> Samaria's simple woman once besought,  
 Tormented me, nor with less sting my haste  
 Along that much-encumbered road-way smote,  
 Following my guide, while sympathy embraced  
 Their righteous pains. And lo ! as <sup>2</sup> Luke hath wrote  
 How Christ appeared to twain upon their way,  
 Already risen from that sepulchral throat,  
 A shade appeared, and of the crowd who lay  
 Beneath him heedful, came our track behind,  
 Nor wist we of him, till he 'gan to say  
 Aloud, ' God give you, brethren, peace to find.'  
 Sudden we turned ; and Virgil with the sign  
 Responding, which to that is countersigned,  
 Began, ' May that unerring court divine

<sup>2</sup> Luke xxiv. 13.

Ti ponga in pace la verace corte,  
 Che me rilega nell' eterno esilio.  
 Come, diss' egli, e perchè andate forte,  
 Se voi siete ombre che Dio su non degni ? 20  
 Chi v' ha per la sua scala tanto scorte ?  
 E il Dottor mio : Se tu riguardi i segni  
 Che questi porta e che l' angel proffila,  
 Ben vedrai che co' buon convien ch' e' regni.  
 Ma perchè lei che dì e notte fila,  
 Non gli avea tratta ancora la conocchia,  
 Che Cloto impone a ciascuno e compila,  
 L' anima sua, ch' è tua e mia sirocchia,  
 Venendo su, non potea venir sola ;  
 Perocch' al nostro modo non adocchia. 30  
 Ond' io fui tratto fuor dell' ampia gola  
 D' inferno per mostrarli, e mostrerolli  
 Oltre quanto il potrà menar mia scuola.  
 Ma dinne, se tu sai, perchè tai crolli  
 Die' dianzi il monte, e perchè tutti ad una  
 Parver gridare infino a' suoi piè molli ?  
 Si mi die' dimandando per la cruna  
 Del mio disio, che pur con la speranza  
 Si fece la mia sete men digiuna.  
 Quei cominciò : Cosa non è che senza 40  
 Ordine senta la religione  
 Della montagna, o che sia fuor d' usanza.  
 Libero è quì da ogni alterazione ;  
 Di quel che il cielo in sè da sè riceve  
 Esserci puote, e non d' altro, cagione :  
 Perchè non pioggia, non grandò, non neve,  
 Non rugiada, non brina più su cade,  
 Che la scaletta de' tre gradi breve.  
 Nuvole spesse non paion, nè rade,  
 Nè corruscar, nè figlia di Tauinante 50  
 Che di là cangia sovente contrade.  
 Secco vapor non surge più avante  
 Ch' al sommo de' tre gradi ch' io parlai,  
 Ov' ha il vicario di Pietro le piante.  
 Trema forse più giù poco od assai ;  
 Ma, per vento che in terra si nasconda,  
 Non so come, quassù non tremò mai :

\* Apparently Dante makes Lachesis the spinner of man's vital thread, and Clotho the feeder of the distaff. This is somewhat different from their offices, as as-

signed by Hesiod to the three Moirai. *Theog.* 217, &c., 904. The third was Atropos — the Inevitable.

<sup>1</sup> Thaumas was father of Iris,

Place thee amid the council of the blest  
 In peace, that wills eternal exile mine.'  
 'How so?' he said, and onward stoutly pressed;  
 'If ye be souls whom God for heaven disdains,  
 Who guided you His stair thus high to breast?'  
 'If thou regard the marks his front retains  
 Limned by the Angel,' my preceptor said,  
 'Thou 'lt know it doomed that with the good he reigns.  
 But since <sup>3</sup> who spinneth day and night her thread  
 From him the distaff never yet withdrew,  
 By Clotho turned on each and duly fed,  
 His soul, that is the sister of us two,  
 Her upward road alone could never speed,  
 Because her eyesight views not as we view.  
 Whence I from out hell's ample jaw was freed  
 To show him, and beyond will show him well,  
 Far as my schooling shall have power to lead.  
 But wherefore lately (if thou know it, tell)  
 Gave out the mount such shocks, and one loud cry  
 Down to the wave-soaked feet seemed all to swell?'  
 Thus asking, he so hit the needle's eye  
 Of my desire, that very hope did loose  
 The parchings of my thirst, and made less dry.  
 'Nothing there is,' he said, 'that can induce  
 A thrill within that mountain's holiness  
 Unordered, or beyond the wonted use.  
 Of every change this realm is passionless,  
 And nothing else to cause it can avail,  
 But what heaven's self of self doth repossess;  
 For never falleth rain nor snow nor hail  
 Nor drop of dew nor rime above the stair  
 Whose puny range hath but three steps to scale.  
 Here never clouds are seen, or dense or rare,  
 Nor glancing flush, nor <sup>4</sup> Thaumas' child, who yet  
 Full often migrates from her country *there*.  
 Dry vapour soars not higher place to get  
 Than the' highest step of three whereof I spake,  
 On which his soles hath <sup>5</sup> Peter's vicar set.  
 In lower range it more or less may quake;  
 But here, for any wind that earth conceals,  
 I know not how, above did never shake.

whom Juno is fabled to have  
 rescued from the impending deluge  
 and translated to the skies, where  
 she became the presiding spirit of

the Rainbow, and messenger of her  
 benefactress.—Ovid, *Met.* i.

<sup>5</sup> The Angel at the gate of  
 Purgatory, see Canto ix. 78.

Tremaci quando alcuna anima monda  
 Si sente, sì che surga, o che si muova  
 Per salir su, e tal grido seconda. 60  
 Della mondizia il sol voler fa pruova,  
 Che, tutto libero a mutar convento,  
 L' alma sorprende, e di voler le giova.  
 Prima vuol ben ; ma non lascia il talento  
 Che divina giustizia contra voglia,  
 Come fu al peccar, pone al tormento.  
 Ed io che son giaciuto a questa doglia  
 Cinquecento anni e più, pur mo sentii  
 Libera volontà di miglior soglia.  
 Però sentisti il tremoto, e li pii 70  
 Spiriti per lo monte render lode  
 A quel Signor, che tosto su gl' invii.  
 Così gli disse ; e però che si gode  
 Tanto del ber quant' è grande la sete,  
 Non saprei dir quant' e' mi fece prode.  
 E il savio Duca : Omai veggio la rete  
 Che qui vi piglia, e come si scalappia,  
 Perchè ci trema, e di che congaudete.  
 Ora chi fosti piacciati ch' io sappia,  
 E, perchè tanti secoli giaciuto 80  
 Qui se', nelle parole tue mi cappia.  
 Nel tempo che il buon Tito con l' aiuto  
 Del sommo rege vendicò le fora,  
 Ond' uscì il sangue per Giuda venduto,  
 Col nome che più dura e più onora  
 Er' io di là, rispose quello spirto,  
 Famoso assai, ma non con fede ancora.  
 Tanto fu dolce mio vocale spirto,  
 Che, Tolosano, a sè mi trasse Roma,  
 Dove mertai le tempie ornar di mirto. 90  
 Stazio la gente ancor di là mi noma :  
 Cantai di Tebe, e poi del grande Achille,  
 Ma caddi in via con la seconda soma.  
 Al mio ardor fur seme le faville,  
 Che mi scaldar, della divina fiamma,  
 Onde sono allumati più di mille ;  
 Dell' Eneida dico, la qual mamma

\* Titus, son of Vespasian, and his successor in the empire, stormed and took Jerusalem, Sept. 8, A.D. 70 ; thus fulfilling our Saviour's prophecy, Matt. xxiv. 1-28 ; Luke xix. 41-44.

' In making Statius an inhabitant of Toulouse, the poet seems to have followed an ancient commentator on the Thebaid and Achilleid, Placidus Lactantius, who confounds the Latin bard

Here trembles it, whenever spirit feels  
 Her cleansed, so that she rises, or but stirs  
 To mount ; and such the cry consenting peals.  
 Only to will it, proves the cleanness hers,  
 Which, wholly free to change abode for higher,  
 Steals on the spirit and the wish confers.  
 True, 't is her wish before, but by desire  
 Is checked, which heavenly justice against will  
 Makes suffering now, as sin erewhile, require.  
 And I that here have lain to bear this ill  
 Five hundred years and more, felt only now  
 My will was free a better seat to fill.  
 Of the' earthquake hence and pious spirits thou  
 Wert sensible, that o'er the mountain praise  
 Their Lord ; may He their climbing soon allow !'  
 He spake ; and though the draught must pleasure raise  
 Proportioned to the thirst it doth relieve,  
 Words could not tell the gain his tale conveys.  
 And my wise guide : ' I now the net perceive  
 That here insnares ; and how ye slip the knot,  
 Why blends your joy, and why the mount doth heave.  
 Now, who thou wert, be pleased that I may wot,  
 And let thy words apprise me, wherefore rolled  
 Such ages o'er thee prostrate on this spot ?'  
 ' What time good <sup>6</sup> Titus, in the help made bold  
 Of highest king, avenged the spear-wound's blame  
 Whence issued out the blood by Judas sold,  
 With most enduring, most exalting name  
 Was I,' that spirit answered, ' yonder found ;  
 Nor yet with faith endowed, but ample fame.  
 So sweet a tone my vocal breath renowned,  
 That from <sup>8</sup> Toulouse Rome took me for her own,  
 Where high desert my brows with myrtle crowned.  
<sup>8</sup> Statius to earthly race I still am known ;  
 First Thebes, then great Achilles, was my theme,  
 But with my second load I fell o'erthrown  
 Upon my way. The flame divine that gleams  
 With light to lighten thousand minds and more,  
 Mine ardour sowed, and warmed me in her beams.  
 That Æneïd which me, as mother, bore

with a rhetorician of the above-named city, Statius Surculus. Boccaccio shared the same error. Some have thought that a misprint reads *Tolosano* for *Telesano*, Telesia being a ruined town near Naples.

<sup>6</sup> Statius was a native of Naples. The tradition which makes him a convert to Christianity has no solid foundation. He left his poem on Achilles incomplete.



Fummi, e fummi nutrice poetando ;  
Senz' essa non fermai peso di dramma.  
E, per esser vivuto di la quando 100  
Visse Virgilio, assentirei un sole  
Più ch' i' non deggio al mio uscir di bando.  
Volser Virgilio a me queste parole  
Con viso che, tacendo, dicea : Taci :  
Ma non può tutto la virtù che vuole ;  
Che riso e pianto son tanto seguaci  
Alla passion da che ciascun si spicca,  
Che men seguon voler ne' più veraci.  
Io pur sorrisi, come l' uom ch' ammicca ;  
Perchè l' ombra si tacque, e riguardommi 110  
Negli occhi, ove il semblante più si ficca.  
E se tanto lavoro in bene assommi,  
Disse, perchè la faccia tua testeso  
Un lampeggiar d' un riso dimostrommi ?  
Or son io d' una parte e d' altra preso ;  
L' una mi fa tacer, l' altra scongiura  
Ch' i' dica : ond' io sospiro, e sono inteso.  
Di', il mio Maestro, e non aver paura,  
Mi disse, di parlar ; ma parla, e digli  
Quel ch' e' dimanda con cotanta cura. 120  
Ond' io : Forse che tu maravigli,  
Antico spirto, del rider ch' io fei ;  
Ma più d' ammirazion vo' che ti pigli.  
Questi, che guida in alto gli occhi miei,  
E quel Virgilio, dal qual tu togliesti  
Forte a cantar degli uomini e de' Dei.  
Se cagione altra al mio rider credesti,  
Lasciala per non vera ; ed esser credi  
Quelle parole che di lui dicesti.  
Già si chinava ad abbracciar li piedi 130  
Al mio Dottor ; ma e' gli disse : Frate,  
Non far, chè tu se' ombra, e ombra vedi.  
Ed ei surgendo : Or puoi la quantitate  
Comprender dell' amor ch' a te mi scalda,  
Quando dismento nostra vanitate,  
Trattando l' ombre come cosa salda.

And was my nurse—poetical I mean—  
Without her, not one dram's weight made I sure.  
And I, below there living to have been  
When Virgil lived, would yield a twelvemonths' space  
More than I owe, my franchisement between.'  
These words made Virgil turn to me with face  
That silently said 'Silence;' but not all  
Its aim can man's energetic will embrace,  
So prompt are smiles to rise and tears to fall  
Upon the feeling that can each arouse,  
In truest hearts they least obey the call.  
I simply smiled, as man with winking brows;  
The shade then silent looked into mine eyes,  
Where imprest meaning most itself avows.  
'Speak, and accomplish well so great emprise,'  
He said, 'why lately on thy face displayed  
A gleamy light of laughter did arise.'  
Now this and that side I am prisoner made;  
One bids me 'peace,' one doth my tale beseech:  
Wherefore I sigh; and have my thought conveyed.  
'Tell him,' my Master counselled, 'nor of speech  
Have fear, but speak and tell him what he pants  
With question so importunate to reach.'  
Whence I: 'O ancient spirit, thou perchance  
To see me moved to laugh art wondering,  
But I that wonderment will yet enhance.  
This man, who upward thus mine eyes doth bring,  
Is that same Virgil, whence derived the force  
Was thine of mortals and of Gods to sing.  
If thou hast deemed my smile had other source,  
Leave it for false, and for the true entreat  
Those very words thou didst of him discourse.'  
Already to embrace my teacher's feet  
He stooped; but he forbade him: 'Brother, no;  
For thou a shadow dost a shadow greet.'  
He rising said: 'Now mayest thou the glow  
Of love conceive, how vast for thee I feel,  
When I in thought our emptiness forego,  
And with a shade as solid substance deal.'

## CANTO XXII.

*Vanno i Poeti al sesto giro : Stazio racconta come la poesia di Virgilio, le prediche, e buoni costumi de' cristiani, il fecero abbracciare la vera fede. Procedendo, trovano un bell' albero carico di soavi pomi da non toccarsi ; quivi i golosi piangono il loro peccato.*

Già era l' angel dietro noi rimaso,  
 L' angel che n' avea volti al sesto giro,  
 Avendomi dal viso un colpo raso :  
 E quei ch' hanno a giustizia lor desiro,  
 Detto n' avea, *Beati*, in le sue voci,  
 Con *sitio*, e senz' altro ciò fornìro.  
 Ed io, più lieve che per l' altre foci,  
 M' andava sì, che senza alcun labore  
 Seguiva in su gli spiriti veloci :  
 Quando Virgilio cominciò: Amore, 10  
 Acceso di virtù, sempre altro accese,  
 Pur che la fiamma suo paresse fuore.  
 Onde, dall' ora che tra noi discese  
 Nel limbo dello inferno Giovenale,  
 Che la tua affezion mi fe' palese,  
 Mia benvoglienza inverso te fu quale  
 Più strinse mai di non vista persona,  
 Sì ch' or mi parran corte queste scale.  
 Ma dimmi, e come amico mi perdona 20  
 Se troppa sicurtà m' allarga il freno,  
 E come amico omai meco ragiona :  
 Come poteo trovar dentro al tuo seno  
 Luogo avarizia, tra cotanto senno  
 Di quanto, per tua cura, fosti pieno ?  
 Queste parole Stazio muover fenno  
 Un poco a riso pria ; poscia rispose :  
 Ogni tuo dir d' amore m' è caro cenno.  
 Veramente più volte appaion cose,  
 Che danno a dubitar falsa matera, 30  
 Per le vere cagion che son nascose,  
 La tua dimanda tuo creder m' avvera  
 Esser ch' io fossi avaro in l' altra vita,  
 Forse per quella cerchia dov' io era :  
 Or sappi ch' avarizia fu partita

<sup>1</sup> Matt. v. 6.

<sup>2</sup> Juvenal, in his seventh Satire, bears testimony to the sweetness

of versification which distinguished Statius, and to his popularity.

<sup>3</sup> It will be remembered that

## CANTO XXII.

ARGUMENT.—*The Poets journey upward to the Sixth Circle. Statius sets Virgil right regarding his cause of penance, and continues his story. Mysterious Tree and Spring.*

ERE this the angel was behind us left,  
 The angel who to that sixth orb commended  
 Our course, and sweeping from my forehead left  
 One scar. And they whose longings all are bended  
 On justice, in their tones had told us <sup>1</sup> *Blest*  
 Who thirst; and here without addition ended.  
 And lighter I up this throat than the rest  
 So sped me, that unwearying I rose  
 Behind those nimble spirits to the crest;  
 When Virgil thus began: 'The love that glows  
 By virtue kindled, kindles aye the flame  
 In other, if its own but outside shows;  
 Whence, from that hour when <sup>2</sup> Juvenal, who came  
 To our infernal limbo, by report  
 Thy strong affection did to me proclaim,  
 Mine own goodwill to thee was such in sort,  
 For one unseen a greater none could feel,  
 And now 't will make these upward stairs seem short.  
 But tell, and like a friend my pardon seal,  
 If, slackening rein, I on thy love presume,  
 And like a friend discoursing with me deal;  
 How could it be that Avarice found room  
 Within thy breast, amid so plenteous thought  
 As, by thy studies won, did thee illumine?'  
 These words a passing touch of laughter brought  
 O'er Statius' face at first, who then returned:  
 'Thine every word to me is token fraught  
 With love. In verity are often learned  
 From things apparent unsubstantial grounds  
 For doubt, the real causes undiscerned.  
 Thy question surely thy belief expounds  
 To me, that 't was in other life my vice  
 To covet, haply for the circle's bounds  
 Which held me. <sup>3</sup> Know thou now, that Avarice

the opposite vices of Avarice and      same circle of Hell. See *Inf.*  
 Prodigality are punished in the      c. vii.

Troppo da me, e questa dismisura  
 Migliaia di lunari hanno punita.  
 E, se non fosse ch' io drizzai mia cura,  
 Quand' io intesi là ove tu chiamè,  
 Crucciato quasi all' umana natura :  
 Per che non reggi tu, o sacra fame  
 Dell' oro, l' appetito de' mortali ?  
 Voltando sentirei le giostre grame.  
 Allor m' accorsi che troppo aprir l' ali  
 Potean le mani a spendere, e pentemi  
 Così di quel come degli altri mali.  
 Quanti risurgeran co' crini scemi,  
 Per l' ignoranza che di questa pecca  
 Toglie il pentir vivendo, e negli stremi !  
 E sappi che la colpa, che rimbecca  
 Per dritta opposizione alcun peccato,  
 Con esso insieme qui suo verde secca.  
 Però, s' io son tra quella gente stato  
 Che piange l' avarizia, per purgarmi,  
 Per lo contrario suo m' è incontrato.  
 Or quando tu cantasti le crude armi  
 Della doppia tristizia di Giocasta,  
 Disse il Cantor de' bucolici carmi,  
 Per quel che Clio lì con teco tasta,  
 Non par che ti facesse ancor fedele  
 La fè, senza la qual ben far non basta.  
 Se così è, qual sole o quai candeie  
 Ti stenebraron sì, che tu drizzasti  
 Poscia dietro al pescator le vele ?  
 Ed egli a lui : Tu prima m' inviasti  
 Verso Parnaso a ber nelle sue grotte,  
 E prima, appresso Dio, m' alluminasti.  
 Facesti come quei che va di notte,  
 Che porta il lume dietro, e sè non giova,  
 Ma dopo sè fa le persone dotte,  
 Quando dicesti : Secol si rinnova ;  
 Torna giustizia ; e primo tempo umano,  
 E progenie discende dal ciel nuova  
 Per te poeta fui, per te cristiano ;  
 Ma perchè veggi me' ciò ch' io disegno,

\* 'Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,

Auri sacra fames?'—*Æn.* iii. 56.

\* Jocasta's unhappy fate, as mother and wife of *Œdipus*, was a fruitful theme for the poets of

antiquity. The *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles takes foremost rank among the extant Greek Tragedies.

\* Clio is properly the Muse of History, but is invoked by Statius in the opening of the *Thebais*.

And I too far were parted, which excess  
 Some thousand moons to punish but suffice.  
 And were 't not, I my care did right address,  
 When I deciphered where thou hast appealed  
 Unto man's nature, as in bitterness,  
 "4 Whither dost thou the appetite not wield  
 Of mortals, O accursèd greed of gold?"  
 To run the murky jousts I must have reeled.  
 Then was I ware, too widely might unfold  
 The hands their wings to spending, and did mourn  
 For this as for my sins of other mould:  
 What hosts shall rise again with hair all shorn,  
 Through ignorance, that life-long to the last  
 From that offence hath due repentance torn!  
 And know, the fault that bandies back her cast,  
 In strict opponency to other sin,  
 Dries with it here, until her green be past.  
 Then if I cleansed me that array within  
 To whom the moan of avarice belongs,  
 For counter crime encountered hath it been.'  
 'Now when of sad 5 Jocasta's double wrongs  
 It was thy choice the cruel arms to sing,'  
 Enquired the minstrel of bucolic songs,  
 'Since with thee 6 Clio there awoke the string,  
 Seems, thee not yet the faith had faithful made  
 Which wanting, no good works contentment bring.  
 If thus it be, what dispossessed that shade,  
 Or sun, or candle, in the fishers' wake  
 Enabling thee to steer thy sail displayed?'  
 And he: 'Thy lore first taught my way to take  
 And drink from caverns on Parnassus' height,  
 And made the dawn divine upon me break.  
 My part was his, whom journeying by night  
 The lamp he bears behind no succour lends,  
 But gives to those who follow guiding light.  
 When such thy song: 7 "New ages make amends,  
 Justice returns, and man's primeval days,  
 And a new progeny from heaven descends."  
 Through thee the poets'—thee the Christian's praise  
 Is mine; but that mine outline may be shown

Horace even appeals to her as patroness of lyric song.

'In the fourth of Virgil's Eclogues, inscribed Pollio, the poet rises to such sublimity in his

anticipations of a coming age, as would lead one to believe he had read or heard in Jewish circles at Rome the prophecies of Isaiah. Compare Pope's *Messiah*.

A colorar distenderò la mano.  
 Già era il mondo tutto quanto pregno  
 Della vera credenza; seminata  
 Per li messaggi dell' eterno regno;  
 E la parola tua sopra toccata  
 Sì consonava a' nuovi predicanti, 80  
 Ond' io a visitarli presi usata.  
 Vennermi poi parendo tanto santi,  
 Che, quando Domizian li persegnette,  
 Senza mio lagrimar non fur lor pianti.  
 E mentre che di là per me si stette,  
 Io gli sovvenni, e lor dritti costumi  
 Fer dispregiare a me tutte altre sette;  
 E pria ch' io conducessi i Greci a' fiumi  
 Di Tebe, poetando, ebb' io battesimo;  
 Ma per paura chiuso cristian fumi, 90  
 Lungamente mostrando paganesmo;  
 E questa tiepidezza il quarto cerchio  
 Cerchiar mi fe' più che il quarto centesimo.  
 Tu dunque, che levato hai il coperchio  
 Che m' ascondeva quanto bene io dico,  
 Mentre che del salire avem soverchio,  
 Dimmi dov' è Terenzio nostro amico,  
 Cecilio, Plauto è Varro, se lo sai  
 Dimmi se son dannati, ed in qual vico.  
 Costoro, e Persio, ed io, e altri assai, 100  
 Rispose il Duca mio, siam con quel Greco  
 Che le Muse lattar più ch' altro mai,  
 Nel primo cinghio del carcere cieco.  
 Spesse fiate ragioniam del monte,  
 Ch' ha le nutrici nostre sempre seco.  
 Euripide v' è nosco, e Anacreonte,  
 Simonide, Agatone ed altri piue  
 Greci che già di lauro ornar la fronte.  
 Quivi si veggion delle genti tue

\* Statius is said to have been a favourite, and is certainly the unblushing flatterer, of the Emperor Domitian. Under that tyrant Flavius Clemens and his wife Domitilla, nearly allied to the imperial family, are said to have suffered martyrdom, and the aged S. John to have been thrown into a caldron of boiling oil.

\* Terence, Cæcilius and Plautus being all Latin comic writers, if

Dante really introduced Varro among them here, it is probably the poet, V. Atacinus, mentioned by Horace I. Sat. x. 46, and not the celebrated antiquary. But though MS. authority is apparently concordant as to the name, I cannot help suspecting that the poet wrote *Vario*; and intended by it the epic writer, friend of Horace and Virgil.

<sup>10</sup> This celebrated satirist was

The better, will I stretch the hand that lays  
 My colours. All the world was pregnant grown  
 With the true faith already, by their tongue  
 Who heralded the' eternal kingdom sown;  
 And that forecited word of thine was sung  
 So well attuned to those new preachers' tale,  
 That hence to visit them my custom sprung.  
 Then did their holy bearing so prevail,  
 That in <sup>8</sup> Domitian's persecuting mood  
 My tears their martyrdoms did never fail;  
 And while on yonder world in me it stood,  
 I succoured them, and for their righteous dealing  
 All other sects disprizing I eschewed.  
 And ere my poet skill the Greeks led wheeling  
 Along the Theban rivers, I obtained  
 My baptism; but from cowardice concealing,  
 Hid convert was, with paganism long-feigned.  
 Such lukewarmness round that fourth round to drift  
 More than four hundred years hath me restrained.  
 Thou therefore, who the covering didst lift  
 Which that acknowledged good from me was hiding,  
 While surplus time is ours to mount the rift,  
 Say where our ancient <sup>9</sup> Terence is abiding,  
 Cecilius, Plautus, Varro, if thou know'st;  
 Say if condemned, and in what street residing.'  
 'All these, and <sup>10</sup> Persius, and myself, and host  
 Of others,' said my leader, 'with <sup>11</sup> that Greek  
 Who sucked the Muses' milk of all the most,  
 In the blind jail's first circle are to seek.  
 Full often, turning talk the mount upon  
 That ever holds our nurses, do we speak.  
 Euripides may there, <sup>12</sup> Anacreon,  
<sup>13</sup> Agatho, <sup>14</sup> Simonides, and more be met;  
 Greeks on whose front the bays erewhile have shone.  
 Of those, thy Theban people, there are set

born at Volaterræ in Etruria, A.D. 34, and died in his 28th year, A.D. 62.

<sup>11</sup> Homer. See *Inf.* c. iv. 86.

<sup>12</sup> The Cod. Bartolinianus reads *Antifonte*, which, as Antiphon was a Greek tragic writer, seems to harmonise better with the mention of Euripides.

<sup>13</sup> Agatho was a tragic poet of Athens, contemporary with Socrates and Euripides. He was the first

who introduced choral odes into his plays irrelevant to the action of the piece. In Plato's *Symposium* the scene is laid at Agatho's house.

<sup>14</sup> Simonides of Ceos is probably designated here, not the elder Samian poet. He is regarded as having brought the Elegy and Epigram to their perfection. He was born B.C. 556, and lived to extreme old age.



Antigone, Deifile ed Argia 110  
 Ed Ismene sì trista come fue.  
 Vedesi quella che mostrò Langia ;  
 Evvi la figlia di Tiresia e Teti,  
 E con le suore sue Deidamia.  
 Tacevansi ambedue già li poeti,  
 Di nuovo attenti a riguardare intorno,  
 Liberi dal salire e da' pareti ;  
 E già le quattro ancelle eran del giorno  
 Rimase addietro, e la quinta era al temo,  
 Drizzando pure in su l' ardente corno ; 120  
 Quando il mio Duca : Io credo ch' allo stremo  
 Le destre spalle volger ci convegna,  
 Girando il monte come far solemo.  
 Così l' usanza fu lì nostra insegna,  
 E prendemmo la via con men sospetto  
 Per l' assentir di quell' anima degna.  
 Elli givan dinanzi, ed io soletto  
 Diretro, ed ascoltava i lor sermoni  
 Ch' a poetar mi davano intelletto.  
 Ma tosto ruppe le dolci ragioni 130  
 Un alber che trovammo in mezza strada,  
 Con pomi ad odorar soavi e buoni.  
 E come abete in alto si digrada  
 Di ramo in ramo, così quello in giuso,  
 Cred' io perchè persona su non vada.  
 Dal lato, onde il cammin nostro era chiuso,  
 Cadea dall' alta roccia un liquor chiaro,  
 E si spandeva per le foglie suso.  
 Li duo poeti all' alber s' appressaro ;  
 Ed una voce per entro le fronde 140  
 Gridò : Di questo cibo avrete caro.  
 Poi disse : Più pensava Maria, onde  
 Fosser le nozze orrevoli ed intere,  
 Ch' alla sua bocca, ch' or per voi risponde.  
 E le Romane antiche per lor bere  
 Contente furon d' acqua, e Daniello  
 Dispregiò cibo, ed acquistò sapere.

<sup>15</sup> Deipyle and Argæa, both daughters of Adrastus, king of Argos, the leader of the Seven Chiefs against Thebes. The former was wife of Tydeus and mother of Diomed; the latter wedded Polynices.

<sup>16</sup> Antigone and Ismene were

daughters of Œdipus and Jocasta. The heroism of the first, in her resolve to honour the corpse of her brother Polynices with due funeral rites, is the subject of Sophocles' fine tragedy.

<sup>17</sup> Hypsipyle, daughter of Thoas, king of Lemnos, was sold by pirates

<sup>15</sup> Deipyle, Argæa, <sup>16</sup> Antigone,  
 And sorrowful Ismene, grieving yet.  
 Who showed <sup>17</sup> Langæa's spring is there to see,  
 And <sup>18</sup> Thetis, and <sup>19</sup> Tiresias' daughter there,  
 And <sup>20</sup> Deidamia with her sisters be.'  
 Already both the poets silent were,  
 Around them newly sedulous to look,  
 Freed from the rock-wall and the mounted stair.  
 Four handmaids of the day had now forsook  
 His car, and lagged behind; the fifth in place  
 Was at the pole, and aimed its blazing hook  
 Upward, when thus my guide: 'The edge to face,  
 I trow, do we with our right shoulders need,  
 As we are wont, the mountain's girth to trace.'  
 Thus usage was our ensign here to lead,  
 And with less doubt we to the road inclined  
 Of that right worthy spirit thus agreed.  
 They walked before, and single I behind,  
 And in attentive ears their talk embraced,  
 That with poetic power informed my mind.  
 But soon a tree, that 'mid our pathway placed  
 We found, brake sudden off their counsel sweet;  
 Its fruit of fragrant smell and good to taste.  
 And as the fir doth upward aye retreat  
 From bough to bough, went shelving that below,  
 I ween the climber's purpose to defeat.  
 Upon the side that closed our path, a flow  
 From that tall rock of liquid falling clear  
 Did o'er the leaves above a sprinkle throw.  
 The poet pair unto the tree drew near,  
 And lo! from out that leafy covert speeding  
 A voice exclaimed, 'Scarce shall your food be here.'  
 Then said: <sup>21</sup> 'The nuptials Mary more was heeding  
 In thought to make them honoured and entire,  
 Than her own lips, that now for you are pleading;  
 And old Rome's matrons satisfied desire  
 With water for their drink, and <sup>22</sup> Daniel  
 His meat disparaged, wisdom to acquire.

to Lycurgus of Nemea, and became  
 nurse to his child Opheltes. To  
 point out a spring to Adrastus and  
 his soldiers, she left her infant  
 charge, and found on her return  
 that a serpent had killed him.

<sup>18</sup> Thetis, mother of Achilles.

<sup>19</sup> Manto. See *Inf.* Canto  
xx. 52.

<sup>20</sup> Daughter of Lycomedes of  
Scyros. Deidamia became mother  
of Pyrrhus by Achilles. See *Inf.*  
Canto xxvi. 62, and note.

<sup>21</sup> John ii. 3.

<sup>22</sup> Daniel i. 8-16.

Lo secol primo, quant' oro, fu bello;  
 Fe' savorose con fame le ghiande,  
 E nettare con sete ogni ruscello. 150  
 Mele, e locuste furon le vivande,  
 Che nudriro il Batista nel deserto;  
 Perch' egli è glorioso, e tanto grande  
 Quanto per l' Evangelio v' è aperto.

## CANTO XXIII.

*Soppraggiunti i Poeti da una turba d' anime che impaurite vanno più forte, Dante vi riconosce quella di Forese con cui a lungo conversa e cammina. Biasimo contro l' immodestia delle donne Fiorentine: come i golosi immagriscono e sono sformati dalla fame.*

MENTRE che gli occhi per la fronda verde  
 Ficcava io così, come far suole  
 Chi dietro all' uccellin sua vita perde,  
 Lo più che padre mi dicea: Figliuole,  
 Vienne oramai, chè il tempo che c' è imposto  
 Più utilmente compartir si vuole.  
 I' volsi il viso e il passo non men tosto  
 Appresso a' savi, che parlavan sì,  
 Che l' andar mi facean di nullo costo.  
 Ed ecco piangere e cantar s' udìe: 10  
*Labia mea, Domine*, per modo  
 Tal che diletto e doglia parturìe.  
 O dolce Padre, che è quel ch' i' odo?  
 Comincia' io; ed egli: Ombre che vanno,  
 Forse di lor dover solvendo il nodo.  
 Sì come i peregrin pensosi fanno,  
 Giugnendo per cammin gente non nota,  
 Che si volgono ad essa e non ristanno;  
 Così diretto a noi, più tosto mota, 20  
 Venendo e trapassando, ci ammirava  
 D' anime turba tacita e devota.  
 Negli occhi era ciascuna oscura e cava,  
 Pallida nella faccia, e tanto scema,  
 Che dall' ossa la pelle s' informava.  
 Non credo che così a buccia strema  
 Erisiton si fusse fatto secco,  
 Per digiunar, quando più n' ebbe tema.

<sup>1</sup> Psalm li. 15.

<sup>2</sup> Erisichon of Thessaly, having

opposed the worship of Ceres, was  
 condemned by her to suffer the

Beauteous as gold did that first age excel.  
 Which acorns made with hunger savoury,  
 And every rill for thirst with nectar well.  
 Honey and locusts were the sole supply  
 That in the wilderness the Baptist fed,  
 Wherefore in glory and in greatness high  
 He stands, as by the Gospel is arèd.'

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CANTO XXIII.

ARGUMENT.—*The Poets meet with Forese, who severely censures the manners of the women of Florence.*

WHILE I was straining yet mine eyes to gaze  
 'Mid the green leaves, as is the wont of one,  
 That following some poor bird wears out his days,  
 My more than father said, 'Come quickly, son;  
 The time by fate appointed us we ought  
 To portion, that more useful work be done.'  
 My look, nor less alert my step, I brought  
 Close to the wise, who did their talk ordain  
 So that my quickened movement cost me nought.  
 And lo! was heard a mourning and a strain  
 Of song, 'My lips, O Lord, whose blended cry  
 Both at a birth did pleasure teem and pain.  
 'O gentle father mine, what sound hear I?'  
 Thus I began; he answered: 'Souls perchance  
 That wend their knot of duty to untie.'  
 As do the pilgrims in their pensive trance,  
 O'ertaking on their way some stranger race,  
 And on them turn, nor check their own advance,  
 So rearward of us, moved to faster pace,  
 Of spirits a devout and silent crew  
 Came on, and passed, and looked us in the face.  
 Of hollowed eyes was each and dulled to view,  
 Pallid of countenance, and grown so lean  
 That, figuring the skin, the bones showed through.  
 Not to his utmost scurfy rind, I ween,  
 With fasting when it wrought his direst dread,  
 Could <sup>2</sup> Erisichon withered thus have been.

pangs of insatiable hunger, and  
 after selling his own daughter  
 under various shapes, at last de-

voured himself.—Ovid, *Met.* viii.  
 823.

Io dicea fra me stesso pensando : Ecco  
 La gente che perdè Gerusalemme,  
 Quando Maria nel figlio die' di becco. 30  
 Parean l' occhiaie anella senza gemme.  
 Chi nel viso degli uomini legge *omo*,  
 Ben avria quivi conosciuto l' emme.  
 Chi crederebbe che l' odor d' un pomo  
 Sì governasse, generando brama,  
 E quel d' un' acqua, non sappiendo como ?  
 Già era in ammirar che sì gli affama,  
 Per la cagione ancor non manifesta  
 Di lor magrezza e di lor trista squama ;  
 Ed ecco del profondo della testa 40  
 Volse a me gli occhi un' ombra, e guardò fiso,  
 Poi gridò forte : Qual grazia m' è questa ?  
 Mai non l' avrei riconosciuto al viso ;  
 Ma nella voce sua mi fu palese  
 Ciò che l' aspetto in sè avea conquiso.  
 Questa favilla tutta mi raccese  
 Mia conoscenza alla cambiata labbia,  
 E ravvisai la faccia di Forese.  
 Deh non contendere all' asciutta scabbia,  
 Che mi scolora, pregava, la pelle, 50  
 Nè a difetto di carne ch' io abbia ;  
 Ma dimmi il ver di te, e chi son quelle  
 Due anime che là ti fanno scorta :  
 Non rimaner che tu non mi favelle.  
 La faccia tua, ch' io lagrimai già morta,  
 Mi dà di pianger mo non minor doglia,  
 Risposi lui, veggendola sì torta.  
 Però mi di', per Dio, che sì vi sfoglia ;  
 Non mi far dir mentr' io mi maraviglio,  
 Chè mal può dir chi è pien d' altra voglia. 60  
 Ed egli a me : Dell' eterno consiglio  
 Cade virtù nell' acqua, e nella pianta  
 Rimasa addietro, ond' io sì mi sottiglio.  
 Tutta esta gente che piangendo canta,  
 Per seguitar la gola oltre misura,  
 In fame e in sete quì si rifà santa.  
 Di bere e di mangiar n' accende cura  
 L' odor ch' esce del pomo, e dello sprazzo  
 Che si distende su per la verdura.

\* Josephus relates that at the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, a noble lady, named Mary, was reduced to eat her own child. Hist. vii. 15.  
 ' The two O's forming the eye-

In sadness musing to myself I said,  
 ' Behold the folk that lost Jerusalem,  
 When <sup>3</sup> Mary with her son her ravin fed.'  
 Seemed those eye-sockets rims without the gem :  
 Who spells in human visage <sup>4</sup> O. M. O.,  
 Would here full well have recognised the M.  
 Who may believe an apple's scent could so  
 Misorder them, by gendering desire,  
 Or liquid stream's, unless the cause he know ?  
 E'en now what famished thus did I admire,  
 Because no reason of their meagreness  
 And their unsightly scurf might yet transpire.  
 And lo ! a shadow did to me address  
 From the skull's depth his eyes with fixed glare,  
 Then cried aloud : ' What grace is this to bless ? '  
 Him by his look to recognise had ne'er  
 Been mine, but patent in his voice's fall,  
 What his mere aspect had subdued, was there.  
 This single spark in me rekindled all  
 My knowledge of the face, though changed so sore,  
 And I <sup>5</sup> Foresè's lineaments recal.  
 ' Dispute me not by this dry scab spread o'er  
 My skin,' he prayed, ' whence it so livid shows,  
 Nor by default of flesh that once I bore ;  
 But tell me truth of thee, and who be those  
 Two spirits yonder, who thy steps escort,  
 Nor to thy talk with me delay propose.'  
 ' Thy face, whence late I wept the life cut short,  
 Now gives me to lament no lesser grief,'  
 Answered I him, ' to see it thus distort.  
 Then tell me, in God's name, what strips your leaf ;  
 Bid me not speak, while wonder leaves no room,  
 For ill speaks he whose other wish is chief.'  
 And he to me : ' From everlasting doom  
 Falls virtue in the water and the plant  
 We left behind, whence thinned I so consume.  
 This people all, to whom that mournful chaunt  
 Unbridled following of their maw requites,  
 In thirst and hunger here the grace they want  
 Renew. Their wish to eat and drink excites  
 The perfume issuing from the fruit and spray  
 That self-expanding on the verdure lights.

sockets, the M would be made prominent by famine.

<sup>5</sup> Foresè was evidently the

brother of Corso Donati, of the distinguished family of that name in Florence.

E non pure una volta, questo spazzo 70  
 Girando, si rinfresca nostra pena ;  
 Io dico pena e dovre' dir sollazzo ;  
 Chè quella voglia all' arbore ci mena,  
 Che menò Cristo lieto a dire Elì  
 Quando ne liberò con la sua vena.  
 Ed io a lui : Forese, da quel dì  
 Nel qual mutasti mondo a miglior vita,  
 Cinqu' anni non son volti insino a quì.  
 Se prima fu la possa in te finita  
 Di peccar più, che sorvenisse l' ora 80  
 Del buon dolor ch' a Dio ne rimarita,  
 Come se' tu quassù venuto ancora ?  
 Io ti credea trovar laggiù di sotto,  
 Dove tempo per tempo si ristora.  
 Ed egli a me : Sì tosto m' ha condotto  
 A ber lo dolce assenzio de' martiri  
 La Nella mia col suo pianger diretto.  
 Con suo' prieghi devoti e con sospiri  
 Tratto m' ha della costa ove s' aspetta,  
 E liberato m' ha degli altri giri. 90  
 'Tant' è a Dio più cara e più diletta  
 La vedovella mia, che tanto amai,  
 Quanto in bene operare è più soletta ;  
 Chè la Barbagia di Sardigna assai  
 Nelle femmine sue è più pudica  
 Che la Barbagia dov' io la lasciai.  
 O dolce frate, che vuoi tu ch' io dica ?  
 Tempo futuro m' è già nel cospetto,  
 Cui non sarà quest' ora molto antica,  
 Nel qual sarà in pergamo interdetto 100  
 Alle sfacciate donne fiorentine  
 L' andar mostrando con le poppe il petto.  
 Quai Barbare fui mai, quai Saracine,  
 Cui bisognasse, per farle ir coverte,  
 O spiritali o altre discipline ?  
 Ma se le svergognate fosser certe  
 Di quel che il ciel veloce loro ammanna,  
 Già per urlare avrian le bocche aperte.  
 Che, se l' antiveder quì non m' inganna,  
 Prima fien triste che le guance impeli 110  
 Colui che mo si consola con nanna.  
 Deh, frate, or fa che più non mi ti celi ;

\* Mark xv. 34.

' The wife of Foresè, of whom

nothing more is known, than that  
she was of Sardinian extraction.

Nor once alone troop we to wind our way  
 Rounding this space, our pain afresh to breed,  
 I say our pain, and comfort ought to say ;  
 For us unto the tree that will doth lead,  
 Which led our Lord content the head to bow  
 Crying <sup>6</sup> "Eloi," when with blood our souls He freed.  
 And I : ' Foresè, from the day when thou  
 The world for better life didst barter well,  
 Five years their orb have hardly wheeled till now.  
 If, or thine hour of wholesome grief befel,  
 Which can to God in wedlock reunite,  
 The power had ceased that made thee peccable,  
 How comes it, thou art lifted to such height ?  
 I thought to find down there in lowlier dale  
 Thy soul, where time must former time requite.'  
 And he to me : ' My <sup>7</sup> Nella could prevail,  
 And speed me the sweet wormwood of our stings  
 To drink so early, with her lavish wail ;  
 Her sighs and her devout petitionings  
 Me from the border where they wait removed,  
 And she has freed me from those other rings.  
 Dearer so much to God, and more approved,  
 Is she, the more to good works sole inclined,  
 My widowed darling, whom I deeply loved ;  
 For rude Sardinia's self breeds womankind,  
 In that her Savagery, of chaster mould  
 Than does the <sup>8</sup> Savagery where I behind  
 Left her. Sweet brother, what wouldst thou be told ?  
 A coming time stands in my sight prepared,  
 That shall not find this hour remotely old,  
 To bring the pulpit's interdict declared  
 Against our brazen-faced she-Florentines,  
 To flaunt exposing paps and bosom bared.  
 What females ever of barbaric lines  
 Or Saracen, to make them hide their shames,  
 Needed or church or other disciplines ?  
 But had they surely known, those frontless dames,  
 The crop swift heaven is sheaving to surprise,  
 Their mouths were opened now for wild exclams.  
 For they, unless my foresight sure belies,  
 Shall sadden, ere the cheeks their clothing take  
 Of him who now is hushed with lullabies.  
 Brother, an end of thy concealment make ;

<sup>8</sup> In Florence.



Vedi che non pur io, ma questa gente  
 Tutta rimirà là dove il sol veli.  
 Perch' io a lui : Se ti riduci a mente  
 Qual fosti meco e quale io teco fui,  
 Ancor fia grave il memorar presente.  
 Di quella vita mi volse costui  
 Che mi va innanzi, l' altr' ier, quando tonda  
 Vi si mostrò la suora di colui ; 120  
 E il sol mostrai. Costui per la profonda  
 Notte menato m' ha da' veri morti,  
 Con questa vera carne che il seconda.  
 Indi m' han tratto su li suoi conforti,  
 Salendo e rigirando la montagna  
 Che drizza voi che il mondo fece torti.  
 Tanto dice di farmi sua compagna,  
 Ch' io sarò là dove fia Beatrice ;  
 Quivi convien che senza lui rimagna.  
 Virgilio è questi che così mi dice, 130  
 E additàlo, e quest' altr' è quell' ombra  
 Per cui scosse dianzi ogni pendice  
 Lo vostro regno che da sè la sgombra.

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 CANTO XXIV.

*Incontro d' altri spiriti famosi e di Buonagiunta da Lucca, il quale parla dello stile poetico di Dante. Dipartenza e predizione di Foresè : altro albero carico di frutti a cui i golosi non posson toccare. L' angelo cancella un altro P. dal fronte di Dante e mena i tre al settimo girone nel quale purgansi i peccatori carnali.*

Nè il dir l' andar, nè l' andar lui più lento  
 Facea, ma ragionando andavam forte,  
 Sì come nave pinta da buon vento :  
 E l' ombre, che parean cose rimorte,  
 Per le fosse degli occhi ammirazione  
 Traean di me, di mio vivere accorte:  
 Ed io, continuando il mio sermone,  
 Dissi : Ella sen va su forse più tarda  
 Che non farebbe, per l' altrui cagione.  
 Ma dimmi, se tu sai, dov' è Piccarda ; 10

<sup>1</sup> Piccarda, the sister of Foresè and Corso Donati, had professed herself of the sisterhood of Saint Clara, but was forcibly taken by

Behold, not I alone, but all the rest  
 Look back on where thou dost the sunbeams break.'  
 Whence I to him : ' If memory but suggest  
 What thou with me, and I have been with thee,  
 Remindment here may even yet molest.  
 Me from that life a few days since made he  
 Who now precedes me—when with aspect round  
 The sister showed of yonder one—to flee ;'  
 (Speaking, I showed the sun.) ' Through night profound  
 Of them, the dead indeed, he was my guide,  
 With this true flesh that on his track is bound.  
 My rescue thence his counsels did provide  
 By climbing round and round the mountain's line,  
 Where ye, by earth distort, are rectified.  
 His company so far he pledges mine,  
 Till I shall win to Beatrice' abode ;  
 There 't is decreed that I his help resign.  
 Virgil is this'—and with my finger showed—  
 ' Who tells me thus ; the other is that shade  
 For whom your kingdom, shaking off his load,  
 A trembling felt her every brink pervade.'

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CANTO XXIV.

ARGUMENT.—*Dante obtains further information from Foresè. The Poets approach another Tree, and are invited by an Angel to climb higher.*

NOR words our going slackened, nor the going  
 Our words ; but we, conversing, briskly sped,  
 As drives the ship, when prosperous gale is blowing :  
 And the pale shades, that looked as things half dead,  
 Aware that I yet lived, great wonderment  
 Of me within their eyes' sunk caverns bred :  
 And I, upon my tale's continuance bent,  
 Resumed : ' That soul doth haply mount more slow  
 For others' sake, than would herself content.  
 But tell where is <sup>1</sup> Piccarda, if to know

her brother Corso, and married to  
 a young noble, to whom she had  
 been promised in marriage by their

father Simon. See *Par.* Canto iii.  
 106.

Dimmi s' io veggio da notar persona  
 Tra questa gente che sì mi riguarda.  
 La mia sorella, che tra bella e buona,  
 Non so qual fosse più, trionfa lieta  
 Nell' alto Olimpo già di sua corona.  
 Sì disse prima, e poi : Quì non si vieta  
 Di nominar ciascun, da ch' è sì munta  
 Nostra sembianza via, per la dieta.  
 Questi, e mostrò col dito, è Buonagiunta,  
 Buonagiunta da Lucca ; e quella faccia 20  
 Di là da lui, più che l' altre trapunta,  
 Ebbe la santa Chiesa in le sue braccia :  
 Dal Torso fu, e purga per digiuno  
 L' anguille di Bolsena e la vernaccia.  
 Molti altri mi mostrò ad uno ad uno ;  
 E nel nomar parean tutti contenti,  
 Sì ch' io però non vidi un atto bruno.  
 Vidi per fame a vôto usar li denti  
 Ubaldin dalla Pila, e Bonifazio  
 Che pasturò col rocco molte genti. 30  
 Vidi messer Marchese, ch' ebbe spazio  
 Già di bere a Forlì con men secchezza,  
 E sì fu tal che non si sentì sazio.  
 Ma, come fa chi guarda, e poi fa prezza  
 Più d' un che d' altro, fe' io a quel da Lucca,  
 Che più pareva di me aver contezza.  
 Ei mormorava, e non so che Gentucca  
 Sentiva io là ov' ei sentia la piaga  
 Della giustizia che sì gli pilucca.  
 O anima, diss' io, che par sì vaga 40  
 Di parlar meco, fa sì ch' io t' intenda,  
 E te e me col tuo parlare appaga.  
 Femmina è nata, e non porta ancor benda,  
 Cominciò ei, che ti farà piacere  
 La mia città, come ch' uom la riprenda.  
 Tu te n' andrai con questo antivedere ;

\* Buonagiunta was a poet of some merit, anterior to Dante.

\* Pope Martin IV., native of Monpincè, Canon of Tours, was elected A.D. 1281. He is 'chiefly remarkable in history for his entire subservience to the interests of his patron' (Charles I. of Sicily). He first of any of the Popes condescended to hold the office of Senator

in Rome, and proclaimed a crusade against Peter of Aragon. See Waddington's *Hist. of the Church*, c. xx.

\* The lake of Bolsena (*Vulsinii*) was famous for its eels, which the Pope caused to be stewed in the wine Vernaccia, and, it is said, died of a surfeit on them.

\* Ubaldino della Pila, after the

Be thine, and tell if persons worth my care  
 I see in yonder host that marks me so.'  
 'My sister, she whom whether good or fair  
 The most, I know not, joys already 'mid  
 Olympian heights her triumph-wreath to wear.'  
 So spake he first, then: 'Here 't is not forbid  
 To name each shade, so by the diet is  
 Our haggard presence of its likeness rid.  
 Lo!—' and he pointed—<sup>2</sup> 'Buonagiunta this,  
 Buonagiunta from Lucca; and yonder face  
 Of all most wasted, farther off than his,  
 Held sometime Holy Church in his embrace.  
<sup>3</sup> He was from Tours, and of <sup>4</sup> Bolsena's eels,  
 Stewed in Vernaccia, fasts away the trace.'  
 Names many more he one by one reveals;  
 Nor saw I darkling scowl from one annoyed,  
 So full content each soul, he naming, feels.  
 I saw how <sup>5</sup> Pila's Ubaldine employed  
 (With Boniface, who in his rochet tended  
 Large flocks) their famished teeth upon the void.  
 Messer <sup>6</sup> Marchese I saw, who life expended  
 Drinking at <sup>7</sup> Forlì once with less extreme  
 Of drought, yet then had thirst which nothing ended.  
 But as doth he who looks, then makes esteem  
 Of one than other more, by me was shown  
 To the Lucchese, who did more heedful seem  
 Of me. He murmured, and of some unknown  
<sup>8</sup> Gentucca marked I where he felt the smart  
 Of justice that so strips him to the bone.  
 'O soul,' I said, 'that in thy seeming art  
 So fain to speak with me, unfold thy tale,  
 And let thy word to thee and me impart  
 Content.' 'There is a female born, and veil  
 Weareth not yet,' began he, 'shall delight  
 Thee with my city, howsoe'er man rail.  
 Thou shalt retire with this prophetic sight;

battle of Montaperti, shared the  
 chief power in Florence with Far-  
 inata degli Uberti. Boniface, Arch-  
 bishop of Ravenna, was his son,  
 and seems to have inherited his  
 devotion to the pleasures of the  
 table.

<sup>6</sup> M. Marchese de' Regogliesi,  
 who, when his butler reported to  
 him that the people of Forlì said

he was always drinking, replied,  
 'And you may go tell them that I  
 am always athirst.'

<sup>7</sup> Forlì is on the line of road  
 (now railway) between Faenza and  
 Rimini.

<sup>8</sup> Gentucca was a young Lucchese  
 lady, to whom Dante, when in  
 exile there, is said to have become  
 attached.

Se nel mio inormorar prendesti errore,  
 Dichiareranti ancor le cose vere.  
 Ma di' s' io veggio quì colui che fuore  
 Trasse le nuove rime, cominciando : 50  
*Donne, ch' avete intelletto d' Amore.*  
 Ed io a lui : Io mi son un che, quando  
 Amore spira, noto, ed a quel modo  
 Che detta dentro, vo significando.  
 O frate, issa vegg' io, diss' egli, il nodo  
 Che il Notaio, e Guittone, e me ritenne  
 Di quà dal dolce stil nuovo ch' i' odo.  
 Io veggio ben come le vostre penne  
 Diretro el dittator sen vanno strette,  
 Che delle nostre certo non avvenne. 60  
 E qual più a gradire oltre si mette,  
 Non vede più dall' uno all' altro stilo,  
 E quasi contentato si tacette.  
 Come gli augei che vernan lungo il Nilo  
 Alcuna vota di lor fanno schiera,  
 Poi volan più in fretta e vanno in filo ;  
 Così tutta la gente che lì era,  
 Volgendo il viso, raffrettò suo passo,  
 E per magrezza e per voler leggiera.  
 E come l' uom che di trottare è lasso 70  
 Lascia andar li compagni, e sì passeggia  
 Fin che si sfoghi l' affollar del casso ;  
 Sì lasciò trapassar la santa greggia  
 Forese, e dietro meco sen veniva,  
 Dicendo : Quando fia ch' io ti riveggia ?  
 Non so, risposi lui, quant' io mi viva ;  
 Ma già non fia il tornar mio tanto tosto,  
 Ch' io non sia col voler prima alla riva.  
 Perocchè il luogo, u' fui a viver posto,  
 Di giorno in giorno più di ben si spolpa, 80  
 E a trista ruina par disposto.  
 Or va, diss' ei, che quei che più n' ha colpa  
 Vegg' io a coda d' una bestia tratto  
 Verso la valle, ove mai non si scolpa.  
 La bestia ad ogni passo va più ratto,  
 Crescendo sempre infin ch' ella il percuote,

\* The first line of a Canzone in the Vita Nuova, composed in honour of Beatrice.

<sup>10</sup> Fra Guittone di Arezzo, a poet of that age, mentioned again c. xxvi. The 'Notary' was one Jacopo di

Lentino.

<sup>11</sup> Love.

<sup>12</sup> The cranes, whose flight furnishes our poet with more than one comparison. *Inf.* Canto v. 46.

<sup>13</sup> Corso Donati, having fallen

If thee my murmur now misleading wrongs,  
 Realities shall yet expound it right.  
 But say if him, the unexampled songs  
 Who drew forth opening thus, I here discern;  
<sup>9</sup> 'Ladies, to whom to know of love belongs.'  
 And I to him: 'I know me one to learn  
 And mark when Love breathes on me; and whate'er  
 He inly dictates, I to language turn.'  
 'Brother,' he said, 'the knot I now see clear  
 That held <sup>10</sup> Guitton, the Notary, and me  
 Short of the new and sweeter style I hear.  
 Your pinions set them, as I plainly see,  
 Close on your great <sup>11</sup> Dictator flight to take,  
 In which our own did, certes, nought agree.  
 Who strains beyond, more charming verse to make,  
 Marks not the gulf that sunders style from style.'  
 Then, calmed as by content, no more he spake.  
 Like as <sup>12</sup> the birds that winter by the Nile,  
 That sometimes in a serried troop are bending,  
 Then fly with quickened wing, and move in file,  
 So all the people in that orbit wending,  
 Nimble alike with leanness and desire,  
 Still as they turned away their pace were mending.  
 And as the traveller whom his run doth tire,  
 His comrades left, does to a walk restrain  
 His step, until his panting chest respire,  
 So did Foresè let the sainted train  
 Pass on, and came behind them at my side,  
 Saying, 'When shall I see thy face again?'  
 'How long my life I know not,' I replied;  
 'Yet could I not e'en now return so fast,  
 But swifter were my wish to coast that tide;  
 Because the place wherein my lot was cast  
 Itself of goodness day by day more drains,  
 And seems consigned to direful wreck at last.'  
 'Go,' he rejoined; 'to whom most blame pertains,  
 At a beast's tail I see <sup>13</sup> him dragged perforce  
 Downward to the gulf whence no reprieve remains.  
 At every step more wildly flies that horse  
 With added speed, till striking with its heel

under the suspicion of intending to  
 make himself absolute master of  
 Florence, was attacked in his  
 palace by the magistrates and  
 popular party, compelled to flee  
 for his life, overtaken by his pur-

suers at Rovezzano, and, falling  
 from the horse on which they had  
 set him on their return to the city,  
 received a mortal wound from a  
 Catalan soldier, A.D. 1308.—Villani,  
 Hist. viii. c. 96.

E lascia il corpo vilmente disfatto.  
 Non hanno molto a volger quelle ruote,  
 E drizzò gli occhi al ciel, ch' a te fia chiaro  
 Ciò che il mio dir più dichiarar non puote. 90  
 Tu ti rimani omai, chè il tempo è caro  
 In questo regno sì, ch' io perdo troppo  
 Venendo teco sì a paro.a paro.  
 Qual esce alcuna volta di galoppo  
 Lo cavalier di schiera, che cavalchi,  
 E va per farsi onor del primo intoppo,  
 Tal si partì da noi con maggior valchi ;  
 Ed io rimasi in via con esso i due,  
 Che fur del mondo sì gran maliscalchi.  
 E quando innanzi a noi sì entrato fue, 100  
 Che gli occhi miei si fero a lui seguaci,  
 Come la mente alle parole sue,  
 Parvermi i rami gravidi e vivaci  
 D' un altro pomo, e non molto lontani,  
 Per esser pure allora volto in laci.  
 Vidi gente sott' esso alzar le mani,  
 E gridar non so che verso le fronde,  
 Quasi bramosi fantolini e vani,  
 Che pregano, e il pregato non risponde ;  
 Ma per fare esser ben la voglia acuta, 110  
 Tien alto lor disio e nol nasconde.  
 Por si partì sì come ricreduta ;  
 E noi venimmo al grande arbore, ad esso  
 Che tanti prieghi e lagrime rifiuta.  
 Trapassate oltre senza farvi presso ;  
 Legno è più su che fu morso da Eva,  
 E questa pianta si levò da esso.  
 Sì tra le frasche non so chi diceva ;  
 Perchè Virgilio e Stazio ed io ristretti  
 Oltre andavam dal lato che si leva. 120  
 Ricordivi, dicea, de' maladetti  
 Ne' nuvoli formati, che satolli  
 Teseo combatter co' doppii petti ;  
 E degli Ebrei ch' al ber si mostrâr molli,  
 Perchè non gli ebbe Gedeon compagni,  
 Quando inver Madian discese i colli.

<sup>14</sup> Not far off at its first appearing, because the mountain lessened and tapered toward the summit, which they were now approaching.

<sup>15</sup> This tree is set expressly for

the punishment of the gluttonous.

<sup>16</sup> Greek Mythology derived the Centaurs from Ixion and the cloud shaped in the form of Juno to deceive him. At the marriage of

It leaves the shamefully disfigured corse.  
 No long career have yonder orbs to wheel  
 Ere they make plain '—and raised to heaven his eyes—  
 'What word of mine no plainer may reveal.  
 Tarry thou now; so dearly do we prize  
 Time in this kingdom, that too much I waste,  
 While with thy step mine own delaying vies.'  
 As sometimes at a gallop parts in haste  
 The knight from troop at measured pace that rides,  
 The honour of the vaward shock to taste,  
 So parted he from us with larger strides,  
 And I the roadway kept with that same two,  
 Once of the world the mighty marshal-guides.  
 And when so far beyond us he withdrew,  
 That now mine eyes as dimly, as my mind  
 Had traced his sayings, did his path pursue,  
 Boughs of another tree, with fruit declined  
 And vigorous, I beheld; <sup>14</sup> nor distant much,  
 For things I but that moment turned to find.  
 Beneath I saw folk lift the hands to touch,  
 And call I know not what toward the leaves,  
 Like children idly coveting to clutch,  
 That ask, nor any from the asked receives  
 Answer; but he, to make their wish more keen,  
 Lifts high their object, nor the sight bereaves.  
 Then they, as men that had their error seen,  
 Retired, and to that mighty tree we came,  
 Whence prayers and tears so oft repelled have been.  
 'Pass onward, nor one footstep nearer aim;  
 The trees grows higher up, whence Eve did eat,  
<sup>15</sup> And this an offshoot sprang from out the same.'  
 Thus from the branches unknown accents greet,  
 Whence Virgil, Statius, I, the nearer brought,  
 Crept by the' aspiring side with cautious feet.  
 'Recal,' the voice continued, 'to thy thought  
 The' accursèd <sup>16</sup> Cloudborn, who in drunken brawl,  
 Opposing breasts biform, with Theseus fought;  
 And those whose drinking showed their softness all,  
 Hebrews, whom <sup>17</sup> Gideon would not for his mates,  
 When down the hills on Midian's host to fall

Pirithous with Hippodamia, they  
 attempted to carry off the bride  
 by force, but were defeated by  
 Theseus and the Lapithæ. This  
 conflict was represented on the

inner frieze of the Parthenon, as  
 may be verified by the fragments  
 preserved among the Elgin Marbles.

<sup>17</sup> Judges vii. 6.



Sì, accostati all' un de' duo vivagni,  
 Passammo, udendo colpe della gola,  
 Seguite già de miseri guadagni.  
 Poi, rallargati per la strada sola, 130  
 Ben mille passi e più ci portammo oltre,  
 Contemplando ciascun senza parola.  
 Che andate pensando sì voi sol tre?  
 Subita voce disse; ond' io mi scossi,  
 Come fan bestie spaventate e poltre.  
 Drizzai la testa per veder chi fossi;  
 E giammai non si videro in fornace  
 Vetri o metalli sì lucenti e rossi,  
 Com' i vidi un che dicer: S' a voi piace 140  
 Montare in su, quì si convien dar volta;  
 Quinci si va chi vuole andar per pace.  
 L' aspetto suo m' avea la vista tolta:  
 Perch' io mi volsi indietro a' miei dottori,  
 Com' uom che va secondo ch' egli ascolta.  
 E quale, annunziatrice degli albori,  
 L' aura di maggio muovesi, ed olezza,  
 Tutta impregnata dall' erba e da' fiori;  
 Tal mi senti' un vento dar per mezza  
 La fronte, e ben senti' muover la piuma,  
 Che fe' sentir d' ambrosia l' orezza. 150  
 E senti' dir: Beati cui alluma  
 Tanto di grazia, che l' amor del gusto  
 Nel petto lor troppo disir non fuma,  
 Esuriendo sempre quanto è giusto.

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 CANTO XXV.

*Salgono i Poeti la scala del settimo girone. Stazio solve alcuni dubj di Dante: generazione del corpo umano ed infusione in lui dell' anima razionale. Nuotano in un mare di fiamme i voluttuosi: esempj onde inclinare l' animo a castità.*

ORA era onde il salir non volea storpio,  
 Che il sole avea lo cerchio di merigge  
 Lasciato al Tauro e la notte allo Scorpio.  
 Perchè come fa l' uom che non s' affigge,  
 Ma vassi alla via sua, checchè gli appaia,  
 Se di bisogno stimolo il trafigge;

<sup>1</sup> Dante supposes his journey when the sun is in Aries and the moon in Libra. Taurus and Scor-

He rushed.' Thus, while our side one edging grates,  
 We passed, and Gluttony's reproaches heard,  
 With recompense of misery that awaits.  
 'Then, as the vacant road more room conferred,  
 More than a thousand paces on we fared,  
 And meditated each without a word.  
 'What thought have you three lonely musers shared?'  
 Suddenly cried a voice; whence I amazed  
 Started, as do the timorous brutes when scared.  
 To see who this might be my head I raised;  
 And never yet were metals seen or glass  
 That with so glowing red in furnace blazed,  
 As I beheld a shape whose warning was,  
 'If ye would fain climb upward, here ye need  
 To turn; who makes for peace must this way pass.'  
 I turned behind my teachers to proceed  
 (For look of him had dazzled sight away)  
 Like man who follows where his ears may lead.  
 And as the harbinger of dawning day,  
 Impregnate all with herb and flowret store,  
 Moves her and gives perfume the gale of May,  
 Such did I feel a breeze that midway bore  
 Upon my front, and felt the stirring plumes  
 That shed ambrosial soft breathings o'er;  
 And 'Happy they,' I heard, 'whom grace illumines  
 So far, desire to taste within their breast  
 Kindles no longing that too much consumes,  
 But ever with just hunger are possest.'

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 CANTO XXV.

*ARGUMENT.*—*The Poets approach the last circle of the Hill of Purgatory. Penance of the Incontinent. Metaphysical discourse of Statius.*

Now stood I, whence to climb brooked nought that hindered,  
 For his meridian ring the lord of day  
 Had to the <sup>1</sup> Bull, to Scorpio night surrendered.  
 Wherefore as man that suffers not delay,  
 But if the spur of need do sharply press,  
 Whate'er confront him, wendeth his own way,

pio are named here as the signs of those first named.  
 the Zodiac respectively following

Così entrammò noi per la callaia,  
 Uno innanzi altro, prendendo la scala  
 Che per artezza i salitor dispaia.  
 E quale il cicognin che leva l' ala 10  
 Per voglia di volare, e non s' attenta  
 D' abbandonar lo nido, e giù la cala,  
 Tal era io, con voglia accesa e spenta  
 Di dimandar, venendo infino all' atto  
 Che fa colui, ch' a dicer s' argomenta.  
 Non lasciò, per l' andar che fosse ratto,  
 Lo dolce Padre mio, ma disse : Scocca  
 L' arco del dir che insino al ferro hai tratto.  
 Allor sicuramente aprii la bocca,  
 E cominciai : Come si può far magro 20  
 Là dove l' uopo di nutrir non tocca ?  
 Se t' ammentassi come Meleagro  
 Si consumò al consumar d' un tizzo,  
 Non fora, disse, questo a te sì agro :  
 E, se pensassi come al vostro guizzo  
 Guizza dentro allo specchio vostra image ;  
 Ciò che par duro ti parrebbe vizzo ;  
 Ma perchè dentro a tuo voler t' adage,  
 Ecco quì Stazio, ed io lui chiamo e prego,  
 Che sia or sanator delle tue piage. 30  
 Se la veduta eterna gli dislego,  
 'Rispose Stazio, là dove tu sie,  
 Discolpi me non potert' io far niego.  
 Poi comincì : Se le parole mie,  
 Figlio, la mente tua guarda e riceve,  
 Lume ti fieno al come che tu die.  
 Sangue perfetto, che mai non si beve  
 Dall' assetate vene, si rimane  
 Quasi alimento che di mensa leve.  
 Prende nel cuore a tutte membra umane 40  
 Virtute informativa, come quello  
 Ch' a farsi quelle per le vene vane.  
 Ancor digesto scende ov' è più bello  
 Tacer che dire ; e quindi poscia geme  
 Sovr' altrui sangue in natural vasello.  
 Ivi s' accoglie l' uno e l' altro insieme,  
 L' un disposto a patire e l' altro a fare,  
 Per lo perfetto luogo onde si preme ;

<sup>2</sup> The life of Meleager depended      Althæa had snatched from the fire  
 on a firebrand which his mother      at the time of his birth, on hearing

So we in file our entrance did address  
 Through the cleft path, and up the staircase spring  
 That parts the climbing pairs for narrowness.  
 And as the storklet is, that lifts the wing  
 With will to fly, then folding down doth shrink,  
 Not yet to leave the nest adventuring,  
 Thus I mine act suspended on the brink,  
 As one to utterance tasking his intent,  
 My wish of question kindled but to sink.  
 Nor my sweet father, that in haste he went,  
 Deserted me, but said, ' Let fly the shot  
 Thy bow of speech to the steel-head hath bent.'  
 Then opened I my lips, my fear forgot,  
 And I began: ' What can to leanness turn,  
 There where the want of nurture touches not? '  
 ' If thou of <sup>2</sup> Meleager, doomed to burn  
 Wasting with wasting brand, hadst mindful been,  
 This thing,' he said, ' were not so hard to learn.  
 And thinking how within the mirror's sheen,  
 Swift as ye glide, your image glideth still,  
 Mellow had seemed what now seems crude and green.  
 But to assure thee quiet in thy will,  
 Lo! Statius here—I pray him and appeal,  
 That on thy wounds he prove his healing skill.'  
 ' If this eternal blazon I reveal  
 To him,' responded Statius, ' where thou art,  
 Let this excuse, that I unable feel  
 To say thee *no* ;' then prefaced: ' If thy heart,  
 O son, my words imbibing entertains,  
 Light on the cause required they shall impart.  
 The perfect blood that of our thirsty veins  
 Is never drunk, like victual from the board  
 Which thou removest unconsumed, remains.  
 For every human limb the heart's rich hoard  
 It takes, a plastic virtue, as the flood  
 Which through the veins to fashion those is poured.  
 Whither it drops, again distilled, were good  
 To leave unspoken; thence in natural vase  
 More late it trickles o'er another's blood.  
 There each to each in ready welcome draws,  
 To suffer one disposed, and one to act,  
 The perfect place that shed it forth, the cause.

the Fates' decree, but committed it  
 again to the flames in revenge for  
 the slaughter of her two brothers

by her son's own hand.—Ovid,  
*Met.* viii. 531.

E, giunto lui, comincia ad operare,  
 Coagulando prima, e poi avviva 50  
 Ciò che per sua materia fe' constare.  
 Anima fatta la virtute attiva,  
 Qual d' una pianta, in tanto differente  
 Che quest' è in via, e quella è già a riva,  
 Tanto ovra poi che già si muove e sente,  
 Come fungo marino; ed ivi imprende  
 Ad organar le posse ond' è semente.  
 Or si spiega, figliuolo, or si distende  
 La virtù ch' è dal cuor del generante,  
 Dove natura a tutte membra intende : 60  
 Ma, come d' animal diveгна fante,  
 Non vedi tu ancor : quest' è tal punto  
 Che più savio di te già fece errante ;  
 Sì che, per sua dottrina, fe' disgiunto  
 Dall' anima il possibile intelletto,  
 Perchè da lui non vide organo assunto.  
 Apri alla verità che viene in petto,  
 E sappi che, sì tosto come al feto  
 L' articular del cerebro è perfetto,  
 Lo Motor primo a lui si volge lieto, 70  
 Sovra tanta arte di natura, e spira  
 Spirito nuovo di virtù repleto,  
 Che ciò che truova attivo quivi tira  
 In sua sustanzia, e fassi un' alma sola,  
 Che vive e sente, e sè in sè rigira.  
 E perchè meno ammiri la parola,  
 Guarda il calor del sol che si fa vino,  
 Giunto all' umor che dalla vite cola.  
 E quando Lachesis non ha più lino,  
 Solvesi dalla carne, ed in virtute 80  
 Seco ne porta e l' umano e il divino.  
 L' altre potenzie tutte quante mute ;  
 Memoria, intelligenza, e volontade,  
 In atto molto più che prima acute.  
 Senza restarsi, per sè stessa cade  
 Mirabilmente all' una delle rive ;  
 Quivi conosce prima le sue strade.  
 Tosto che luogo lì la circonscrive,  
 La virtù formativa raggia intorno,  
 Così e quanto nelle membra vive ; 90

\* The philosophy of Thomas Aquinas attributes to the foetal embryo first vegetative, secondly, sensitive, and lastly, intellectual life. V. 63 refers to Averröes.  
 † Lachesis has the task as-

Now 'gins it work, combined with what it lacked,  
 And first coagulates, then stirs the whole  
 To life, which its own matter did compact.  
<sup>3</sup> The agent power, become a living soul  
 Such as a plant hath, so far disagreed,  
 This runneth yet, while that hath reached the goal,  
 So operates, that like the sponge sea-weed,  
 It motion hath and sense ; then takes in hand  
 To organise the powers whereof 't is seed.  
 Now does the virtue spread it and expand,  
 Which the begetter's heart, my son, provides,  
 Where nature does to every limb command.  
 But how from animal to man it glides,  
 Thou seest not yet ; already such point, turning  
 Wiser than thou art from his way, misguides,  
 And makes him the life-spirit in his learning  
 To sunder from the faculty of mind,  
 As no associate organ there discerning.  
 Open thy breast the coming truth to find,  
 And know that, soon as in the foetal brain  
 Articulation perfecteth its kind,  
 The primal Mover doth to turn Him deign  
 Glad o'er what nature's artifice effects,  
 And breathes new spirit of the mightiest strain :  
 Which all it finds of active here collects  
 To its own substance, one sole mind to build,  
 That lives and feels and self on self reflects.  
 And with less wonder at my tale be filled,  
 Marking the sun's heat, how it turns to wine  
 When joined with moisture from the vine distilled.  
 When <sup>4</sup> Lachesis hath no more flax to twine,  
 Then doth it burst from flesh, and with it bear  
 In energy both the' human and divine ;  
 The other faculties all voiceless there,  
 But will, and memory, and intelligence  
 In act far keener than of old they were.  
 By marvellous self-impulse falls it thence,  
 Nor stops, till <sup>5</sup> one of those two shores be found ;  
 Here of its proper pathways first hath sense.  
 Soon as a place there circumscribes its bound,  
 In mode and measure as through living limb  
 The plastic virtue radiates around ;

signed her which her name denotes.  
 See c. xxi. v. 25. and note.

<sup>5</sup> Either that of Acheron, see

*Inf.* c. iii. 122 ; or that of the  
 Tiber at its mouth, see *Purg.* c. ii.

100.

E come l' aere, quand' è ben piorno,  
 Per l' altrui raggio che in sè si riflette,  
 Di diversi color si mostra adorno,  
 Così l' aer vicin quivi si mette  
 In quella forma che in lui suggella  
 Virtualmente l' alma che ristette :  
 E simigliante poi alla fiammella  
 Che segue il fuoco là 'vunque si muta,  
 Segue allo spirto sua forma novella.  
 Perocchè quindi ha poscia sua paruta, 100  
 E chiamat' ombra ; e quindi organa poi  
 Ciascun sentire insino alla veduta.  
 Quindi parliamo, e quindi ridiam noi,  
 Quindi facciam le lagrime e i sospiri  
 Che per lo monte aver sentiti puoi.  
 Secondo che ci affigon li disiri  
 E gli altri affetti, l' ombra si figura,  
 E questa è la cagion di che tu miri.  
 E già venuto all' ultima tortura  
 S' era per noi, e volto alla man destra, 110  
 Ed eravamo attenti ad altra cura.  
 Quivi la ripa fiamma in fuor balestra,  
 E la cornice spira fiato in suso,  
 Che la riflette, e via da lei sequestra ;  
 Onde ir ne convenia dal lato schiuso  
 Ad uno ad uno, ed io temeva il fuoco  
 Quinci, e quindi temeva il cader giuso.  
 Lo Duca mio dicea : per questo loco  
 Si vuol tenere agli occhi stretto il freno,  
 Perocch' errar potrebbesi per poco. 120  
*Summæ, Deus, clementiæ*, nel seno  
 Del gran ardore allora udi' cantando,  
 Che di volger mi fe' caler non meno :  
 E vidi spirti per la fiamma andando ;  
 Perch' io guardava ai loro ed a' miei passi,  
 Compartendo la vista a quando a quando.  
 Appresso il fine ch' a quell' inno fassi,  
 Gridavano alto : *Virum non cognosco* ;  
 Indi ricominciavan l' inno bassi.  
 Finitolo, anche gridavano : Al bosco 130  
 Si tenne Diana, ed Elice caccionne

\* This is the poet's account of the ghostly shapes he sees on his journey through each of the realms he penetrates.  
 ' *Summæ Deus clementiæ* ' is the first line of the hymn used

And as the air with rainy vapour dim,  
 From other's ray reflecting there its tint,  
 Of various hues displays the dainty trim,  
 So neighbouring air doth here condensing mint  
<sup>6</sup> That very shape the' abiding spirit sends  
 Her motive influence as on wax to print.  
 Then, semblable to flickering flame that bends  
 The fire to follow in its wayward course,  
 Her own new form upon the soul attends.  
 Its after presence drawn from such a source,  
 'T is called a shade; and hence in their degree  
 To every sense it organiseth force,  
 Up to the sight. Hence speech and laughter we,  
 And hence do generate the tears and sighs  
 Which o'er the mountain might be felt by thee.  
 According as desire the goad applies,  
 Or other passion, will the shadow cast  
 Its shape; and this is cause to thy surprise.'  
 And now already had we reached the last  
 Contorted round, and on the right hand turned,  
 And other care held our attention fast.  
 Here flames dart fiercely out from bank all burned,  
 And upward gale the cornice makes to blow,  
 That ever beats them off, to distance spurned.  
 Wherefore we needed one by one to go  
 On the' open side, and here I felt affright  
 Of fire, and there affright to fall below.  
 My leader warned: 'The bridle should be tight  
 That curbs the eyes in this place; to go wrong  
 Too easy were, from cause however slight.'  
<sup>7</sup> *O God of highest mercy!* then in song  
 To me from heart of that great burning came,  
 And made to turn me no less warmly long.  
 And I saw spirits walking through the flame;  
 Wherefore on their steps now, and now mine own,  
 Did I my wary looks alternate aim.  
 They, instant as that hymn was ended, flown  
 To higher pitch, cried out, <sup>8</sup> *I know not man,*  
 Then recommenced their hymn in deepest tone.  
 That sung, again they cried, 'Diana ran  
 To woodland covert, and for one brief taste

anciently by the church on Sunday  
 morning. In later times it has  
 been altered to '*Summæ paræns*

*clementiæ.*'

<sup>8</sup> Luke ii. 34.



Che di Venere avea sentito il toscò.  
 Indi al cantar tornavano; indi donne  
 Gridavano, e mariti che fur casti,  
 Come virtute e matrimonio imponne.  
 E questo modo credo che lor basti  
 Per tutto il tempo che il fuoco gli abbrucia;  
 Con tal cura conviene e con tai pasti  
 Che la piaga dassezzo si ricucia.

---

 CANTO XXVI.

*Nei mare di fuoco ove si purgano i vizj di lussuria Dante scorge Guido Guinicelli poeta Bolognese, ed Arnaldo Daniello coi quali s' intrattiene e parla: quest' ultimo gli dirige una preghiera in lingua provenzale.*

MENTRE che sì per l' orlo, uno innanzi altro,  
 Ce n' andavamo, spesso il buon Maestro  
 Diceva: Guarda; giovi; ch' io ti scaltro.  
 Feriami il Sole in su l' omero destro,  
 Che già, raggiando, tutto l' occidente  
 Mutava in bianco aspetto di cilestro:  
 Ed io facea con l' ombra più rovente  
 Parer la fiamma, e pure a tanto indizio  
 Vidi molt' ombre, andando, poner mente.  
 Questa fu la cagion che diede inizio 10  
 Loro a parlar di me; e cominciarsi  
 A dir: Colui non par corpo fittizio.  
 Poi verso me, quanto potevan farsi,  
 Certi sì feron, sempre con riguardo  
 Di non uscir dove non fossero arsi.  
 O tu, che vai, non per esser più tardo,  
 Ma forse reverente, agli altri dopo,  
 Rispondi a me che in sete ed in fuoco ardo:  
 Nè solo a me la tua risposta è uopo;  
 Che tutti questi n' hanno maggior sete 20  
 Che d' acqua fredda Indo o Etiopo.  
 Dinne com' è che fai di te parete  
 Al sol, come se tu non fossi ancora  
 Di morte entrato dentro dalla rete.  
 Sì mi parlava un d' essi, ed io mi fora

<sup>9</sup> Helice, or Ursa Major, the constellation into which Calisto is supposed to be transformed. The story is told by Ovid, *Met.* ii., but

Of Venus' poison, did <sup>9</sup> Calisto ban.'  
 Then to their song returned; then ladies chaste  
 They named aloud, and husbands who the vow  
 Of wedlock and of virtue ne'er disgraced.  
 And this their manner, all the time, I trow,  
 The fire prevails to scorch them, shall suffice;  
 Such diet and such cure doth fate allow  
 To sear that latest wound with cicatrice.

---

CANTO XXVI.

ARGUMENT.—*Dante meets here with Guido Guinicelli, and the Provençal Arnault Daniel.*

ONE before other while of us was taken  
 Our way along the edge, my master true  
 Said often: 'Look, let my sharp word awaken.'  
 The sun his rays on my right shoulder threw,  
 That all the west already with his beam  
 Was changing into white from heaven's own blue;  
 And with my shadow I the ruddier gleam  
 Showed on the flame, and barely to such token  
 Saw many a moving ghost attentive seen.  
 This was the reason which, their custom broken,  
 Led them to talk of me, and 'Yonder frame  
 Looks not fictitious,' was the first word spoken.  
 Then to their utmost limit near me came  
 Some certain, ever with regardful eye  
 Not to transgress beyond the scorching flame.  
 'O thou that haply dost for courtesy  
 Follow those others, not for lack of speed,  
 To me, who burn in thirst and fire, reply;  
 Nor of thine answer I alone have need,  
 For greater thirst to hear it these have all,  
 Than of cold water is the Indian's greed  
 Or Ethiop's. Tell us why thou art a wall  
 Self-made unto the sun, as if the net  
 Of death thy person did not yet enthrall.'  
 Thus one of them addressed; and I had let

by other writers Helice is described      by Hera's jealousy.  
 as beloved by Zeus and changed

Già manifesto, s' io non fossi atteso  
 Ad altra novità ch' apparse allora ;  
 Chè per lo mezzo dal cammino acceso  
 Venia gente col viso incontro a questa  
 La qual mi fece a rimirar sospeso. 30  
 Lì veggio d' ogni parte farsi presta  
 Ciascun' ombra, e baciarsi una con una,  
 Senza restar, contente a breve festa :  
 Così per entro loro schiera bruna  
 S' ammusca l' una con l' altra formica,  
 Forse a spiar lor via e lor fortuna.  
 Tosto che parton l' accoglienza amica,  
 Prima che il primo passo lì trascorra,  
 Sopraggridar ciascuna s' affatica ;  
 La nuova gente : Soddoma e Gomorra ; 40  
 E l' altra : Nella vacca entrò Pasife,  
 Perchè il torello a sua lussuria corra.  
 Poi come gru, ch' alle montagne Rife  
 Volasser parte, e parte inver l' arene,  
 Queste del giel, quelle del sole schife,  
 L' una gente sen va, l' altra sen viene,  
 E tornan lagrimando a' primi canti,  
 Ed al gridar che più lor si conviene ;  
 E raccostarsi a me, come davanti, 50  
 Essi medesmi che m' avean pregato,  
 Attenti ad ascoltar ne' lor sembianti.  
 Io, che due volte avea visto lor grato,  
 Incominciai : O anime sicure  
 D' aver, quando che sia, di pace stato,  
 Non son rimase acerbe nè mature  
 Le membra mie di là, ma son qui meco  
 Col sangue suo e con le sue giunture.  
 Quinci su vo per non esser più cieco :  
 Donna è di sopra che n' acquista grazia,  
 Perchè il mortal pel vostro mondo reco. 60  
 Ma se la vostra maggior voglia sazia  
 Tosto divegna, sì che il ciel v' alberghi,  
 Ch' è pien d' amore e più ampio si spazia,  
 Ditemi, acciocchè ancor carte ne verghi,  
 Chi siete voi, e chi è quella turba  
 Che sì ne va diretto a' vostri terghi ?  
 Non altrimenti stupido si turba  
 Lo montanaro, e rimirando ammuta,

' Pasiphaë became, according to Cretan Minotaur. See *Inf.* c. xii.  
 mythological legend, mother of the 14.

Myself at once be known, had other wonder  
Not riveted my thought, mine eyes that met.  
Far down the midst that flaming road to sunder,  
A people came with face confronting this,  
And made me gazing in suspense to ponder.  
There I the shades see hurrying up to kiss  
Each with his mate from every part, nor stay,  
Contenting them with momentary bliss.  
So one with other, all their swart array  
Along, do ants encounter snout with snout,  
So haply probe their fortune and their way.  
Their kindly salutation once wrought out,  
Or e'er the first step onward there progress,  
Each wearies it the louder cry to shout ;  
'Sodom ! Gomorrha !' these new folk express ;  
The rest : <sup>1</sup> 'Pasiphaë 'neath her cow decoyed  
The rushing bull to serve her wantonness.'  
Then like as cranes that on their pinions buoyed  
Half toward <sup>2</sup> Riphæan hills, half toward the sands,  
Do these the frost, and those the sun, avoid,  
One leaving, one approaching us, the bands  
Betake them tearful to their songs once more,  
And to the cry their proper sin demands.  
Then to my side came gathering, as before,  
Those same that had besought me, while their mien  
The listener's semblance of attention bore.  
And I, who now their pleasure twice had seen,  
Began : 'O souls of settled peace secure,  
Whenever that befall, my limbs nor green  
In yonder earth have tarried, nor mature,  
But with their blood are here to me assigned,  
And with their every joint and ligature.  
Hence do I soar to be no longer blind ;  
A lady dwells above, who won the grace  
That through your world I bear my mortal kind.  
But, may your greater longing so give place  
To swift content, so harbour you that heaven  
Which big with love more amply spreads in space,  
And more, that to my leaves your tale be given,  
Tell who ye are, and what the crowd whose ways,  
Reverse to yours, behind your backs are driven.'  
None otherwise confused in stupid maze,  
The mountaineer, when first to town conveyed

<sup>1</sup> Riphæi Montes, supposed to be the Oural range in northern Russia.

Quando rozzo e salvatico s' inurba,  
 Che ciascun' ombra fece in sua paruta ; 70  
 Ma poichè furon di stupore scarche,  
 Lo qual negli alti cuor tosto s' attuta,  
 Beato te, che delle nostre marche,  
 Ricominciò colei che pria ne chiese,  
 Per viver meglio esperienza imbarche !  
 La gente, che non vien con noi, offese  
 Di ciò, perchè già Cæsar, trionfando,  
 Regina, contra sè, chiamar s' intese ;  
 Però si parton Soddoma gridando,  
 Rimproverando a sè, com' hai udito, 80  
 Ed aiutan l' arsura vergognando.  
 Nostro peccato fu ermafrodito ;  
 Ma perchè non servammo umana legge,  
 Seguendo come bestie l' appetito,  
 In obbrobrio di noi, per noi si legge,  
 Quando partiamci, il nome di colei  
 Che s' imbestiò nell' imbestiate schegge.  
 Or sai nostri atti, e di che fummo rei :  
 Se forse a nome vuoi saper chi semo,  
 Tempo non è da dire, e non saprei. 90  
 Farotti ben di me volere scemo ;  
 Son Guido Guinicelli, e già mi purgo  
 Per ben dolermi prima ch' allo stremo.  
 Quali nella tristizia di Licurgo  
 Si fer duo figli a riveder la madre,  
 Tal mi fec' io, ma non a tanto insurgo.  
 Quando i' udi' nomar sè stesso il padre  
 Mio, e degli altri miei miglior che mai  
 Rime d' amore usar dolci e leggiadre :  
 E senza udire e dir pensoso andai 100  
 Lunga fiata rimirando lui,  
 Nè per lo fuoco in là più m' appressai.  
 Poiche di riguarda pasciuto fui,  
 Tutto m' offersi pronto al sua servizio,  
 Con l' affermar che fa credere altrui.  
 Ed egli a me : Tu lasci tal vestigio,  
 Per quel ch' i' odo, in me e tanto chiaro,  
 Che Lete nol può torre nè far bigio.  
 Ma, se le tue parole or ver giuraro,

<sup>2</sup> Suetonius in *Vita Julii Cæsaris*,  
c. 49.

<sup>4</sup> For the tale of Hermaphroditus  
and the nymph Salmacis, see Ovid,

*Met.* iv. 374, n.

<sup>5</sup> In his treatise *De Vulgari  
Eloquio*, Dante eulogizes this Bo-  
lognese writer as the parent of

Rough and untam'd, there mutely stops to gaze,  
 Than showed in its appearance every shade ;  
 But when disburdened of amazement's weight,  
 Which soon in lofty hearts is quiet laid,  
 ' Blessèd, that off the frontiers of our state,'  
 Resumed the soul who early made request,  
 ' For better life experience thou dost freight.  
 The people that comes not with us transgressed  
 By that whence <sup>3</sup> Cæsar heard him once proclaimed  
 Queen at his triumph with insulting jest ;  
 Wherefore their parting cry hath Sodom named,  
 As thou hast heard, to work their own despite,  
 And help the burning on, so grossly shamed.  
 Our own transgression was <sup>4</sup> Hermaphrodite ;  
 Since we the rule of humankind confounded,  
 To follow like the beasts our appetite,  
 For infamy to us by us is sounded,  
 Whene'er we part, her name who bestialised  
 Herself, with casings of the beast surrounded.  
 Now of our action and our guilt advised,  
 If thou by name to know us haply care,  
 Nor is there time, nor may'st thou be apprised ;  
 Yet will I from thy wish deduct my share :  
 I am <sup>5</sup> Guy Guinicelli, and my stain  
 Already purge, which, or my ending were,  
 I sorrowed well.' As in Lycurgus' pain  
<sup>6</sup> Two sons, once more their mother to behold,  
 Bore them, so I ; but not to such high strain,  
 When by himself my sire's name heard I told,  
 Mine and the rest my betters', all who wrought  
 Their rhymes of love in sweet and graceful mould.  
 Pensive I went, and hearing, speaking nought,  
 Deliberately watched him long long tide ;  
 Nor, for the flame-burst, nearer access sought.  
 When to my gaze I had the food supplied,  
 I offered prompt his service to achieve  
 With such affirm as maketh men confide.  
 And he to me : ' Thou dost such impress leave  
 On me, so clearly stamped from what I hear,  
 As Lethe cannot dim, nor me bereave.  
 But if thy words swore truth unto mine ear,

modern Italian style. See also c. xi. 97, and the note.

<sup>5</sup> Euneus and Thoas, sons of Hypsipyle, found their mother on

the point of being sacrificed to the vengeance of Lycurgus, king of Nemea, and rescued her. See c. xxii., n. 17.

Dimmi che è cagion perchè dimostri 110  
 Nel dire e nel guardar d' avermi caro ?  
 Ed io a lui : Li dolci detti vostri  
 Che, quanto durerà l' uso moderno,  
 Faranno cari ancora i loro inchiostri.  
 O frate, disse, questi ch' io ti scerno  
 Col dito, e additò uno spirto innanzi,  
 Fu miglior fabbro del parlar materno.  
 Versi d' amore e prose di romanzi  
 Soverchiò tutti, e lascia dir gli stolti  
 Che quel di Lemosì credon ch' avanzi. 120  
 A voce più ch' al ver drizzan li volti,  
 E così ferman sua opinione  
 Prima ch' arte o ragion per lo s' ascolti.  
 Così fer molti antichi di Guittone,  
 Di grido in grido pur lui dando pregio,  
 Fin che l' ha vinto il ver con più persone.  
 Or, se tu hai sì ampio privilegio,  
 Che licito ti sia l' andare al chiostro,  
 Nel quale è Cristo abate del collegio,  
 Fagli per me un dir di paternostro, 130  
 Quando bisogna a noi di questo mondo,  
 Ove poter peccar non è più nostro.  
 Poi, forse per dar luogo altrui secondo,  
 Che presso avea, disparve per lo fuoco,  
 Come per l' acqua il pesce andando al fondo.  
 Io mi feci al mostrato innanzi un poco,  
 E dissi ch' al suo nome il mio desire  
 Apparecchiava grazioso loco.  
 E cominciò liberamente a dire :  
 ' *Tan m' abellis vostre cortez deman,*  
*Ch' ieu non mi puesc ni m voil a vos cobrire ;* 140

' This is Arnold Daniel, of Ribeyrac, in the Bishoprick of Perigord, of whom it is recorded that he was more successful as a troubadour than as a lover. At the court of Richard of England he was challenged by a rival minstrel to a trial of skill; but instead of giving himself the trouble of composition, on the day appointed for their contest he coolly recited the verses of his competitor, which he had overheard at night and committed to memory, much to the astonishment of the real author, and amusement

of the royal umpire, who pronounced it a drawn wager, and honourably rewarded them both.

\* Guirautz (Gerald) de Borneil, of Sidoil in the Limousin, surnamed by his contemporaries *Master of the Troubadours*. Of humble parentage, he raised himself by his talents and assiduity to eminence among the poets of his age and country; nor do I think that any one will regard him as much inferior to Arnold Daniel, who will take the trouble to compare the specimens of each given in *Le Parnasse Occitanien*.—The struc-

Tell me the reason wherefore thou dost show  
 In word and look alike to hold me dear.'  
 And I to him: 'Your phrases' dulcet flow;  
 That, while the modern use endures, shall earn  
 Love to their very ink-notes.' 'Brother, lo!  
 This, whom my finger helps thee to discern,  
 (And speaking, points to <sup>7</sup> spirit in advance,)  
 'Had better craft our mother-tongue to turn.  
 Verses of love, and stories of romance  
 He all surpassed, and leaves the fools their word  
 That <sup>8</sup>him of Limoges would more enhance.  
 Thus more to talk than truth their aim referred,  
 Their own opinion stand they stoutly on,  
 Ere art or reason can for them be heard.  
 Such praise gave many an ancient to Guittòn,  
 While cry to cry his fame alone transmits,  
 Till truth has vanquished him with more than one.  
 Now if so full thy privilege, as fits  
 And makes it lawful thou the cloister win  
 Where Christ superior of the chapter sits,  
 A paternoster thou for me begin,  
 And say so far as we have need, abiding  
 In world where we no more have power to sin.'  
 Then he, perchance the second place providing  
 For other near him, vanished through the fire,  
 Like fish through water to the bottom gliding.  
 I to the shown one moved a little nigher,  
 And said that to his name was now preparing  
 A gracious mansionry in my desire.  
 His answer he began with frankest bearing:  
 " 'Of poure curteis demaund swicche grace I horte,  
 That I ne mote ne n'olde to clepe me spereu;

ture of the verse in both is very artificial.

\* Frate Guittone di Arezzo, see note 10 of Canto xxiv. and also my Preface.

<sup>10</sup> For the restoration of the Provençal text in the original, we are indebted to M. Raynouard. See the *Recherches Philologiques* prefixed to his *Lexicon of the Romance Language*.

I could devise no better way of preserving the analogy of the Provençal with the Italian than that for which the candid reader's indulgence is here requested. But

for readers unversed in Chaucer the sense of the Provençal poet's answer is added:

*'Your courteous enquiry is so grateful to me That I neither can nor wish to hide myself from you; I am Arnold, who lament and go singing; I see with compunction my past folly, And joyous see the joy which I hope for hereafter. Therefore I pray you, by that worth (or valour) Which guides you to the summit without cold and without heat, Call ye to mind to mitigate my grief.'*



*Jeu sui Arnautz, che plor e vai cantan ;  
 Consiros, vei la passada follor,  
 E vei jauzan lo joi qu' esper denan ;  
 Aras vos prec, per aquella valor  
 Que us guida al som sens freich e sens calina,  
 Sovegna vos atemprar ma dolor.  
 Poi s' ascose nel fuoco che gli affina,*

---

CANTO XXVII.

*Vinto dai conforti della scorta fedele, Dante si getta nel fuoco : sopravvenuta la notte s' addormenta e sogna di Lia e di Rachele : raggiornatosi, saliti al sommo della scala, Virgilio lascia il suo diletto figliolo maestro e donno di sè.*

Sì come quando i primi raggi vibra  
 Là dove il suo Fattore il sangue sparse,  
 Cadendo Ibero sotto l' alta Libra,  
 E l' onde in Gange da nona riarse,  
 Sì stava il sole ; onde il giorno sen giva,  
 Quando l' Angel di Dio lieto ci apparse.  
 Fuor della fiamma stava in su la riva,  
 E cantava : *Beati mundo corde*,  
 In voce assai più che la nostra viva.  
 Poscia : Più non si va, se pria non morde, 10  
 Anime sante, il fuoco : entrate in esso,  
 Ed al cantar di là non siate sorde.  
 Sì disse come noi gli fummo presso :  
 Perch' io divenni tal, quando lo intesi,  
 Quale è colui che nella fossa è messo.  
 In su le man commesse mi protesi,  
 Guardando il fuoco, e immaginando forte  
 Umani corpi già veduti accesi.  
 Volsersi verso me le buone scorte,  
 E Virgilio mi disse : Figliuol mio, 20  
 Qui puote esser tormento, ma non morte.  
 Ricordati, ricordati... e, se io  
 Sovr' esso Gerion ti guidai salvo,  
 Che farò or che son più presso a Dio ?  
 Credi per certo che, se dentro all' alvo

<sup>1</sup> Jerusalem being the centre of diametrically opposite to the mount  
 Dante's terrestrial system, and of Purgatory, the north of Spain

Arnault hight I, that wonne with song and sorwe,  
 Remorded for I sene my past folie,  
 And mery sene joyaunce in hope at morwe.  
 Forthan I prae by your corage that hie  
 Sides you to climbe ne cold ne hote adrede,  
 Remembereth to attempre mine anuge.  
 Then 'mid the fining fires to hide him fled.

## CANTO XXVII.

ARGUMENT.—*Virgil remonstrates with Dante on his dread of the fire around them. The vision of Leah. The Poets ascend to the terrestrial Paradise, and Virgil releases Dante from his guidance.*

As when he makes his earliest rays to quiver  
 There where his own Creator shed His blood,  
 Beneath the lifted Scales while <sup>1</sup> Ebro's river  
 Falls, and the noonday burns on Ganges' flood,  
 So held the sun; whence dim the day became,  
 When glad before our eyes God's angel stood.  
 His feet were on the bank, beyond the flame,  
 And <sup>2</sup> *Blessed are the pure in heart* he sung  
 In voice more lively far than man could frame.  
 'Farther ye go not, ere the fire have stung,  
 O sainted souls,' he added; 'enter there,  
 Nor in deaf ears let yonder chaunt be rung.'  
 So did he speak when we beside him were.  
 I therefore, when his meaning I discerned,  
 Became like one whom to his grave they bear.  
 O'er my clasped hands I bending forward turned,  
 The flames regarding with strong phantasy  
 Of human bodies seen already burned.  
 My kindly escorts turned them round to me,  
 And Virgil thus admonished: 'Here, my son,  
 There may be torment—death there cannot be.  
 Recal, recal the past; and if upon  
<sup>3</sup> Geryon's own back I guided safe, what now  
 Shall I, when we more near to God have won?  
 Believe it sure, a thousand years if thou

and of India respectively fall  
 under the Zodiacal sign and hour  
 of the day here indicated.

<sup>1</sup> The Sixth Beatitude, Matt.  
 v. 8.

<sup>2</sup> See *Inf.* c. xxvii. 94.

Di questa fiamma stessi ben mill' anni,  
 Non ti potrebbe far d' un capel calvo.  
 E, se tu credi forse ch' io t' inganni,  
 Fatti ver lei, e fatti far credenza  
 Con le tue mani al lembo de' tuoi panni. 30  
 Pon giù omai, pon giù ogni temenza ;  
 Volgiti in quà, e vieni oltre sicuro ;  
 Ed io pur fermo, e contra coscienza.  
 Quando mi vide star pur fermo e duro,  
 Turbato un poco, disse : Or vedi, figlio ;  
 Tra Beatrice e te è questo muro.  
 Come al nome di Tisbe aperse il ciglio  
 Piramo, in su la morte, e riguardolla,  
 Allor che il gelso diventò vermiglio ;  
 Così la mia durezza fatta solla, 40  
 Mi volsi al savio Duca, udendo il nome  
 Che nella mentre sempre mi rampolla.  
 Ond' ei crollò la testa, e disse : come,  
 Volemci star di quà? indi sorrise,  
 Come al fanciul si fa ch' è vinto al pome.  
 Poi dentro al fuoco innanzi mi si mise,  
 Pregando Stazio che venisse retro,  
 Che pria per lunga strada ci divide.  
 Come fui dentro, in un bogliente vetro  
 Gittato mi sarei per rinfrescarmi, 50  
 Tant' era ivi lo incendio senza metro.  
 Lo dolce Padre mio, per confortarmi,  
 Pur di Beatrice ragionando andava,  
 Dicendo : Gli occhi suoi già veder parmi.  
 Guidavaci una voce che cantava  
 Di là ; e noi, attenti pure a lei,  
 Venimmo fuor là ove si montava.  
*Venite, benedicti patris mei,*  
 Sonò dentro a un lume, che lì era  
 Tal, che mi vinse, e guardar nol potei. 60  
 Lo sol sen va, soggiunse, e vien la sera ;  
 Non v' arrestate, ma studiate il passo,  
 Mentre che l' occidente non s' annera.  
 Dritta salia la via per entro il sasso,  
 Verso tal parte, ch' io toglieva i raggi  
 Dinanzi a me del sol ch' era già lasso.  
 E di pochi scaglion levammo i saggi,  
 Che il sol corcar, per l' ombra che si spense,

<sup>1</sup> The story of Pyramus and This be, immortalised by Shakspeare in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, is related by Ovid, *Met.* B. iv. 55.

Wert set within this flame's enwombing heat,  
 Bald of one hair it should not leave thy brow.  
 And if thou think perchance I use deceit,  
 Make thee toward it, and with thy hands applied  
 Unto thy garment's hem make proof complete.  
 Lay now, lay now each timorous thought aside,  
 Turn hither, and proceed secure of ill.'  
 And I stood fast, and conscience' self defied.  
 When he beheld me stiff and hard of will,  
 Something disturbed he said: 'My son, now view  
 'Tween Beatrice and thee this barrier still.'  
 As 'Pyramus at Thisbe's name upthrew  
 His dying eyes once more on her to gaze,  
 What time the mulberry took scarlet hue,  
 So turned I, softness melting my hard ways,  
 To my wise leader, by the name beguiled  
 Which ever in my bosom freshly plays;  
 Whence he his head slow shaking, as at child  
 Won with an apple, while he thus bespake,  
 'How? choose we here to halt us?' blandly smiled.  
 Within the fire he then before me brake,  
 And Statius prayed, who erst between us went  
 O'er lengthened track, the rearward place to take.  
 I entered, and had plunged incontinent  
 In boiling glass to cool me from the fire  
 That did so measureless combustion vent.  
 Of Beatrice alone my tender sire  
 Discoursing walked, this word of comfort bringing,  
 'Methinks her eyes already I admire.'  
 Beyond, a voice was guiding us with singing,  
 And we, by that our own attention bounded,  
 Crept out to where the path was upward springing.  
<sup>5</sup> *Come, O ye blessed of my Father*, sounded  
 Within a light so glistening there, that I  
 Might not behold, my vision all confounded.  
 'Now sets the sun,' it added; 'eve is nigh;  
 Stay not, but quicken ye the pace required,  
 Ere blackness overcast the western sky.'  
 Right up, the pathway through the rock aspired  
 Toward such quarter, that I quenched the ray  
 Before me of the sun already tired;  
 And few the stairs whereof we made assay,  
 Ere I and both my wise took cognisance

<sup>5</sup> Matt. xxv. 34.

Sentimmo dietro ed io e gli miei saggi.  
 E pria che in tutte le sue parti immense 70  
 Fusse orizzonte fatto d' un aspetto,  
 E notte avesse tutte sue dispense,  
 Ciascun di noi d' un grado fece letto ;  
 Che la natura del monte ci affranse  
 La possa del salir più che il diletto.  
 Quali si fanno ruminando manse  
 Le capre, state rapide e proterve  
 Sopra le cime, prime che sien pranse,  
 Tacite all' ombra, mentre che il sol ferve,  
 Guardate dal pastor che in su la verga 80  
 Poggiato s' è, e lor poggiato serve ;  
 E quale il mandrian che fuori alberga,  
 Lungo il peculio suo queto pernotta,  
 Guardando perchè fiera non lo sperga ;  
 Tali eravamo tutti e tre allotta,  
 Io come capra, ed ei come pastori,  
 Fasciati quinci e quindi dalla grotta.  
 Poco potea parer lì del di fuori ;  
 Ma per quel poco vedev' io le stelle,  
 Di lor solere e più chiare e maggiori. 90  
 Sì ruminando, e sì mirando in quelle,  
 Mi prese il sonno ; il sonno che sovente,  
 Anzi che il fatto sia, sa le novelle.  
 Nell' ora credo, che dell' oriente  
 Prima raggiò nel monte Citerea,  
 Che di fuoco d' amor par sempre ardente,  
 Giovane e bella in sogno mi pareo  
 Donna vedere andar per una landa  
 Cogliendo fiori, e, cantando, dicea :  
 Sappia, qualunque il mio nome dimanda, 100  
 Ch' io mi son Lia, e vo movendo intorno  
 Le belle mani a farmi una ghirlanda.  
 Per piacermi allo specchio quì m' adorno ;  
 Ma mia suora Rachel mai non si smaga  
 Dal suo miraglio, e sede tutto giorno.  
 Ell' è de' suoi begli occhi veder vaga,  
 Com' io dell' adornarmi con le mani ;  
 Lei lo vedere, e me l' ovrare appaga.  
 E già, per gli splendori antelucani,  
 Che tanto ai peregrin surgon più grati, 110  
 Quanto tornando albergan men lontani,

\* The two daughters of Laban, allegorical view of their characters,  
 wives of the patriarch Jacob, in the correspond to Martha and Mary in

The sun had set behind us, by decay  
 O' the shadow ; and ere yet his whole expanse  
 The vast horizon with one aspect spread,  
 And of her outlay night made full advance,  
 Each of a step we made for us a bed ;  
 The power to climb, and not the will, turned weak,  
 By nature of the mountain-steep o'erhead.  
 As goats in ruminating hour grow meek,  
 That wild and wanton bounded, ere they got  
 Their noontide meal, from craggy peak to peak,  
 Hushed in the shade, while yet the sun is hot,  
 Watched of the goatherd, that upon his crook  
 Stays him, and stayed his tendance slacketh not ;  
 And like as herdsman calmly set to brook  
 The air all night beside a flock, his own,  
 Lest wild beast scatter them keeps wary look ;  
 Such in that hour all three of us lay strown,  
 As I a goat and they had goatherds been,  
 This side the chasm and that in bundle thrown.  
 Little of aught without could there be seen,  
 But through that little I the stars saw blazing  
 Larger and clearer than their wonted sheen.  
 So ruminating and on them so gazing  
 Sleep took me—sleep that often gives to know  
 The news of deed undone, a presage raising.  
 In hour when Venus 'gan her lustre throw  
 From dawning orient on the mount, I deem,  
 That aye appears with fire of love to glow,  
 Methought I saw a lady in my dream,  
 Youthful and fair, that o'er a champaign strayed  
 And gathered flowers, and sang, and this her theme :  
 ' Whoso demands my name, be answer made,  
 'T is Leah's self ; and round me as I pass  
 I move my beauteous hands a wreath to braid.  
 I deck me here for pleasure at my glass ;  
 Not so my sister Rachel—nought affrights  
 Her from her mirror—there all day she has  
 Her seat, and in her own fair eyes delights,  
 As I that mine own hands myself adorn ;  
 And her the view and me the work requites.'  
 Now for the splendours heralding the morn,  
 That dawn more welcome to the pilgrims' heart  
 As they returning nearer home sojourn,

the New Testament, Leah as the Active, Rachel, the Contemplative life.

Le tenebre fuggian da tutti i lati,  
 E il sonno mio con esse; ond' io levàmi,  
 Veggendo i gran maestri già levati.  
 Quel dolce pome, che per tanti rami  
 Cercando va la cura de' mortali,  
 Oggi porrà in pace le tue fami :  
 Virgilio inverso me queste cotali  
 Parole usò, e mai non furo strenne  
 Che fosser di piacere a queste iguali. 120  
 Tanto voler sovra voler mi venne  
 Dell' esser su, ch' ad ogni passo poi  
 Al volo mi sentia crescer le penne.  
 Come la scala tutta sotto noi  
 Fu corsa, e fummo in su il grado superno,  
 In me ficcò Virgilio gli occhi suoi,  
 E disse: Il temporal fuoco e l' eterno  
 Veduto hai, figlio, e se' venuto in parte  
 Ov' io per me più oltre non discerno.  
 Tratto t' ho quì con ingegno e con arte; 130  
 Lo tuo piacere omai prendi per duce :  
 Fuor se' dell' erte vie, fuor se' dell' arte.  
 Vedi là il sol che in fronte ti riluce;  
 Vedi l' erbetta, i fiori e gli arboscelli,  
 Che questa terra sol da sè produce.  
 Mentre che vegnon lieti gli occhi belli,  
 Che lagrimando a te venir mi fenno,  
 Seder ti puoi e puoi andar tra elli.  
 Non aspettar mio dir più, nè mio cenno.  
 Libero, dritto, sano è tuo arbitrio, 140  
 E fallo fora non fare a suo senno,  
 Perch' io te sopra te corono e mitrio.

---

### CANTO XXVIII.

*Dante progredendo per la variopinta ed olezzante foresta del Paradiso terrestre giunge al fiume Lete, che gl' intercide il cammino. Vede Matelda al di là del fiumicello, la quale fiore cogliendo, pregata, s' avvicina e scioglie alcuni dubbii al poeta.*

VAGO già di cercar dentro e dintorno  
 La divina foresta spessa e viva,  
 Ch' agli occhi temperava il nuovo giorno,

The glooms began to flee from every part,  
 And with them fled my slumber; whence I rose,  
 Beholding risen the mighty lords of art.  
 'That sweetest fruit, which human ardour goes  
 Groping along so many boughs to touch,  
 Shall to thy hungers this day give repose.'  
 These words toward me, and their import such,  
 Did Virgil use; and ne'er was new-year's gift  
 To rival these, or pleasure yield so much.  
 Such longing came my longing's self to lift  
 To upper place, that every step I passed,  
 I felt my pinions grow for flight more swift.  
 When now beneath us all the stair at last  
 Was mounted, as the topmost step we turn,  
 Spake Virgil with his eyes on me set fast:  
 'The fires that temporal and eternal burn  
 Thou, son, hast seen; and now a realm is near  
 Where I no farther of myself discern.  
 With genius and with art I've brought thee here;  
 Now thine own pleasure for thy guide assume,  
 Clear of the steep ways, of the narrow clear.  
 Behold the sun which does thy front relume,  
 Behold the delicate grass, the shrub, the flower  
 That yonder soil spontaneous gives to bloom,  
 While glad those eyes of beauty come, whose shower  
 Of tears did me unto thy help incline;  
 To sit or wander 'mid them, equal power  
 Is thine; expect no more my word, my sign;  
 Free is thy will, sound, upright, and thine own;  
 'T were wrong to cross her bidding; then be mine  
 Thee o'er thyself to mitre and to crown.'

---

 CANTO XXVIII.

ARGUMENT.—*Dante, traversing the Terrestrial Paradise, reaches the bank of the River Lethe, where he sees Matilda gathering flowers, and is by her resolved of certain doubts.*

EAGER to search within and round the dense  
 And living shade, <sup>1</sup> the woodland-walk of God,  
 That new-born day was tempering to sense,

<sup>1</sup> See Gen. iii. 8.



Senza più aspettar lasciai la riva,  
 Prendendo la campagna lento lento  
 Su per lo suol che d' ogni parte oliva.  
 Un' aura dolce, senza mutamento  
 Avere in sè, mi feria per la fronte  
 Non di più colpo, che soave vento ;  
 Per cui le fronde, tremolando pronte, 10  
 Tutte quante piegavano alla parte  
 U' la prim' ombra gitta il santo monte :  
 Non però dal lor esser dritto sparte  
 Tanto, che gli augelletti per le cime  
 Lasciasser d' operare ogni lor arte ;  
 Ma con piena letizia l' ore prime,  
 Cantando, riceveano intra le foglie,  
 Che tenevan bordone alle sue rime,  
 Tal, qual di ramo in ramo si raccoglie  
 Per la pineta, in sul lito di Chiassi, 20  
 Quand' Eolo Scirocco fuor discioglie.  
 Già m' avean trasportato i lenti passi  
 Dentro all' antica selva tanto, ch' io  
 Non potea rivedere, ond' io m' entrassi :  
 Ed ecco più andar mi tolse un rio,  
 Che inver sinistra con sue picciole onde  
 Piegava l' erba che in sua ripa uscìo.  
 Tutte l' acque che son di quà più monde,  
 Parrieno avere in sè mistura alcuna ,  
 Verso di quella che nulla nasconde : 30  
 Avvegna che si muova bruna bruna  
 Sotto l' ombra perpetua, che mai  
 Raggiar non lascia sole ivi, nè luna.  
 Co' piè ristetti e con gli occhi passai  
 Di là dal fumicello, per mirare  
 La gran variazion de' freschi mai :  
 E là m' apparve, sì com' egli appare  
 Subitamente cosa che disvia  
 Per maraviglia tutt' altro pensare,  
 Una Donna soletta, che si già 40  
 Cantando, ed iscegliendo fior da fiore,  
 Ond' era pinta tutta la sua via.  
 Deh, bella Donna, ch' a' raggi d' amore

<sup>3</sup> Chiassi was a place in the neighbourhood of Ravenna. The 'pine-forest' still remains, and is celebrated by Byron.

<sup>4</sup> Eolus, in heathen mythology king of the winds. Virg. *Æn.* i.

The Sirocco is the warm south-east wind, well known in Italy.

<sup>4</sup> It is conjectured that the lady here described is the celebrated Matilda of Canossa, daughter of Beatrice, the sister of the Emperor

Lingering no more, I left the brink, and trod  
 The champaign with slow footfall, where exhale  
 On every part fresh odours from the sod.  
 A balmy air did on my front assail,  
 Unqualified by change, that ever blows  
 With touch no ruder than of mildest gale;  
 And every trembling leaf one impulse knows  
 In universal bend unto the side  
 Where earliest shade the holy mountain throws;  
 Nor yet from their uprightness so divide,  
 The little birds along their tops sublime  
 Would aught abandon of the work they plied,  
 But singing welcomed in the hour of prime  
 With plenitude of joy, within the trees  
 Whose leaves bore on a burden to their chime.  
 So gathers bough from bough the rustling breeze  
 In the pine-forest on <sup>2</sup> Chiassi's shore,  
 When <sup>3</sup> Eolus the chained Sirocco frees.  
 Already my slow steps had borne me o'er  
 The bosom of that ancient wood so far,  
 I, where I entered, could review no more;  
 And lo! a stream mine onward path to bar,  
 Swept by whose puny waves the plants that grow  
 Upon its margin leftward bended are.  
 Whatever earthly waters' purest flow,  
 Mingled with some defiling taint 't would seem  
 Compared to that which hideth nought below,  
 Albeit moves darkling evermore the stream  
 Beneath unbroken shade that overcast  
 Admits nor sun nor moon thereon to gleam.  
 My feet I halted, and with eyes I passed  
 Beyond the tiny streamlet to survey  
 The fresh may-boughs' variety how vast;  
 And there to me appeared— as thing that may  
 All unawares appear with wonderment  
 To banish every other thought away—  
 'A lady in her loveliness that went  
 Singing and culling flower from flower apart,  
 Whose painted forms had all her path besprent.  
 'Ah beauteous lady! that enkindled art

Henry II. in right of her father,  
 Boniface, Duchess of Tuscany,  
 Countess of Mantua, Modena, and  
 Ferrara. Her devotion to the  
 Church of Rome, and personal

regard for Gregory VII. are well  
 authenticated, and her donations  
 proved the fruitful cause of dis-  
 putes between the ecclesiastical  
 and civil power in northern Italy..

Ti scaldi, s' i' vo' credere a' sembianti,  
 Che soglion esser testimon del cuore,  
 Vegnati voglia di trarreti avanti,  
 Diss' io a lei, verso questa riviera,  
 Tanto ch' io possa intender che tu canti.  
 Tu mi fai rimembrar, dove e qual era  
 Proserpina nel tempo, che perdette  
 La madre lei, ed ella primavera. 50  
 Come si volge, con le piante strette  
 A terra ed intra sè, donna che balli,  
 E piede innanzi piede a pena mette,  
 Volsesi in su' vermigli ed in su' gialli  
 Fioretti verso me, non altrimenti  
 Che vergine, che gli occhi onesti avvalli :  
 E fece i preghi miei esser contenti,  
 Sì appressando sè, che il dolce suono  
 Veniva a me co' suoi intendimenti. 60  
 Tosto che fu là dove l' erbe sono  
 Bagnate già dall' onde del bel fiume,  
 Di levar gli occhi suoi mi fece dono.  
 Non credo che splendesse tanto lume  
 Sotto le ciglia a Venere trafitta  
 Dal figlio, fuor di tutto suo costume.  
 Ella ridea dall' altra riva dritta,  
 Traendo più color con le sue mani,  
 Che l' alta terra senza seme gitta.  
 Tre passi ci facea 'l fiume lontani ; 70  
 Ma Ellesponto, là 've passò Xerse,  
 Ancora freno a tutti orgogli umani,  
 Più odio da Leandro non sofferse,  
 Per mareggiare intra Sesto ed Abido,  
 Che quel da me, perchè allor non s' aperse.  
 Voi siete nuovi, e forse perch' io rido,  
 Cominciò ella, in questo luogo eletto  
 All' umana natura per suo nido,  
 Maravigliando tienvi alcun sospetto ;

\* The abduction of Proserpine  
 by Pluto is narrated by Ovid, *Met.*  
 v. 399. Compare Milton, *Para-*  
*dise Lost*, B. iv.

' Not that fair field  
 Of Enna, where Proserpine gath-  
 ering flowers,  
 Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy  
 Dis

Was gathered; which cost Ceres  
 all that pain  
 To seek her through the world.'

\* Venus, wounded accidentally  
 by an arrow from her son Cupid's  
 quiver, became enamoured of the  
 hunter Adonis, Ovid, *Met.* x. 125.

' For the invasion of Greece by  
 Xerxes and his bridge over the  
 Hellespont, see Herodotus vii. 36.

By love's own beams, if I would faith accord  
 To looks that wont to witness of the heart,  
 'Be thine,' I said to her, 'the will toward  
 This bank to draw thee, what 't is thine to sing  
 Until I learn, by nearer tones assured.  
 Thou to my mind <sup>5</sup> Proserpina dost bring,  
 And where and what she was in that mischance  
 When her the mother lost, and she the spring.'  
 As turneth her a damsel in the dance  
 With soles set close to earth and inward wound,  
 And foot before foot hardly doth advance,  
 None otherwise to greet me turned she round  
 Mid flowrets store that red and yellow flaunted,  
 Than maid with modest eyes bent on the ground;  
 And to my prayers a full contentment granted,  
 Moving so near, that her melodious tune  
 Came linked to me with meanings as she chaunted.  
 Arriving where the pliant herbs are soon  
 Laved by the waters of the rill that flowed  
 So fair, of lifted eyes she gave the boon;  
 Nor can I deem so bright a radiance glowed  
 Under the brow of <sup>6</sup> Venus, by her child  
 Transpierced in utter variance with his mode.  
 On my right hand from other bank she smiled,  
 Opening her palms more florid hues to get,  
 Which that high plain without a seed throws wild.  
 Three paces' width the brook between us set;  
 But Hellespont, where <sup>7</sup> Xerxes crossed of eld,  
 To all man's prouder aims a barrier yet,  
 For seas 'mid Sestos and Abydos swelled  
 Endured not more <sup>8</sup> Leander's hatred, than  
 Did that of me, for opening then withheld!  
 'Strangers ye are; and haply,' she began,  
 'Because I smile in this, the place elect  
 For proper nest unto the race of man,  
 Ye, marvelling, by jealous dread are checked;

Biagioli, who is always so ready to sneer at the editor of Dante, from whom he has borrowed his most valuable matter, gravely informs us here that Xerxes and his 600,000 followers were defeated by *Themistocles* with 300 men!

<sup>8</sup> Compare Lord Byron's noble lines on the well-known story of Hero and Leander:

'The wind is high on Helle's  
 wave,  
 As on that night of stormy water,  
 When Love, who sent, forgot to  
 save  
 The young, the beautiful, the  
 brave,  
 The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.'

*Bride of Abydos*, c. ii. 1.

Ma luce rende il salmo *Delectasti*, 80  
 Che puote disnebbiar vostro intelletto.  
 O tu, che se' dinanzi, e mi pregasti,  
 Di' s' altro vuoi udir, ch' io venni presta  
 Ad ogni tuo question, tanto che basti.  
 L' acqua, diss' io, e il suon della foresta,  
 Impugnan dentro a me novella fede  
 Di cosa, ch' io udi' contraria a questa.  
 Ond' ella : I' dicerò come procede  
 Per sua cagion, ciò ch' ammirar ti face,  
 E purgherò la nebbia che ti fiede. 90  
 Lo sommo Ben, che solo esso a sè piace,  
 Fece l' uom buono a bene, e questo loco  
 Diede per arra a lui d' eterna pace.  
 Per sua diffalta quì dimorò poco ;  
 Per sua diffalta in pianto ed in affanno  
 Cambiò onesto riso e dolce giuoco.  
 Perchè il turbar, che sotto da sè fanno  
 L' esalazion dell' acqua e della terra,  
 Che, quanto posson, dietro al calor vanno,  
 All' uomo non facesse alcuna guerra, 100  
 Questo monte salìo ver lo ciel tanto,  
 E libero è da indi, ove si serra.  
 Or, perchè in circuito tutto quanto  
 L' aer si volge con la prima volta,  
 Se non gli è rotto il cerchio d' alcun canto :  
 In questa altezza, che tutta è disciolta  
 Nell' aer vivo, tal moto percuote,  
 E fa sonar la selva perch' è folta ;  
 E la percossa pianta tanto puote,  
 Che della sua virtute l' aura impregna, 110  
 E quella poi girando intorno scuote :  
 E l' altra terra, secondo ch' è degna  
 Per sé o per suo ciel, concepe e figlia  
 Di diverse virtù diverse legna.  
 Non parrebbe di là poi maraviglia,  
 Udito questo, quando alcuna pianta  
 Senza seme palese vi s' appiglia.  
 E saper dei che la campagna santa,  
 Ove tu se', d' ogni semenza è piena,  
 E frutto ha in sè, che di là non si schianta. 120  
 L' acqua che vedi non surge di vena  
 Che ristori vapor, che giel converta,

But the psalm, <sup>9</sup> *Thou hast made me glad*, will yield  
 A light that can uncloud your intellect.  
 And thou in front, whose prayer to me appealed,  
 Say what thou more wouldst hear, for all thy quest  
 I came prepared with what may serve revealed.  
 'The water and the forest's whispering breast,'  
 I said, 'a late-born faith within me woundeth  
 Of thing I heard contrariously expressed.'  
 Whence she: 'I will declare of what astoundeth  
 Thy mind, now ordered from its source to run,  
 And clear away the cloud which thee confoundeth.  
 The Good supreme, sole self-acceptant One,  
 Made man for goodness good, and this resort  
 For earnest gave of endless peace begun.  
 Man's own default his tarriance here cut short;  
 Man's own default to plaint and sadness hath  
 Changed harmless laughter and delightful sport.  
 Lest underneath it working, the wild wrath  
 Of exhalations which from earth proceed  
 Or water, while their utmost up the path  
 Toward heat they struggle, war to man should breed,  
 This mountain heavenward reared a pitch so tall,  
 And all above its portal-close is freed.  
 Now, since with <sup>10</sup> that first revolution all  
 The air revolving doth one orbit wind,  
 If broken at no point its circle fall,  
 Such motion o'er this height (which unconfined  
 All 'mid the living firmament doth tower)  
 Strikes into sound the wood so thickly twined;  
 And in the stricken plant is so much power  
 As with its energy the gale impregns,  
 Whose after-wheel the gift around makes shower;  
 And earth below, as her own worth ordains  
 Or of her climate, doth conceive and bear  
 Each differing wood where differing virtue reigns.  
 Nor should it henceforth be a marvel there,  
 My tale so told, whenever plant to root  
 Itself without apparent seed prepare.  
 And where thou standest (as to know may boot)  
 Full of all seeding is the sacred plain,  
 And in it bears, ne'er plucked on earth, a fruit.  
 The water thou beholdest, from no vein  
 Rises of frost-converted vapour fed,

<sup>10</sup> The *Primum Mobile*, 'that first moved,' of Milton, *Paradise*

Come fiume ch' acquista o perde lena ;  
 Ma esce di fontana salda e certa,  
 Che tanto dal voler di Dio riprende,  
 Quant' ella versa da duo parti aperta.  
 Da questa parte con virtù discende,  
 Che toglie altrui memoria del peccato ;  
 Dall' altra, d' ogni ben fatto la rende.  
 Quinci Letè, così dall' altro lato 130  
 Eunoè si chiama, e non adopra,  
 Se quinci e quindi pria non è gustato.  
 A tutt' altri sapori estò è di sopra ;  
 Ed avvegna ch' assai possa esser sazia  
 La sete tua, perchè più non ti scuopra,  
 Darotti un corollario ancor per grazia,  
 Nè credo che il mio dir ti sia men caro,  
 Se oltre promission teco si spazia.  
 Quelli ch' anticamente poetaro  
 L' età dell' oro e suo stato felice, 140  
 Forse in Parnaso esto loco sognaro.  
 Quì fu innocente l' umana radice ;  
 Quì primavera sempre, ed ogni frutto ;  
 Nettare è questo di che ciascun dice.  
 Io mi rivolsi addietro allora tutto  
 A' mie' Poeti, e vidi che con riso  
 Udito avevan l' ultimo costruito :  
 Poi alla bella Donna tornai il viso.

## CANTO XXIX.

*Continuando Dante e Matelda lunghesso il fiume il loro cammino, questa ammonisce quello il quale ha una visione misteriosa allusiva alle sette virtù, al vecchio testamento, ed a varii scrittori della nuova legge.*

CANTANDO come donna innamorata,  
 Continuò col fin di sue parole :  
*Beati, quorum tecta sunt peccata.*  
 E come ninfe che si givan sole  
 Per le salvatiche ombre, disiando  
 Qual di fuggir, qual di veder lo sole,  
 Allor si mosse contra il fiume, andando

<sup>11</sup> Lethe is Greek for Oblivion ; c. xxxiii. 127.  
 Eunoë, for memory of Good. See

Like river apt to lose its strength or gain,  
 But from one whole and changeless fountain-head  
 Which draweth from God's will as much amends  
 As from the twofold opening it hath shed.  
 The current this side virtuous descends  
 To blot all memory of committed ill;  
 That side, revival of each good deed lends;  
 As <sup>11</sup> Lethe here, on other side the rill  
 Is named Eunoë; nor, unless it first  
 Be both sides tasted, can its work fulfil.  
 All other savours are in this immersed;  
 And, granted that, if nothing more I told,  
 Enough were given to satiate thy thirst,  
 One corollary more I will unfold  
 Freely, nor think, if it o'erstep the space  
 Of promise, thou my word wilt cheaper hold:  
 The bards of olden time, who loved to trace  
 The age of gold and its Elysian state,  
 Dreamt haply on Parnassus of this place:  
 Here man was innocent, the first-create;  
 Here endless spring and every fruit abides;  
 The nectar this, which all in song relate.'  
 Then wholly turned I to my poet-guides  
 Backward, and marked how with a smile they took  
 The' interpretation which she last provides,  
 Thence on the beauteous lady bent my look.

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 CANTO XXIX.

ARGUMENT.—*The Poets and Matilda skirt the banks of the stream.  
 Vision of the Seven Candlesticks. The Twenty-four Elders and the  
 Chariot drawn by a Gryphon.*

SINGING like woman with impassioned love  
 For sequel of her ending words she told,  
<sup>1</sup> *Blessèd whose sins are covered from above;*  
 And like to nymphs that solitary strolled  
 Amid the sylvan shades desirous wending  
 Some to avoid the sun, and some behold,  
 So moved she then against the stream <sup>1</sup> ascending,

<sup>1</sup> Ps. xxxii. 1.



Su per la riva, ed io pari di lei,  
 Picciol passo con picciol seguitando.  
 Non eran cento tra i suoi passi e i miei, 10  
 Quando le ripe igualmente dier volta,  
 Per modo ch' a levante mi rendei.  
 Nè anche fu così nostra via molta,  
 Quando la Donna tutta a me si torse,  
 Dicendo : Frate mio, guarda, ed ascolta,  
 Ed ecco un lustro subito trascorse  
 Da tutte parti per la gran foresta,  
 Tal che di balenar mi mise in forse.  
 Ma perchè il balenar, come vien, resta, 20  
 E quel durando più e più splendeva,  
 Nel mio pensar dicea : Che cosa è questa ?  
 Ed una melodia dolce correva  
 Per l' aer luminoso ; onde buon zelo  
 Mi fe' riprender l' ardimento d' Eva,  
 Che, là dove ubbidia la terra e il cielo,  
 Femmina sola, e pur testè formata,  
 Non soffersse di star sotto alcun velo ;  
 Sotto il qual, se divota fosse stata,  
 Avrei quelle ineffabili delizie  
 Sentite prima, e poi lunga fiata. 30  
 Mentr' io m' andava tra tante primizie  
 Dell' eterno piacer, tutto sospeso,  
 E disioso ancora a più letizie,  
 Dinanzi a noi tal, qual un fuoco acceso,  
 Ci si fe' l' aer, sotto i verdi rami,  
 E il dolce suon per canto era già inteso :  
 O sacrosante Vergini, se fami,  
 Freddi, o vigilie mai per voi soffersi,  
 Cagion mi sprona, ch' io mercè ne chiami :  
 Or convien ch' Elicona per me versi, 40  
 Ed Urania m' aiuti col suo coro,  
 Forti cose a pensar, mettere in versi.  
 Poco più oltre sette alberi d' oro  
 Falsava nel parere il lungo tratto  
 Del mezzo, ch' era ancor tra noi e loro ;  
 Ma quando i' fui sì presso di lor fatto,  
 Che l' obbietto comun, che il senso inganna,  
 Non perdea per distanza alcun suo atto ;  
 La virtù, ch' a ragion discorso ammanna

<sup>2</sup> Impatient, that is, of the mysterious prohibition which shrouded from her view the knowledge of good and evil.

Along its bank, and I with her in line  
 Her tiny step with tiny step attending.  
 Nor made we hundred steps 'tween hers and mine,  
 When both banks evenly such flexure took  
 As toward the sunrise did my front incline.  
 Nor thus was much way ours beside the brook,  
 When wholly round the lady turned on me,  
 Saying, 'My brother, listen thou, and look.'  
 And lo! a lustrous gleam that suddenly  
 From all sides o'er the mighty forest shot,  
 Such as of lightning made me doubtful be.  
 But, for the lightning-flash upon the spot  
 Fadeth, and that from bright to brighter flame  
 Abiding glowed, my pensive mind said, 'What  
 Is this?' and quick melodious music came  
 Along the' illumined ether, whence I burned  
 With honest zeal Eve's daring deed to blame,  
 Who there, where heaven and earth obedience learned,  
 Female, alone, and only shaped but now,  
<sup>2</sup> Control of any veil indignant spurned;  
 'Neath which had she devoutly brooked to bow,  
 Of those ineffable delights the sense  
 Were mine at birth, nay, longer should endow.  
 While yet 'mid such forestalments all suspense  
 I wandered, as eternal bliss conveys,  
 And covetous of joys yet more intense,  
 In front of us the air assumed a blaze  
 Under the verdant boughs like kindled fire,  
 And the sweet sound was known for songs of praise.  
<sup>3</sup> O maids inviolate! if for your choir  
 I hunger, cold, or watchings ever bore,  
 Occasion spurs me guerdon to desire.  
 Now Helicon for me his flood must pour,  
 Urania with her sister-band must aid,  
 Things mighty to conceive in verse to store.  
 A little farther, false presentment made  
 The lengthened tract which yet did intervene  
 'Twixt us and them, of seven gold trees displayed;  
 But when brought on so near them I had been,  
 The common object which the sight misleads  
 Lost nought of due effect by space between,  
 The power that with discourse the reason feeds

<sup>2</sup> Dante invokes the Muses, and heavenly things. Compare Milton,  
 specially Urania, whose name *Par. L. B. vii.*  
 denotes her conversant with

Siccom' egli eran candelabri apprese, 50  
 E nelle voci del cantare, Osanna.  
 Di sopra fiammeggiava il bello arnese  
 Più chiaro assai, che luna per sereno  
 Di mezza notte nel suo mezzo mese.  
 Io mi rivolsi d' ammirazion pieno  
 Al buon Virgilio, ed esso mi rispose  
 Con vista carica di stupor non meno.  
 Indi rendei l' aspetto all' alte cose,  
 Che si movieno incontro a noi sì tardi,  
 Che foran vinte da novelle spose. 60  
 La Donna mi sgridò: Perchè pur ardi  
 Sì nell' affetto delle vive luci,  
 E ciò che vien dietro a lor non guardi?  
 Genti vid' io allor, come a lor duci,  
 Venire appresso, vestite di bianco:  
 E tal candor giammai di quà non fuci.  
 L' acqua splendeva dal sinistro fianco,  
 E rendea a me la mia sinistra costa,  
 S' io riguardava in lei, come specchio anco.  
 Quand' io dalla mia riva ebbi tal posta, 70  
 Che solo il fiume mi facea distante,  
 Per veder meglio a' passi diedi sosta,  
 E vidi le fiammelle andare avanti,  
 Lasciando dietro a sè l' aer dipinto,  
 E di tratti pennelli avean sembiante;  
 Sì che di sopra rimanea distinto  
 Di sette liste, tutte in quei colori,  
 Onde fa l' arco il Sole, e Delia il cinto.  
 Questi stendali dietro eran maggiori,  
 Che la mia vista; e, quanto a mio avviso, 80  
 Dieci passi distavan quei di fuori.  
 Sotto così bel ciel, com' io diviso,  
 Ventiquattro seniori, a due a due,  
 Coronati venian di fiordeliso.  
 Tutti cantavan: Benedetta tue  
 Nelle figlie d' Adamo, e benedette  
 Sieno in eterno le bellezze tue.  
 Poscia che i fiori e l' altre fresche erbette,  
 A rimpetto di me dall' altra sponda,  
 Libere fur da quelle genti elette, 90  
 Sì come luce luce in ciel seconda,

\* The halo of the moon, and the rainbow. The seven candlesticks with their luminous stripes denote

the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Spirit.

How those were candlesticks deciphered soon,  
 And how each tuneful voice Hosanna speeds.  
 At top that goodly range more bright than moon  
 In heaven's serene was flaming, though she shined  
 Midway her month, and in the midnight-noon.  
 I turned, while admiration filled my mind,  
 To the good Virgil ; he to me replied  
 With face no less to wonderment resigned.  
 Once more on those high things my looks I guide,  
 That moved to meet us at a rate so slow  
 As were outstript by newly-wedded bride.  
 The lady shouted, ' Why such ardent glow  
 To see the living lights, and, in their rear  
 To mark what cometh, never glance bestow ? '  
 Then was I ware of people walking near  
 As to attend their leaders, clothed in white ;  
 So pure a whiteness found we never here.  
 On my left flank the water gleamed in light,  
 And, often as I viewed it, would reflect  
 To me my left side, as a mirror might.  
 When from the bank my post had such effect  
 That I was only parted by the stream,  
 To see the better I my footsteps checked ;  
 And saw the tapers onward move their beam,  
 Leaving behind them all the firmament  
 Painted, and like to pencil streaks did seem ;  
 That all above remained by their ascent  
 With sevenfold stripe distinguished, each of hue  
 Whence ' Delia's girdle, Phœbus' bow is bent.  
 Behind, those pennons greater trail outdrew  
 Than sight could trace, and, as my reckoning found,  
 Ten paces distant were the outside two.  
 ' Neath heaven so fair (as I their ranks expound)  
 Came <sup>b</sup> four-and-twenty elders, two abreast,  
 With wreaths of lilies all their temples crowned.  
 ' Blessed art thou,' their choral song expressed,  
 ' 'Mid Adam's daughters ; and may every grace  
 That gives thee loveliness be ever blest.'  
 Soon as the flowers and herbs of varied race,  
 That fresh upon the other bank had thriven  
 Which faced me, from that chosen people's trace  
 Were freed, as light succeedeth light in heaven,

<sup>b</sup> Rev. iv. 4. The lilies intimate purity. The salutation of the elders is paraphrased from that of the angel Gabriel to the Virgin.

Vennero appresso lor quattro animali,  
 Coronato ciascun di verde fronda.  
 Ognuno era pennuto di sei ali,  
 Le penne piene d'occhi; e gli occhi d'Argo,  
 Se fosser vivi, sarebber cotali.  
 A descriver lor forma più non spargo  
 Rime, lettor; ch'altra spesa mi strigne  
 Tanto, che in questa non posso esser largo.  
 Ma leggi Ezechiel, che li dipigne 100  
 Come li vide dalla fredda parte  
 Venir con vento, con nube e con igne;  
 E quai li troverai nelle sue carte,  
 Tali eran quivi, salvo ch'alle penne  
 Giovanni è meco, e da lui si diparte.  
 Lo spazio dentro a lor quattro contenne  
 Un carro, in su duo rote, trionfale,  
 Ch'a collo d'un grifon tirato venne:  
 Ed esso tendea su l'una e l'altr'ale  
 Tra la mezzana e le tre e tre liste, 110  
 Sì ch'a nulla fendendo facea male.  
 Tanto salivan, che non eran viste;  
 Le membra d'oro avean, quanto era uccello,  
 E bianche l'altre di vermiglio miste.  
 Non, che Roma di carro così bello  
 Rallegrasse Affricano, ovvero Augusto;  
 Ma quel del Sol saria pover con ello;  
 Quel del Sol che sviando fu combusto,  
 Per l'orazion della Terra devota,  
 Quando fu Giove arcanamente giusto. 120  
 Tre donne in giro, dalla destra ruota,  
 Venien danzando; l'una tanto rossa,  
 Ch'a pena fora dentro al fuoco nota:  
 L'altr'era, come se le carni e l'ossa  
 Fossero state di smeraldo fatte;  
 La terza pareva neve testè mossa:  
 Ed or parevan dalla bianca tratte,  
 Or dalla rossa, e dal canto di questa  
 L'altre togliean l'andare e tarde e ratte.  
 Dalla sinistra quattro facean festa, 130  
 In porpora vestite, dietro al modo

\* These are commonly interpreted to mean the four evangelists: compare Ezekiel i. 5, with Rev. iv. 6. The apostle, agreeing in this with the vision of Isaiah, assigns

*six wings to each living creature; Ezekiel, only four.*

† This fabulous being, half eagle and half lion, is here adopted by the poet to symbolise the Redeemer

Came close upon their track <sup>6</sup> four living things,  
 That each had coronal of green leaves given.  
 On every one was plumage of six wings,  
 The feathers full of eyes, and such, if still  
 They lived, would Argus' eyes dilate their rings.  
 Their figures to describe no more I spill  
 My rhymes, O reader ; other cost confines,  
 Nor lets me here be lavish of my skill ;  
 But read Ezekiel, who their vision limns,  
 As he beheld them from the frigid zone  
 To come with wind and cloud and fire for signs ;  
 And in his writings as thou'lt find them shown,  
 Such were they here, save in their wings they gained,  
 Where John departs from him, and is mine own.  
 The interval between those four contained  
 Upon two wheels a high triumphal car,  
 That harnessed to a <sup>7</sup> Gryphon's neck was trained ;  
 And he both one and other wing, to bar  
 The midmost from the triplet stripes, reared high,  
 That his dividing stroke might neither mar.  
 Beyond our vision they went up the sky ;  
 Golden his limbs, as much as bird's they were,  
 And white the others, blent with scarlet dye.  
 'T is not to say that Rome with car so fair  
 Her Scipio's—no, nor Cæsar's heart o'erjoyed,  
 But the sun's own were beggared by compare,  
 The sun's, that wandering was by fire destroyed  
 At intercession of the suppliant earth,  
 When <sup>8</sup> Jove mysterious doom of right employed.  
<sup>9</sup> Three female forms came dancing in their mirth  
 By the right wheel in ring : the one so red,  
 She hardly were distinguished 'mid a girth  
 Of fire ; the second showed like-fashioned  
 Both flesh and bone, as emerald were they,  
 The third appeared like snowflakes newly spread ;  
 And now they seemed to own the white one's sway,  
 And now the red's—and as her singing bade  
 The others took or slow or swift their way.  
 Upon the left-hand <sup>10</sup> four in purple clad  
 Made festive cheer, and danced in duteous file

in his twofold nature. The chariot  
represents the church.

<sup>6</sup> In the overthrow of Phaëton.  
See Ovid, *Met.* ii.

<sup>9</sup> The three Christian virtues,

Faith, Hope, and Charity.

<sup>10</sup> The four cardinal virtues of  
ancient moral philosophy, Pru-  
dence, Justice, Temperance, and  
Fortitude.

D' una di lor, ch' avea tre occhi in testa.  
 Appresso tutto il pertrattato nodo,  
 Vidi duo vecchi in abito dispari, .  
 Ma pari in atto ed onestato e sodo.  
 L' un si mostrava alcun de' famigliari  
 Di quel sommo Ippocrate, che natura  
 Agli animali fe' ch' ell' ha più cari.  
 Mostrava l' altro la contraria cura  
 Con una spada lucida ed acuta, 140  
 Tal che di quà dal rio mi fe' paura.  
 Poi vidi quattro in umile paruta,  
 E dietro da tutti un veglio solo  
 Venir, dormendo, con la faccia arguta.  
 E questi sette col primaio stuolo  
 Erano abituati ; ma di gigli  
 Dintorno al capo non facevan brolo,  
 Anzi di rose e d' altri fior vermigli :  
 Giurato avria poco lontano aspetto,  
 Che tutti ardesser di sopra dai cigli : 150  
 E quando il carro a me fu a rimpetto,  
 Un tuon s' udì ; e quelle genti degne  
 Parvero aver l' andar più interdetto,  
 Fermados' ivi con le prime insegne.

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### CANTO XXX.

*Beatrice avvolta in verde ammanto e col capo cinto della fronda di  
 pace comparisce a Dante e lo rimproccia de' suoi traviamenti.  
 Egli d' angoscia compunto piange e s' addolora.*

QUANDO il settentrion del primo cielo,  
 Che nè occaso mai seppe nè orto,  
 Nè d' altra nebbia, che di colpa, velo,  
 E che faceva lì ciascuno accorto  
 Di suo dover, come il più basso face,  
 Qual timon gira per venire a porto,  
 Fermo si affisse, la gente verace,

<sup>11</sup> This is Luke, 'the beloved physician,' Col. iv. 14.

<sup>12</sup> The legend of S. Paul's martyrdom represents him as beheaded, a death indeed probable by his right as a Roman citizen.

<sup>13</sup> The four Evangelists having been already represented by the mystical living creatures, and S. Luke and S. Paul named subsequently, it is probable that these four represent the apostles James, Peter, John, and Jude. thus

As one of them prescribed, three eyes that had.  
 Close-tending that well-handled knot the while  
 Two ancients I beheld, unlike in dress,  
 But like in action's grave decorous style.  
<sup>11</sup> The one familiar did himself confess  
 Of great Hippocrates, whom nature wrought  
 The dearest of her breathing ones to bless.  
 A counter charge <sup>12</sup> his fellow's emblem taught,  
 Wielding a sword so bright and keen, the glance  
 Even this side the stream appalled my thought.  
 Then saw I <sup>13</sup> four of humble countenance;  
 And last of all <sup>14</sup> one lonely aged man  
 Approach, with features sharpened, though in trance.  
 Apparelled like the troop that led the van  
 Were all these seven; but not of lilies framed  
 A garland round the head that circling ran,  
 But rose and other scarlet flowers unnamed;  
 And, at brief distance gazing, I had sworn  
 They all above the eyebrows fiery flamed.  
 And when the car abreast of me was borne,  
 A thunder sounded, and that stately train  
 From progress seemed with interdict to warn,  
 With their front ensigns halted on the plain.

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 CANTO XXX.

ARGUMENT.—*Dante meets with Beatrice, and takes leave of Virgil.  
 Her reproof of his inconstancy.*

WHEN <sup>1</sup> the seven stars of empyrean pole  
 That never yet of setting knew nor rise,  
 Nor veil from other cloud save guilt of soul,  
 And which did yonder every soul apprise  
 Of his own duty, like as do <sup>2</sup> the lower  
 Him who to gain the port his rudder plies,  
 Stood fixed, the truthful people, that before

making up the canon of the New Testament.

<sup>14</sup> This is supposed to be the beloved disciple again apparent as the author of the Apocalypse.

<sup>1</sup> Possibly the seven lamps mentioned in the preceding Canto;

and so the commentators generally agree to understand; but possibly the four moral and three Christian virtues already described. See c. xxxi. 106.

<sup>2</sup> The constellation of the Great-  
 or Bear.



Venuta prima tra il grifone ed esso,  
 Al carro volse sè, come a sua pace :  
 Ed un di loro, quasi da ciel messo, 10  
     *Veni, sponsa, de Libano*, cantando.  
 Gridò tre volte, e tutti gli altri appresso.  
 Quale i beati al novissimo bando  
     Surgeran presti ognun di sua caverna,  
     La rivestita carne alleviando,  
 Cotali, in su la divina basterna,  
     Si levar cento, *ad vocem tanti senis*,  
     Ministri e messaggier di vita eterna.  
 Tutti dicean : *Benedictus, qui venis*,  
     E, fior gittando di sopra e dintorno, 20  
     *Manibus o date lilia plenis*.  
 Io vidi già nel cominciar del giorno  
     La parte oriental tutta rosata,  
     E l' altro ciel di bel sereno adorno,  
 E la faccia del sol nascere ombrata,  
     Sì che per temperanza di vapori,  
     L' occhio lo sostenea lunga fiata ;  
 Così dentro una nuvola di fiori,  
     Che dalle mani angeliche saliva,  
     E ricadeva giù dentro e di fuori, 30  
 Sovra candido vel cinta d' oliva  
     Donna m' apparve, sotto verde manto,  
     Vestita di color di fiamma viva.  
 E lo spirito mio, che già cotanto  
     Tempo era stato ch' alla sua presenza  
     Non era di stupor, tremando, affranto,  
 Senza degli occhi aver più conoscenza,  
     Per occulta virtù che da lei mosse,  
     D' antico amor senti' la gran potenza.  
 Tosto che nella vista mi percosse 40  
     L' alta virtù, che già m' avea trafitto  
     Prima ch' io fuor di puerizia fosse,  
 Volsimi alla sinistra col rispetto  
     Col quale il fantolin corre alla mamma,  
     Quando ha paura o quando egli è afflitto,  
 Per dicere a Virgilio : Men che dramma  
     Di sangue m' è rimasa, che non tremi ;  
     Conosco i segni dell' antica fiamma.

<sup>a</sup> Solomon's Song, iv. 8.

cxviii. 26.

<sup>b</sup> I presume these words to be a quotation, but cannot identify them.

<sup>c</sup> From Virgil's pathetic apostrophe to the younger Marcellus, *Æn.* vi. 878.

<sup>d</sup> Matt. xxi. 9 ; compare Ps.

<sup>e</sup> The olive crown on Beatrice

These from the Gryphon sundered, turned them round  
 Upon the car, as if their peace it bore :  
 And one, as on celestial message bound,  
     <sup>3</sup> *Come, spouse, from Lebanon*, did thrice resume  
 In song, and all the rest took up the sound.  
 As shall the blessed in the final doom,  
 The soul's new garments that so lightly cling  
 Uplifting, each prompt from his hollow tomb  
 Arise, did on that heavenly litter spring  
 A hundred, <sup>4</sup> *at so mighty elder's tongue*  
 Ministrant heralds endless life to bring.  
<sup>5</sup> *Blessèd who comest*, all their voices rung,  
 And <sup>6</sup> *Deal the lilies your full hands have borne*,  
 While flowers aloft and all around they flung.  
 I have beheld ere now at peep of morn  
 All rosied o'er the Oriental clime,  
 And fair serene the rest of heaven adorn,  
 And Sol put forth a shadowed face at prime,  
 So that, as vapours tempering him allowed,  
 The eye his aspect might support long time.  
 E'en thus, enveloped in a flowery cloud  
 That, upward thrown from angel fingers blest,  
 Inside and out fell down again to shroud,  
 With olive leaf a veil of white that pressed,  
<sup>7</sup> A lady showed her, 'neath a mantle green,  
 The colour of the living flame her vest.  
 And now my spirit, which so long between  
 Had of her presence lacked, that wont to move  
 Trembling amaze, whereby it crushed had been,  
 Or e'er mine eyes a surer knowledge prove,  
 By hidden influence from her that went  
 Felt the great potency of ancient love.  
 Soon as my face received the full indent  
 Of that high virtue, which had pierced me through  
 Ere yet my sum of boyish years I spent,  
 With like regard I leftward turned my view,  
 As baby boy doth to the mother press,  
 When he with grief or terror hath to do,  
 To say to Virgil : 'Now is left me less  
 Than drachm of blood within, that is not shaken ;  
<sup>8</sup> Of mine old flame the signals I confess.'

denotes wisdom, the olive being  
 sacred to Minerva; the three  
 colours of her garments are sig-  
 nificative of Faith, Hope, and

Charity.

<sup>8</sup> 'Agnosco veteris vestigia  
 flammæ.'—Æn. iv. 23.

Ma Virgilio n' avea lasciati scemi  
 Di sè, Virgilio dolcissimo padre, 50  
 Virgilio a cui per mia salute diemi :  
 Nè quantunque perdeo l' antica madre,  
 Valse alle guance nette di rugiada,  
 Che lagrimando non tornassero adre.  
 Dante, perchè Virgilio se ne vada,  
 Non pianger anco, non pianger ancora ;  
 Chè pianger ti convien per altra spada.  
 Quasi ammiraglio, che in poppa e in prora  
 Viene a veder la gente che ministra 60  
 Per gli altri legni, ed a ben far la incuora,  
 In su la sponda del carro sinistra,  
 Quando mi volsi al suon del nome mio,  
 Che di necessità quì si registra,  
 Vidi la Donna, che pria m' appario  
 Velata sotto l' angelica festa,  
 Drizzar gli occhi ver me di quà dal rio.  
 Tutto che il vel che le scendea di testa,  
 Cerchiato dalla fronde di Minerva,  
 Non la lasciasse parer manifesta,  
 Regalmente nell' atto ancor proterva 70  
 Continuò, come colui che dice,  
 E il più caldo parlar dietro riserva :  
 Guardami ben : ben son, ben son Beatrice :  
 Come degnasti d' accedere al monte ?  
 Non sapei tu, che quì è l' uom felice ?  
 Gli occhi mi cadder giù nel chiaro fonte ;  
 Ma veggendomi in esso io trassi all' erba,  
 Tanta vergogna mi gravò la fronte.  
 Così la madre al figlio par superba,  
 Com' ella parve a me ; perche d' amaro 80  
 Sente il sapor della pietate acerba.  
 Ella si tacque, e gli angeli cantaro  
 Di subito : *In te, Domine, speravi ;*  
 Ma oltre *pedes meos* non passaro.  
 Sì come neve, tra le vive travi,  
 Per lo dosso d' Italia si congela  
 Soffiata e stretta dalli venti schiavi,  
 Poi liquefatta in sè stessa trapela,  
 Pur che la terra che perde ombra, spiri,  
 Sì che par fuoco fonder la candela : 90  
 Così fui senza lagrime e sospiri

\* Imitated from Homer, in the B. 671-673.  
 repetition of the name. See *Il.*

9 But Virgil there had left us both forsaken,  
 Virgil, of kindly fathers kindest one,  
 Virgil, whom I had for my safety taken  
 To guide. Nor all by mother Eve foregone  
 Unto the cheeks now dried of dew availed,  
 That weeping should not bring their blackness on.  
 'Dante, that Virgil from our sight hath failed,  
 Weep thou no longer; longer weep not thou;  
 'T were well to weep that other sword assailed.'  
 Like admiral that walks the poop or prow  
 To note how other crews their vessels order,  
 And spirits them to gallant deeds, so now  
 I saw above the chariot's lefthand border,  
 What time I turned at sounding of my name,  
 (Whereof necessity is here recorder,)  
 The lady, that in earlier presence came  
 Under the cloud angelic mirth had shed,  
 Her glance at me across the river aim.  
 Albeit the veil descending from her head,  
 Twined with the leaf Minerva loved of old,  
 Revealment of her shape inhibited,  
 Still with a queenlike air her hest she told  
 Proudly continuing, in accost like his  
 Who speaks and doth his warmer word withhold.  
 'Look at me well—aye, well—'t is Beatrice!  
 10 How hast thou deigned the mountain to draw near?  
 Knewest thou not, man here abides in bliss?'  
 Mine eyes fell down upon that fountain clear,  
 But turned them landward, when I noted there  
 What shame did graven on my front appear.  
 The mother to the son as haughty air  
 Assumes, as she to me, for bitter taste  
 Is felt, when pity's self doth sharpness wear.  
 She paused—the angels sang in sudden haste  
 11 *In thee O Lord, hath been my hope, nor these*  
*Beyond the words My feet in song embraced.*  
 As o'er the spine of Italy doth freeze  
 Amid the living timbers new-fallen snow,  
 Drifted and tightened by Slavonian breeze,  
 Then, if a breath from shadeless region blow,  
 Is liquefied upon itself to melt,  
 And seems, as fire the candle melted slow,  
 Thus without sigh or tear to wet my cheek

10 Ironically spoken.

11 Ps. xxxi. 1-8.

Anzi il cantar di que' che notan sempre  
 Dietro alle note degli eterni giri.  
 Ma poichè intesi nelle dolci tempre  
 Lor compatire a me, più che se detto  
 A vesser: Donna, perchè sì lo stempre?  
 Lo giel che m' era intorno al cuor ristretto,  
 Spirito ed acqua fessi, e con angoscia  
 Per la bocca e per gli occhi uscì del petto.  
 Ella, pur ferma in su la detta coscia 100  
 Del carro stando, alle sustanze pie  
 Volse le sue parole così poscia:  
 Voi vigilate nell' eterno die,  
 Sì che notte nè sonno a voi non fura  
 Passo, che faccia il secol pur sue vie;  
 Onde la mia risposta è con più cura,  
 Che m' intenda colui che di là piagne,  
 Perchè sia colpa e duol d' una misura.  
 Non pur per ovra delle ruote magne,  
 Che drizzan ciascun seme ad alcun fine, 110  
 Secondo che le stelle son compagne;  
 Ma per larghezza di grazie divine,  
 Che sì alti vapori hanno a lor piova,  
 Che nostre viste là non van vicine,  
 Questi fu tal nella sua vita nuova  
 Virtualmente, ch' ogni abito destro  
 Fatto averebbe in lui mirabil pruova.  
 Ma tanto più maligno e più silvestro  
 Si fa il terren col mal seme e non colto,  
 Quant' egli ha più di buon vigor terrestre. 120  
 Alcun tempo il sostenni col mio volto;  
 Mostrando gli occhi giovinetti a lui,  
 Meco il menava in dritta parte volto.  
 Sì tosto come in su la soglia fui  
 Di mia seconda etade e mutai vita,  
 Questi si tolse a me, e diessi altrui.  
 Quando di carne a spirto era salita,  
 E bellezza e virtù cresciuta m' era,  
 Fu' io a lui men cara e men gradita;  
 E volse i passi suoi per via non vera, 130  
 Immagini di ben seguendo false,  
 Che nulla promission rendono intera.  
 Nè l' impetrare spirazion mi valse,  
 Con le quali ed in sogno ed altrimenti

<sup>12</sup> For Dante's early attachment to Beatrice, see his *Vita Nuova*. She was a girl nine years old when he first saw and fell in love with

Was I before the chaunt of those who still  
 In echoing notes the' eternal sphere-notes speak.  
 But when I read in their sweet-tempered skill  
 Their pity, more than if they took my part  
 In words like these: 'O lady, what thy will  
 To melt him thus?' the ice-chill round my heart  
 Thawed breath and water, from my bosom cast  
 Through mouth and eyes with agonising smart.  
 She to those hallowed essences, while fast  
 On the right haunch of that high chariot's sweep  
 She stood, addressed her in these words at last:  
 'Ye in eternal day your vigil keep;  
 No step along his ways the age doth make  
 Is ever stolen from you by night or sleep;  
 Whence my reply for yonder mourner's sake  
 Hath greater care, how he may comprehend,  
 That fault and sorrow may one measure take.  
 Not by mere impulse those great circles lend  
 That, as the stars in company combine,  
 Do every seed direct to certain end,  
 But from the largess of each grace divine,  
 That hold so high the vapours of their rain,  
 Our labouring sight may never reach their line,  
<sup>13</sup> In his young life this man was of such vein  
 Potentially, that each auspicious course  
 Had wrought in him to proof of wondrous strain.  
 But all the more malign, more wild perforce  
 Becomes the' uncultured soil with evil seed,  
 The more earth's genial vigour primes the source.  
 Awhile my look upheld him, taking heed,  
 And by my girlish eyes to him displayed  
 On the right path with me did ever lead;  
 But soon as I, upon the threshold stayed  
 Of second age, exchange of life acquired,  
 He others' will, renouncing mine, obeyed.  
 When I from flesh to spirit had aspired,  
 And ripened worth and beauty 'gan array,  
 Less dear to him was I and less desired;  
 And he his steps along an untrue way,  
 Following false images of good, must turn,  
 Which nought they promise ever fully pay.  
 In vain my prayer did inspirations earn  
 With which in dreams I wrought for his recal,

her. She died in her twenty-sixth year.

Lo rivocai ; sì poco a lui ne calse.  
 Tanto giù cadde, che tutti argomenti  
 Alla salute sua eran già corti,  
 Fuor che mostrargli le perdute genti.  
 Per questo visitai l' uscio de' morti,  
 Ed a colui che l' ha quassù condotto, 140  
 Li prieghi miei, piangendo, furon porti.  
 L' alto fato di Dio sarebbe rotto,  
 Se Lete si passasse, e tal vivanda  
 Fosse gustata senza alcuno scotto  
 Di pentimento che lagrime spanda.

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 CANTO XXXI.

*Seguitando Beatrice a rimproverare Dante, lo induce a confessare i proprii errori ; ei piange e colto improvvisamente da Matelda è attuffato in Lete ; beve di questo acqua, e si lava, poi vede da vicino Beatrice.*

O tu, che se' di là dal fiume sacro,  
 Volgendo suo parlare a me per punta,  
 Che pur per taglio m' era parut' acro,  
 Ricominciò, seguendo senza cunta,  
 Di, di', se quest' è vero, a tanta accusa  
 Tua confession conviene esser congiunta.  
 Era la mia virtù tanto confusa,  
 Che la voce si mosse e pria si spense,  
 Che dagli organi suoi fosse dischiusa.  
 Poco sofferse, poi disse : Che pense ? 10  
 Rispondi a me, chè le memorie triste  
 In te non sono ancor dall' acqua offense.  
 Confusione e paura insieme miste  
 Mi pinsero un tal sì fuor della bocca,  
 Al quale intender fur mestier le viste.  
 Come balestro frange, quando scocca  
 Da troppa tesa la sua corda e l' arco,  
 E con men foga l' asta il segno tocca ;  
 Sì scoppia' io sott' esso grave carico, 20  
 Fuori sgorgando lagrime e sospiri,  
 E la voce allentò per lo suo varco.  
 Ond' ell' a me : Per entro i miei disiri,  
 Che ti menavano ad amar lo bene  
 Di là dal qual non è a che s' aspiri,

And otherwise ; so slight was his concern—  
 Too scant to rescue him, so low his fall,  
 Were now become contrivances of thought,  
 Save showing him the damned people all.  
 For this the portal of the dead I sought,  
 And unto him that hither was his guide  
 In wailing tones mine orisons were brought.  
 The high decree of God were nullified,  
 Had Lethe's stream been forded, and such food  
 Been tasted, ere his penitence applied  
 Her gush of tears to make his reckoning good.'

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CANTO XXXI.

ARGUMENT.—*Beatrice extorts from Dante the confession of his fault, and, as soon as Matilda has bathed him in Lethe, unveils herself to him.*

' O THOU that art beyond the sacred stream,'  
 Turning her word on me with point to thrust,  
 Whose simple cut did late so painful seem,  
 ' Say, say if this be true, for needs thou must '—  
 In sequel she began without delay—  
 ' Confessing prove so grave a charge is just.'  
 Tumult so wild did all my powers bewray,  
 My voice began to move, and ere 't was wrought  
 To utterance by its organs, died away.  
 Patient brief while, she added, ' What thy thought ?  
 Make answer, for thy memories of sin  
 The' expunging waters have not yet untaught.'  
 Fear and confusion mingling thus within  
 Extorted from my lips so faint a ' Yes '  
 As needed sight its certainty to win.  
 As arbalest, from too intense a stress  
 Launching the weapon, snaps both string and bow,  
 The bolt falls on the mark, its fury less  
 So burst I, that same heavy load below,  
 And tears and sighs convulsively uphove,  
 And on their road mine accents fell to slow.  
 Whence she to me : ' In fervours of thy love  
 For me, which led thee on to love the good  
 That leaves no loftier aim itself above,



Quai fosse attraversate, o quai catene  
 Trovasti, perchè del passare innanzi  
 Dovessiti così spogliar la spene?  
 E quali agevolezze, o quali avanzi  
 Nella fronte degli altri si mostraro,  
 Perchè dovessi lor passeggiare anzi? 30  
 Dopo la tratta d' un sospiro amaro,  
 A pena ebbi la voce che rispose,  
 E le labbra a fatica la formaro.  
 Piangendo dissi: Le presenti cose  
 Col falso lor piacer volser miei passi,  
 Tosto che il vostro viso si nascose.  
 Ed ella: Se tacesti, o se negassi  
 Ciò che confessi, non fora men nota  
 La colpa tua: da tal giudice sassi.  
 Ma quando scoppia dalla propria gota 40  
 L' accusa del peccato, in nostra corte  
 Rivolge sè contra il taglio la ruota.  
 Tuttavia, perchè me' vergogna porte  
 Del tua errore, e perchè altra volta  
 Udendo le sirene sie più forte,  
 Pon giù il seme del piangere, ed ascolta;  
 Sì udirai come in contraria parte  
 Muover doveati mia carne sepolta.  
 Mai non t' appresentò natura ed arte  
 Piacer, quanto le belle membra in ch' io 50  
 Rinchiusa fui, e che son terra sparte:  
 E se il sommo piacer sì ti fallio  
 Per la mia morte, qual cosa mortale  
 Dovea poi trarre te nel suo disio?  
 Ben ti dovevi, per lo primo strale  
 Delle cose fallaci, levar suso  
 Diretro a me che non era più tale.  
 Non ti dovea gravar le penne in giuso,  
 Ad aspettar più colpi, o pargoletta  
 O altra vanità con sì breve uso. 60  
 Nuovo augelletto due o tre aspetta;  
 Ma dinanzi dagli occhi de' pennuti  
 Rete si spiega indarno o si saetta.  
 Quale i fanciulli vergognando muti,  
 Con gli occhi a terra, stannosi ascoltando,  
 E sè riconoscendo, e ripentuti,  
 Tal mi stav' io. Ed ella disse: Quando

' An inexperienced bird, that the risk from shot or snare, before  
 is, encounters two or three times it learns caution. See *Prov.* i. 17,

What chains, what thwarting trenches that withstood  
 Were thine to find, and thus a plea discover  
 To strip off hope of onward way pursued?  
 And what expedient helps, what vantage over,  
 Shown on those others' foreheads caught thine eye,  
 And gave excuse, about them fond to hover?'

After the drawing of a bitter sigh  
 Hardly I found me voice, my sobs amid,  
 And my two lips with labour shaped reply.  
 In mournful tones I owned: 'Things present did  
 With their false pleasure turn my steps aside,  
 Soon as thy visage from my sight was hid.'  
 And she: 'Hadst thou been silent, or denied  
 What thou acknowledgest, no less were known  
 Thy fault—of such a judge 'tis certified.  
 But when the sinner's proper voice doth own  
 Freely the sin's impeachment, in our court  
 Against the edge runs back the whirling hone.  
 Howe'er, thy shame the better to support  
 (Fruit of thine error), and the Siren's rede  
 To hear another time in sterner sort,  
 Lay down thy seed of mourning, and give heed;  
 So hear how should that buried flesh of mine  
 Have led thy steps the counter path to speed.  
 Nature nor art e'er proffered thee for thine  
 Such pleasure as the lovely limbs, whose pale  
 (Now scattered and but earth) did me confine.  
 And if thine highest pleasure so could fail  
 By death of me, what death-doomed thing so much  
 To lure thine after-longings should prevail?  
 Well 't were thy duty for the first keen touch  
 Of things fallacious, upward flight to spring  
 Behind my track, who was no longer such.  
 Nor ought so brief fruition weigh thy wing  
 Thus downward, to await more buffets yet,  
 Or puling girl, or other empty thing.  
 The silly nestling dallieth till he get  
<sup>1</sup> His two or three; in sight of full-fledged bird  
 In vain the arrow flies, or spreads the net.'  
 As children in their shame without a word  
 Stand listening—their eyes bent on the ground,  
 And self-condemned, and to repentance stirred,  
 So was I standing while she said: 'If sound

and vii. 23. To bid the poet uplift his *beard*, is to remind him that he had not the excuse of youthful inexperience, but was full fledged.

Per udir se' dolente, alza la barba,  
 E prenderai più doglia riguardando.  
 Con men di resistenza si dibarba 70  
 Robusto cerro, o vero a nostral vento,  
 O vero a quel della terra d' Iarba,  
 Ch' io non levai al suo comando il mento ;  
 E quando per la barba il viso chiese,  
 Ben conobbi il velen dell' argomento.  
 E come la mia faccia si distese,  
 Posarsi quelle prime creature  
 Da loro aspersion l' occhio comprese :  
 E le mie luci, ancor poco sicure,  
 Vider Beatrice volta in su la fiera, 80  
 Ch' è sola una persona in duo nature.  
 Sotto suo velo, ed oltre la riviera  
 Verde, pareami più sè stessa antica  
 Vincer, che l' altro quì quand' ella c' era.  
 Di penter sì mi punse ivi l' ortica,  
 Che di tutt' altre cose, qual mi torse  
 Più nel suo amor, più mi si fe' nemica.  
 Tanta riconoscenza il cuor mi morse,  
 Ch' io caddi vinto, e quale allora femmi, 90  
 Salsi colei che la cagion mi porse.  
 Poi, quando il cor virtù di fuor rendemmi,  
 La Donna ch' io avea trovata sola,  
 Sopra me vidi, e dicea : Tiemmi, tiemmi.  
 Tratto m' avea nel fiume infino a gola,  
 E, tirandosi me dietro, sen giva  
 Sovr' esso l' acqua lieve come spola.  
 Quando fui presso alla beata riva,  
*Asperges me* sì dolcemente udissi,  
 Ch' io nol so rimembrar, non ch' io lo scriva.  
 La bella Donna nelle braccia aprissi, 100  
 Abbracciommi la testa, e mi sommerse,  
 Ove convenne ch' io l' acqua inghiottissi ;  
 Indi mi tolse, e bagnato m' offerse  
 Dentro alla danza delle quattro belle,  
 E ciascuna col braccio mi coperse.  
 Noi sem qui ninfe, e nel ciel semo stelle ;  
 Pria che Beatrice discendesse al mondo,

\* Virgil makes Iarbas king of Gætulia in Northern Africa ; this wind, therefore, blows from the south on Italy.

\* The angels who had been sprinkling flowers. See the preced-

ing Canto.

\* Matilda. See the preceding Canto.

\* The penitential appeal of David, Ps. li. 7.

\* The notion of Dante's alluding

In hearing grieve thee, lift thy beard, and mourn  
 With grief more bitter, when to see shall wound.'  
 With less resistance from the roots uptorn,  
 Whether by wind of ours, or one to shift  
<sup>2</sup> Iarbas' sands, is sturdy chestnut borne,  
 Than I at her command my chin did lift;  
 And when she named my visage by the beard,  
 Too well I knew the venom of her drift.  
 As I my countenance dilating reared,  
 My sight was ware, how <sup>3</sup> yonder first-create  
 Reposed them, and the air from sprinkling cleared;  
 And of mine eyes, though ill-assured their state,  
 Was Beatrice right o'er the creature seen  
 Which doth two natures in one person mate.  
 Under her veil, and o'er the bank of green,  
 She seemed her ancient self to more excel,  
 Than all the rest, when she with us had been.  
 There did remorse with nettle-sting compel  
 My soul of all things else, what most apart  
 Wrested my love, to count my foe most fell.  
 There I, so deep compunction gnawed my heart,  
 Fell vanquished down; and to what state I passed  
 She knows, who gave occasion to my smart.  
 When power without restored my heart at last,  
<sup>4</sup> The woman I had lonely found I note  
 Above me; and she cried: 'Hold, hold me fast.'  
 She through the stream had brought me till my throat  
 It reached; and drawing me behind, went light  
 As shuttle o'er the water's self to float.  
 When I was near the bank of blissful sight,  
<sup>5</sup> *Thou'lt sprinkle me*, I heard so sweetly sung  
 As I may not remember, less can write.  
 Her arms the beauteous lady open flung,  
 Embraced my head, and where the water flows  
 So deep, I needs must drink it, plunging swung;  
 Thence drew me, and presented as I rose  
 Bathed, 'mid the dance by those four beauties traced,  
 Where each with circling arm did me inclose.  
<sup>6</sup> 'Here are we nymphs, who stars in heaven are placed;  
 Ere Beatrice came down on earth, to be

to the constellation of the Southern Cross, however suited to the tendencies of a materialistic age, is sufficiently refuted by his own words here, see c. i. The three of *deeper sight* are the Christian

virtues. The lower compartments of the window in New College Chapel, Oxford, might serve as a great painter's comment on this portion of the poet's vision.

Fummo ordinate a lei per sue ancelle.  
 Merremti agli occhi suoi ; ma nel giocondo  
 Lume ch' è dentro aguzzeran li tuoi 110  
 Le tre di là, che miran più profondo.  
 Così cantando cominciare ; e poi  
 Al petto del grifon seco menarmi,  
 Ove Beatrice volta stava a noi.  
 Disser : Fa che le viste non risparmi ;  
 Posto t' avem dinanzi agli smeraldi,  
 Ond' Amor già ti trasse le sue armi.  
 Mille disiri più che fiamma caldi  
 Strinsermi gli occhi agli occhi rilucenti,  
 Che pur sovra il grifone stavan saldi. 120  
 Come in lo specchio il sol, non altrimenti  
 La doppia fiera dentro vi raggiava,  
 Or con uni, or con altri reggimenti.  
 Pensa, lettor, s' io mi maravigliava,  
 Quando vedea la cosa in sè star queta,  
 E nell' idolo suo si trasmutava.  
 Mentre che, piena di stupore e lieta,  
 L' anima mia gustava di quel cibo,  
 Che, saziando di sè, di sè asseta ;  
 Sè dimostrando del più alto tribo 130  
 Negli atti, l' altre tre si fero avanti,  
 Danzando al loro angelico caribo.  
 Volgi, Beatrice, volgi gli occhi santi,  
 Era la sua canzone, al tuo fedele  
 Che, per vederti, ha mossi passi tanti.  
 Per grazia fa noi grazia che disvele  
 A lui la bocca tua, sì che discerna  
 La seconda bellezza che tu cele.  
 O isplendor di viva luce eterna,  
 Chi pallido si fece sotto l' ombra 140  
 Sì di Parnaso, o bevve in sua cisterna,  
 Che non paresse aver la mente ingombra,  
 Tentando a render te qual tu paresti  
 Là, dove armonizzando il ciel t' adombra,  
 Quando nell' aere aperto ti solvesti ?

' Pliny says of the emerald,  
 ' Nullius coloris aspectus jucun-  
 dior est.'—*Hist. Nat.* l. xxxvii. c.

5. Certainly eyes of a greenish  
 grey have often a peculiar bright-  
 ness ; and if the *γλαυκῶπις* of

Her preordained handmaidens were we graced.  
 We'll bring thee to her eyes ; but yonder three  
 Shall sharpen thine for light felicitous  
 That glows within ; they deeper look than we.'  
 Thus they preluded in their song, and thus  
 Me to the Gryphon's breast escorting led,  
 Where Beatrice was standing, turned to us.  
 ' Be thou not niggard of thy gaze,' they said ;  
 ' We've planted thee to front the <sup>7</sup> emeralds, whence  
 Love long ago his arms to strike thee sped.'  
 A thousand longings more than flame intense  
 Held fast mine eyes upon those eyes that, gleaming,  
 Full on the Gryphon fixed undazzled sense.  
 Nor other than the sun on mirror streaming  
 The double shape within them flashed his rays,  
 By turns now this, now that comportment beaming.  
 Think, reader, if I felt the sight amaze,  
 When I beheld the thing itself stand still,  
 And on its image print a shifting phase !  
 While yet my soul, which joy and wonder fill,  
 Tasted the food whereon to make a meal  
 Both satisfies and stimulates the will,  
 Presenting them with gestures that reveal  
 Their noble tribe, those other three came on  
 Singing to that angelic dance they wheel :  
 ' Turn, Beatrice, upon thy faithful one,  
 O turn thy sainted eyes,' their song appealed,  
 ' Who to behold thee many a step hath gone ;  
 Grace us, of grace, to draw thy veil, and yield  
 Sight of thy lips to him, that he discern  
 Thy second loveliness, as yet concealed.'  
 O splendour of the living light eterne !  
 Who in Parnassian umbrage ever made  
 Himself so pale, or drank from out its urn  
 So deep, that would not feel the mind o'erweighed  
 Trying to paint thee, what thine aspect there,  
 With yon harmonious heaven alone to shade,  
 When thou unveiledst in the cloudless air ?

Homer described colour rather    eyes might be nearer the hue of  
 than glancing lustre, Athene's    her own favourite olive, than blue.

## CANTO XXXII.

*Quando il Poeta si sveglia trova il carro legato all' albero della scienza del bene e del male. Un' aquila discende e sfronda l' albero. Un Drago d' inferno entro nel carro, e ne fa un mostro, e lo trae lungi per la selva.*

TANTO eran gli occhi miei fissi ed attenti  
 A disbramarsi la decenne sete,  
 Che gli altri sensi m' eran tutti spenti;  
 Ed essi quinci e quindi avean parete  
 Di non caler, così lo santo riso  
 A se traéli con l' antica rete;  
 Quando per forza mi fu volto il viso  
 Ver la sinistra mia da quelle Dee,  
 Perch' io udia da loro un: Troppo fiso.  
 E la disposizion ch' a veder ee 10  
 Negli occhi pur testè dal sol percossi,  
 Senza la vista alquanto esser mi fee;  
 Ma poichè al poco il viso riformossi,  
 Io dico al poco per rispetto al molto  
 Sensibile, onde a forza mi rimossi,  
 Vidi in sul braccio destro esser rivolto  
 Lo glorioso esercito, e tornarsi  
 Col sole e con le sette fiamme al volto.  
 Come sotto li scudi per salvarsi 20  
 Volgesi schiera, e sè gira col segno,  
 Prima che possa tutta in sè mutarsi,  
 Quella milizia del celeste regno,  
 Che precedeva, tutta trapassonne  
 Pria che piegasse il carro il primo legno.  
 Indi alle ruote si tornar le donne,  
 E il grifon mosse il benedetto carico,  
 Sì che però nulla penna crollonne.  
 La bella donna che mi trasse al varco,  
 E Stazio ed io seguitavam la ruota  
 Che fe' l' orbita sua con minore arco. 30  
 Sì passeggiando l' alta selva vota,  
 Colpa di quella ch' al serpente crese,  
 Temprava i passi un' angelica nota.  
 Forse in tre voli tanto spazio prese

<sup>1</sup> This fixes the death of Beatrice in A.D. 1290.

## CANTO XXXII.

ARGUMENT.—*Dante accompanies Beatrice and the Celestial Train to the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. His sleep and vision.*

So deeply were mine eyes fixed and engrossed  
 Their <sup>1</sup> ten years' thirst indulging to forget,  
 Mine every other sense was wholly lost.  
 And they on either side a wall had set  
 Of unconcern; that smile of holiness  
 So drew them to her with the ancient net;  
 When to my left hand of those Goddesses  
 My countenance was turned impulsively.  
 For that I heard their band 'Too fixed' express.  
 And so much faculty, as is to see  
 In eyes but newly dimmed by solar stroke,  
 Made me awhile without my sight to be.  
 But when to mark the less my sense rewoke—  
<sup>2</sup> I say the less, compared with greater light  
 Made visible, whence I perforce had broke  
 Away, that glorious army on their right  
 I saw had worked them round, and as they wheeled  
 The sun and sevenfold flames had full in sight.  
 As squadron under bucklers raised to shield  
 Turns it, and with the banner wheels in line,  
 Ere it can all change order on the field,  
 So all that soldiery of realm divine,  
 Which led the van, crossed onward from the brook  
 Ere yet the car its foremost beam incline.  
 The ladies then beside the wheel retook  
 Their post; the Gryphon moved his blessèd load  
 So tenderly, that not a plume he shook;  
 The woman fair, with whom the ford I trode,  
 Statius and I, behind the wheel that made  
 Its circuit with less arc, pursued our road.  
 So pacing o'er that high unpeopled glade,  
 (Her fault who trusted in the snake,) our pace  
 An angel music tempered, not delayed.  
 Slipt from the curb might arrow so much space

<sup>2</sup> The poet means us to understand the brightness of Beatrice's eyes to have eclipsed both the sun and the seven lamp-lights.



Disfrenata saetta, quanto eràmo  
 Rimossi, quando Beatrice scese.  
 Io senti' mormorare a tutti : Adamo !  
 Poi cerchiaro una pianta dispogliata  
 Di fiori e d' altra fronda in ciascun ramo.  
 La chioma sua, che tanto si dilata 40  
 Più quanto più è su, fora dagl' Indi  
 Ne' boschi lor per altezza ammirata.  
 Beato se', grifon, che non discindi  
 Col becco d' esto legno dolce al gusto,  
 Posciachè mal si torse il ventre quindi.  
 Così d' intorno all' arbore robusto  
 Gridaron gii altri ; e l' animal binato :  
 Sì se conserva il seme d' ogni giusto.  
 E volto al temo ch' egli avea tirato,  
 Trasselo a piè della vedova frasca ; 50  
 E quel di lei a lei lasciò legato.  
 Come le nostre piante, quando casca  
 Giù la gran luce mischiata con quella  
 Che raggia dietro alla celeste lasca,  
 Turgide fansi e poi si rinnovella  
 Di suo color ciascuna, pria che il sole  
 Giunga li suoi corsier sott' altra stella ;  
 Men che di rose e più che di viole,  
 Colore aprendo, s' innovò la pianta,  
 Che prima avea le ramora sì sole. 60  
 Io non lo intesi, nè quaggiù si canta  
 L' inno che quella gente allor cantaro,  
 Nè la nota sofferarsi tutta quanta.  
 S' io potessi ritrar come assonnaro  
 Gli occhi spietati, udendo di Siringa,  
 Gli occhi a cui più vegghiar costò sì caro ;  
 Come pintor che con esempio pinga  
 Disegnerei com' io m' addormentai ;  
 Ma qual vuol sia che l' assonnar ben finga .  
 Però trascorro a quando mi svegliai, 70  
 E dico ch' un splendor mi squarciò il velo  
 Del sonno, ed un chiamar : Surgi, che fai ?  
 Quale a veder de' fioretti del melo,  
 Che del suo pomo gli angeli fa ghiotti,  
 E perpetue nozze fa nel cielo,  
 Pietro e Giovanni e Iacopo condotti,

<sup>3</sup> Alluding, doubtless, to the Fall.

<sup>4</sup> The tree of knowledge of good and evil.

<sup>5</sup> The Zodiacal sign of Pisces is meant. The roach is supposed to be chosen by Dante as a glistening and transparent fish.

As we were distant in three flights have flown,  
 When Beatrice dismounted from her place.  
<sup>3</sup> 'Adam!' I caught from all in murmured tone;  
 Then circled round <sup>4</sup> a naked plant the choir,  
 Whose several branches flower or leaf had none.  
 The crispèd head that aye, as lifted higher,  
 More broadly spreads, might it their woods adorn,  
 E'en Indians should for loftiness admire.  
 'Blest art thou, Gryphon, that thy beak hath torn  
 No splinter off that sweetly-tasting wood,  
 For evil writhe the belly thence hath borne.'  
 So cried, as round that sinewy trunk they stood,  
 The others; and that shape of natures two:  
 'Thus is preserved the seed of every good.'  
 Then turning toward the pole he lately drew,  
 Haled it unto the widowed branch's foot,  
 And to her tied left that which from her grew.  
 As do the plants of earth, when on their root  
 Pours down the greater light, to blend with beam  
 That rearward of the heavenly <sup>5</sup> Roach doth shoot,  
 Swell bourgeoning, and soon do each redeem  
 The garnish of its proper hue, before  
 Sol harness under other star his team;  
 So, less than roses' and than violets' more  
 Her tint unfolding, bloomed again the plant  
 That erst her boughs so solitary bore.  
 Nor understood I, nor might mortals chaunt  
 The hymn that troop then chaunted, nor mine ear  
 Took all the music, but did something scant.  
 Could I pourtray how, <sup>6</sup> Syrinx' fate to hear,  
 Upon the restless eyes repose came creeping,  
 The eyes which longer watching cost so dear,  
 As painter painteth unto pattern keeping,  
 Would I delineate how I slumbered deep;  
 But let who will and can the steps of sleeping  
 Describe—I to my time of waking leap,  
 And say, a glory and a call, 'Arise!  
 What dost thou?' rent away my veil of sleep.  
 As on that apple's blooms to feast their eyes,  
 That makes the angels for its fruit athirst,  
 And makes unending nuptial in the skies,  
<sup>7</sup> Peter and John and James conducted erst,

<sup>6</sup> Mercury, in the disguise of a shepherd, lulls Argus to sleep with the tale of Pan and Syrinx. Ovid, *Met.* i. 689.  
<sup>7</sup> At the Transfiguration, Matt. xvii. 1.

E vinti ritornaro alla parola  
 Dalla qual furon maggior sonni rotti,  
 E videro scemata loro scuola,  
 Così di Moisè come d' Elia, 80  
 Ed al maestro suo cangiata stola ;  
 Tal torna' io, e vidi quella Pia  
 Sovra me starsi, che conduttrice  
 Fu de' mie' passo lungo il fiume pria ;  
 E tutto in dubbio dissi : Ov' è Beatrice ?  
 Ed ella : Vedi lei sotto la fronda  
 Nuova sedersi in su la sua radice.  
 Vedi la compagnia che la circonda ;  
 Gli altri dopo il grifon sen vanno suso,  
 Con più dolce canzone e più profonda. 90  
 E se fu più lo suo parlar diffuso  
 Non so, perocchè già negli occhi m' era  
 Quella ch' ad altro intender m' avea chiuso.  
 Sola sedeasi in su la terra vera,  
 Come guardia lasciata lì del plaustro,  
 Che legar vidi alla biforme fiera.  
 In cerchio le facevan di sè claustro  
 Le sette ninfe, con que' lumi in mano  
 Che son securi d' Aquilone e d' Austro.  
 Quì sarai tu poco tempo silvano, 100  
 E sarai meco, senza fine, cive  
 Di quella Roma onde Cristo è Romano ;  
 Però, in pro del mondo che mal vive,  
 Al carro tieni or gli occhi, e, quel che vedi,  
 Ritornato di là, fa che tu scrive.  
 Così Beatrice : ed io, che tutto a' piedi  
 De' suoi comandamenti era devoto,  
 La mente e gli occhi, ov' ella volle, diedi.  
 Non scese mai con sì veloce moto  
 Fuoco di spessa nube, quando piove 110  
 Da quel confine che più è remoto,  
 Com' io vidi calar l' uccel di Giove  
 Per l' arbor giù, rompendo della scorza,  
 Non che de' fiori e delle foglie nuove ;  
 E ferì il carro di tutta sua forza,  
 Ond' ei piegò, come nave in fortuna,  
 Vinta dall' onde, or da poggia or da orza.  
 Poscia vidi avventarsi nella cuna  
 Del trionfal veicolo una volpe,

\* The chariot symbolising the Christian Church, the assault of the Roman eagle indicates the early imperial persecutions.

And overclouded, at the word revived  
Whereat the bonds of greater sleep were burst,  
And suddenly beheld their school deprived  
Of Moses, even as of Elias gone,  
And to their Master change of garb arrived,  
Such I returned, and saw that holy one  
Above me standing, who my footsteps led,  
Conductress late, the river's brink upon;  
And 'Where is Beatrice?' all doubting said;  
And she: 'Above her own root on the ground  
Behold her sitting, 'neath the leaves new-bred.  
Behold the company that girds her round;  
The rest behind the Gryphon are ascended  
With psalmody more sweet and more profound.'  
Nor know I if more large her speech extended,  
Because already to mine eyes a screen  
Was one, who sense of other things suspended.  
On that true earth she sat alone, in mien  
Like sentinel there left the wain to guard,  
I by the biform beast had fastened seen.  
Circling around her as with cloister barred  
The seven nymphs, in whose hand those candles flamed  
That burn secure though north or south blow hard.  
'Brief while a ranger here shalt thou be claimed,  
And shalt with me dwell endless citizen  
In that true Rome whence Christ is Roman named.  
Wherefore, to serve the ill-lived sons of men,  
Eye well the car, and of the things discerned  
Returning thence make record with thy pen.'  
Thus Beatrice; and with a heart that yearned  
Devotedly at her commandment's feet,  
Where'er she willed, my mind and eyes I turned.  
Never yet darted with a speed so fleet  
Fire out of thick cloud breaking, when above  
From the remoter confine rain doth beat,  
As through the tree I saw <sup>8</sup> the bird of Jove  
Pounce rending off the bark without remorse,  
Nor merely the fresh leaves and blossoms clove;  
And on the chariot struck with all his force,  
Whence, like to ship 'mid warring waves distressed,  
It now to starboard rolled, now larboard course.  
Next I beheld a <sup>9</sup> fox that stealthy pressed  
The car's triumphal cradle to assault,

<sup>8</sup> This signifies the intrusion of heresy.

Che d' ogni pasto buon pareva digiuna. 120  
 Ma, riprendendo lei di laide colpe,  
 La Donna mia la volse in tanta futa,  
 Quanto sofferson l' ossa senza polpe.  
 Poscia, per indi ond' era pria venuta,  
 L' aquila vidi scender giù nell' arca  
 Del carro, e lasciar lei di sè pennuta.  
 E qual esce di cuor che si rammarca,  
 Tal voce uscì del cielo, e cotal disse :  
 O navicella mia, com' mal se' carica !  
 Poi parve a me che la terra s' aprisse 130  
 Tr' ambo le ruote, e vidi uscirne un drago,  
 Che per lo carro su la coda fisse :  
 E, come vespa che ritragge l' ago,  
 A sè traendo la coda maligna,  
 Trasse del fondo, e gissen vago vago.  
 Quel che rimase, come di gramigna  
 Vivace terra, della piuma offerta,  
 Forse con intenzion casta e benigna,  
 Si ricoperse, e funne ricoperta  
 E l' una e l' altra ruota e il temo, in tanto 140  
 Che più tiene un sospir la bocca aperta.  
 Trasformato così il dificio santo  
 Mise fuor teste per le parti sue,  
 Tre sovra il temo, ed una in ciascun canto.  
 Le prime eran cornute come bue ;  
 Ma le quattro un sol corno avean per fronte :  
 Simile mostro in vista mai non fue.  
 Sicura, quasi rocca in alto monte,  
 Seder sovr' esso una puttana sciolta  
 M' apparve con le ciglia intorno pronte. 150  
 E, come perchè non li fosse tolta,  
 Vidi di costa a lei dritto un gigante,  
 E baciavansi insieme alcuna volta :  
 Ma, perchè l' occhio cupido e vagante  
 A me rivolse, quel feroce drudo  
 La flagellò dal capo insin le piante.  
 Poi, di sospetto pieno e d' ira crudo,  
 Disciolse il mostro, e trassel per la selva  
 Tanto, che sol di lei mi fece scudo  
 Alla puttana ed alla nuova belva. 160

<sup>10</sup> The third disaster of the Church, the donation of Constantine. See *Inf.* c. xix. 115.

<sup>11</sup> Commentators have interpreted this generally of the rise of Mahomet. Lombardi objects to

this as an anachronism, but fails, I think, to prove it such. The fatal gifts of Constantine, Pepin, and Charlemagne, produced mischief both before and after the appearance of the Arabian impostor.

Her famine of all wholesome food confessed.  
 But chiding her for many an ugly fault  
 My lady did to flight as rapid doom  
 As might the bones endure, that fleshless halt.  
 Then saw I downward from his earlier room  
 That eagle stoop, till on the chest he hung  
 O' the car, and <sup>10</sup> left it feathered from his plume ;  
 And out of heaven there came a voice and wrung  
 Such words as from a soul with grief that smarted,  
 ' How bad a freight, my bark, is on thee frung ! '  
 Then seemed that earth between the wheels disparted,  
 And from the gulf I saw <sup>11</sup> a dragon spring  
 That upward through the car his tail quick darted ;  
 And like to wasp which draweth back the sting,  
 So drawing in its venom tail, a rent  
 Drew from the floor, and gay went frolicking.  
 The remnant, like vivacious soil besprent  
 With weed-crop, in the plumage proffered there,  
 Haply with pure and bountiful intent,  
 Itself enveloped, and enveloped were  
 Both wheels at once and pole, in time so short,  
 A sigh had longer oped the mouth for air.  
 The sacred fabric, changed in such a sort,  
 Caused sprouting heads along its limbs to grow ;  
<sup>12</sup> Three does the pole, each corner one, support.  
 The first went hornèd even as oxen go,  
 But on four fronts one horn alone was told ;  
 Was never monster seen like that in show !  
 Secure, as were she lofty mountain-hold,  
 A harlot seated there in loose array  
 Appeared, whose wanton eyes around her rolled ;  
 And for her guard, as none should bear away,  
 Erect I saw a <sup>13</sup> giant at her side,  
 And whiles with mutual kisses dallied they.  
 But since with lustful roving leer she eyed  
 Me, turning her, from head to feet the blows  
 Of scourge that savage paramour applied.  
 Then full of jealous doubt, while yet he glows  
 With ire, unbound the monster, and so far  
 Dragged through the wood, that ample shield it rose  
 Sight of that harlot and strange beast to bar.

<sup>12</sup> The beast in Rev. xiii. has  
 seven heads and ten horns. The  
 harlot is evidently understood by  
 the poet of the unfaithful church.

<sup>13</sup> This is supposed to mean

Philip Le Bel, king of France,  
 and to convey the Italian poet's  
 disgust at the transfer of the  
 Apostolical chair from Rome to  
 Avignon.

## CANTO XXXIII.

*Spiegazioni di Beatrice a Dante. Matelda il conduce al fiume Eunoè, e uscito purificato da quello è disposto a salire alle stelle.*

*DEUS, venerunt gentes*, alternando,  
 Or tre or quattro, dolce salmodia  
 Le donne incominciaro, lagrimando :  
 E Beatrice sospirosa e pia  
 Quelle ascoltava sì fatta, che poco,  
 Più alla croce si cambiò Maria.  
 Ma poichè l' altre vergini dier loco  
 A lei di dir, levata dritta in piè,  
 Rispose, colorata come fuoco :  
*Modicum, et non videbitis me,* 10  
*Et iterum*, Sorelle mie dilette,  
*Modicum, et vos videbitis me.*  
 Poi le si mise innanzi tutte e sette,  
 E dopo sè, solo accennando, mosse  
 Me e la Donna, e il Savio che ristette,  
 Così sen giva, e non credo che fosse  
 Lo decimo suo passo in terra posto,  
 Quando con gli occhi gli occhi mi percosse ;  
 E con tranquillo aspetto : Vien più tosto, 20  
 Mi disse, tanto che s' io parlo teco,  
 Ad ascoltarmi tu sie ben disposto.  
 Sì com' i' fui, com' io doveva, seco,  
 Dissemi : Frate, perchè non t' attenti  
 A dimandare omai venendo meco ?  
 Come a color, che troppo reverenti  
 Dinanzi a' suoi maggior parlando sono,  
 Che non traggon la voce viva a' denti,  
 Avvenne a me, che senza intero suono  
 Incominciai : Madonna, mia bisogna 30  
 Voi conoscete, e ciò ch' ad essa è buono.  
 Ed ella a me : Da tema e da vergogna  
 Voglio che tu omai tì disviluppe,  
 Sì che non parli più com' uom che sogna.  
 Sappi che il vaso che il serpente ruppe,

<sup>1</sup> Ps. lxxix. 1.

## CANTO XXXIII.

ARGUMENT.—*Further communings of Dante with Beatrice. He drinks of the fountain Eunoë, and prepares to ascend to heaven.*

<sup>1</sup> *O God, the heathen come, alternating*  
 Melodious psalmody, now three, now four,  
 Began the ladies, weeping as they sing.  
 And Beatrice with troubled sighings sore  
 Was listening to them in so piteous case,  
 That Mary at the cross changed hardly more.  
 But when the other virgins gave her place  
 To speak ; upon her feet uplifted, she  
 Made answer thus, while fiery glowed her face :

<sup>2</sup> *' A little while and me ye shall not see ;*  
*And yet again, beloved sisters mine,*  
*A little while more, and ye shall see me.'*  
 Then ranged the seven before her all in line ;  
 And me, the lady, and the sage who yet  
 Remained, drew after her with simple sign.  
 So marched she onward ; nor of steps had set  
 Her tenth in number on the ground, I trow,  
 When mine eyes smiting with her eyes she met,  
 And with a tranquil aspect said : ' Come thou  
 More quickly near, that if I commune aught  
 With thee, to hear me well thy place allow.'  
 When I had reached her as my duty brought,  
 ' Brother,' she chided me, ' why darest thou seek,  
 Companionship, to question me of nought ?'  
 As happeneth unto them, who when they speak  
 Before their betters are too reverent,  
 Nor bring the living voice beyond the cheek,  
 Befel me, who began, but not to vent  
 Mine accents perfect : ' Lady, what my need  
 You know, and what relief would best content.'  
 And she to me : ' Now will I have thee freed  
 From all entanglement of fear or shame,  
 Nor longer mutter tones that sleep doth breed.  
 Know thou, the vessel which the snake did maim

<sup>2</sup> John xvi. 16.



Fu, e non è ; ma chi n' ha colpa creda  
 Che vendetta di Dio non teme suppe.  
 Non sarà tutto tempo senza reda  
 L' aquila che lasciò le penne al carro,  
 Perchè divenne mostro e poscia preda ;  
 Ch' io veggio certamente, e però il narro, 40  
 A darne tempo, già stelle propinque ;  
 Sicuro d' ogni intoppo e d' ogni sbarro,  
 Nel quale un cinquecento diece e cinque,  
 Messo di Dio anciderà la fuia,  
 E quel gigante che con lei delinque.  
 E forse che la mia narrazion buia,  
 Qual Temi e Sfinge, men ti persuade,  
 Perch' a lor modo lo intelletto attuaia ;  
 Ma tosto fien li fatti le Naiade,  
 Che solveranno questo enigma forte, 50  
 Senza danno di pecore e di biade.  
 Tu nota ; e, sì come da me son porte  
 Queste parole, sì lo insegna a' vivi  
 Del viver ch' è un correre alla morte ;  
 Ed aggi a mente, quando tu le scrivi,  
 Di non celar qual hai vista la pianta,  
 Ch' è or due volte dirubata quivi.  
 Qualunque ruba quella, o quella schianta,  
 Con bestemmia di fatto offendo Dio,  
 Che solo all' uso suo la creò santa. 60  
 Per morder quella, in pena e in disio  
 Cinquemil' anni e più, l' anima prima  
 Bramò colui che il morso in sè punìo.  
 Dorme lo ingegno tuo, se non istima  
 Per singular cagione essere eccelsa  
 Lei tanto, e sì travolta nella cima.  
 E, se stati non fossero acqua d' Elsa  
 Li pensier vani intorno alla tua mente,  
 E il piacer loro un Piramo alla gelsa,  
 Per tante circostanze solamente 70  
 La Giustizia di Dio, nello interdetto,  
 Conosceresti all' alber moralmente.

<sup>3</sup> Rev. xvii. 8. Dante here alludes to the purer state of the primitive church, afterwards corrupted.

<sup>4</sup> The older commentators, who were most intimately acquainted with the ideas prevalent in the poet's own times, mention a super-

stition current in Florence, that to eat a repast on the tomb of a murdered man was a sure means of averting the vengeance of his surviving relatives.

<sup>5</sup> These mystical numbers, forming by transposition the word DVX, are referred to Henry of

<sup>3</sup> Was and is not ; but 'tis not <sup>4</sup> sop can fray  
 God's vengeance, be he sure, who bears the blame.  
 Not always heirless shall that eagle stay  
 That left his feathers to the chariot, whence  
 It first became a monster, then a prey.  
 I tell, as seeing with sure evidence  
 Stars now at hand to cause the time arrive,  
 Safe from all baulk and all opposing fence,  
 When one shall come, <sup>5</sup> five hundred ten and five,  
 God's envoy, of their lives that hag impure  
 And her accomplice giant to deprive.  
 If haply this my narrative obscure,  
 Because with <sup>6</sup> Sphinx's or with Themis' art  
 It clouds the mind, belief do less ensure,  
 Yet facts shall quickly play the Naiads' part,  
 When they this hard enigma shall unroll,  
 Nor herbage droop nor cattle feel the smart.  
 Mark thou, and as I give them, on thy scroll  
 These words to teach the living so indite,  
 Who run that race of life whereof the goal  
 Is death ; and keep in mind when thou wilt write,  
 Not to conceal how yonder plant was shown,  
 That here hath twice been plundered in thy sight.  
 Whoso to spoil or splinter that is known,  
 Offendeth God by blasphemy of fact,  
 Who made it holy for His use alone.  
 For bite of that, with pain and craving racked,  
 Pined the first soul above five thousand years  
 For Him, who on Himself revenged the act.  
 Thy wits are sleeping, if to them appears  
 No mystic reason for its height so strange,  
 And such reversal of the crest it rears.  
 And were it not thy fancies' idle range  
 Around thy mind have <sup>7</sup> Elsa's water been,  
 And their delight a <sup>8</sup> Pyramus to change  
 The mulberry, thou at the tree hadst seen  
 Through so much circumstance of moral kind  
 Alone, God's justice putting bar between.

Luxemburg, who became Emperor  
 with the title of Henry VII., and  
 from whom the Ghibelline or Im-  
 perialist party expected the resto-  
 ration of their ascendancy in the  
 Italian states. Lombardi, how-  
 ever, assigns this prophecy to the  
 Can Grande della Scala. See *Inf.*  
 Canto i.

<sup>6</sup> Themis and the Sphinx were  
 noted for the obscurity of their  
 prophetic intimations. The Naiads  
 solved their riddles. See Ovid,  
*Met.* vii. 760.

<sup>7</sup> Elsa, a Tuscan stream with  
 petrifying properties.

<sup>8</sup> See Canto xxvii. 37.

Ma, perch' io veggio te nello intelletto  
 Fatto di pietra ed in peccato tinto,  
 Sì che t' abbaglia il lume del mio detto,  
 Voglio anche, e se non scritto, almen dipinto,  
 Che il te ne porti dentro a te per quello  
 Che si reca il bordon di palma cinto.  
 Ed io : Sì come cera da suggello,  
 Che la figura impressa non trasmuta, 80  
 Segnato è or da voi lo mio cervello.  
 Ma perchè tanto sovra mia veduta  
 Vostra parola disiata vola,  
 Che più la perde quanto più s' aiuta ?  
 Perchè conoschi, disse, quella scuola  
 Ch' hai seguitata ; e veggì sua dottrina  
 Come può seguitar la mia parola ;  
 E veggì vostra via dalla divina  
 Distar cotanto, quanto si discorda  
 Da terra il ciel che più alto festina. 90  
 Ond' io risposi lei : Non mi ricorda  
 Ch' io straniassi me giammai da voi  
 Nè honne coscienza che rimorda :  
 E, se tu ricordar non te ne puoi,  
 Sorridendo rispose, or ti rammenta  
 Sì come di Leteo beesti ancò ;  
 E, se dal fumo fuoco s' argomenta,  
 Cotesta oblivion chiaro conchiude  
 Colpa nella tua voglia altrove attenta.  
 Veramente oramai saranno nude 100  
 Le mie parole, quanto converrassi  
 Quelle scovrire alla tua vista rude.  
 E più corrusco, e con più lenti passi,  
 Teneva il Sole il cerchio di merigge,  
 Che quà e là, come gli aspetti, fassi,  
 Quando s' affisser, sì come s' affigge  
 Chi va dinanzi a schiera per iscorta,  
 Se truova novitate in sue vestigge,  
 Le sette donne al fin d' un ombra smorta,  
 Qual sotto foglie verdi e rami nigri 110  
 Sovra suoi freddi rivi l' Alpe porta.  
 Dinanzi ad esse Eufrates e Tigri  
 Veder mi parve uscir d' una fontana,  
 E quasi amici dipartirsi pigri.  
 O luce, o gloria della gente umana,

\* Pilgrims from the Holy Land, hence called *Palmeri*.

But since I see thee in thy power of mind  
Chilled into stone, and dyed with taint of sin,  
So that my words' irradiance smites the blind,  
I further will thou bear it hived within,  
And if not writ, yet painted as they do  
That bring the<sup>9</sup> palm-girt staff, belief to win.'  
And I: 'Like wax unto the signet true,  
Which the device imprinted nought belies,  
So is this brain of mine now stamped by you.  
But wherefore, say, beyond my vision flies  
So high a strain your loved and longed-for-speech,  
That sight but loses more the more it tries?'  
'To make thee conscious what the school can teach,'  
She said, 'which thou hast followed, and to spy  
How near its doctrine to my word can reach;  
And see that distant is the path you ply  
From the divine, as doth from earth divorce  
His own that heaven which hastens him most high.'  
'That ever I from you estranged my course  
I cannot call to mind;' I then replied  
To her, 'nor conscience therefore deals remorse.'  
'And if remembrance be to thee denied,'  
Smiling she said, 'of memory now require  
How thou to-day hast drunk of Lethe's tide.  
And if the smoke is evidence of fire,  
This same oblivion plainly may declare  
The fault was other bent of thy desire.  
In verity my words shall all be bare  
From this time forward, far as to disclose  
Them to thy duller sight convenient were.'  
And, slower pacing as he brighter glows,  
The sun his noonday circle held, that draws  
The shifting line each several aspect knows.  
When pausing halted—as is wont to pause  
He that for escort heads a troop arrayed,  
If on his track he finds some startling cause—  
The ladies seven at edge of livid shade,  
Such as the Alp throws on its cold rills gleaming,  
Under green leaves and blackening branches made.  
Before their front methought I saw where streaming  
<sup>10</sup> Euphrates, Tigris, from one fountain ran,  
And lazy parted them, like friends in seeming.  
'O light, O glory of the race of man!

<sup>10</sup> Gen. ii. 14.

Che acqua è questa che quì si dispiega  
Da un principio, e sè da sè lontana ?  
Per cotal prego detto mi fu : Prega  
Matelda che il li dica ; e quì rispose,  
Come fa chi da colpa si dislega, 120  
La bella Donna : Questo, ed altre cose  
Dette li son per me ; e son sicura  
Che l' acqua di Leteo non gliel nascose.  
E Beatrice : Forse maggior cura,  
Che spesse volte la memoria priva,  
Fatto ha la mente sua negli occhi oscura.  
Ma vedi Eunoè che là deriva :  
Menalo ad esso, e, come tu se' usa,  
La tramortita sua virtù ravviva.  
Com' anima gentil che non fa scusa, 130  
Ma fa sua voglia della voglia altrui,  
Tosto com' è per segno fuor dischiusa ;  
Così, poi che da essa preso fui,  
La bella Donna mossesi, ed a Stazio  
Donnescamente disse : Vien con lui.  
S' io avessi, lettor, più lungo spazio  
Da scrivere, io pur cantere' in parte  
Lo dolce ber che mai non m' avria sazio :  
Ma perchè piene son tutte le carte  
Ordite a questa Cantica seconda, 140  
Non mi lascia più ir lo fren dell' arte.  
Io ritornai dalla santissim' onda  
Rifatto sì, come piante novelle  
Rinnovellate di novella fronda,  
Puro e disposto a salire alle stelle.

What is this water, welling from one head.  
Whose self-disparted currents here I scan ?'  
'Go, pray Matilda,' for such prayer 't was said  
To me, 'that she inform.' As one doth rid  
And loose himself from blame, her answer sped  
The fair one : 'This and other matters did  
'My tongue detail to him, and well I wot  
That Lethe's water none of those had hid.'  
And Beatrice : 'Of greater care begot  
Perchance, that oftentimes memory depriveth ;  
Over his mind's eye came obscuring blot.  
But lo'! <sup>11</sup> Eunoë, yonder which deriveth ;  
Lead him to her, and give, as is thy use,  
The draught his fainting virtue that reviveth.'  
As courteous soul that proffers not excuse,  
But of another's will her will doth make,  
Soon as a signal sets the meaning loose,  
So, when addressed her charge of me to take,  
Moved the fair lady, and in queenly state  
'Come with him, thou,' she Statius bespake.  
Had I more room in writing to dilate,  
Reader, I partly would in song recal  
The pleasant drink that ne'er could satiate ;  
But since replenished are the papers all  
Arranged for web of this my second strain,  
My further way the reins of art enthrall.  
From that most holy wave I came again  
To recreate, as plants that new repairs  
Do by renewal of new leaves obtain,  
Pure and prepared for mounting to the stars.

<sup>11</sup> See Canto xxviii., note 11.

END OF THE PURGATORY.



# IL PARADISO.



Largior hic campos æther, et lumine vestit  
Purpureo; solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.

VIRG. *Æn.* vi.



## CANTO I.

*Invocazion. Guidato da Beatrice ascende Dante al primo cielo. Ammira le risplendenti luci, l'ordine e le armonie delle celesti sfere. Suoi dubbj sciolti da Beatrice.*

LA gloria di Colui che tutto muove  
 Per l' universo penetra, e risplende  
 In una parte più, e meno altrove.  
 Nel ciel che più della sua luce prende  
 Fu' io, e vidi cose che ridire  
 Nè sa, nè può qual di lassù discende ;  
 Perchè, appressando sè al suo disire,  
 Nostro intelletto si profonda tanto,  
 Che retro la memoria non può ire.  
 Veramente quant' io del regno santo 10  
 Nella mia mente potei far tesoro,  
 Sarà ora materia del mio canto.  
 O buono Apollo, all' ultimo lavoro  
 Fammi del tuo valor sì fatto vaso,  
 Come dimandi a dar l' amato alloro.  
 Insino a quì l' un giogo di Parnaso  
 Assai mi fu', ma or con ambedue  
 M' è uopo entrar nell' aringo rimaso.  
 Entra nel petto mio, e spira tue 20  
 Sì, come quando Marsia traesti  
 Della vagina delle membra sue.  
 O divina virtù, se mi ti presti  
 Tanto che l' ombra del beato regno  
 Segnata nel mio capo io manifesti,  
 Venir vedràmì al tuo diletto legno,  
 E coronarmi allor di quelle foglie,  
 Che la materia e tu mi farai degno.  
 Sì rade volte, padre, se ne coglie,  
 Per trionfare o Cesare o Poeta,  
 Colpa e vergogna dell' umane voglie, 30

<sup>1</sup> Compare St. Paul, II. Cor. xii.  
4.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the story of the loves of Apollo and Daphne, Ovid, *Met.* i.

<sup>3</sup> Parnassus, as is well known, is a double-peaked mountain.

<sup>4</sup> The flaying of Marsyas by Apollo, as the punishment of his presumptuous rivalry with the

## CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.—*Dante and Beatrice ascend from the Earthly Paradise to the First Heaven. His amazement at the glories which encompass them. Beatrice answers him by expounding the order of the worlds.*

THE brightness of His glory who moves all  
 Doth penetrate the universe, and more  
 Intense on one part, less on other fall.  
 In the' heaven which hath His light in richest store  
 Was I, and things beheld, which from above  
<sup>1</sup> Descending man nor knows nor can tell o'er;  
 Since working nearer to its goal of love  
 Our understanding mines so deep a vein,  
 That memory back to search it cannot move.  
 In verity, whate'er I might retain  
 Of that pure kingdom treasured in my thought  
 Shall furnish now material for my strain.  
 Glorious Apollo! make me vessel wrought .  
 So for thy might to this last work, as thou  
 To give <sup>2</sup> the laurel of thy love hast sought;  
 Up to this moment <sup>3</sup> *one* Parnassian brow  
 Could well content me; *both* his peaks beneath  
 Must I the lists that wait me enter now.  
 Come thou within my bosom, and so breathe,  
 As when from out the scabbard which arrayed  
 His members thou didst <sup>4</sup> Marsyas unsheathe.  
 Virtue divine, if thou accord such aid,  
 That of the blessed kingdom I declare,  
 As now 'tis printed on my brain, the shade,  
 Thou 'lt see me to thy deep-loved stem repair,  
 And crown me with those leaves which, as my due,  
 Thou and my theme shall make me fit to wear.  
 Culled is that garland, Father, times so few,  
 Or bard's or Cæsar's triumph to adorn,  
 (The sin and shame let human wills ensue,)

God of song, is a favourite subject with the fresco-painters and engravers of gems among the ancients.

<sup>1</sup> The river Peneus, on the banks of which the scene of Daphne's

transformation to the bay-tree is placed in her legend, is the chief river of Thessaly, and makes its way to the Ægean through the picturesque gorge of Tempè.

Che partorir letizia in su la lieta  
 Delfica deità dovria la fronda  
 Peneia, quando alcun di se asseta.  
 Poca favilla gran fiamma seconda :  
 Forse dietro a me con miglior voci  
 Si pregherà perchè Cirra risponda.  
 Surge a' mortali per diverse foci  
 La lucerna del mondo, ma da quella,  
 Che quattro cerchi giugne con tre croci,  
 Con miglior corso e con migliore stella 40  
 Esce congiunta, e la mondana cera  
 Più a suo modo tempera e suggella.  
 Fatto avea di là mane e di quà sera  
 Tal foce quasi ; e tutto era là bianco  
 Quello emisperio, e l' alta parte nera,  
 Quando Beatrice in sul sinistro fianco  
 Vidi rivolta, e riguardar nel sole :  
 Aquila sì non gli s' affisse unquanco.  
 E sì come secondo raggio suole 50  
 Uscir del primo, e risalire insuso,  
 Pur come peregrin che tornar vuole ;  
 Così dell' atto suo, per gli occhi infuso  
 Nell' immagine mia, il mio si fece,  
 E fissi gli occhi al sole oltre a nostr' uso.  
 Molto è licito là, che quì non lece  
 Alle nostre virtù, mercè del loco  
 Fatto per proprio dell' umana spece.  
 Io nol sofferirsi molto nè sì poco,  
 Ch' io nol vedessi sfavillar dintorno,  
 Qual ferro che bollente esce del fuoco. 60  
 E di subito parve giorno a giorno  
 Esser aggiunto, come Quei che puote  
 Avesse il ciel d' un altro sole adorno.  
 Beatrice tutta nell' eterne ruote  
 Fissa con gli occhi stava ; ed io, in lei  
 Le luci fisse di lassù remote,  
 Nel suo aspetto tal dentro mi fei,  
 Qual si fe' Glauco nel gustar dell' erba,  
 Che il fe' consorto in mar degli altri Dei.  
 Trasumanar significar *per verba* 70  
 Non si poria ; però l' esempio basti

\* Cirrha, a Phocian town on the  
 Gulf of Corinth, near the base of  
 Parnassus, gave a name to Apollo.

' The Sun being in Aries, the

Equator, the Zodiac, the Horizon,  
 and the Equinoctial Colure, the  
 four circles here meant, intersect-  
 ing one another, form the three

That joy should in the joyous God be born  
 Of Delphi, when <sup>6</sup>Penëus' leaf inspires  
 A thirst in any that itself be worn.  
 Faint sparks may kindle into mighty fires;  
 And better voices, haply, after me  
 Shall pray, till <sup>6</sup>Cirrha grant their high desires.  
 Through various portals dawns, for man to see,  
 The lamp that lights the world; but when the gate  
 Doth <sup>7</sup>circles four combine with crosses three,  
 With better course and better star to mate  
 It issueth, and with freer energies  
 Tempers and seals the mass of things create.  
 'T was some such portal there made morning rise  
 And evening here; one hemisphere with white  
 Irradiate all, and one with blackened skies—  
 When, turned upon her left side, in my sight  
 Stood Beatrice, and did the sun confront,  
 Nor ever eagle so drank in the light.  
 And as from first a second beam is wont  
 To shoot, back darting upward, as might choose  
 A wanderer to regain his former haunt,  
 Thus was her action, which mine eyes infuse  
 Upon my phantasy, of mine the cause,  
 Who on the sun gazed more than mortals use.  
 There much is lawful, here against the laws  
 Of human powers, by favour of the spot  
 Made meet for humankind. Nor long the pause  
 For which I bore it, yet so brief was not,  
 But I around saw glancing sparkles play,  
 As iron from out the furnace boiling hot.  
 And suddenly it seemed, day had to day  
 Been added, as though HE that only could  
 Had caused another sun the heaven array.  
 Beatrice, her eyes intently fixing, stood  
 To face the' eternal spheres; and while on her  
 Mine own, withdrawing from the sun, I glued,  
 I felt her look such life within me stir,  
 As <sup>8</sup>Glaucus when the mystic herb to taste  
 Did with the sea-gods' host his rank confer.  
 The change from human hardly were retraced  
 By words; content him then the' example shown

crosses, as may be seen by reference  
to the armillary sphere.

<sup>8</sup> Glaucus is mentioned by Ovid,

*Met.* xiii. 904. The prosaic inter-  
preters of later date made him a  
il ful diver.

A cui esperienza grazia serba.  
 S' io era sol di me quel che creasti  
 Novellamente, Amor che il ciel governi,  
 Tu il sai, che col tuo lume mi levasti.  
 Quando la ruota, che tu sempiterni  
 Desiderato, a sè mi fece atteso,  
 Con l' armonia che temperi e discerni,  
 Parvemi tanto allor del cielo acceso  
 Dalla fiamma del sol, che pioggia o fiume 80  
 Lago non fece mai tanto disteso.  
 La novità del suono e il grande lume  
 Di lor cagion m' accesero un disio  
 Mai non sentito di cotanto acume.  
 Ond' ella, che vedea me, sì com' io,  
 Ad acquetarmi l' animo commosso,  
 Pria ch' io a dimandar, la bocca aprìo,  
 E cominciò : Tu stesso ti fai grosso  
 Col falso immaginar, sì che non vedi 90  
 Ciò che vedresti, se l' avessi scosso.  
 Tu non se' in terra, sì come tu credi ;  
 Ma folgore, fuggendo il proprio sito,  
 Non corse, come tu ch' ad esso riedi.  
 S' i' fui del primo dubbio disvestito  
 Per le sorrise parolette brevi,  
 Dentro ad un nuovo più fui irretito ;  
 E dissi : Già contento requievi  
 Di grande ammirazion ; ma ora ammiro  
 Com' io trascenda questi corpi lievi.  
 Ond' ella, appresso d' un pio sospiro, 100  
 Gli occhi drizzò ver me con quel sembiante,  
 Che madre fa sopra figliuol deliro ;  
 E cominciò : Le cose tutte quante  
 Hann' ordine tra loro ; e questo è forma  
 Che l' universo a Dio fa simigliante.  
 Quì veggion l' alte creature l' orma  
 Dell' eterno valore, il quale è fine,  
 Al quale è fatta la toccata norma.  
 Nell' ordine ch' io dico sono accline  
 Tutte nature, per diverse sorti, 110  
 Più al principio loro e men vicine ;  
 Onde si muovono a diversi porti  
 Per lo gran mar dell' essere, e ciascuna  
 Con istinto a lei dato che la porti.  
 Questi ne porta il fuoco inver la luna ;  
 Questi ne' cuor mortali è promotore ;

Whose end with like experience shall be graced.  
O love that rulest heaven ! to thee is known  
Whose light was mine uplifting, if the soul,  
Thy fresh creation, then were mine alone.  
When now the sphere whose everlasting roll  
Thou, the Desired one, causest, had my gaze  
Caught by that harmony which thy control  
Divides and tempers, heaven then seemed to blaze  
With solar fire so widely, rain or stream  
Had never lake that such a breadth embays.  
The' unwontedness of sound and mighty gleam  
Kindled a wish to find their cause, so keen,  
Did longing ne'er before thus eager seem.  
Whence she who saw me as myself had seen,  
Her lips, mine agitated mind to lull,  
Unclosed, ere mine to ask had opened been ;  
And thus began : ' Thou dost thyself make dull  
With false imagination, nor perceivest  
What thou by shaking off the fanciful  
Hadst seen. Thou'rt not on earth, as thou believest,  
But lightning from its proper home ne'er passed  
So quick, as thou thy homeward course achievest.'  
If I my first doubt stripping off me cast  
At the brief words her smile had syllabled,  
A new one more entangling held me fast ;  
And thus I said : ' From mighty wonder quelled  
Content I paused ; but wonder now whereby  
Through these light bodies mine ascent I held.'  
She therefore, heaving first a saintly sigh,  
With such an aspect as the mother throws  
On son delirious, fixed on me her eye,  
And thus began : ' All things alike compose  
Themselves to mutual order ; and this mould  
God's likeness on the universe bestows.  
The high creations here the print behold  
Of everlasting Might, the destined end  
For which is framed the rule whereof I told.  
In order, as I speak it, inly tend  
All natures by their difference of kind,  
As nearer or less near their source they wend ;  
And hence they move them different ports to find  
O'er Being's mighty ocean, each obeying  
The instinct to impel its course assigned.  
This upward to the moon the fire is swaying,  
This moves the spring of every mortal heart ;

Questi la terra in sè stringe ed aduna.  
 Nè pur le creature, che suon fuore  
 D' intelligenza, quest' arco saetta,  
 Ma quelle ch' hanno intelletto ed amore, 120  
 La providenzia, che cotanto assetta,  
 Del suo lume fa il ciel sempre quieto,  
 Nel qual si volge quel ch' ha maggior fretta.  
 Ed ora lì, com' a sito decreto,  
 Cen porta la virtù di quella corda,  
 Che ciò che scocca drizza in segno lieto.  
 Ver' è che, come forma non s' accorda  
 Molte fiate alla intenzion dell' arte,  
 Perch' a risponder la materia è sorda;  
 Così da questo corso si diparte 130  
 Talor la creatura, c' ha podere  
 Di piegar, così pinta, in altra parte,  
 E sì come veder si può cadere  
 Fuoco di nube, se l' impeto primo  
 A terra è torto da falso piacere.  
 Non dei più ammirar, se bene stimo,  
 Lo tuo salir, se non come d' un rivo  
 Se d' alto monte scende giuso ad imo.  
 Maraviglia sarebbe in te, se privo  
 D' impedimento giù ti fossi assiso, 140  
 Com' a terra quieto fuoco vivo.  
 Quinci rivolse inver lo cielo il viso.

---

 CANTO II.

*Salito alla prima stella il Poeta move alcuni dubbj sulle macchie lunari: Beatrice secondo le opinioni di que' tempi spiega la ragione e la causa di quelle facendo bellissime e sottili comparazioni.*

O voi che siete in piccioletta barca,  
 Desiderosi d' ascoltar, seguiti  
 Dietro al mio legno che cantando varca,  
 Tornate a riveder li vostri liti,  
 Non vi mettete in pelago; chè forse,  
 Perdendo me, rimarreste smarriti.  
 L' acqua ch' io prendo giammai non si corse:

\* The Primum Mobile, 'that first moved,' of Milton, of which

This binds all earth, to its own centre weighing.  
 Nor of that how the creatures formed apart  
 From understanding only, but who feel  
 Both intellect and love, admit the dart.  
 The Providence, which doth such order seal,  
 Calms ever by its light that heaven to rest,  
 Where <sup>9</sup> of all things the fleetest whirls in wheel;  
 And thither, as to fated home address,  
 Now are we borne, by virtue of that string  
 Which aims her archeries all at object blest.  
 'T is true, as many a time the shapen thing  
 The art's intention faileth to present,  
 Because the lump is dull at answering;  
 So from this pathway turns in discontent  
 At times the creature, which hath power allowed,  
 Though prompted thus, to change for other bent :  
 And (much as one may see from out a cloud  
 The fire come falling) if false pleasure's spell  
 Have thwarted that first impulse, earthward bowed.  
 Thy mounting up needs, if I reason well,  
 No more thy wonder, than from high-browed hill  
 Down to the bottom if a torrent fell;  
 More wonder were it hadst thou set thee still  
 (As fire on earth had unaspiring burned)  
 With no impediment to baulk thy will.'  
 Thence toward the heaven again her look she turned.

---

 CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.—*Apostrophe of the Poet to his readers. Dante and Beatrice enter the First World, The Moon. Beatrice confutes the erroneous notion of the Poet concerning Dense and Rare.*

O YE that have in puny bark so long,  
 Eager to hearken, followed on the track  
 Which my tall vessel voyages in song,  
 Turn to revisit your own shores ; go back ;  
 Tempt not the ocean, where, if I be lost  
 To view, confusion may your course make wrack.  
 The water I must dare was never crossed ;

we hear more in the sequel. Dante notices it in his *Convito*.



Minerva spira, e conducemi Apollo,  
 E nuove Muse mi dimostran l' Orse.  
 Voi altri pochi, che drizzaste il collo 10  
 Per tempo al pan degli angeli, del quale  
 Vivesi quì, ma non sen vien satollo,  
 Metter potete ben per l' alto sale  
 Vostro navigio, servando mio solco  
 Dinanzi all' acqua che ritorna eguale.  
 Que' gloriosi che passaro a Colco,  
 Non s' ammiraron, come voi farete,  
 Quando Jason vider fatto bifolco.  
 La concreata e perpetua sete  
 Del deiforme regno cen portava  
 Veloci quasi, come il ciel vedete.  
 Beatrice in suso, ed io in lei guardava ; 20  
 E forse in tanto, in quanto un quadrel posa,  
 E vola, e dalla noce si dischiava,  
 Giunto mi vidi ove mirabil cosa  
 Mi torse il viso a sè ; e però quella,  
 Cui non potea mia cura essere ascosa,  
 Volta ver me sì lieta come bella :  
 Drizza la mente in Dio grata, mi disse,  
 Che n' ha congiunti con la prima stella.  
 Pareva a me che nube me coprisse  
 Lucida, spessa, solida e pulita, 30  
 Quasi adamante che lo sol ferisse.  
 Per entro sè l' eterna margherita  
 Ne ricevette, com' aqua recepe  
 Raggio di luce, permanendo unita.  
 S' io era corpo, e quì non si concepe  
 Com' una dimensione altra patio,  
 Ch' esser convien se corpo in corpo repe,  
 Accender ne dovria più il disio  
 Di veder quella essenza, in che si vede  
 Come nostra natura e Dio s' unio. 40  
 Lì si vedrà ciò che tenem per fede,  
 Non dimostrato ; ma fia per sè noto,  
 A guisa del ver primo che l' uom crede.  
 Io risposi : Madonna, sì devoto,  
 Quant' esser posso più, ringrazio lui  
 Lo qual dal mortal mondo m' ha rimoto.  
 Ma ditemi, che son li segni bui

<sup>1</sup> See the fine poem of Peter and the fortunes of their leader  
 Damiani, translated in the Preface. Jason, are related by Ovid, *Met.*

<sup>2</sup> The Argonautic expedition, vii.

'T is Wisdom breathes the gale, Apollo steers,  
 And other Muses point the pole-star's host.  
 But ye the fewer, that from tender years  
 To reach that <sup>1</sup> angels' bread the neck upstrain,  
 Whereon man feeds him here, nor surfeit fears,  
 May safely venture on the briny main  
 Your pinnacle, if my furrow's line ye keep  
 Through waves that equal rise and sink again.  
 Those heroes who to Colchos crossed the deep  
 Felt not the wonder ye shall, when their eyes  
 Saw <sup>2</sup> Jason, turned a ploughman, sow and reap.  
 Our twin-created thirst that never dies  
 Of the God-moulded kingdom bore us high  
 Aloft, with swiftness as ye see the sky's.  
 Beatrice gazed upward and on her gazed I ;  
 And in the time a quarrell on the wing  
<sup>3</sup> Is spent, and speeds, and quits the nut to fly,  
 Myself I saw conveyed where wondrous thing  
 Drew me to note it : wherefore she—my care  
 Who could not but divine—prompt answering,  
 Turned to confront me, blithe as she was fair,  
 And said, ' Uplift thy heart to God in praise ;  
 The first star holds us—He hath brought us there.'  
 Me seemed, a cloud enveloped us in blaze,  
 Bright yet substantial ; solid and yet clear  
 As diamond smitten by the solar rays.  
 The everlasting pearl within her sphere  
 Received us even as water doth the sheen  
 From ray of light, united as whilere.  
 If I was body, and here man might not ween  
 How one dimension gave another place,  
 (As bulk within bulk creeping must have been,)

It should but fire our longing face to face  
 To see that essence in the which 'tis shown  
 How human nature doth with God embrace.  
 There shall be seen what faith now makes our own,  
 And like first truths, whereof man may not doubt,  
 Shall be, not demonstrated, but self-known.  
 ' Lady,' I answered, ' with a heart devout  
 As I can make it, thanks to Him I pay  
 Who from a dying world hath drawn me out.  
 But of the dark spots tell me, what are they,

<sup>1</sup> By the inversion of the missile's progress, the poet apparently in- tends to convey the impression of its incalculable swiftness.

Di questo corpo, che laggiuso in terra  
 Fan di Cain favoleggiare altrui ?  
 Ella sorrise alquanto, e poi : S' egli erra 50  
 L' opinion, mi disse, de' mortali,  
 Dove chiave di senso non disserra,  
 Certo non ti dovrien punger li strali  
 D' ammirazione omai ; poi dietro a' sensi  
 Vedi che la ragione ha corte l' ali.  
 Ma dimmi quel che tu da te ne pensi.  
 Ed io : Ciò che n' appar quassù diverso  
 Credo che il fanno i corpi rari e densi.  
 Ed ella : Certo assai vedrai sommerso  
 Nel falso il creder tuo, se bene ascolti 60  
 L' argomentar ch' io gli farò avverso.  
 La spera ottava vi dimostra molti  
 Lumi, li quali nel quale e nel quanto  
 Notar si posson di diversi volti.  
 Se raro e denso ciò facesser tanto,  
 Una sola virtù sarebbe in tutti,  
 Più e men distributa, ed altrettanto.  
 Virtù diverse esser convegnon frutti  
 Di principii formali, e quei, fuor ch' uno,  
 Seguitierieno a tua ragion distrutti. 70  
 Ancor, se raro fosse di quel bruno  
 Cagion che tu dimandi, od oltre in parte  
 Fora di sua materia sì digiuno  
 Esto pianeta, o sì come comparte  
 Lo grasso e il magro un corpo, così questo  
 Nel suo volume cangerebbe carte.  
 Se il primo fosse, fora manifesto  
 Nell' eclissi del sol, per trasparere  
 Lo lume, come in alto raro ingesto.  
 Questo non è ; però è da vedere 80  
 Dell' altro, e, s' egli avvien ch' io l' altro cassi,  
 Falsificato fia lo tuo parere.  
 S' egli è che questo raro non trapassi,  
 Esser conviene un termine, da onde  
 Lo suo contrario più passar non lassi ;  
 E indi l' altrui raggio si rifonde  
 Così, come color torna per vetro,  
 Lo qual diretto a sè piombo nasconde.  
 Or dirai tu ch' al si dimostre tetro

<sup>4</sup> See *Inf.* c. xx. note 18.

<sup>5</sup> The object of Beatrice in this somewhat abstruse reasoning is to

prove to Dante, that the different degrees of brightness which he here observes are not cwing, as he

Upon this mass, which there on earth below  
 Cause some their fabling tales of <sup>4</sup> Cain to say ?  
 She faintly smiled, then answered, ' If 't is so  
 That man's opinion is with error fraught,  
 Where key of sense doth not unlock to show,  
 Surely not here the darts of wonder ought  
 To sting thy mind, where in the wake of sense  
 Thou seest how reason's wings avail her nought.  
 But of thyself, what thinkest thou, and whence  
 Are these ? ' And I, ' These changing hues proceed,  
 As I believe, from bodies rare or dense.'  
<sup>5</sup> ' Thou wilt discern thy faith plunged deep indeed,'  
 Said she, ' in error, if mine argument  
 That shall oppose it carefully thou heed.  
 The eighth sphere shows her surface thick besprent  
 With lights that quantified and qualified  
 Of various aspects do their orbs present ;  
 If rare and dense alone the cause supplied,  
 Then, more or less distributed as suits  
 Their bulk, one virtue should in all reside.  
 Virtues diverse in kinds must needs be fruits  
 Of formal principles ; and these, save one,  
 Were cancelled, if thy reason well disputes.  
 Again, if rare had caused the spots of dim  
 Thou askest of, this planet either must  
 To utter meagreness of bulk have run  
 In parts, or else this orb, as fleshly crust  
 Alternates fat and lean, many to few  
 Changing its leaves, their volume would adjust.  
 The sun's eclipses, by the light seen through,  
 As when 't is flashed through other subtler things,  
 Would soon bear witness if the first were true.  
 This happens not ; and hence our question brings  
 To test the other, which if I bereave  
 Of weight, then false are thine imaginings.  
 If so it be, this rare do not achieve  
 Its thorough course, there must be limit found,  
 From whence its contrary doth grant no leave  
 To pass beyond, and thence all rays rebound,  
 Even as colour turneth back from glass  
 The which hath hid behind it leaden ground.  
 Now wilt thou say that here the sunbeam has

assumes, to the rarity or density of the bodies themselves, but to light communicated from The First Cause at His good pleasure.

Quivi lo raggio più che in altre parti, 90  
Per esser lì rifratto più a retro.  
Da questa istanzia può deliberarti  
Esperienza, se giammai la pruovi,  
Ch' esser suol fonte a' rivi di vostr' arti.  
Tre specchi prenderai, e due rimuovi  
Da te d' un modo, e l' altro più rimosso  
Tr' ambo li primi gli occhi tuoi ritruovi.  
Rivolto ad essi fa che dopo il dosso  
Ti stea un lume che i tre specchi accenda, 100  
E torni a te da tutti ripercosso.  
Benchè nel quanto tanto non si stenda  
La vista più lontana, lì vedrai  
Come convien ch' egualmente risplenda.  
Or, come ai colpi degli caldi rai  
Della neve riman nudo il soggetto  
E dal colore e dal freddo primai ;  
Così rimaso te nello intelletto  
Voglio informar di luce sì vivace,  
Che ti tremolerà nel suo aspetto.  
Dentro dal ciel della divina pace 110  
Si gira un corpo, nella cui virtute  
L' esser di tutto suo contento giace.  
Lo ciel seguente, ch' ha tante vedute,  
Quell' esser parte per diverse essenze  
Da lui distinte e da lui contenute.  
Gli altri giron per varie differenze  
Le distinzion, che dentro da sè hanno,  
Dispongono a lor fini e lor semenze.  
Questi organi del mondo così vanno, 120  
Come tu vedi omai, di grado in grado,  
Che di su prendono, e di sotto fanno.  
Riguarda bene a me sì com' io vado  
Per questo loco al ver che tu desiri,  
Sì che poi sappi sol tener lo guado ;  
Lo moto e la virtù de' santi giri,  
Come dal fabbro l' arte del martello,  
Da' beati motor convien che spiri.  
E il ciel, cui tanti lumi fanno bello,  
Dalla mente profonda che lui volve  
Prende l' image, e fassene suggello. 130  
E come l' alma dentro a vostra polve  
Per differenti membra e conformate  
A diverse potenzie si risolve ;  
Così l' intelligenza sua bontate

A murkier light than elsewhere it darts,  
As further back refracted from the mass.  
Experience, if thou list to prove, imparts  
The means from this pretence to set thee free,  
That wonted spring whence flow your various arts.  
Take thou three mirrors, and remove from thee  
Two in one measure ; let the other find  
Thine eyes between them both, and farther be.  
Then turned to front them, at thy back behind  
Cause stand a lamp those mirrors three to light,  
And be the light that all reflect inclined  
To thee—although the farther off in sight  
Spread not a size so large, thou shalt behold  
How it must needs return a gleam as bright.  
Now, as by dints of warmer rays controlled  
The matter of the snow is naked laid  
Of earlier gifts, the colour and the cold,  
With such a living light will I pervade  
Like void that in thine intellect remains,  
Its instant flash shall thrillingly persuade.  
Within that heaven where calm eternal reigns  
Revolves a mass, whose virtue doth inclose  
The being of whate'er itself contains.  
The heaven of many eyes that next it glows  
To different essences that being lends,  
As circling all, yet all distinct, it goes.  
Of the' other orbs each variously expends  
Its difference distinct of inward force  
Disposing toward their seedings and their ends.  
These organs of the world fulfil their course  
Even as thou seest, and rank to rank are fed  
For work below by means from upper source.  
Look well at me ; note how my foot is sped  
Through this place to the truth thou dost desire ;  
So thou the ford alone wilt know to tread.  
As doth the hammer's craft the smith require,  
So power and motion to each hallowed wheel  
The blessed mover's breathing must inspire.  
That heaven on which the stars such beauty deal,  
From the deep mind which causes it to roll  
His image takes, and stamps itself the seal.  
And as within your human dust the soul  
Through members different, and shaped at will  
For various energies, revolves her whole,  
Thus multiplied the starry spheres to fill

Moltiplicata per le stelle spiega,  
 Girando sè sovra sua unitate.  
 Virtù diversa fa diversa lega  
 Col prezioso corpo ch' ell' avviva,  
 Nel qual, sì come vita in voi, si lega.  
 Per la natura lieta onde deriva, 140  
 La virtù mista per lo corpo luce;  
 Come letizia per pupilla viva.  
 Da essa vien ciò che da luce a luce  
 Par differente, non da denso e raro:  
 Essa è formal principio che produce,  
 Conforme a sua bontà, lo turbo e il chiaro.

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 CANTO III.

*In questo cerchio della luna vede il Poeta l' anime di quelle donne che  
 per manco involontario di voto, dato è loro in sorte la prima spera.  
 Incontro di Piccarda sorella di Forese, dubbj da essa sciolti: vista  
 di Costanza imperatrice.*

QUEL sol, che pria d' amor mi scaldò il petto,  
 Di bella verità m' avea scoperto,  
 Provando e riprovando, il dolce aspetto;  
 Ed io, per confessar corretto e certo  
 Me stesso, tanto quanto si convenne,  
 Levai lo capo a profferir più erto.  
 Ma visione apparve, che ritenne  
 A sè me tanto stretto per vedersi,  
 Che di mia confession non mi sovvenne.  
 Quali per vetri trasparenti e tersi, 10  
 O ver per acque nitide e tranquille,  
 Non sì profonde che i fondi sien persi,  
 Tornan de' nostri visi le postille  
 Debili sì, che perla in bianca fronte  
 Non vien men tosto alle nostre pupille;  
 Tali vid' io più facce a parlar pronte,  
 Perch' io dentro all' error contrario corsi  
 A quel ch' accese amor tra l' uomo e il fonte.  
 Subito, sì com' io di lor m' accorsi  
 Quelle stimando specchiati sembianti, 20  
 Per veder di cui fosser, gli occhi torsi;

<sup>1</sup> Narcissus, see *Inf.* c. xxx.

The' intelligence his goodness large unbinds,  
 Over his unity self-circling still.  
 Virtue diverse makes league of diverse kinds  
 With that she vivifies —of passing worth—  
 The body where, like life in you, she winds.  
 The joyous nature, whence she draws her birth,  
 Brings out the virtue so infused to gleam  
 As through live pupil lightening up with mirth;  
 'T is hers, and not of dense or rare, the beam  
 Of light from light by difference to mark,  
 The plastic motive she that must beteem,  
 True to her excellence, the bright and dark.'

## CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.—*Vision of Spirits who failed to perform their vows.  
 Interview with Piccarda, who explains the reason of their appointed place. The Empress Constance.*

THAT sun, who once with love my bosom warmed,  
 By proof and by reproof to me, had now  
 Unveiled the beauteous face of truth that charmed,  
 And I, myself the reader to avow  
 Set right and certain, high, as seemed I ought,  
 Lifted my head to speak, with steeper brow.  
 But lo! a vision rose on us, that caught  
 And held me to behold it strained so tight,  
 That my confession faded from my thought.  
 As through translucent glasses, clean and bright,  
 Or haply waters limpid and serene,  
 Nor so profound, their depths elude the sight,  
 Return the outlined traces of our mien  
 So faintly, to our eyeballs not less strong  
 Comes the white pearl upon white forehead seen;  
 Such saw I many a face for parley long,  
 Whence my conceit reversing his who burned,  
 'Fond man! with love of fountain, I went wrong.  
 Sudden, i' the instant I their shapes discerned,  
 Accounting those but figures mirror-glazed,  
 To see of whom they were, mine eyes I turned,



E nulla vidi, e ritorsili avanti  
 Dritti nel lume della dolce guida,  
 Che sorridendo ardea negli occhi santi.  
 Non ti maravigliar perch' io sorrida,  
 Mi disse, appresso il tuo pueril coto,  
 Poi sopra il vero ancor lo piè non fida,  
 Ma te rivolge, come suole, a voto.  
 Vere sustanzie son ciò che tu vedi,  
 Qui rilegate per manco di voto. 30  
 Però parla con esse, e odi, e credi  
 Che la verace luce che le appaga  
 Da sè non lascia lor torcer li piedi.  
 Ed io all' ombra, che pareva più vaga  
 Di ragionar, drizza' mi, e cominciai,  
 Quasi com' uom cui troppa voglia smaga :  
 O ben creato spirito, che a' rai  
 Di vita eterna la dolcezza senti,  
 Che non gustata non s' intende mai ;  
 Grazioso mi fia, se mi contenti 40  
 Del nome tuo e della vostra sorte ;  
 Ond' ella pronta e con occhi ridenti :  
 La nostra carità non serra porte  
 A giusta voglia, se non come quella  
 Che vuol simile a sè tutta sua corte.  
 Io fui nel mondo vergine sorella ;  
 E se la mente tua ben mi riguarda,  
 Non mi ti celerà l' esser più bella ;  
 Ma riconoscerai ch' io son Piccarda,  
 Che, posta quì con questi altri beati, 50  
 Beata son nella spera più tarda.  
 Li nostri affetti, che solo infiammati  
 Son nel piacer dello Spirito Santo,  
 Letizian del su' ordine formati.  
 E questa sorte, che par giù cotanto  
 Però n' è data, perchè fur negletti  
 Li nostri voti, e vòti in alcun canto.  
 Ond' io a lei. Ne' mirabili aspetti  
 Vostri risplende non so che divino,  
 Che vi trasmuta da' primi concetti. 60  
 Però non fui a rimembrar festino ;  
 Ma or m' aiuta ciò che tu mi dici,  
 Sì che raffigurar m' è più latino.

<sup>2</sup> Piccarda, sister of Corso Donati and of Foresè (*Purg.* c. xxiv.), was

professed a nun of Santa Clara, but was forcibly withdrawn from her

And I saw none,—and turned them back, and gazed  
 Straight onward to the light of my sweet guide,  
 Whose holy eyes with smiling lustre blazed.  
 ‘Let it not move astonishment,’ she cried,  
 ‘That instant on thy childish whim I smile,  
 Which cannot yet the foot on truth confide,  
 But whirls thee to the void in wonted style.  
 True substances are these who meet thine eye,  
 Here for their vows’ default, in mild exile.  
 Then commune with them, listen, and rely;  
 For that veracious light who doth content,  
 Brooks not their feet from Him to turn awry.’  
 And I unto the shade that seemed more bent  
 On converse, fronting her, began with mood  
 Of one confused by wish too vehement.  
 ‘Well-natured spirit, that in the beams renewed  
 Of life eternal, feeling hast to prize  
 Sweets never but by tasting understood,  
 Right gracious were the boon, might thy replies  
 Enrich me with thy name and your estate.’  
 Whence unreluctant she with laughing eyes:  
 ‘Our charity doth no more bar the gate  
 On just desire, than His, who wills in grace  
 That all His court Himself should imitate.  
<sup>2</sup> I filled on earth a virgin-sister’s place,  
 Nor shall my beauty’s increase, if thy mind  
 Bestows a due regard, blot out my trace;  
 In me thy memory shall Piccarda find,  
 Who, stationed here amid these other blest,  
 Am blessed, while to lowest orb consigned..  
 Our own affections, at the sole behest  
 Of ONE, The Holy Ghost, inspired to glow,  
 Exult for joy, when of His rule profest.  
 And this our lot, in seeming set so low,  
 Is for neglect of vows apportioned us,  
 Which, vowed and void in part, their name forego.’  
 And I to her: ‘Your aspects marvellous  
 A something beam ineffably divine,  
 From first conceptions to transform you thus;  
 And therefore prompt remembrance was not mine;  
 But now thy story’s help hath memory cleared,  
 ’T is easier task thy features to design.

convent by her brothers, and com-  
 pelled to become the wife of  
 Rosellino della Tosa. Petrarch

has celebrated her in his *Triumph  
 of Chastity*, v. 160.

Ma dimmi : Voi, che siete quì felici,  
 Desiderate voi più alto loco  
 Per più vedere, o per più farvi amici ?  
 Con quell' altr' ombre pria sorrise un poco ;  
 Da indi mi rispose tanto lieta  
 Ch' arder pareva d' amor nel primo foco :  
 Frate, la nostra volontà quieta 70  
 Virtù di carità, che fa volerne .  
 Sol quel ch' avemo, e d' altro non ci asseta.  
 Se disiassimo esser più superne,  
 Foran discordi gli nostri disiri  
 Dal voler di colui che quì ne cerne ;  
 Che vedrai non capere in questi giri,  
 S' essere in caritate è quì necesse,  
 E se la sua natura ben rimiri ;  
 Anzi è formale ad esto beato esse 80  
 Tenerai dentro alla divina voglia,  
 Perch' una fansi nostre voglie stesse.  
 Sì che, come noi sem di soglia in soglia  
 Per questo regno, a tutto il regno piace,  
 Com' allo re ch' a suo voler ne invoglia ;  
 E la sua volontade è nostra pace ;  
 Ella è quel mare al qual tutto si muove  
 Ciò ch' ella cria e che natura face.  
 Chiaro mi fu allor com' ogni dove  
 In cielo è paradiso, e sì la grazia 90  
 Del sommo ben d' un modo non vi piove.  
 Ma sì com' egli avvien, se un cibo sazia,  
 E d' un altro rimane ancor la gola,  
 Che quel si chiere, e di quel si ringrazia ;  
 Così fec' io con atto e con parola,  
 Per apprender da lei qual fu la tela  
 Onde non trasse insino al cò la spola.  
 Perfetta vita ed alto merto inciela  
 Donna più su, mi disse, alla cui norma,  
 Nel vostro mondo giù si veste e vela ;  
 Perchè in fino al morir si vegghi e dorma 100  
 Con quello sposo ch' ogni voto accetta,  
 Che caritate a suo piacer conforma.  
 Dal mondo, per seguirla, giovinetta  
 Fuggi' mi, e nel suo abito mi chiusi,  
 E promisi la via della sua setta.

\* Saint Clare, born of noble parentage at Assisi, in the year 1193 received the monastic habit from the hands of St. Francis, A.D.

Yet tell me, you, thus happily insphered,  
 Do *you* for higher mansion feel desire,  
 To see the more, or be the more endeared ? '  
 She smiled a moment with that shadowy choir,  
 Then answered me so jocund, that to blaze  
 With love she seemed, as in the primal fire.  
 'Brother, the might of charity allays  
 Our will with calm that makes us covet what  
 Alone we hold, nor thirst of more doth raise.  
 Should we desire more elevated spot,  
 Our wishes thus discordant should repel  
 'The will of Him who here awards our lot ;  
 Of which thou 'lt find these orbs incapable,  
 If to abide in love is here ordained,  
 And if thou meditate love's nature well.  
 Rather to keep within God's will restrained,  
 Is to that blessèd life the formal source,  
 That our own wills be all in one contained.  
 Thus to our ranging step by step in course  
 Throughout this realm is all the realm agreed,  
 As is the King, whose will lends our will force.  
 From His good pleasure doth our peace proceed ;  
 It is that ocean whither runs, whate'er  
 Or it creates, or nature makes to breed.'  
 Then was it clear to me, how everywhere  
 In heaven is Paradise, although His blessing  
 The Sùpreme Good diversely rains e'en there.  
 But as befalls us, of one meat possessing  
 A glut, our lust of other yet unfed,  
 That one we crave, for one our thanks professing,  
 So I alike with word and action sped  
 To learn of her what kind of web she spun,  
 And failed to draw the shuttle to its head.  
 'Her perfect life and high desert hath won  
 Heaven for a <sup>3</sup> lady far above, to take  
 Whose rule,' she said, 'down in your world the nun  
 Wears vest and veil ; till death to sleep and wake  
 With Him, the Bridegroom, who will not refuse  
 The vow that love to pleasure Him doth make.  
 I in my girlhood fled the world, to choose  
 Her course, and in her shrouding habit clad,  
 And pledged me to the path her votaries use.

1212, and formed a sisterhood for  
 the observance of her rule at the  
 church of S. Damian near Assisi,

over which she presided forty-two  
 years.

Uomini poi, a mal più ch' a bene usi,  
 Fuor mi rapiron della dolce chiostra;  
 Dio lo si sa qual poi mia vita fusi.  
 E quest' altro splendor, che ti si mostra  
 Dalla mia destra parte, e che s' accende 110  
 Di tutto il lume della spera nostra,  
 Ciò ch' io dico di me di sè intende:  
 Sorella fu, e così le fu tolta  
 Di capo l' ombra delle sacre bende.  
 Ma poi che pur al mondo fu rivolta,  
 Contra suo grado e contra buona usanza,  
 Non fu dal vel del cuor giammai disciolta.  
 Quest' è la luce della gran Costanza,  
 Che del secondo vento di Soave  
 Generò il terzo, e l' ultima possanza. 120  
 Così parlommi, e poi cominciò: *Ave,*  
*Maria*, cantando; e cantando vanio  
 Come per acqua cupa cosa grave.  
 La vista mia, che tanto la seguio,  
 Quanto possibil fu, poi che la perse,  
 Volsesi al segno di maggior disio,  
 Ed a Beatrice tutta si converse;  
 Ma quella folgorò nello mio sguardo  
 Sì, che da prima il viso non sofferse;  
 E ciò mi fece a dimandar più tardo. 130

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## CANTO IV.

*Dallo stesso cielo impara Dante due verità manifestategli da Beatrice; l' una dell' essere e luogo de' Beati, l' altra della volontà mista e dell' assoluta. Propone altro dubbio, cioè, se si possa dall' uomo soddisfare a' voti non compiuti, ed in qual modo.*

INTRA duo cibi, distanti e moventi  
 D' un modo, prima si morrìa di fame,  
 Che liber uomo l' un recasse a' denti.  
 Sì si starebbe un agno intra duo brame  
 Di fieri lupi, igualmente temendo;

<sup>1</sup> Constance, daughter of Roger King of Sicily, was bestowed in marriage by her nephew, William II. (*Par. c. xx. 61*) on Henry of Ger-

many, son of Frederic Barbarossa, A.D. 1186. Giannone and Muratori dispute the fact of her having taken the vows; but Dante,

Men less to good accustomed than to bad  
 Forced me to quit that cloistered home so dear ;  
 God knows my life—what after-bent it had.  
 And this companion-lustre, shown thee clear  
 On my right hand, and which resplendent glows  
 With all the light imparted from our sphere,  
 In this my tale her own sad story knows.  
<sup>4</sup> She was a nun ; thus from her head was torn  
 The shadow that the sacred head-gear throws ;  
 But even to worldly scene thus backward borne  
 Against her will, against good custom's claim,  
 That veil upon her heart was ever worn ;  
 Imperial Constance in this light doth flame,  
 Who from the <sup>5</sup> second Suabian wind to spring  
 Gave out the third and last in power that came.'  
 So told she, and anon began to sing  
*Ave Maria*, and vanished as she sung,  
 Even as through dark water heavy thing.  
 My gaze, that far upon her track had hung  
 As might be, when it lost her as she flew,  
 Turned to its mark, by warmer impulse stung,  
 And all to Beatrice its homage drew ;  
 But she a brilliance to my sight displayed  
 So dazzling, as at first brooked not the view,  
 And thus my question longer while delayed.

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### CANTO IV.

ARGUMENT.—*Beatrice expounds to Dante two questions : the first, of the actual and apparent place of the Blessed ; the second, of the Will of Man, both Absolute and Mixed.*

'TWEEN two like-distant meats, like impulse stirring,  
 Man, free, must die of hunger, ere he cause  
 His teeth to do their office, one preferring ;  
 So should one lamb stand midway from the jaws  
 Of two fierce wolves, with balanced terrors wrung,

living so near to her times, is more likely to have known the truth.  
 —*Arriv.* l. i. p. 1.

<sup>5</sup> The line of Hohenstaufen gave only three Emperors to Germany,

closing with Frederic II. (*Inf.* c. x. 119), the son of Constance. The poet calls them 'winds' to express their impetuous, unstable character.

Sì si starebbe un cane intra duo dame.  
 Perchè, s' io mi tacea, me non riprendo,  
 Dalli miei dubbi d' un modo sospinto,  
 Poich' era necessario, nè commendo.  
 I' mi tacea, ma il mio disir dipinto 10  
 M' era nel viso, e il dimandar con ello  
 Più caldo assai, che per parlar distinto.  
 Fe' sì Beatrice, qual fe' Daniello,  
 Nabuccodonosor levando d' ira,  
 Che l' avea fatto ingiustamente fello.  
 E disse : Io veggio ben come ti tira  
 Uno ad altro disio, sì che tua cura  
 Se stessa lega sì, che fuor non spira.  
 Tu argomenti : Se il buon voler dura,  
 La violenza altrui per qual ragione 20  
 Di meritar mi scema la misura ?  
 Ancor di dubitar ti dà cagione,  
 Parer tornarsi l' anime alle stelle,  
 Secondo la sentenza di Platone.  
 Queste son le quistion che nel tuo velle  
 Pontano igualmente ; e però pria  
 Tratterò quella che più ha di felle.  
 De' serafin colui che più s' india,  
 Moisè, Samuello, e quel Giovanni,  
 Qual prender vuogli, io dico, non Maria, 30  
 Non hanno in altro cielo i loro scanni,  
 Che quegli spirti che mo t' appariro,  
 Nè hanno all' esser lor più o meno anni.  
 Ma tutti fanno bello il primo giro,  
 E differentemente han dolce vita,  
 Per sentir più e men l' eterno spiro.  
 Quì si mostraron, non perchè sortita  
 Sia questa spera lor, ma per far segno  
 Della celestial c' ha men salita.  
 Così parlar conviensi al vostro ingegno, 40  
 Perocchè solo da sensato apprende  
 Ciò che fa poscia d' intelletto degno.  
 Per questo la Scrittura condescende  
 A vostra facultate, e piedi e mano  
 Attribuisce a Dio, ed altro intende ;

<sup>1</sup> Daniel ii. 14.

<sup>2</sup> See Plato (in *Timæo*), and S. Augustine, *De Civ. Dei*, xiii. c. 19. The oriental idea of absorption seems early to have found favour with speculative minds among the

Greeks; once and again it appeared in the earlier forms of Christian heresy; and even in the Athanasian Creed, language is used which, in Dr. Waterland's judgment, is both *incautious* and *in-*

So set between two hinds one dog should pause.  
 Then if, since needs I must, I kept my tongue  
 Silent, I neither praise myself nor blame,  
 While balancing twixt equal doubts I hung.  
 Silent I kept it; but my wish the same  
 Was painted in my look, and with it showed  
 More warm demand than spoken words could frame.  
 Beatrice like means with <sup>1</sup> Daniel erst bestowed,  
 When he would calm Nebùchadnezzar's ire,  
 Which had to tyrant outrage been the goad;  
 And said: 'I well perceive how keen desire,  
 One and another, plucketh at thee, till  
 Thine aim, self-trammelled, cannot forth transpire.  
 Thou reasonest, "If goodness in the will  
 Survive, what ground can others' violence find  
 To bate the measure my desert should fill?"  
 Again, it gives occasion to thy mind  
 Of doubt, that souls appear to seek their source  
 In stars, as <sup>2</sup> Plato's judgment hath assigned.  
 These are the questions that with equal force  
 Provoke thine eagerness; and therefore I  
 Will of the more envenomed first discourse.  
 He of the Seraphim to God most nigh—  
 Moses, or Samuel, or whichever John  
 Thou'lt take, I say, or Mary's self so high,  
 Sit not in other heaven their thrones upon,  
 Nor more nor fewer years of life possess,  
 Than do the spirits who late before thee shone.  
 But that first circle all with beauty bless,  
 And hold their sweet life in a different state,  
 Feeling the' eternal breath or more or less.  
 Here they revealed them, not because their fate  
 Allots this sphere, but of celestial being  
 To mark the rank that least is elevate.  
 Such language fits your genius, well agreeing,  
 Which only from the sensuous apprehends  
 What afterwards it renders meet by freeing  
 For intellect. Hence Scripture condescends  
 Unto your faculties, and with intents  
 Far other, feet and hands to Godhead lends

*accurate*, so much so, indeed, that  
 later MSS. alter the words *in*  
*carnem*, *in Deum*, to *in carne*, *in*  
*Deo*. I leave this to the serious  
 consideration of that numerous  
 class who are so ready to anathe-

matise fellow-christians for the  
 non-adoption of a Shibboleth, of  
 which they dare not themselves af-  
 firm *all* the phraseology to be ortho-  
 dox. See Van Mildert's *Waterland*,  
 vol. iv. pp. 248, 249.



E santa Chiesa con aspetto umano  
 Gabrielle e Michel vi rappresenta,  
 E l' altro che Tobia rifece sano.  
 Quel che Timeo dell' anime argomenta  
 Non è simile a ciò che quì si vede, 50  
 Perocchè, come dice, par che senta.  
 Dice che l' alma alla sua stella riede,  
 Credendo quella quindi esser decisa,  
 Quando natura per forma la diede.  
 E forse sua sentenza è d' altra guisa,  
 Che la voce non suona, ed esser puote  
 Con intenzion da non esser derisa.  
 S' egl' intende tornare a queste ruote  
 L' onor dell' influenza e il biasmo, forse  
 In alcun vero suo arco percuote. 60  
 Questo principio male inteso torse  
 Già tutto il mondo quasi, sì che Giove,  
 Mercurio e Marte a nominar trascorse.  
 L' altra dubitazion che ti commuove  
 Ha men velen, perocchè sua malizia  
 Non ti potrà menar da me altrove,  
 Parere ingiusta la nostra giustizia  
 Negli occhi de' mortali e argomento  
 Di fede, e non d' eretica nequizia.  
 Ma, perchè puote vostro accorgimento 70  
 Ben penetrare a questa veritate,  
 Come disiri, ti farò contento.  
 Se violenza è quando quel che pate  
 Niente conferisce a quel che sforza,  
 Non fur quest' alme per essa scusate ;  
 Che volontà, se non vuol, non s' ammorza,  
 Ma fa come natura face in foco,  
 Se mille volte violenza il torza ;  
 Perchè, s' ella si piega assai o poco,  
 Segue la forza ; e così queste fero, 80  
 Potendo ritornare al santo loco.  
 Se fosse stato il lor voler intero,  
 Come tenne Lorenzo in su la grada,  
 E fece Muzio alla sua man severo,

<sup>3</sup> The Archangel Raphael, see *Tobit*, v. 4, and xii. 15.

<sup>4</sup> The *Voc. della Crusca* gives *quamvis* as one of the meanings of *perocché*, and I have adopted it as the most probable here; but the

whole passage is obscure.

<sup>5</sup> Laurentius, deacon of the Roman Church under Pope Sixtus II, was martyred by broiling on a gridiron, August 10, A.D. 258, in the reign of the Emperor Valerian.

Attributive ; and Holy Church presents  
 Michael, with <sup>3</sup> him who made blind Tobit whole,  
 And Gabriel, in human lineaments.  
 'That which Timæus argues of the soul  
 Is nothing kin to what we here discern,  
<sup>4</sup> Although his words, it seems, his thought unroll.  
 He says, the soul doth to her star return,  
 Believing she was severed thence to mould  
 The clay where nature gave her to sojourn.  
 And other fashion than the words unfold  
 His judgment haply takes, and may be found  
 With meaning such as none in scorn should hold ;  
 If he intends that to these orbs redound  
 The blame and honour of their influence shed,  
 His arrow strikes, perchance, on some true ground.  
 Of old this maxim, ill-conceived, misled  
 As 't were the whole world, that to name their Jove  
 And Mercury and Mars they rambling sped.  
 Thine other doubt, which doth disquiet move,  
 Has less of bane, that its malignancy  
 Could ne'er seduce thee from my side to rove.  
 That our high justice should appear to be  
 In mortal eyes unjust, is argument  
 For faith, and not for vicious heresy.  
 But since your own perception, duly bent,  
 To penetrate this truth can well be taught,  
 I will the longings of thy mind content.  
 If violence is when the sufferer nought  
 Contributes to his help who force applies,  
 She to these spirits no excuse hath brought,  
 Since will, unwilling, ne'er extinguished lies,  
 But struggles, if a thousand times distort  
 By force, as nature doth in fire, to rise.  
 Then, if she bend her long way down or short,  
 That force she follows ; as the souls did here,  
 Who could again to the' Holy Place resort.  
 Had but their will from all default been clear  
 As that which on the grate held <sup>5</sup> Laurence fast,  
 And <sup>6</sup> Mucius made to his own hand severe,

In his honour Philip II. of Spain caused the Escorial to be constructed in the shape of his instrument of martyrdom.

<sup>6</sup> Mucius Scaevola (the left-handed) according to Roman le-

gend, thrust his right-hand into the fire in the presence of the Etruscan Lars Porsenna, whose life he had attempted. See *Livy*, b. ii. c. 12.

Così l' avria ripinte per la strada  
 Ond' eran tratte, come furo sciolte;  
 Ma così salda voglia è troppo rada.  
 E per queste parole, se ricolte  
 L' hai come dei, è l' argomento casso,  
 Che t' avria fatto noia ancor più volte. 90  
 Ma or ti s' attraversa un altro passo  
 Dinanzi agli occhi tal, che per te stesso  
 Non n' usciresti, pria saresti lasso.  
 Io t' ho per certo nella mente messo,  
 Ch' alma beata non poria mentire,  
 Perocchè sempre al primo vero è presso :  
 E poi potesti da Piccarda udire,  
 Che l' affezion del vel Costanza tenne,  
 Sì ch' ella par quì meco contraddire. 100  
 Molte fiate già, frate, addivenne  
 Che, per fuggir periglio, contro a grato  
 Sì fe' di quel che far non si convenne ;  
 Come Almeone che di ciò pregato  
 Dal padre suo, la propria madre spense,  
 Per non perder pietà si fe' spietato.  
 A questo punto voglio che tu pense  
 Che la forza al voler si mischia, e fanno  
 Sì che scusar non si posson l' offense.  
 Voglia assoluta non consente al danno,  
 Ma consentevi intanto, inquanto teme, 110  
 Se si ritrae, cadere in più affanno.  
 Però, quando Piccarda quello spreme,  
 Della voglia assoluta intende, ed io  
 Dell' altra, sì che ver diciamo insieme.  
 Cotal fu l' ondeggiar del santo rio,  
 Ch' uscì del fonte ond' ogni ver deriva,  
 Tal pose in pace uno ed altro disio.  
 O Amanza del primo amante, o diva,  
 Diss' io appresso, il cui parlar m' inonda,  
 E scalda sì, che più e più m' avviva, 120  
 Non è l' affezion mia tanto profonda,  
 Che basti a render voi grazia per grazia ;  
 Ma quei che vede e puote, a ciò risponda.  
 Io veggo ben che giammai non si sazia  
 Nostro intelletto, se il ver non lo illustra,  
 Di fuor dal qual nessun vero si spazia.  
 Posasi in esso, come fera in lustra,

<sup>7</sup> Alcmaeon was son of Amphiaräus and Eriphyle. He slew his mother by the command of his father, whom she had persuaded to

It had reclaimed them to the road at last  
 Whence they were torn, if once from durance freed ;  
 But all too rare is will so sternly cast ;  
 And by these words, if thou with duteous heed  
 Have gathered them, the reasoning is o'erthrown  
 Which else might thine annoyance often breed.  
 But now one other check to thwart is shown  
 Before thine eyes, such, thou must sooner sink  
 Wearied, than extricate thyself alone.  
 I have as certain taught thy mind to think  
 That blessèd soul to lie could never bear,  
 Aye close at hand of primal truth to drink ;  
 And thou couldst hear Piccarda since declare  
 Devotion to the veil held Constance won,  
 As this her word to mine contrariant were.  
 Brother, it oft hath happened, that to shun  
 Some danger, men, despite their mind enslaved,  
 Are led to do what best were left undone ;  
 As did ' Alcmæon, who, for that sin craved  
 By his own father, his own mother slew,  
 And duty's self in duty's cause outbraved.  
 'T is at this point I will thou deem the two,  
 Both force and will, commingle, and in gross  
 Work, that no plea can bring the' offences through.  
 Will absolute consents not to the loss ;  
 But yet so far consents as, if it should  
 Recoil, it fears to feel more grievous cross.  
 Then since Piccarda's words are understood  
 Of the will absolute expressed, and mine  
 Of the' other kind, one truth we both make good.'  
 So rolled the surges of the stream divine  
 That from the fountain of all truth had played,  
 So both my longings did to rest consign.  
 ' Dear love of Love Eternal! heavenly maid,'  
 I cried, ' whose converse is a flood to steep  
 And warm my soul with more on more conveyed  
 Of life, my feeling groundeth not so deep  
 As may return you grateful meed of grace ;  
 From Him, who sees and can, your guerdon reap.  
 Well do I note, our intellect no place  
 Hath for contentment, with His light denied,  
 The Truth, apart from whom no truth we trace.  
 There coucheth she like beast in lair to bide,

take part in the assault of the      is the counterpart to that of Orestes.  
 seven against Thebes. His story      See *Inf.* c. xx. n. 3.

Tosto che giunto l' ha : e giugner puollo ;  
 Se non, ciascun disio sarebbe *frustra*.  
 Nasce per quello, a guisa di rampollo, 130  
 Appiè del vero il dubbio : ed è natura,  
 Ch' al sommo pinga noi di collo in collo.  
 Questo m' invita, questo m' assicura,  
 Con riverenza, donna, a dimandarvi  
 D' un' altra verità che m' è oscura.  
 Io vo' saper se l' uom può soddisfarvi  
 A voti manchi sì con altri beni,  
 Ch' alla vostra stadera non sien parvi.  
 Beatrice mi guardò con gli occhi pieni  
 Di faville d' amor, con sì divini, 140  
 Che, vinta mia virtù, diedi le reni,  
 E quasi mi perdei con gli occhi chini.

## CANTO V.

*Beatrice solve il dubbio intorno a' voti non adempiti. Essa e il Poeta  
 salgono al secondo cielo, ove trovano quantità di splendori ; sono  
 le anime de' beati una delle quali offre a Dante d' appagare ogni  
 sua dimanda. Bellezze poetiche di gran conto.*

S' io ti fiammeggio nel caldo d' amore  
 Di là dal modo che in terra si vede,  
 Sì che degli occhi tuoi vinco il valore,  
 Non ti maravigliar ; che ciò procede  
 Da perfetto veder, che come apprende,  
 Così nel bene appresso muove il piede.  
 Io veggio ben sì come già risplende  
 Nello intelletto tuo l' eterna luce,  
 Che vista sola sempre amore accende ;  
 E s' altra cosa vostro amor seduce, 10  
 Non è, se non di quella alcun vestigio  
 Mal conosciuto, che quivi traluce.  
 Tu vuoi saper, se con altro servizio,  
 Per manco voto, si può render tanto,  
 Che l' anima sicuri di litigio.  
 Sì cominciò Beatrice questo canto ;  
 E, sì com' uom che suo parlar non spezza,  
 Continuò così il processo santo :  
 Lo maggior don, che Dio per sua larghezza  
 Fesse creando, e alla sua bontate 20

Soon as she gains it—and 't is her's to gain ;  
 Else were each longing futile, unsupplied.  
 Thence at the foot of truth springs up amain  
 Doubt, like a sucker ; and, by nature lured  
 To climb the summit, height o'er height we strain.  
 'Tis this invites me, this now makes assured  
 With reverence to entreat you lift the veil,  
 Lady, from one truth more, as yet obscured.  
 I would be certain, if the vows that fail  
 With other merits man can recompense  
 So far, they be not wanting in your scale.'  
 Beatrice her eyes, brimmed o'er with love intense,  
 Turned on me sparkling—so divine their glow,  
 My stricken powers fled routed, and to sense  
 I seemed unconscious, with mine eyes bent low.

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 CANTO V.

ARGUMENT.—*Beatrice continues her discourse on the nature of Vows.  
 Ascent to the Heaven of the Planet Mercury, the Seat of the  
 Famous, to one of whom Dante makes appeal.*

' If in the warmth of love so dazzling light  
 I flash upon thee, past all earthly glow,  
 As vanquishes thy native power of sight,  
 Be not amazed ; such radiance hath its flow  
 From perfect vision, which is wont to move  
 In good attained, as it attains to know.  
 Well note I how the' eternal light above  
 Already shines within thine intellect,  
 Which but to look on ever kindles love ;  
 And if another object misdirect  
 Your love, 't is but some vestige ill-perceived  
 Of that, translucent here, can so affect.  
 Fain would'st thou know if failing vow, retrieved  
 By other service, recompense the wrong  
 So far, the soul from challenge is relieved.'  
 Thus Beatrice begun this strain of song,  
 And, like to man that maimeth not his word,  
 The sacred cause did pleading thus prolong :  
 ' The noblest boon God, by His bounty stirred,  
 Gave in creation, aptest to fulfil

Più conformato, e quel ch' ei più apprezza,  
 Fu della volontà la libertate,  
 Di che le creature intelligenti  
 E tutte e sole furo e son dotate.  
 Or ti parrà, se tu quinci argomenti,  
 L' alto valor del voto, s' è sì fatto,  
 Che Dio consenta quando tu consenti;  
 Chè, nel fermar tra Dio e l' uomo il patto,  
 Vittima fassi di questo tesoro,  
 Tal qual io dico, e fassi col su' atto. 30  
 Dunque che render puossi per ristoro?  
 Se credi bene usar quel ch' hai offerto,  
 Di mal tolletto vuoi far buon lavoro.  
 Tu se' omai del maggior punto certo;  
 Ma, perchè santa Chiesa in ciò dispensa,  
 Che par contra lo ver ch' io t' ho scoperto,  
 Convienti ancor sedere un poco a mensa,  
 Perocchè il cibo rigido ch' hai preso  
 Richiede ancora aiuto a tua dispensa.  
 Apri la mente a quel ch' io ti paleso, 40  
 E fermalvi entro; chè non fa scienza,  
 Senza lo ritenere, avere inteso.  
 Due cose si convengono all' essenza  
 Di questo sacrificio: l' una è quella  
 Di che si fa, l' altra è la convenenza.  
 Quest' ultima giammai non si cancella,  
 Se non servata, ed intorno di lei  
 Sì preciso di sopra si favella;  
 Però necessitato fu agli Ebrei  
 Pur l' offerere, ancor che alcuna offerta 50  
 Si permutasse, come saper dei.  
 L' altra, che per materia t' è aperta,  
 Puote bene esser tal, che non si falla,  
 Se con altra materia si converta.  
 Ma non trasmuti carco alla sua spalla  
 Per suo arbitrio alcun, senza la volta  
 E della chiave bianca e della gialla;  
 Ed ogni permutanza credi stolta,  
 Se la cosa dimessa in la sorpresa,  
 Come il quattro nel sei, non è raccolta. 60  
 Però qualunque cosa tanto pesa  
 Per suo valor, che tragga ogni bilancia,  
 Soddisfar non si può con altra spesa.

<sup>1</sup> As in the instance of the Passover itself, either a lamb or a kid;

His gracious purpose, and the most preferred  
In virtue, was the freedom of the will ;  
With which the creatures made intelligent  
Were all and only gifted, and are still.  
Now shalt thou, following hence thine argument,  
Discern the vow's high merit, so compact,  
That God, when thou consentest, give consent.  
While God and man their covenant contract,  
This treasured boon becomes the sacrifice,  
Dear as I tell, and by spontaneous act.  
Then what may serve for ransom ? Thy device—  
To use aright thy dedicated store—  
Would make good work of ill-got gain the price.  
Now of thy greater question thou art sure ;  
But since our Holy Church, such vow remitting,  
Seems to deny the truth I oped before,  
'T were well at table to prolong thy sitting,  
Because the hard food thou hast made thy meal  
Demands more help, to thy digestion fitting.  
Unclasp thy mind to what I now reveal ;  
Then hold it fast within ; to have understood  
Creates not knowledge, till retention seal  
Two things combine, in essence to make good  
This sacrifice : the matter vowed is one,  
The other is the compact we conclude ;  
This last a way to cancel it hath none  
Save by fulfilment, and with this to suit  
My words last-spoken so precisely run.  
Wherefore their law made offering absolute  
To Hebrew race, though, as thou rightfully  
Must know, the giver might <sup>1</sup> some gifts commute.  
The other, named as matter plain to thee,  
Can well be such, one shall not fail to please,  
Exchanged for other matter though it be ;  
But none may shift his shoulder's load for ease  
At his own pleasure, nor unauthorised  
By turn of both, the white and yellow keys ;  
And count each permutation ill-advised,  
If thing withdrawn in that which makes amends  
(Like number four in six) be not comprised.  
Wherefore whatever thing so weighty bends  
By its own worth as any scale must sway,  
All recompense of other cost transcends.

and in the substitution of doves or pigeons for a lamb. Lev. xii. 6.



Non prendano i mortali il voto a ciancia :  
 Siate fedeli, ed a ciò far non bieci,  
 Come fu Iephte alla sua prima mancia ;  
 Cui più si convenia dicer : Mal feci,  
 Che, servando, far peggio ; e così stolto  
 Ritrovar puoi lo gran duca de' Greci,  
 Onde pianse Ifigenia il suo bel volto, 70  
 E fe' pianger di sè e i folli e i savì,  
 Ch' udir parlar di così fatto colto.  
 Siate, Cristiani, a muovervi più gravi,  
 Non siate come penna ad ogni vento,  
 E non crediate ch' ogni acqua vi lavi.  
 Avete il vecchio e il nuovo Testamento,  
 E il pastor della Chiesa che vi guida :  
 Questo vi basti a vostro salvamento.  
 Se mala cupidigia altro vi grida,  
 Uomini siate, e non pecore matte, 80  
 Sì che il Giudeo tra voi di voi non rida.  
 Non fate come agnel che lascia il latte  
 Della sua madre, e semplice e lascivo  
 Seco medesmo a suo piacer combatte.  
 Così Beatrice a me, com' io scrivo ;  
 Poi si rivolse tutta disiante  
 A quella parte ove il mondo è più vivo.  
 Lo suo tacere e il tramutar sembiante  
 Poser silenzio al mio cupido ingegno,  
 Che già nuove quistioni avea davante. 90  
 E sì come saetta, che nel segno  
 Percuote pria che sia la corda queta,  
 Così corremmo nel secondo regno.  
 Quivi la Donna mia vid' io sì lieta,  
 Come nel lume di quel ciel si mise,  
 Che più lucente se ne fe' il pianeta,  
 E se la stella si cambiò e rise,  
 Qual mi fec' io, che pur di mia natura  
 Trasmutabile son per tutte guise !  
 Come in peschiera, ch' è tranquilla e pura, 100  
 Traggoni i pesci a ciò che vien di fuori,  
 Per modo che lo stimin lor pastura ;  
 Sì vid' io ben più di mille splendori  
 Trarsi ver noi, ed in ciascun s' udia :  
 Ecco chi crescerà li nostri amori :  
 E sì come ciascuno a noi venia,

<sup>2</sup> Judges xi. 30.<sup>3</sup> Iphigenia was sacrificed byher father Agamemnon to arrest  
the wrath of Diana, who detained

Let not mankind take vows in idle play ;  
 Be faithful, nor perverse such bond to frame,  
 As <sup>1</sup> Jephthah pledged his welcoming to pay ;  
 Whom to confess, " I sinned," it more became  
 Than keep it and do worse ; nor aught the less  
 The Greeks' high chief for folly mayst thou blame,  
 Whence <sup>2</sup> Iphigene bewailed her loveliness,  
 And wrought that fools and wise like wailing gave  
 To hear of worship in so dire a dress !  
 Christians, be you to impulses more grave ;  
 Be not like feathers whirled with every blast,  
 Nor think to wash yourselves in every wave.  
 The Testaments both Old and New, and last  
 The shepherd of the Church, ye have for guide ;  
 Be this enough to hold salvation fast.  
 If ill concupiscence prompt aught beside,  
 Be men, not senseless cattle, lest your crime  
 Provoke your Jewish neighbour to deride ;  
 Nor like the lambkin at his wanton prime,  
 That simple does his mother's milk forsake  
 At will, self-combating, to pass the time.'  
 Even as I write, thus Beatrice bespake,  
 Then turned all rapturous with ardent glance  
 To where the world with life is most awake.  
 Her mute demeanour and changed countenance  
 Imposed a silence on mine eager vein,  
 That held new questions marshalled for advance.  
 And like as arrow strikes, ere from the strain  
 The cord is motionless, its mark desired,  
 So fast we flew that second realm to gain.  
 Here I my lady saw with joy so fired,  
 While mingling in the brightness of that heaven,  
 New light the planet in her light acquired ;  
 And if that star to change and laugh were given,  
 What fate was mine, that in my nature's sphere  
 To any change, in any guise, am driven ?  
 As in a fish-pond that is calm and clear  
 Toward object from without the fish draw nigh,  
 So offered, that they deem 't is pasture near,  
 More than a thousand splendours thus saw I  
 Draw toward us, and a voice from each that said,  
 ' Behold one more, our loves to amplify !'  
 And still, as every one to meet us sped,

the Greek fleet at Aulis on their way to Troy. See the *Iphigenia* in *Aulis* of Euripides, and *Lucretius*, b. i.

Vedeasi l' ombra piena di letizia  
Nel folgor chiaro che di lei uscia.  
Pensa, lettor, se quel che quì s' inizia  
Non procedesse, come tu avresti 110  
Di più sapere angoscia carizia ;  
E per te vederai, come da questi  
M' era indizio d' udir lor condizioni,  
Sì come agli occhi mi fur manifesti.  
O bene nato, a cui veder li troni  
Del trionfo eternal concede grazia,  
Prima che milizia s' abbandoni,  
Del lume che per tutto il ciel si spazia  
Noi semo accessi : e però se disii 120  
Di noi chiarirti, a tuo piacer ti sazia.  
Così da un di quelli spirti pii  
Detto mi fu ; e da Beatrice : Di' di'  
Sicuramente, e credi come a Dii.  
Io veggio ben sì come tu t' annidi  
Nel proprio lume, e che dagli occhi il traggi,  
Perch' ei corrusca sì, come tu ridi ;  
Ma non so chi tu se', nè perchè aggi,  
Anima degna, il grado della spera,  
Che si vela a' mortai con gli altrui raggi.  
Questo diss' io diritto alla lumiera 130  
Che pria m' avea parlato, ond' ella fessi  
Lucente più assai di quel ch' ell' era.  
Sì come il sol, che si cела egli stessi  
Per troppa luce, quando il caldo ha rose  
Le temperanze de' vapori spessi ;  
Per più letizia sì mi si nascose  
Dentro al suo raggio la figura santa,  
E così chiusa chiusa mi rispose  
Nel modo che il seguente canto canta.

In plenitude of joy the shade was seen  
Mid the bright glory from her presence shed.  
Think, reader, if some check should intervene  
And stop my tale beginning, of the rest  
To know, what torture had thy craving been !  
And thine own heart shall tell thee how my breast  
Thrilled with desire to hear their state from those,  
As each before mine eyes came manifest.  
' O happy-born, on whom heaven's grace bestows  
The thrones of endless triumph to behold  
Ere yet the warfare of the cross thou close,  
Our souls are kindled at the light of old  
Flooding all heaven ; then if thy longing must  
Drink light of us, ask freely, and be told.'  
Such words of one amid those spirits just  
Were said ; and Beatrice—' Speak, speak, with mind  
Secure, and give them, as to gods, thy trust.'  
' Well do I mark thee, nesting as inshrined  
In thine own beams, then darting from thine eyes—  
Their sparkling ever with thy smiles combined ;  
But know not whence thou art, nor wherefore lies,  
Spirit august, within this orb thy place,  
Whose veil to shun us Other's ray supplies.'  
This spake I with the lustre face to face  
Who first had parleyed—when itself it made  
Effulgent far above all former grace.  
As with excess of light the sun arrayed  
Hides him, when on the mild attemperings  
Of vapour-wreaths condensed his heat hath preyed,  
So, 'mid the blaze a livelier transport flings,  
The sainted figure from my sight withdrew,  
And in the mode my following canto sings  
Gave out mine answer, deeply veiled from view.

## CANTO VI.

*L' anima di Giustiniano imperatore racconta al Poeta come ispirata da divina grazia riordinasse le leggi: episodio di storia Romana: indole delle anime raccolte nel cielo di Mercurio tra le quali luce la luce di Romeo.*

POSCIACHÈ Costantin l' aquila volse  
 Contra el corso del ciel, ch' ella seguò  
 Dietro all' antico, che Lavina tolse,  
 Cento e cent' anni e più l' uccel di Dio  
 Nello stremo d' Europa si ritenne,  
 Vicino a' monti de' quai prima uscìo ;  
 E sotto l' ombra delle sacre penne  
 Governò il mondo lì di mano in mano,  
 E sì cangiando, in su la mia pervenne.  
 Cesare fui, e son Giustiniano, 10  
 Che, per voler del primo amor ch' io sento,  
 D' entro alle leggi trassi il troppo e il vano ;  
 E, prima ch' io all' opra fossi attento,  
 Una natura in Cristo esser, non piùe,  
 Credeva, e di tal fede era contento ;  
 Ma il benedetto Agabito, che fue  
 Sommo pastore, alla fede sincera  
 Mi dirizzò con le parole sue.  
 Io gli credetti, e ciò che suo dir era  
 Veggio ora chiaro, sì come tu vedi 20  
 Ogni contraddizione e falsa e vera.  
 Tosto che con la chiesa mossi i piedi,  
 A Dio per grazia piacque di spirarmi  
 L' alto lavoro, e tutto in lui mi diedi.  
 E al mio Bellisar commendai l' armi,  
 Cui la destra del ciel fu sì congiunta,

<sup>1</sup> The Emperor Constantine, removing his court and capital to the ancient Byzantium on the Bosphorus, changed the direction of the Roman eagle's flight from west to east.

<sup>2</sup> The mountains of the Troad, from which Æneas was reported to have made his way to Latium.

<sup>3</sup> The labours of the Emperor Justinian in the codification of the

Roman law have left their results on the legislature of continental Europe to our own times.

<sup>4</sup> From the accounts given by Anastasius the Librarian and Paulus Diaconus it seems that Agapetus, visiting the Emperor, found him so wedded to the Eutychian heresy, that he boldly declared, 'I was anxious to pay my respects to the Christian Em-

## CANTO VI.

ARGUMENT.—*The Emperor Justinian. Historic survey of the triumphs of the Roman Eagle. The Pilgrim Steward.*

'WHEN <sup>1</sup> Constantine had turned his eagle's course  
 'Gainst that of heaven she followed, and he trod  
 Of old, who seized Lavinia's hand by force,  
 Two hundred years and more the bird of God  
 To Europe's utmost border kept her fast,  
 Near to those <sup>2</sup> hills she left, her old abode;  
 And, while those holy wings their shadow cast,  
 There swayed the world, from hand to hand of man  
 Transferred, till changing thus to mine she passed.  
 Cæsar I was, and am <sup>3</sup> Justinian,  
 Who, led by that first love I feel indeed,  
 Winnowed the laws of all their chaff and bran;  
 And, ere I bent myself that work to speed,  
 Believed one nature was in Christ adored,  
 No more; and lived contented with my creed.  
 But blessed <sup>4</sup> Agapetus with his word  
 (Who then was chiefest shepherd of the fold)  
 Mine erring way to purer faith restored.  
 I gave him credence; and what then he told  
 I now see clear, as true and false to meet  
 Thou seest in every contradiction hold.  
 Soon as with Holy Church I moved my feet,  
 It pleased a gracious God in me to breathe  
 The lofty task I set me to complete.  
 Arms to my <sup>5</sup> Belisarius I bequeath,  
 Whom the right hand of heaven so seconded,

peror Justinian, but I have found a Diocletian here!' The pontiff's courage was crowned with success, and Anthemius, Patriarch of Constantinople, was deposed and banished.

<sup>5</sup> Belisarius has the signal merit of being the first general of a Roman army that obtained the honours of a triumph in Constantinople. He took Carthage and

overthrew the dominion of the Vandals in Africa; defended the Empire against the Persians under Nushirvan, commenced the expulsion of the Ostrogoths from Italy which Narses accomplished, and returned home to experience the proverbial ingratitude of monarchs to their most faithful servants. For further particulars, see Lord Mahon's *Life of Belisarius*.

Che segno fu ch' io dovessi posarmi.  
 Or quì alla quistion prima s' appunta  
 La mia risposta; ma sua condizione  
 Mi stringe a seguitare alcuna giunta; 30  
 Perchè tu veggi con quanta ragione  
 Si muove contra il sacrosanto segno,  
 E chi il s' appropria, e chi a lui s' oppone;  
 Vedi quanta virtù l' ha fatto degno  
 Di reverenza, e cominciò dall' ora  
 Che Pallante morì per dargli regno.  
 Tu sai ch' el fece in Alba sua dimora  
 Per trecent' anni ed oltre, insino al fine  
 Che i tre a tre pagnar per lui ancora.  
 Sai quel che fe' dal mal dell' Sabine 40  
 Al dolor di Lucrezia in sette regi,  
 Vincendo intorno le genti vicine.  
 Sai quel che fe', portato dagli egregi  
 Romani incontro a Brenno, incontro a Pirro,  
 Incontro agli altri principi e collegi:  
 Onde Torquato e Quinzio che dal cirro  
 Negletto fu nomato, e Deci, e Fabi  
 Ebber la fama che volontier mirro.  
 E esso atterrò l' orgoglio degli Arabi,  
 Che diretto ad Annibale passaro 50  
 L' alpestre rocce, Po, di che tu labi.  
 Sott' esso giovanetti trionfaro  
 Scipione e Pompeo, ed a quel colle,  
 Sotto il qual tu nascesti, parve amaro.  
 Poi, presso al tempo che tutto il ciel volle  
 Ridur lo mondo a suo modo sereno,  
 Cesare per voler di Roma il tolle:  
 E quel che fe' da Varo insino al Reno,  
 Isara vide ed Era, e vide Senna,  
 Ed ogni valle onde il Rodano è pieno. 60  
 Quel che fe' poi ch' egli uscì di Ravenna,

<sup>6</sup> Pallas was the son of Evander, slain by Turnus in the war with Æneas.—Virgil, *Æn.* x. 487.

<sup>7</sup> The Horatii and Curiatii.—*Livy*, b. i. c. 24.

<sup>8</sup> The outrage offered by Sextus Tarquinius to Lucretia led to the revolution which changed the government of Rome from monarchical to aristocratical under Consuls.—*Livy*, i. 58.

<sup>9</sup> The capture of Rome by the Gauls under Brennus is told by

*Livy*, v. 41, &c.

<sup>10</sup> The invasion of Italy by Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, took place B.C. 280. He seems to have expected more substantial aid from the Hellenic population of Magna Græcia than he obtained. Though victor in the hard-fought battle of the river Siris, and enabled to advance to Præneste, on the rejection of his proposal for peace by the Senate, he retired into Campania, and, after another great battle near

As gave me warrant to repose and sheathe  
 The sword. And here mine answer's point had sped  
 Thy first demand; but its condition throws  
 The task on me to' unwind a longer thread,  
 And cause thee note with how slight reason those  
 Affront the' inviolable sign, as well  
 Who dares appropriate as who dares oppose.  
 Behold how valiant deeds were done to swell  
 Her claim to reverence, dawning from the hour  
 When to entail her empire <sup>6</sup> Pallas fell!  
 Thou know'st on Alba's cliff she made her bower  
 Three hundred years and onward, to the goal  
 When <sup>7</sup> three to three once more upheld her power.  
 Thou know'st the deeds that bowed to her control  
 The neighbouring nations round, beneath seven kings,  
 From Sabine maidens' to <sup>8</sup> Lucretia's dole:  
 And how, by matchless Romans borne, her wings  
 To war with <sup>9</sup> Brennus, war with <sup>10</sup> Pyrrhus came,  
 With princes many and federal musterings;  
 Whence brave <sup>11</sup> Torquatus and <sup>12</sup> the chief whose name  
 Told of his locks untrimmed, and side by side  
<sup>13</sup> The Decian house and <sup>14</sup> Fabian earned the fame  
 I willingly embalm. She crushed the pride  
 Of Arab hordes, with Hannibal who crossed  
 Those Alpine rocks whence, Po, thy waters glide.  
 'Neath her, triumphant striplings, led their host  
 Scipio and Pompey; and the sheltering hill  
 Which saw thee born a bitter doom she cost.  
 After, when heaven would on the world instil  
 Its own calm pattern, and the time drew nigh,  
 Cæsar upreared that standard by the will  
 Of Rome; and <sup>15</sup> Isar, Arar, Seine, might vie  
 Her deeds to witness e'en to Rhine from Var,  
 With every vale that brings the Rhone supply.  
 Her after-flight, when burst Ravenna's bar

Asculum in the year following, evacuated Italy.

<sup>11</sup> Titus Manlius Torquatus acquired his surname from the chain (*torques*) which he tore from the neck of a gigantic Gaul slain by him in single combat, B.C. 368. — *Livy*, vii. 10.

<sup>12</sup> Cincinnatus, summoned from his plough to assume the Dictatorship of Rome: see *Livy*, iii. 26.

<sup>13</sup> The Decian family in Rome

was plebeian, and became illustrious for the self-sacrifice of two of the name in their country's cause.

<sup>14</sup> The adult males of the Fabian family, 306 in number, were slain to a man at Cremera in war against the Veientes, leaving only one minor at home, from whom descended Fabius Maximus. — *Livy*, ii. 50.

<sup>15</sup> For the exploits of Cæsar by these rivers, see his *Commentaries*, *De Bello Gallico*.



E saltò il Rubicon, fu di tal volo  
 Che nol seguiteria lingua nè penna.  
 In ver la Spagna rivolse lo stuolo ;  
 Poi ver Durazzo e Farsaglia percosse  
 Sì, ch' al Nil caldo si sentì del duolo.  
 Antandro e Simoenta, onde si mosse,  
 Rivide, e là dov' Ettore si cuba,  
 E mal per Tolommeo poi si riscosse : 70  
 Da onde venne folgorando a Giuba ;  
 Poi si rivolse nel vostro occidente,  
 Dove sentia la Pompeiana tuba.  
 Di quel che fe' col baiulo seguente,  
 Bruto con Cassio nello inferno latra,  
 E Modena e Perugia fu dolente.  
 Piangene ancor la trista Cleopatra,  
 Che, fuggendogli innanzi, dal colubro  
 La morte prese subitana ed atra.  
 Con costui corse insino al lito rubro ;  
 Con costui pose il mondo in tanta pace, 80  
 Che fu serrato a Giano il suo delubro.  
 Ma ciò che il segno che parlar mi face  
 Fatto avea prima, e poi era fatturo,  
 Per lo regno mortal, ch' a lui soggiace,  
 Diventa in apparenza poco e scuro,  
 Se in mano al terzo Cesare si mira  
 Con occhio chiaro e con affetto puro ;  
 Chè la viva giustizia che mi spira  
 Gli concedette, in mano a quel ch' io dico,  
 Gloria di far vendetta alla sua ira. 90  
 Or quì t' ammira in ciò ch' io ti replico :  
 Poscia con Tito a far vendetta corse  
 Della vendetta del peccato antico.  
 E quando il dente Longobardo morse  
 La santa chiese, sotto alle sue ali

<sup>16</sup> By crossing the Rubicon, the limit of his province, Julius Cæsar openly defied the constitutional authority of the Roman Senate, B.C. 49.

<sup>17</sup> Dyrrhachium (or Epidamnus), on the eastern shore of the Adriatic. At Pharsalia (properly Pharsalos), in Thessaly, Cæsar totally defeated his great rival Pompey, who fled to Egypt and was there murdered.

<sup>18</sup> Antandros a town, Simois a river, of the Troad.

<sup>19</sup> Juba, King of Numidia, espousing Pompey's side, was at first successful, but being defeated by Cæsar at Thapsus, and excluded from Zama, his own capital, committed suicide. Addison, in his tragedy of Cato, has idealised this prince beyond his deserts.

<sup>20</sup> Pompey's sons maintained the civil war, but for a brief period only, in Spain.

<sup>21</sup> Octavius Cæsar (Augustus) totally routed Brutus and Cassius

And leapt the <sup>16</sup> Rubicon, was of such strain,  
 Nor tongue nor pen may follow her so far !  
 She wheeled her legions toward the Spanish main ;  
 Then on <sup>17</sup> Dyrrhachium and Pharsalia dealt  
 A blow so dire, hot Nile confessed the pain ;  
<sup>18</sup> Antandros, Simois, home where erst she dwelt,  
 Once more she looked on ; and where Hector sleeps ;  
 And Ptolemy her backward swoop sore felt.  
 Like levin-bolt on <sup>19</sup> Juba next she leaps ;  
 Then, whirling round, <sup>20</sup> realms to your west hath sought,  
 Hearing the call where Pompey's trumpet sweeps.  
 For her <sup>21</sup> next ensign-bearer how she fought,  
 Brutus with Cassius barks in hell forlorn ;  
 And <sup>22</sup> Modena's, Perugia's grief she wrought.  
 Lost <sup>23</sup> Cleopatra yet hath cause to mourn  
 Those deeds, preferring (while she fled before)  
 The aspic's fell and sudden death to scorn.  
 With him that eagle scoured the Red-sea shore,  
 With him so thoroughly calmed the world to rest,  
 That Rome on <sup>24</sup> Janus barred his temple door.  
 But all the sign which doth my tale suggest  
 Had done already, or was yet to do  
 To gain the mortal realm that owns her hest,  
 Shows dwindled in its bulk and dimmed in hue,  
 If with unclouded eyes and pure desires  
 The <sup>25</sup> third great Cæsar grasping her ye view.  
 The Living Justice, who my soul inspires,  
 In that same hand gave glory to dispense  
 By her the vengeance which His wrath requires.  
 Now let the turn I tell astound thy sense !  
 With <sup>26</sup> Titus hurrying forth she next essayed  
 Vengeance for vengeance of the old offence.  
 And when the ravening <sup>27</sup> Lombard fang had preyed  
 On Holy Church, beneath her guardian wing

at Philippi. For their final doom, see *Inf.* c. xxxiv.

<sup>22</sup> The Consuls Hirtius and Pansa defeated Mark Antony at Modena ; his brother Lucius suffered the like disaster afterwards near Perugia, which latter city was sacked. —Plut. *in Antonio*.

<sup>23</sup> The *Antony and Cleopatra* of Shakespere have made us familiar with the fate of this celebrated Queen.

<sup>24</sup> The temple of Janus at Rome

was closed in token of universal peace, at the epoch of our Saviour's birth.

<sup>25</sup> Tiberius, in whose reign Christ was crucified.

<sup>26</sup> Jerusalem was taken and destroyed by the Romans under Titus, A.D. 70.

<sup>27</sup> Charlemagne, at the instigation of Pope Adrian, invaded Italy and overthrew the Lombard kingdom A.D. 774, but was not declared Emperor till A.D. 800.

Carlo magno, vincendo, la soccorse.  
 Omai puoi giudicar di que' cotali,  
 Ch' io accusai di sopra, e de' lor falli,  
 Che son cagion di tutti i vostri mali.  
 L' uno al pubblico segno i gigli gialli 100  
 Oppone, e l' altro approprià quello a parte,  
 Sì ch' è forte a veder qual più si falli.  
 Faccian gli Ghibellin, faccian lor arte  
 Sott' altro segno; chè mal segue quello  
 Sempre chi la giustizia e lui diparte:  
 E non l' abbatta esto Carlo novello  
 Co' Guelfi suoi, ma tema degli artigli  
 Ch' a più alto leon trasser lo vello.  
 Molte fiate già pianser li figli  
 Per la colpa del padre, e non si creda 110  
 Che Dio trasmuti l' armi per suoi gigli.  
 Questa picciola stella si correda  
 De' buoni spirti, che son stati attivi  
 Perchè onore e fama gli succeda;  
 E quando li desiri poggian quivi  
 Sì disviando, pur convien che i raggi  
 Del vero amore in su poggin men vivi.  
 Ma, nel commensurar de' nostri gaggi  
 Col merto, è parte nostra letizia,  
 Perchè non li vedem minor nè maggi. 120  
 Quinci addolcisce la viva giustizia  
 In noi l' affetto sì, che non si puote  
 Torcer giammai ad alcuna nequizia.  
 Diverse voci fanno dolci note;  
 Così diversi scanni in nostra vita,  
 Rendon dolce armonia tra queste ruote.  
 E dentro alla presente margherita  
 Luce la luce di Romèo, di cui  
 Fu l' opra grande e bella mal gradita.  
 Ma i Provenzali che fer contra lui 130  
 Non hanno riso, e però mal cammina  
 Qual si fa danno del ben fare altrui.  
 Quattro figlie ebbe, e ciascun reina,  
 Ramondo Berlinghieri, e ciò gli fece  
 Romèo persona umile e peregrina;  
 E poi il mosser le parole bieche

<sup>28</sup> The Guelfs sought the protection of Charles II, King of Apulia, who, being of French lineage, bore the royal ensign of France.

<sup>29</sup> This Romèo, of Villanova, was seneschal to Raymond Berenger, the last Count of Provence of that name.

Did Charlemagne victorious lend his aid.  
 Now mayst thou all their sort to trial bring  
 Whom I before accused, and note their faults,  
 'That are the fount whence all your evils spring.  
<sup>28</sup> One spreads the golden lilies, and assaults  
 The public badge ; to party one confines,  
 Till, which is more to blame, our judgment halts.  
 Under some other flag let Ghibellines  
 Ply, ply their cunning ! ill does he obey  
 Her lead, who parteth her from just designs.  
 Nor let this modern Charles and his array  
 Of Guelphs abase her ; let him fear to face  
 The claws that could a nobler lion flay.  
 Full many a time do sons in suffering trace  
 A father's error—and let none believe  
 God for his lilies would those arms displace.  
 This pigmy star her dowry doth receive  
 In virtuous souls who vigorously strove  
 If honour and renown they might achieve ;  
 And thus, perforce, the rays of truest love—  
 Our wishes aiming as those baits engage  
 Askaunt—must aim less ardently above.  
 But with the nice adjustment of our wage  
 To our desert our happiness is blent,  
 To see nor less nor more our heritage.  
 The Living Justice our affections' bent  
 Doth hence so meeken, nought is ever found  
 Of power to wrest them to a vile intent.  
 As varied voices mingle for sweet sound,  
 So in our life do seats of various row  
 Return sweet harmony these orbs around ;  
 And in this present pearl is set to glow  
 The <sup>29</sup> Pilgrim's lustre—fated he to feel  
 His fair and goodly work ill-thanked below.  
 But his Provençal foes their laughter-peal  
 Shout none the more ; and ill he walks, I ween,  
 Who makes him grievance of a neighbour's weal.  
<sup>30</sup> Four daughters once, and every one a queen,  
 Had Raymond Berenger ; his factor then  
 Was this Romèo, stranger-wight and mean.  
 Yet was he moved by envious words of men

<sup>28</sup> These were Margaret, wife to  
 St. Louis of France ; Eleanor, to  
 Henry III. of England ; Samcia, to  
 Richard of Cornwall, his brother,

elected King of the Romans ; and  
 Beatrice, to Charles of Anjou,  
 brother of King Louis.

A dimandar ragione a questo giusto,  
 Che gli assegnò sette e cinque per diece.  
 Indi partissi povero e vetusto ;  
 E se il mondo sapesse il cuor ch' egli ebbe 140  
 Mendicando sua vita a frusto a frusto,  
 Assai lo loda, e più lo loderebbe.

## CANTO VII.

*Spariti Giustiniano e gli altri splendori, Dante move alcuni dubbi sulla redenzione umana. Beatrice ne fa la soluzione, indi prova perchè l' anima sia immortale, e la carne abbia e risorgere nel gran dì dell' universale giudizio.*

*OSANNA sanctus Deus Sabaoth,  
 Superillustrans claritate tua  
 Felices ignes horum malahoth !*

Così, volgendosi alla nota sua,  
 Fu viso a me cantare essa sustanza ;  
 Sopra la qual doppio lume s' addua :  
 Ed essa e l' altre mossero a sua danza,  
 E, quasi velocissime faville,  
 Mi si velar di subita distanza.  
 Io dubitava, e dicea : Dille, dille, 10  
 Fra me, dille, diceva, alla mia donna  
 Che mi disseta con le dolci stille ;  
 Ma quella reverenza che s' indonna  
 Di tutto me, pur per B e per ICE,  
 Mi richinava come l' uom ch' assonna.

Poco sofferse me cotal Beatrice,  
 E cominciò, raggiandomi d' un riso  
 Tal, che nel fuoco faria l' uom felice :  
 Secondo mio infallibile avviso,  
 Come giusta vendetta giustamente 20  
 Punita fosse, t' hai in pensier miso ;  
 Ma io ti solverò tosto la mente :  
 E tu ascolta, che le mie parole  
 Di gran sentenza ti faran presente.  
 Per non soffrire alla virtù che vuole  
 Freno a suo prode quell' uom che non nacque

<sup>21</sup> The poet's own misfortunes might not improbably suggest this pathetic reflection.

<sup>1</sup> Affectionate familiarity, in al-

most all languages, appears to delight in altering proper names, usually by abbreviation ; thus in Italian *Beatrice* becomes *Bice*. Of

From him, the just, a reckoning to demand,  
 Who there assigned him seven and five for ten.  
<sup>31</sup> Aged and poor the steward left that land;  
 But might the world have known what heart he bore,  
 Begging his daily scrap from hand to hand,  
 Well as it praises, it had praised him more.'

## CANTO VII.

**ARGUMENT.** — *The Spirits disappear. Beatrice resolves a doubt conceived by Dante, and reasons on the Immortality of the Soul, and Resurrection of the Body.*

' *GLORY to Thee, Lord God of Sabaoth !  
 Who dost these happy fires in realms around  
 With light from Thy transcendent lustre clothe.*'  
 'T was thus, careering to its own glad sound,  
 That radiant presence seemèd me to sing,  
 By doubled sheen accumulative crowned ;  
 And with its fellows dancing in their ring  
 Darted, as sparks at speed ineffable,  
 Lost in a moment all and vanishing.  
 In doubt I murmured inly, ' Tell them—tell '—  
 Then murmured ' tell them ' to my gracious dame,  
 Whose lip gives honey-drops my thirst to quell.  
 But that o'er-mastering awe with which <sup>1</sup> her name,  
 To B and ICÈ clipt, can yet suffice  
 To thrill me, bent like slumberer's my frame.  
 Nor such disquiet long would Beatrice  
 Permit; and beaming on me smile so bright,  
 'T would make the very flames a paradise,  
 ' As I divine, who must divine aright,'  
 She said, ' thy thoughts that punishment impugn,  
<sup>2</sup> How just revenge it justly can requite ;  
 But I thy mind will disentangle soon,  
 And do thou listen : for my words shall read  
 A mighty judgment—take it as their boon.  
 Impatient till his power of will were freed  
 From wholesome curb, <sup>3</sup> the man who knew no birth

any *gergo* here, or more hidden meaning, I believe the poet was utterly unconscious; he simply recalled the ' sounds of other years,'

heard in his loving days of early childhood.

<sup>2</sup> See c. vi. 92.

<sup>3</sup> Adam.

Dannando sè, dannò tutta sua prole ;  
 Onde l' umana spezie inferma giacque  
 Giù per secoli molti in grande errore,  
 Fin ch' al Verbo di Dio di scender piacque, 30  
 U' la natura, che dal suo fattore  
 S' era allungata, unì a sè in persona  
 Con l' atto sol del suo eterno amore.  
 Or drizza il viso a quel che si ragiona :  
 Questa natura al suo Fattore unita,  
 Qual fu creata, fu sincera e buona ;  
 Ma per sè stessa pur fu ella sbandita  
 Di Paradiso, perocchè si torse  
 Da via di verità e da sua vita.  
 La pena dunque che la croce porse, 40  
 S' alla natura assunta si misura,  
 Nulla giammai sì giustamente morse ;  
 E così nulla fu di tanta ingiura,  
 Guardando alla persona che sofferse  
 In che era contratta tal natura.  
 Però d' un atto uscir cose diverse ;  
 Ch' a Dio ed a' Giudei piacque una morte :  
 Per lei tremò la terra e il ciel s' aperse.  
 Non ti dee oramai parer più forte,  
 Quando si dice che giusta vendetta 50  
 Poscia vengiata fu da giusta corte.  
 Ma i' veggi' or la tua mente ristretta  
 Di pensiero in pensier dentro ad un nodo,  
 Del qual con gran disio solver s' aspetta.  
 Tu dici : Ben discerno ciò ch' i' odo :  
 Ma, perchè Dio volesse, m' è occulto  
 A nostra redenzion pur questo modo.  
 Questo decreto, frate, sta sepulto  
 Agli occhi di ciascuno, il cui ingegno  
 Nella fiamma d' amor non è adulto. 60  
 Veramente però ch' a questo segno  
 Molto si mira e poco si discerne,  
 Dirò perchè tal modo fu più degno.  
 La divina bontà, che da sè sperne  
 Ogni livore, ardendo in sè sfavilla  
 Sì, che dispiega le bellezze eterne.  
 Ciò che da lei senza mezzo distilla

' The following lines of Boetius  
 illustrate this passage:—

' Quem non externæ pepulerunt  
 fingere causæ

Materiæ fluitantis opus, verum  
 insita summi  
 Forma boni, livore carens; tu  
 cuncta superno

Condemned himself, and in himself his seed ;  
 Whence many an age mankind, of little worth,  
 Sunk in huge error lay, till from above  
 The Word of God was pleased to walk the earth ;  
 There took the nature at so wide remove  
 Strayed from her Author, and in Person blent  
 By simple act of His eternal love.  
 Now let the mind's eye note mine argument ;  
 This nature, with her Maker now united  
 As first create, was good and innocent ;  
 But thrust from paradise an exile, blighted  
 By her own crime, because she swerved aside,  
 The way of truth and life together slighted.  
 If, then, the vengeance by the cross applied  
 Be measured with the nature thus put on,  
 Never were fangs in blood more justly dyed,  
 And yet of injury so foul was none,  
 If on the sufferer's Person we but look,  
 In whom such nature was conjoined—THE SON !  
 One action thus far different issues took ;  
 God and the Jews one death well-pleased regard,  
 And for its sake heaven opened, and earth shook.  
 Now nevermore mayst thou account it hard,  
 Of righteous vengeance when the tale relates  
 Revenged in turn by righteous court's award.  
 But now I see thy mind insnared in straits  
 By ravelled knot of crowding thought on thought,  
 Whence she deliverance eagerly awaits.  
 Thou sayest, " Well discern I what is taught  
 Mine ear ; but God's high will is unrevealed,  
 Why our redemption that way should be wrought."  
 Brother, this ordinance lies deep concealed  
 From each one's eyes whose understanding never  
 By ripening flames of love was yet annealed.  
 But verily, since on this marvel ever  
 Man gazes much, and little still discerns,  
 Why 't was the worthier mode I will deliver.  
 ' The Goodness Uncreate that from her spurns  
 All envious taint, the' eternal beauties shows  
 Diffusive, while her brilliance inly burns.  
 Whate'er distilled from her immediate flows

Ducis ab exemplo, pulchrum  
 pulcherrimus ipse  
 Mundum mente gerens, similique  
 in imagine formans,

Perfectasque jubens perfectum  
 absolvere partes.  
*De Consol. Philos.* iii. 9.



Non ha poi fine, perchè non si muove  
La sua impronta, quand' ella sigilla.  
Ciò che da essa senza mezzo piove 70  
Libero è tutto, perchè non soggiace  
Alla virtude delle cose nuove.  
Piu l' è conforme, e però più le piace ;  
Chè l' ardor santo, ch' ogni cosa raggia,  
Nella più simigliante è più vivace.  
Di tutte queste cose s' avvantaggia,  
L' umana creatura, e, s' una manca,  
Di sua nobilità convien che caggia.  
Solo il peccato è quel che la disfranca,  
E falla dissimile al sommo bene, 80  
Perchè del lume suo poco s' imbianca ;  
Ed in sua dignità mai non riviene,  
Se non riempie dove colpa vota,  
Contra mal dilettrar con giuste pene.  
Vostra natura, quando peccò *tota*  
Nel seme suo, da queste dignitadi,  
Come di paradiso, fu remota ;  
Nè ricovrar poteasi, se tu badi  
Ben sottilmente, per alcuna via,  
Senza passar per un di questi guadi : 90  
O che Dio solo per sua cortesia  
Dimesso avesse, o che l' uom per sè iasso  
Avesse soddisfatto a sua follia.  
Ficca mo l' occhio per entro l' abisso  
Dell' eterno consiglio, quanto puoi  
Al mio parlar distrettamente fisso.  
Non potea l' uomo ne' termini suoi  
Mai soddisfar, per non poter ir giuso  
Con umiltate, obbediendo poi,  
Quanto disubbidiendo intese ir suso, 100  
E questa è la ragion perchè l' uom fue  
Da poter soddisfar per sè dischiuso.  
Dunque a Dio convenia con le vie sue  
Riparar l' uomo a sua intera vita,  
Dico con l' una o ver con ambedue.  
Ma perchè l' ovra è tanto più gradita  
Dell' operante, quanto più appresenta  
Della bontà del cuore ond' è uscita ;  
La divina bontà, che il mondo impronta,  
Di proceder per tutte le sue vie 110  
A rilevarvi suso fu contenta ;  
Nè tra l' ultima notte e il primo die

Is endless, for indelible remains  
Her stamp and impress that her hands impose.  
Whate'er immediate emanating rains  
From her, is wholly free, because unswayed  
By influence that from novel things constrains ;  
The more conform to her, the dearer made,  
For that celestial glow which brightens all  
In the more like is livelier displayed.  
Created man is privileged to call  
These bounties all his own—if one should fail,  
He from his native dignity must fall.  
Sin only can disfranchisement entail,  
His likeness to the Supreme Good destroyed,  
While he that brightening beam makes none avail ;  
Nor e'er regains his glory once enjoyed,  
Till his just pains his evil pleasure meet,  
And fill again, where guilt hath left a void.  
What time your nature in its seed complete  
Offended, it was exiled in disgrace  
Alike from Eden and this nobler seat ;  
Nor finds a way to reassume its place,  
However keen thou try with subtlest wit,  
'Till one of these two passes it can trace :  
Either that God alone had deigned remit  
Of His free grace, or man to heal the breach  
Himself atoning had his folly quit.  
Now set thine eye the dark abyss to reach  
Of the' everlasting counsel, far as can  
Thy powers, intently fastened on my speech.  
Within his bounds it was not given to man  
E'er to atone—he could not stoop so low,  
When humbleness obedience late began,  
As disobedience upward aimed to go ;  
And thus, why man was disallowed in kind  
Ever to make amends, the cause I show.  
Then was it meet, God should His own way find,  
And man to his undamaged life restore,  
I mean by one, or haply both combined.  
But since the work is pleasing all the more  
Unto the workman, as it more reveals  
Of teeming goodness in the heart that bore,  
Goodness Divine, whose stamp creation seals,  
Was well contented to repair your crime  
Planning with all the ways wherein she deals ;  
Nor, from first day to latest night of time,

Sì alto e sì magnifico processo,  
 O per l' una o per l' altro fue o fie.  
 Chè più largo fu Dio a dar sè stesso  
 In far l' uom sufficiente a rilevarsi,  
 Che s' egli avesse sol da sè dimesso.

E tutti gli altri modi erano scarsi  
 Alla giustizia, se il Figliuol di Dio  
 Non fosse umiliato ad incarnarsi.

120

Or, per empierti bene ogni disio,  
 Ritorno a dichiarare in alcun loco,  
 Perchè tu veggi lì così com' io.  
 Tu dici: Io veggio l' aere, io veggio il foco,  
 L' acqua, e la terra, e tutte lor misture  
 Venire a corruzione, e durar poco;  
 E queste cose pur fur creature;  
 Perchè, se ciò ch' ho detto è stato vero,  
 Esser dovrian da corruzion sicure.

Gli angeli, frate, e il paese sincero  
 Nel qual tu se', dir si posson creati,  
 Sì come sono, in loro essere intero;  
 Ma gli elementi che tu hai nomati,  
 E quelle cose che di lor si fanno,  
 Da creata virtù sono informati.

130

Creata fu la materia ch' egli hanno,  
 Creata fu la virtù informante  
 In queste stelle, che intorno a lor vanno.  
 L' anima d' ogni bruto e delle piante  
 Di complession potenziata tira  
 Lo raggio e il moto delle luci sante.

140

Ma nostra vita senza mezzo spira  
 La somma beninanza, e la innamora  
 Di sè, sì che poi sempre la disira.  
 E quinci puoi argomentare ancora  
 Vostra resurrezion, se tu ripensi  
 Come l' umana carne fessi allora,  
 Che li primi parenti intrambo fensi.

<sup>a</sup> That is, by the immediate

By the' one or other has been or shall be  
Plan so magnificent and so sublime !  
God gave Himself—in this more bounteous He,  
By power of self-relief on man bestowed,  
Than had He pardoned by His mere decree.  
And scanty just were every other mode,  
Until, humiliate from His right divine,  
One stooped to come Incarnate Son of God.  
I now return, expounding, line on line,  
Some certain points, to feast thy full desire,  
And make thine insight here to equal mine.  
Thou sayest, " I see the air—I see the fire—  
Water, and earth, and compounds all between,  
Corruption-doomed, not long to last entire ; "  
And these were all created things, I ween ;  
Then, if my sayings have been truth, 't is plain  
These from corruption had exempted been.  
The angels, brother, and the pure domain  
Wherein thou art, for creatures may be claimed,  
Even in that perfect essence they maintain ;  
But the four elements which thou hast named,  
And all the things they help in turn to mould,  
Are of created power informing framed.  
Created was the matter which they hold,  
Created was the' informing power no less  
In yonder stars, to circle round them rolled.  
The life that every brute and plants possess  
Draws spark and motion from those holy fires  
As each complexion hath energetic stress.  
But the Supreme Benevolence inspires  
Our life immediate, and toward her sways,  
Enamouring evermore its fond desires ;  
Hence of your resurrection canst thou raise  
New argument, if thy remembrance give  
How human flesh was moulded in the days  
When our first parents both were bid to live.'

agency of the Divine Creator.

## CANTO VIII.

*Asceso nel cielo di Venere il Poeta incontra il suo amico e benefattore Carlo Martello, il quale gli scioglie il dubbio 'come di virtuoso e liberale padre possa nascere reo ed esoso figlio.' Moralità e satira contra nostra deviata natura.*

SOLEA creder lo mondo in suo periclo  
 Che la bella Ciprigna il folle amore  
 Raggiasse, volta nel terzo epiciclo ;  
 Perchè non pure a lei faceano onore  
 Di sacrifici e di votivo grido  
 Le genti antiche nell' antico errore ;  
 Ma Dione onoravano e Cupido ;  
 Quella per madre sua, questo per figlio,  
 E dicean ch' ei sedette in grembo a Dido ;  
 E da costei, ond' io principio piglio, 10  
 Pigliavano il vocabol della stella  
 Che il sol vagheggia or da coppa or da ciglio.  
 Io non m' accorsi del salire in ella ;  
 Ma d' esserv' entro mi fece assai fede  
 La Donna mia, ch' io vidi far più bella.  
 E come in fiamma favilla si vede,  
 E come in voce voce si discerne,  
 Quando una è ferma e l' altra va e riede ;  
 Vid' io in essa luce altre lucerne 20  
 Muoversi in giro più e men correnti,  
 Al modo, credo, di lor viste eterne.  
 Di fredda nube non disceser venti,  
 O visibili o no, tanto festini,  
 Che non paressero impediti e lenti  
 A chi avesse quei lumi divini  
 Veduto a noi venir, lasciando il giro  
 Pria cominciato in gli alti serafini.  
 E dietro a quei che più innanzi appariro,  
 Sonava *Osanna* sì, che unque poi  
 Di riudir non fui senza disiro. 30  
 Indi si fece l' un più presso a noi,  
 E solo incominciò : Tutti sem presti  
 Al tuo piacer, perchè di noi ti gioi.

<sup>1</sup> Venus was worshipped with especial honour in the island of

Cyprus.

<sup>2</sup> Dione, a female Titan, became

## CANTO VIII.

*ARGUMENT.—Ascent to the Heaven of the Planet Venus. The Poet converses with Charles Martel, King of Hungary, who reasons with him on the cause of Degeneracy in Race.*

THE world was in its danger wont to dream  
 How the fair <sup>1</sup> Cyprian would, while third she rolled  
 Her epicycle, amorous follies beam ;  
 Whence in their old mistake the nations old  
 Did sacrifice, and votive pleadings made,  
 Not only bent her honour to uphold,  
 But unto Cupid and <sup>2</sup> Dione paid  
 Like honours, this her mother, that her son,  
 And sang how he in <sup>3</sup> Dido's lap was laid ;  
 And borrowed, as I borrowing have begun  
 My song, from her the name that planet knows,  
 Which gloats on Sol, now back, now brows, as one  
 Who loves. I was not conscious how we rose  
 Unto her, but our entry well might learn,  
 As more divinely fair my lady glows.  
 And as in flame the spark is seen to burn,  
 And voice from voice discernible in sound,  
 One monotoned, one ranging to return,  
 I in this light saw other lamps move round,  
 That wheeled in swifter, slower dance, I ween,  
 Timed to their everlasting vision's bound.  
 Rushed never winds invisible or seen  
 So rapid down from chilly cloud when riven,  
 But in his eyes had halt and laggard been  
 That had beheld those dazzling lights of heaven  
 Come toward us glancing from that circle's sphere,  
 Whose earlier spring high Seraph hands had given.  
 And following on, the foremost to appear  
 Sounded Hosanna, sweet, that nevermore  
 Hath longing left me such again to hear.  
 Thence one careering closer to us bore,  
 And sole began : 'Awaiting thy behest,  
 Prompt are we all thy pleasure to insure.

according to Homer, the mother of her mother's name.  
 Aphrodite (Venus) by Jupiter. <sup>2</sup> Virgil, *Æn.* i. 717.  
 Venus herself is often called by

Noi ci volgiam co' principi celesti  
 D' un giro, d'un girare, e d' una sete,  
 A' quali tu nel mondo già dicesti :  
*Voi che intendendo il terzo ciel movete ;*  
 E sem sì pien d' amor che, per piacerti,  
 Non fia men dolce un poco di quiete.  
 Poscia che gli occhi miei si furo offerti 40  
 Alla mia Donna reverenti, ed essa  
 Fatti gli avea di sè contenti e certi,  
 Rivolversi alla luce, che promessa  
 Tanto s' avea, e : Di' chi se' tu, fue  
 La voce mia di grande affetto impressa.  
 E quanta e quale vid' io lei far piue  
 Per allegrezza nuova che s' accrebbe,  
 Quando' io parlai, all' allegrezze sue !  
 Così fatta, mi disse, il mondo m' ebbe  
 Giù poco tempo ; e, se più fösse stato, 50  
 Molto sarà di mal, che non sarebbe.  
 La mia letizia mi ti tien celato,  
 Che mi raggia dintorno, e mi nasconde  
 Quasi animal di sua seta fasciato.  
 Assai m' amasti, ed avesti bene onde ;  
 Che, s' io fossi giù stato, io ti mostrava  
 Di mio amor più oltre che le fronde.  
 Quella sinistra riva che si lava  
 Di Rodano poich' è misto con Sorga,  
 Per suo signor a tempo m' aspettava : 60  
 E quel corno d' Ausonia, che s' imborga  
 Di Bari, di Gaeta e di Catona,  
 Da ove Tronto e Verde in mare sgorga.  
 Fulgeami già in fronte la corona  
 Di quella terra che il Danubio riga  
 Poi che le ripe tedesche abbandona :  
 E la bella Trinacria, che caliga  
 Tra Pachino e Peloro, sopra il golfo  
 Che riceve da Euro maggior briga,

<sup>1</sup> The first line of the first Canzone in the *Convito* of Dante.

<sup>2</sup> Carlo Martello, eldest son of Charles II, King of Apulia and Sicily, died before his father, in whose lifetime he had been crowned King of Hungary. His son, Charles Humbert, was considered by the grandfather to be sufficiently provided for by his Hungarian in-

heritance ; and Louis, the second son of Charles II., being an ecclesiastic, the third son, Robert, with the sanction of Pope Clement V. assumed the sovereignty of Naples and Sicily.

<sup>3</sup> The Sorga (or Sorgues) falls into the Rhone near Avignon, and thus Dante marks out that port of Provence which belonged to the

We, by one orb, one wheel, one thirst imprest,  
 With those celestial princedom are combined  
 To whom thou hast in lower world addressed  
<sup>4</sup> *Ye that are moving yon third heaven by mind ;*  
 So full of love are we, for thy content  
 To pause awhile we feel no sweets resigned.  
 Soon as mine eyes in reverence had bent  
 Unto my lady's, and her look delighted  
 And made me certain of her glad consent,  
 They sought the lamp again, whose faith was plighted  
 To grant so much, and, 'Tell me, who art thou ?'  
 Thrilling with mighty love my voice invited.  
 And oh ! enhanced in bulk and brightness how  
 I saw it gleam, as fresh enjoyment grew  
 Upon its old enjoyments, while I now  
 Bespoke ! So changed, it said : <sup>5</sup> 'The days were few  
 The world detained me ; had they longer space,  
 Much harm had not ensued that shall ensue.  
 It is my happiness conceals my face  
 From thee, which blazing round me shapes a hood,  
 As its own silken coils the worm incase.  
 Well hast thou loved me, and with reason good,  
 For, had I tarried yonder, I had shown  
 My love could yield thee something more for food  
 Than leaves. <sup>6</sup> That left bank which is washed by Rhone  
 When mingled now with Sorga, for her lord  
 Awaited me sometime to fill the throne ;  
 And where <sup>7</sup> Bari's, Gaeta's burgh hath stored  
 With far <sup>7</sup> Catona's, that Ausonian horn  
 Whence Tronto, Verdè, to the main are poured.  
 Already glittering on my brow was borne  
 The crown of that broad realm <sup>8</sup> where Danube's way,  
 The German banks abandoning, is worn.  
 And fair Sicilian fields that o'er the bay  
 Between <sup>9</sup> Pachynus and Pelorus gloom,  
 (Where Eurys doth in wildest mood affray)

crown of Naples.

<sup>7</sup> Bari on the Adriatic, and Gaeta on the Mediterranean, are nearly parallel in latitude: the river Tronto falls into the former sea, and is still the boundary of the Neapolitan dominions; the Verdè (or Garigliano) into the latter. Catona—in Chauchard's map Cotonna—is a village near Reggio,

and opposite Messina. I adopt the reading of the Bartolinian Codex. See the Editor's able note *in loc.*

<sup>8</sup> Hungary.

<sup>9</sup> Pachynus and Pelorus, now Capes Passaro and Peloro, bound Sicily on SE. and NE. The giant Typhæus was fabled to have been buried alive under Etna.



Non per Tifeo, ma per nascente solfo, 70  
 Attesi avrebbe li suoi regi ancora,  
 Nati per me di Carlo e di Ridolfo,  
 Se mala signoria, che sempre accuora  
 Li popoli soggetti, non avesse  
 Mosso Palermo a gridar : Mora, mora.  
 E se mio frate questo antivedesse,  
 L' avara povertà di Catalogna  
 Già fuggirìa, perchè non gli offendesse ;  
 Chè veramente provveder bisogna  
 Per lui, o per altrui, sì ch' a sua barca 80  
 Carica più di carco non si pogna.  
 La sua natura, che di larga parca  
 Discese, avria mestier di tal milizia  
 Che non curasse di mettere in arca.  
 Perocch' io credo che l' alta letizia  
 Che il tuo parlar m' infonde, signor mio,  
 Ov' ogni ben si termina e s' inizia,  
 Per te si veggia, come la vegg' io ;  
 Grata m' è più, e anche questo caro,  
 Perchè il discerni rimirando in Dio. 90  
 Fatto m' hai lieto, e così mi fa chiaro,  
 Poichè, parlando, a dubitar m' hai mosso  
 Come uscir può di dolce seme amaro.  
 Questo io a lui ; ed egli a me : S' io posso  
 Mostrarti un vero, a quel che tu dimandi  
 Terrai il viso come tieni il dosso.  
 Lo ben che tutto il regno che tu scandi  
 Volge e contenta, fa esser virtute  
 Sua provedenza in questi corpi grandi ;  
 E non pur le nature provvedute 100  
 Son nella mente ch' è da sè perfetta,  
 Ma esse insieme con la lor salute.  
 Perchè quantunque questo arco saetta.  
 Disposto cade a provveduto fine,  
 Sì come cocca in suo segno diretta.  
 Se ciò non fosse, il ciel che tu cammine  
 Producerebbe sì li suoi effetti,

<sup>10</sup> Though Petavius mentions only one son and a daughter, Clemence, yet as he misnames the former, and wrote in the 17th century, he cannot be held an authority competent to correct Dante. Vellutello distinctly asserts that this Rodolph succeeded

by right of his mother to the Duchy of Osterlic.

<sup>11</sup> The celebrated massacre known as the *Sicilian Vespers* is regarded both by Gibbon and Koch as occasioned by the insult offered by a French soldier to a Sicilian lady on her way to even-

Not from Typhæus, but from sulphur-fume,  
 Had looked that monarchs of my progeny  
 Through <sup>10</sup> Charles and Rudolph yet their crown assume;  
 Had not misrule, that ever wakes the cry  
 In subject peoples' hearts of mad despair,  
 Provoked <sup>11</sup> Palermo's watchword, "Die they — die!"  
 And had my brother been but timely ware  
 Of this, the <sup>12</sup> Catalonian's pauper greed  
 Now would he shun, that it no scandal bear;  
 Since, truth to tell, for him to take good heed,  
 Himself or other, that his vessels' load  
 Be not o'er-weighted, there is urgent need.  
 His nature, that from bounteous niggard flowed,  
 The more required his subalterns had been  
 Indifferent what they in coffer stowed.'  
 'Since I believe that high delight within,  
 Which, good my lord, thy words infuse in me,  
 There where all good hath end and origin,  
 As I behold it, is beheld by thee,  
 'Tis all more welcome; and I count it dear,  
 Vision of God do cause thee thus to see.  
 As thou hast made me glad, so make it clear,  
 Since thou, conversing, doubt in me hast wrought,  
 How a sweet seed a bitter fruit should rear.'  
 Thus I to him; he answered: 'If I aught  
 Avail a truth to show thee, thy demand,  
 Behind thee now, shall front to front be brought.  
 The Good who turns with satisfying hand  
 The realm thou climbest, virtue doth create  
 In these vast bodies of His foresight planned;  
 And not the natures barely in their state  
 Of that self-perfect Mind are fore-ordained,  
 But these and their security connate.  
 Hence aptly falls, to foreseen end restrained,  
 Whate'er is launched in archery of that bow,  
 Straight as an arrow to its mark attained.  
 The heaven thou travellest, were that not so,  
 Would all its workings in such sort perplex,

ing worship. It happened at  
 Palermo on the vigil of Easter A.D.  
 1282. But Gibbon looks on the  
 extermination of the French which  
 followed as the result of a deep-  
 laid plot conducted by John of  
 Procida.—*Decl. and Fall*, c. lxii.

<sup>12</sup> Robert, who reigned in Naples  
 after Charles II. had formed

friendly connections with certain  
 Spaniards during his detention by  
 Pedro of Aragon as a hostage.  
 He appears to have brought back  
 with him a number of these, on  
 whom he lavished wealth and  
 honours, to the discontent of his  
 native subjects.

Che non sarebbero arti, ma ruine ;  
 E ciò esser non può, se gl' intelletti  
 Che muovon questo stelle non son manchi, 110  
 E manco il primo che non gli ha perfetti.  
 Vuo' tu che questo ver più ti s' imbianchi ?  
 Ed io : Non già, perchè impossibil veggio  
 Che la natura, in quei ch' è uopo, stanchi.  
 Ond' egli ancora ; Or di', sarebbe il peggio  
 Per l' uomo in terra se non fosse cive ?  
 Sì, rispos' io, e quì ragion non cheggio.  
 E può egli esser, se giù non si vive  
 Diversamente per diversi ufici ?  
 No, se il maestro vostro ben vi scrive. 120  
 Sì venne deducendo insino a quici ;  
 Poscia conchiuse : Dunque esser diverse  
 Convien de' vostri effetti le radici :  
 Perchè un nasce Solone od altro Serse,  
 Altro Melchisedech, ed altro quello,  
 Che volando per l' aere, il figlio perse,  
 La circular natura, ch' è suggello  
 Alla cera mortal, fa ben su' arte,  
 Ma non distingue l' un dall' altro ostello.  
 Quinci addivien ch' Esaù si diparte 130  
 Per seme da Iacob, e vien Quirino  
 Da sì vil padre che si rende a Marte.  
 Natura generata il suo cammino  
 Simil farebbe sempre ai generanti,  
 Se non vincesses il provveder divino.  
 Or quel che t' era dietro t' è davanti ;  
 Ma perchè sappi che di te mi giova,  
 Un corollario voglio che t' ammanti.  
 Sempre natura se fortuna trova  
 Discorde a sè, come ogni altra semente 140  
 Fuor di sua region, fa mala prova.  
 E, se il mondo laggiù ponesse mente  
 Al fondamento che natura pone,  
 Seguendo lui, avria buona la gente.  
 Ma voi torcete alla religione  
 Tal che fu nato a cingersi la spada,  
 E fate re di tal ch' è da sermone ;  
 Onde la traccia vostra è fuor di strada.

<sup>13</sup> Aristotle, in the fifth and three last books of his *Ethics* partially, and in his *Politics* throughout, treats of the social relations of

man.

<sup>14</sup> Dædalus. See Ovid, *Met.* viii. 210.

<sup>15</sup> Romulus, son of Rhea Sylvia

No skilled results, but ruins thence should flow ;  
 Which might not be, unless the intellects  
 Be faulty all, by which these planets move ;  
 Faulty the First, which left so sore defects !  
 Wouldst have this truth to thee more lucid prove ?'  
 ' No,' I replied, ' I see' it impossible  
 Nature could fail in aught that might behoove.'  
 Whence he rejoining : ' Were it worse—now tell—  
 For man on earth, were he not citizen ?'  
 ' Yes,' answered I, ' the cause I know too well  
 To ask.' ' And could he be, if fellow-men  
 Held not in different office different course ?  
 No, <sup>13</sup> if your master rightly wields his pen.'  
 Thus far he reasoned with deductive force ;  
 Then drew conclusion : ' Thus the roots must needs  
 Be different of your effects. That source  
 In one a Solon, one a Xerxes breeds ;  
 In this, Melchizedek, in that, <sup>14</sup> the wise  
 Who lost his son while winged flight he speeds.  
 Her office well the sphery nature plies,  
 A seal ordained to stamp our waxen frame,  
 But hath no choice of hostel where she lies.  
 Hence happened that of alien seed became  
 Esau from Jacob ; and <sup>15</sup> Quirinus' lot  
 Was sire so vile, that Mars incurs the blame.  
 To her begetters nature, as begot,  
 Obsequious ever would conform her track,  
 If providence divine controlled her not.  
 Now is before thee what was at thy back ;  
 But thou, for token of my pleased good-will,  
 One inference to inwrap thee shalt not lack.  
 If nature find ungenial fortune, still,  
 Like any other seed condemned to pine  
 Far from its proper soil, she runs to ill ;  
 And, would the world below its thought incline  
 To that foundation nature lays you down,  
 By following her 't would breed a better line ;  
 But ye perversely twist the churchman's gown  
 Round some one born the soldier's glaive to gird,  
<sup>16</sup> And on some preacher's head set kingly crown,  
 Whence widely off the road your steps have erred.'

by an unknown father.

<sup>16</sup> This is perhaps a satirical allusion to Robert, King of Naples,

who in his engrossing pursuit of science and theology, is said to have neglected the affairs of state.

## CANTO IX.

*Cunizza sorella dell' immanissimo Ezzellino predice memorande calamità ai popoli della Marca trivigiana. Perfidia del vescovo di Feltro contro a' Rifugiati ferraresi. Per bocca di Folco vescovo di Tolosa inveisce il Poeta contro Firenze e Roma.*

DAPPOICHÈ Carlo tuo, bella Clemenza,  
 M' ebbe chiarito, mi narrò gl' inganni  
 Che ricever dovea la sua semenza :  
 Ma disse : Taci, e lascia volger gli anni ;  
 Sì ch' io non posso dir, se non che pianto  
 Giusto verrà dirietro a' vostri danni.  
 E già la vita di quel lume santo  
 Rivolta s' era al sol che la riempie,  
 Come a quel ben ch' ad ogni cosa è tanto.  
 Ahi, anime ingannate, e fattur' empie, 10  
 Che da sì fatto ben torcete i cuori,  
 Drizzando in vanità le vostre tempie !  
 Ed ecco un altro di quelli splendori  
 Ver me si fece, e il suo voler piacermi  
 Significava nel chiarir di fuori.  
 Gli occhi di Beatrice, ch' eran fermi  
 Sovra me, come pria, di caro assenso  
 Al mio disio certificato fermi.  
 Deh metti al mio voler tosto compenso,  
 Beato spirto, dissi, e fammi pruova, 20  
 Ch' io possa in te rifletter quel ch' io penso.  
 Onde la luce che m' era ancor nuova,  
 Del suo profondo, ond' ella pria cantava,  
 Seguette, come a cui di ben far giova :  
 In quella parte della terra prava  
 Italica, che siede intra Rialto  
 E le fontane di Brenta e di Piava,  
 Si leva un colle, e non surge molt' alto,  
 Là onde scese già una facella,  
 Che fece alla contrada grande assalto. 30

<sup>1</sup> The style 'Carlo tuo' designates a *husband* rather than a *father* ; I submit, therefore, that the commentators generally are mistaken here, in referring the poet's apostrophe to Clemence, daughter of Charles Martel, and

wife of Louis X. of France. Charles himself took to wife a Clementia, fifth daughter of Rudolph of Hapsburg, and by that alliance strengthened his hold on the kingdom of Hungary. See Hofmann, *Lex. Un.* art. *Carolus*

## CANTO IX.

ARGUMENT.—*The Poet meets with Cunizza, sister of Azzolin the Cruel, who predicts the troubles about to fall on the March of Treviso, and with Fulke, Bishop of Toulouse.*

SOON as thy Charles, fair <sup>1</sup> Clemence, had illumed  
 My darkness, he revealed each subtle cast  
 Of guile, to suffer which his seed was doomed ;  
 But said, ' Be silent ; let the years run past.'  
 ' Thus may I tell but this of all I learned,  
 Just woe shall visit for your wrongs at last.  
 The life that in that holy lustre burned  
 Unto the Sun who fills her, as the Good  
 Sufficing all things well, again had turned.  
 Ah, souls deluded ! impious creature-brood !  
 That wrest the heart from goodness so divine,  
 Pointing your brain at vanities pursued.  
 And lo ! another of that sparkling line  
 Made toward me, and with radiance newly vested  
 Of its good-will to please me gave the sign.  
 The eyes of Beatrice, that o'er me rested,  
 Precious approval my desire to speed  
 Now, as before, benignantly attested.  
 ' O grant the swift relief my longings need,  
 Blest soul ! ' I said, ' convince me that on thee  
 Reflected thou mine inward thought canst read.'  
 Whereon the light, a stranger yet to me,  
 From that profound in which she sang erewhile,  
 As one for whom beneficence hath glee,  
 Proceeded : ' In that portion of the vile  
 Italian land, which 'tween the fountains lies,  
<sup>2</sup> Brenta's and Piava's, and Rialto's isle,  
 A hill uplifts it no high pitch to rise,  
 Whence sometime downward shot a <sup>3</sup> taper-flame  
 With fierce assault the champaign to surprise.

*Martellus* ; Menzel, *German Hist.*  
 § clxx.

<sup>2</sup> The Brenta falls into the Adriatic at Venice ; the Piava a little to the northward.

<sup>3</sup> Eccelino or Azzolino, of the

house of the Counts of Onara, was born A.D. 1194 in the Castle of Romano ; and, as Vicar Imperial, ruled Padua and the March of Treviso with a rod of iron. See *Inf.* c. xii. n. 13.

D' una radice nacqui ed io ed ella ;  
 Cunizza fui chiamata, e quì refulgo  
 Perchè mi vinse il lume d' esta stella.  
 Ma lietamente in me medesma indulgo  
 La cagion di mia sorte, e non mi noia,  
 Che forse parria forte al vostro vulgo.  
 Di questa luculenta e cara gioia  
 Del nostro cielo, che più m' è propinqua,  
 Grande fama rimase, e, pria che muoia,  
 Questo centesim' anno ancor s' incinqua. 40  
 Vedi se far si dee l' uomo eccellente,  
 Sì ch' altra vita la prima relinqua !  
 E ciò non pensa la turba presente,  
 Che Tagliamento ed Adice richiude,  
 Nè per esser battuta ancor si pente.  
 Ma tosto fia che Padova al palude  
 Cangerà l' acqua che Vicenza bagna,  
 Per esser al dover le genti crude.  
 E dove Sile e Cagnan s' accompagna,  
 Tal signoreggia e va con la testa alta, 50  
 Che già per lui carpir si fa la ragna.  
 Piangerà Feltro ancora la diffalta  
 Dell' empio suo pastor, che sarà sconcia  
 Sì, che per simil non s' entrò in Malta.  
 Troppo sarebbe larga la bigoncia  
 Che ricevesse il sangue ferrarese,  
 E stanco che pesasse ad oncia ad oncia,  
 Che donerà questo Prete cortese,  
 Per mostrarsi di parte ; e cotai doni  
 Conformi fieno al viver del paese. 60  
 Su sono specchi, voi dicete troni,  
 Onde rifulge a noi Dio giudicante,  
 Sì che questi parlar ne paion buoni.

<sup>4</sup> If the disreputable stories told of this lady are to be believed, her penitence must have been as notable as her crimes. See Arrivabene, *Secolo di Dante*, L. ii. P. 1, § 3, and Foscolo's note. Sordello, nearly allied to her by marriage with her sister, is said to have been one of her lovers.

<sup>5</sup> Folquet de Marselha (as the Provençal notice of him by Nostradamus records) was born at Genoa, and inherited much wealth from his father, a merchant of that city. He devoted himself to music

and poetry, became distinguished among the troubadours, and was honoured with the friendship of Richard Cœur de Lion, Raymond Count of Toulouse, and Alphonso of Castile. On the defeat of the last named monarch by Miramamoli, Folquet endeavoured by his verses to arouse the spirit of European chivalry in the cause of Christendom. On the death of his royal patron he grew disgusted with the world, entered the Cistercian order, and finally became Bishop of Toulouse. Two specimens of his

I and that fire sprang from one root. My name  
 Was then <sup>4</sup> Cunizza, and I sparkle here,  
 Because this planet's glow my heart o'ercame.  
 But I forgive myself with joyous cheer  
 The cause of mine estate; it harms me not;  
 Which haply to your herd might strange appear.  
<sup>5</sup> Of this translucent costly gem, whose lot  
 Falls in our heaven, that nearest me is rolled,  
 Great fame remained; and ere it die forgot,  
 This hundredth year shall multiply five-fold.  
 See if man should to excellence be vowed,  
 That other life surviving heir the old!  
 And little recks of that the present crowd,  
 Whose bounds <sup>6</sup> Adige and Tagliamento rule;  
 Nor yet with beating to repent are bowed.  
 But soon 't is fated, Padua by the pool  
 Shall dye the water that <sup>7</sup> Vicenza laves,  
 Because her folk are rude in duty's school.  
 And where Silè and Cagnano mate their waves  
<sup>8</sup> A lordling struts it, whom to snare, the net  
 Is wove of those his haughty bearing braves.  
<sup>9</sup> Her impious pastor's treason Feltro yet  
 Shall wail, which shall be crime so black and dire,  
 Never was wretch in <sup>10</sup> Malta's dungeon set  
 For like. Too broad the tub it should require  
 To catch the life-gush of Ferrara bleeding,  
 And he that weighed it ounce by ounce would tire,  
 Which he shall give—this priest of courteous breeding—  
 To show his faction; and such gifts are due  
 To match the style of life the land is leading.  
 Above are mirrors, titled Thrones by you,  
 Whence God beams on us, when to judgment bent.  
 That we behold these words made good and true.'

<sup>1</sup>ays are given in *La Parnasse Occitanien*.

<sup>4</sup> That is, the people of the Marca Trivigiana.

<sup>7</sup> Between the years 1311 and 1318 the Paduans are said to have been three several times routed, the last with great slaughter, at Vicenza, on the banks of the Bacchiglione.

<sup>8</sup> Richard of Cammino, who was assassinated, while playing at chess, by a peasant with a hedge-bill. The Silè and Cagnano are

petty streams near Treviso.

<sup>9</sup> Certain Ferrarese, insurgents against the Pope, having taken refuge in Feltro, were treacherously arrested by the Bishop of that town (Alexander of Piacenza), and surrendered to the Governor of Ferrara, who put them all to death.

<sup>10</sup> Malta (or Marta), a prison on the shore of the Lake of Bolsena, used by the Popes to confine those of their clergy who were convicted of the more heinous crimes.



Quì si tacette, e fecemi sembiente  
 Che fosse ad altro volta, per la rota  
 In che si mise com' era davante.  
 L' altra letizia, che m' era già nota,  
 Preclara cosa mi si fece in vista,  
 Qual fin balascio in che lo sol percota.  
 Per letiziar lassù fulgor s' acquista, 70  
 Sì come riso quì, ma giù s' abbuia  
 L' ombra di fuor, come la mente è trista.  
 Dio vede tutto, e tuo veder s' inluia,  
 Diss' io, beato spirto, sì che nulla  
 Voglia di sè a te puote esser fuia.  
 Dunque la voce tua, che il ciel trastulla  
 Sempre col canto di que' fuochi pii  
 Che di sei ale fannosi cuculla,  
 Perchè non soddisface a' miei disii ?  
 Già non attendere' io tua dimanda, 80  
 S' io m' intuassi, come tu t' immii.  
 La maggior valle in che l' acqua si spanda,  
 Incominciaro allor le sue parole,  
 Fuor di quel mar che la terra inghirlanda,  
 Tra discordanti liti contra il sole  
 Tanto sen va che fa meridiano  
 Là dove l' orizzonte pria far suole.  
 Di quella valle fu' io littorano,  
 Tra Ebro e Macra che, per cammin corto,  
 Lo Genovese parte dal Toscano. 90  
 Ad un occaso quasi e ad un orto  
 Buggea siede e la terra, ond' io fui,  
 Che fe' del sangue suo già caldo il porto.  
 Folco mi disse quella gente a cui  
 Fu noto il nome mio, e questo cielo  
 Di me s' impronta, com' io fe' di lui ;  
 Chè più non arse la figlia di Belo,  
 Noiando ed a Sicheo ed a Creusa,  
 Di me infin che si convenne al pelo ;  
 Nè quella Rodopea, che delusa 100  
 Fu da Demofonte, nè Alcide  
 Quando Iole nel cuore ebbe richiusa.

<sup>11</sup> The bed of the Mediterranean.

<sup>12</sup> The Macra or Magra is an insignificant stream compared with the Ebro.

<sup>13</sup> The parallel of longitude which the Poet here draws is a

proof that he designates Marseilles, not Genoa, as the native place of Fulke, Boujayah in Algeria and Marseilles being each a little more than five degrees W. of Greenwich. The carnage in the port is pro-

Here she was silent, and of her intent.  
 Drawn other way made signal by the ring  
 Round which, as was before, she circling went.  
 Like ruby pure, on which the sun doth fling  
 His glance, that other bliss, with whom I had  
 Acquaintance, in my sight grew glorious thing.  
 Above, new brightness gathers round the glad  
 As laughter here on earth ; below, the grim  
 Outside aye blackens as the soul is sad.  
 ' God seeth all, and thy sight dwells in Him,'  
 Said I, ' blest spirit, insomuch that will  
 Can never of itself to thee be dim.  
 Then tell me, since thy voice, in sportive thrill  
 Chaunting the song of those adoring fires  
 That with six wings are hooded, heaven can fill,  
 Why gives it not content to my desires ?  
 If, as thou readest mine, thy soul I read,  
 I had not waited till thy tongue enquires.'  
 ' The greatest <sup>11</sup> valley where the waters spread,  
 Except that ocean '—thus his words began—  
 ' By which the solid earth is compassèd,  
 Travels 'twixt jarring shores against the sun  
 So far, that what horizon was before  
 It makes meridian at the journey done.  
 Upon that valley's coast I dwelt of yore,  
 'Tween Ebro's path and where by <sup>12</sup> Macra worn  
 A briefer separates the Tuscan shore  
 From Genoese. The place where I was born,  
 Which warmed her port with blood, and that her own,  
 Times with <sup>13</sup> Bugia's time both even and morn.  
 The people called me Fulke, to whom was known  
 My real name, and now this heaven in turn  
 Mine impress shows, as hers by me was shown:  
 For not more fond did <sup>14</sup> Belus' daughter burn,  
 Sichæus and Creüsa both betrayed,  
 Than I, while yet my youthful hairs might earn  
 Such license ; nor that <sup>15</sup> Rhodopæan maid,  
 Demophoön's cheated love, nor Hercules  
 When to his heart's core <sup>16</sup> Iole was laid,

bably that caused by Brutus, when  
 by J. Cæsar's orders he attacked  
 Marseilles.

<sup>14</sup> Dido, see Virg. *Æn.* ii. and  
 iv.

<sup>15</sup> Phyllis, of Rhodope in Thrace,

forsaken by Demophoön destroyed  
 herself. See Ovid, *Her.* ii.

<sup>16</sup> Daughter of Eurytus, King of  
 Ætolia. See the Epistle of Deia-  
 neira to Hercules. Ovid, *Her.* ix.

Non però quì si pente, ma si ride,  
 Non della colpa ch' a mente non torna,  
 Ma del valor ch' ordinò e provide.  
 Quì si rimira nell' arte che adorna  
 Con tanto affetto, e discernesi il bene  
 Perchè al mondo di su quel di giù torna.  
 Ma perchè le tue voglie tutte piene  
 Ten porti, che son nate in questa spera, 110  
 Procedere ancor oltre mi conviene.  
 Tu vuoi saper chi è in questa lumiera,  
 Che quì appresso me così scintilla,  
 Come raggio di sole in acqua mera.  
 Or sappi che là entro si tranquilla  
 Raab, ed a nostr' ordine congiunta  
 Di lei nel sommo grado si sigilla.  
 Da questo cielo in cui l' ombra s' appunta,  
 Che il vostro mondo face, pria ch' altr' alma  
 Del trionfo di Cristo fu assunta. 120  
 Ben si convenne lei lasciar per palma  
 In alcun cielo dell' alta vittoria  
 Che s' acquistò con l' una e l' altra palma ;  
 Perch' ella favorò la prima gloria  
 Di Iosué in su la Terra Santa,  
 Che poco tocca al papa la memoria.  
 La tua città, che di colui è pianta,  
 Che pria volse le spalle al suo Fattore,  
 E di cui è la invidia tanto pianta,  
 Produce e spande il maladetto fiore 130  
 Ch' ha disviate le pecore e gli agni,  
 Perocchè fatto ha lupo del pastore.  
 Per questo l' Evangelio e i Dottor magni  
 Son derelitti, e solo ai Decretali  
 Si studia sì, che pare a' lor vigagni.  
 A questo intende il papa e i cardinali :  
 Non vanno i lor pensieri a Nazzarette,  
 Là dove Gabbriello aperse l' ali.  
 Ma Vaticano, e l' altre parti elette  
 Di Roma, che son state cimitero 140  
 Alla milizia che Pietro seguette,  
 Tosto libere fien dell' adultèro.

<sup>17</sup> Joshua, cc. ii. and vi.

<sup>18</sup> Mars being the reputed founder of Florence, Dante classes him here with the Evil Angels, follow-

ing the Vulgate version of Ps. xcvi. [96.] *Dii gentium demonia*. See *Inf.* c. xiii. 143 and note.

<sup>19</sup> The first revision of Decretals

Yet we repent not here, but smile at ease,  
 Not at the fault, which memory ne'er revives,  
 But at the prescient Worth, and His desires.  
 Here we the skill contemplate that contrives  
 Effect so glorious, and perceive the gain  
 How world below to that above arrives.  
 But, that thou carry hence fulfilled and plain  
 Thine every wish to which this orb hath been  
 A birthplace, I must onward tale maintain.  
 Fain wouldst thou know to whom this lamp is screen  
 That, close to me, from dazzling glory-vest  
 Sparkles like sunbeam in pure water seen.  
 Know now, therein abides in tranquil rest  
<sup>17</sup> Rahab, and with our order meekly blended  
 In highest rank her image is imprest.  
 She to this heaven, on which the shade is ended  
 Your world projects, the first of every spirit  
 Was wrapt, when Christ's triumphal pomp ascended.  
 To leave her in some heaven, for palm of merit,  
 Well suited, proof of that high victory gained  
 Which both pierced hands bore suffering to inherit;  
 Because she helped the glory first ordained  
 To Joshua's arms upon that holy land  
 Of which the pope slight memory hath retained.  
 Thy native city, planted by <sup>18</sup> his hand  
 Who on his Maker turned in earlier hour  
 The back, and by whose envy since is planned  
 Such wailing, grows, and spreads the' accursed flower  
 That flocks and rams alike hath led astray,  
 Nay, made the shepherd, turned to wolf, devour.  
 For this the gospel and great doctors they  
 Have quite renounced; one lore alone has thriven,  
<sup>19</sup> Decretals, as their well-thumbed leaves betray.  
 To this the pope, the cardinals are given,  
 Nor e'er on Nazareth bestow a thought,  
 The spot whence Gabriel spread his wings for heaven.  
 But soon the Vatican, and where was wrought  
 In other chosen parts of Rome a grave  
 For soldiers that in Peter's leading fought,  
 Shall be no more the foul adulterer's slave.'

was made by the monk Gratian in  
 the 12th century, in imitation of  
 Justinian's Pandects. They re-  
 ceived several additions in the

course of time, and now constitute  
 the Canon Law of the Church of  
 Rome.

## CANTO X.

*Argomento di profonda sapienza sull' ordine tenuto da Dio nel creare l' universo. Salito al quarto cielo incontra il Poeta una corona splendidissima di santi dottori, teologi e filosofi, fra cui S. Tommaso d' Aquino.*

GUARDANDO nel suo Figlio con l' amore  
 Che l' uno e l' altro eternalmente spira,  
 Lo primo ed ineffabile valore,  
 Quanto per mente o per occhio si gira  
 Con tanto ordine fe', ch' esser non puote  
 Senza gustar di lui chi ciò rimira.  
 Leva dunque, lettore, all' alte ruote  
 Meco la vista dritto a quella parte  
 Dove l' un moto all' altro si percuote ;  
 E lì comincia a vagheggiar nell' arte 10  
 Di quel maestro, che dentro a sè l' ama  
 Tanto che mai da lei l' occhio non parte.  
 Vedi come da indi si dirama  
 L' obliquo cerchio che i pianeti porta,  
 Per soddisfare al mondo che gli chiama ;  
 E se la strada lor non fosse torta,  
 Molta virtù nel ciel sarebbe in vano,  
 E quasi ognua potenza quaggiù morta.  
 E se dal dritto più o men lontano 20  
 Fosse il partire, assai sarebbe manco  
 E giù e su dell' ordine mondano.  
 Or ti riman, lettor, sovra il tuo banco,  
 Dietro pensando a ciò che si preliba,  
 S' esser vuoi lieto assai prima che stanco.  
 Messo t' ho innanzi : omai per te ti ciba ;  
 Chè a sè ritorce tutta la mia cura  
 Quella materia ond' io son fatto scriba,  
 Lo ministro maggior della natura,  
 Che del valor del cielo il mondo imprenta,  
 E col suo lume il tempo ne misura, 30  
 Con quella parte che su si rammenta  
 Congiunto si girava per le spire  
 In che più tosto ogni ora s' appresenta ;

<sup>1</sup> The Sun being supposed now the Equator.  
 in Aries, the Zodiacal path cuts <sup>2</sup> The Sun.

## CANTO X.

ARGUMENT.—*Dante treats of the order of Creation, and specially of the Solar path. Ascent of the Sun. He meets and listens to Thomas Aquinas describing his companions in that Heaven.*

CONTEMPLATING His Son with that same love  
 The One and Other breathes eternally,  
 The inexpressible First Cause above  
 Made in such order all that mind or eye  
 By circuit reaches—none who that surveys  
 Can miss the tasting of the power on high.  
 Then reader, lift with me thine eyes, and gaze  
 On those high circles, right upon the part  
<sup>1</sup> Where one cuts other of those motive ways ;  
 And then begin thy raptures at His art—  
 The Master, who doth never take His glance  
 Off the dear work that so delights His heart.  
 Behold how branching thence the circle slants  
 Oblique, which bears along the planet host  
 To satisfy the clamorous world that wants  
 Their aid ; and if their pathway had not crossed  
 Awry, much virtue heaven had held in vain,  
 Each potency below to life were lost.  
 And if or more or less remote its plane  
 Swerved from the straight line, much of incomplete  
 To the' universal order should remain  
 In earth and skies. Now, reader, on thy seat  
 Abide, and chew the cud of that foretaste,  
 Would'st thou be sooner pleased than tired ; to meat  
 Help now thyself ; I have before thee placed ;  
 For all my care the' engrossing theme withdraws  
 Unto itself, which I as scribe have traced.  
<sup>2</sup> The mightiest minister of nature's laws,  
 That stamps the world with heaven's energetic form,  
 And makes his light of measured time the cause,  
 Joined with that sign whereof my lay has told  
 Above, the <sup>3</sup> spiral path in coils was weaving  
 Where each new day comes earlier than the old.

<sup>1</sup> This necessarily results from the immovable centre of the the erroneous notion current in the planetary system. author's age, which made Earth

Ed io era con lui ; ma del salire  
 Non m' accors' io, se non com' uom s' accorge,  
 Anzi il primo pensier, del suo venire :  
 Oh Beatrice quella che si scorge  
 Di bene in meglio sì subitamente  
 Che l' atto suo per tempo non si sporge,  
 Quant' esser convenia da sè lucente ! 40  
 Quel ch' era dentro al sol dov' io entràmi,  
 Non per color, ma per lume parvente,  
 Perch' io lo ingegno e l' arte e l' uso chiami,  
 Sì nol direi che mai s' immaginasse ;  
 Ma creder puossi, e di veder si brami.  
 E se le fantasie nostre son basse  
 A tanta altezza, non è meraviglia,  
 Chè sovra il sol non fu occhio ch' andasse.  
 Tal era quivi la quarta famiglia  
 Dell' alto padre, che sempre la sazia, 50  
 Mostrando come spira e come figlia.  
 E Beatrice cominciò : Ringrazia,  
 Ringrazia il sol degli angeli, ch' a questo  
 Sensibil t' ha levato per sua grazia.  
 Cuor di mortal non fu mai sì digesto  
 A divozione ed a rendersi a Dio  
 Con tutto il suo gradir cotanto presto,  
 Com' a quelle parole mi fec' io ;  
 E sì tutto il mio amore in lui si mise,  
 Che Beatrice eclissò nell' obbligo. 60  
 Non le dispiacque ; ma sì se ne rise,  
 Che lo splendor degli occhi suoi ridenti  
 Mia mente unita in più cose divise.  
 Io vidi più fulgor vivi e vincenti  
 Far di noi centro e di sè far corona,  
 Più dolci in voce che in vista lucenti.  
 Così cinger la figlia di Latona  
 Vedem tal volta, quando l' aere è pregno  
 Sì, che ritenga il fil che fa la zona.  
 Nella corte del ciel dond' io rivegno, 70  
 Si trovan molte gioie care e belle  
 Tanto, che non si posson trar del regno,  
 E il canto di que' lumi era di quelle ;  
 Chi non s' impenna sì, che lassù voli,  
 Dal muto aspetti quindi le novelle.  
 Poi sì cantando, quegli ardenti soli

And I was with him ; but my leap achieving  
Showed not more conscious than a thinker shows  
Of coming thought before its first conceiving.  
Ah ! how that Beatrice, whose splendour grows  
From good to better in so sudden height,  
No interval of time her action knows,  
Must in herself be lustrous ! Here how bright  
Within the sun where I had entered, she  
Glowed, not by colour visible, but light,  
Though genius, art, and skill I called to me,  
Ne'er might I tell for fancy to embrace,  
Yet may it be believed and craved to see.  
If our imaginations prove too base  
To climb such eminence, 't were marvel none ;  
Beyond the sunlight eye could never trace.  
Such mansion here had that fourth household won  
Of their high Sire, who fills them ever, showing  
How He the Spirit breathes, begets the Son.  
Beatrice began : ' Thank, thank, where thanks are owing,  
The Sun of angels, who to this of sense  
Hath now promoted thee, His grace bestowing.'  
Was never mortal heart for reverence  
To God so purposed, and to yield it His  
With absolute approval so propense,  
As at those words I made me ; and with this  
Gave Him my love so thoroughly as to hide,  
Eclipsed in mine oblivion, Beatrice !  
Nothing displeased, she with a smile replied  
So blithe, her laughing eyes, resplendent seen,  
My one-aimed thoughts to more things could divide.  
There many a living and surpassing sheen  
I saw make us the centre which they crowned,  
Sweeter in voice than bright their look had been.  
Thus we behold ' Latona's daughter bound  
At seasons when so pregnant is the air,  
It holds the thread which weaves the zone around.  
Great wealth of gems, so precious and so fair,  
Is found in heaven's high chamber, whence I come  
Returned, that none from out the realm may bear ;  
And those bright lustres' song was of that sum ;  
Who for that upward flight no wings is making  
May thence await his tidings from the dumb.  
When singing thus those blazing suns had taken  
halo encircling her.



Si fur girati intorno a noi tre volte,  
 Come stelle vicine a' fermi poli ;  
 Donne mi parver non da ballo sciolte,  
 Ma che s' arrestin tacite, ascoltando 80  
 Fin che le nuove note hanno ricolte ;  
 E dentro all' un senti' cominciar : Quando  
 Lo raggio della grazia, onde s' accende  
 Verace amore, e che poi cresce amando,  
 Moltiplicato in te tanto risplende,  
 Che ti conduce su per quella scala,  
 U' senza risalir nessun discende,  
 Qual ti negasse il vin della sua fiala  
 Per la tua sete, in libertà non fora, 90  
 Se non com' acqua ch' al mar non si cala.  
 Tu vuoi saper di quai piante s' infiora  
 Questa ghirlanda, che intorno vagheggia  
 La bella donna ch' al ciel t' avvalora.  
 Io fui degli agni della santa greggia,  
 Che Domenico mena per cammino,  
 U' ben s' impingua se non si vaneggia.  
 Questi, che m' è a destra più vicino,  
 Frate e maestro fummi, ed esso Alberto  
 È di Colonia, ed io Thomas d' Aquino.  
 Se tu di tutti gli altri esser vuoi certo, 100  
 Diretro al mio parlar te vien col viso  
 Girando su per lo beato serto.  
 Quell' altro fiammeggiare esce del riso  
 Di Grazian, che l' uno e l' altro foro  
 Aiutò sì, che piace in Paradiso.  
 L' altro ch' appresso adorna il nostro coro,  
 Quel Pietro fu che con la poverella,  
 Offerse a Santa Chiesa il suo tesoro.  
 La quinta luce ch' è tra noi più bella,  
 Spira di tale amor, che tutto il mondo 110  
 Laggiù n' ha gola di saper novella.  
 Entro v' è l' alta luce u' sì profondo  
 Saver fu messo, che, se il vero è vero,  
 A veder tanto non surse il secondo.

<sup>5</sup> The spirit intends to convey the idea that only restraining force would prevent any of those blessed ones from gratifying their visitor's thirst of knowledge.

<sup>6</sup> Dominic, founder of the Order of Preaching Friars.

<sup>7</sup> Albert, surnamed the Great,

is reported by some to have been of Italian origin, but now generally held to have been a native of Lauingen in Suabia. He resigned the Bishopric of Ratisbon and retired to Cologne to devote himself to his studies, where he died at a very advanced age, A.D. 1280.

Three times around us their encircling wheel,  
 Like neighbour stars around the poles unshaken.  
 Women they seemed, not parted from their reel,  
 But silent pausing in the dance, till they  
 Have listening caught again the notes' new peal.  
 And one I heard inside begin to say :  
 ' Since of that grace whereat all truthful glow  
 Of love is lit, and loving grows, the ray  
 In thee augmented doth so brilliant show,  
 It leads thee up the staircase, on whose line  
 Without remounting none can downward go,  
<sup>5</sup> Not more his freedom, who denied thee wine  
 From out his vial, when thy thirst devours,  
 Than the pent water's, barred to reach the brine.  
 Thou wouldest know what plants adorn with flowers  
 This garland, whence admiring looks are shot  
 Round the fair dame that heavenward lends thee powers,  
 Male of the flock was I—the sainted lot  
 Whom <sup>6</sup> Dominic leads up the path he framed,  
 Where fattening well he thrives who trifles not.  
 This on my right who nearest place hath claimed,  
 Brother and master, <sup>7</sup> Albert of Cologne  
 Was once, I Thomas of Aquinum named.  
 Wouldst thou have all the rest distinctly known,  
 Then let thy gaze, as my description leads,  
 Circling the blessed wreath be upward thrown.  
 That other brilliance from the smile proceeds  
 Of <sup>8</sup> Gratian, who did Paradise such pleasure,  
 While he the right of either forum pleads.  
 Who next adorns our choir was one whose measure  
 Rivalled the widow's mite their gifts among,  
<sup>9</sup> Peter, that offered Holy Church his treasure.  
<sup>10</sup> The fifth and goodliest light amid our throng  
 Breathes love so passioned, as to learn his doom  
 Makes all that nether world intensely long ;  
 Inside is that high lamp wherein to bloom  
 Wisdom so deep was set, if truth be true,  
 None with like vision rose to take his room.

<sup>5</sup> Gratian, a Monk of Chiusi, compiled the Decretals. See c. ix. 134, note 19. His labours had the mischievous result of giving currency and authority to the False Decretals.

<sup>9</sup> Peter Lombard, the 'Master of the Sentences,' born at Novara

in Lombardy, became Bishop of Paris, and died A.D. 1164. The poet alludes to these words of his preface, 'Cupientes aliquid de tenuitate nostra cum pauperula in gazophylacium Domini mittere.'

<sup>10</sup> King Solomon.

Appresso vedi il lume di quel cero  
 Che, giuso in carne, più addentro vide  
 L' angelica natura e il ministero.  
 Nell' altra piccioletta luce ride  
 Quell' Avvocato de' templi cristiani,  
 Del cui latino Agostin si provvide. 120  
 Or, se tu l' occhio della mente trani  
 Di luce in luce, dietro alle mie lode,  
 Già dell' ottava con sete rimani.  
 Per vedere ogni ben dentro vi gode  
 L' anima santa, che il mondo fallace  
 Fa manifesto a chi di lei ben ode.  
 Lo corpo ond' ella fu cacciata giace  
 Giuso in Cieldauro, ed essa da martiro  
 E da esilio venne a questa pace.  
 Vedi oltre fiammeggiar l' ardente spiro 130  
 D' Isidoro, di Beda e di Riccardo  
 Che a considerar fu più che viro.  
 Questi, onde a me ritorna il tuo riguardo,  
 E il lume d' uno spirto, che in pensieri  
 Gravi a morir gli parve esser tardo.  
 Essa è la luce eterna di Sigieri  
 Che, leggendo nel vico degli strami,  
 Sillogizzò invidiosi veri.  
 Indi come orologio, che ne chiami  
 Nell' ora che la sposa di Dio surge 140  
 A mattinar lo sposo perchè l' ami,  
 Che l' una parte e l' altra tira ed urge,  
 Tin tin sonando con sì dolce nota,  
 Che il ben disposto spirto d' amor turge ;  
 Così vid' io la gloriosa ruota  
 Muoversi, e render voce a voce in tempra  
 Ed in dolcezza, ch' esser non può nota,  
 Se non colà dove il gioir s' insempra.

<sup>11</sup> Dionysius the Areopagite, reputed the author of a treatise *De Coelesti Hierarchia*, which, however, was not heard of before the sixth century.

<sup>12</sup> Paulus Orosius, who wrote a defence of Christianity in seven books, and of whom S. Augustine makes honourable mention. Some have conjectured Ambrose to be designated here.

<sup>13</sup> Boethius, of the illustrious Anician family in Rome, was born

about A.D. 470, and became eminent for his virtues and learning. He held office in the Court of Theodore the Ostrogoth, but, being falsely accused of treason, was imprisoned and finally put to death at Ticinum. His treatise *De Consolatione Philosophiæ* was a favourite study with Dante.

<sup>14</sup> S. Peter's Church in Pavia.

<sup>15</sup> Isidore of Seville, who succeeded his brother Leander in the Archbishopric of that city. A.D.

Next him <sup>11</sup> the light of that wax-taper view  
 Which in the flesh by sight most intimate  
 The' angelic nature and their functions knew.  
<sup>12</sup> There he, the Christian temple's advocate,  
 Smiles in that other lamp of puny size,  
 Whose Latin armed Augustine for debate.  
 Now if thou train thy mental eye to rise  
 From lamp to lamp, the way my praises lead,  
 Thy sole remaining thirst yon eighth supplies.  
 Sight of all good is there her joyous meed—  
<sup>13</sup> That sainted spirit, who makes manifest  
 The world's deceit to all that hear and heed.  
 The mould whence she was rudely dispossessed  
 Down in <sup>14</sup> Cieldauro lies; from martyr's death  
 And exile was she lifted to this rest.  
 See farther on in flame the kindled breath  
 Of <sup>15</sup> Isidore, of <sup>16</sup> Bede, of <sup>17</sup> Richard burning,  
 Thoughtful beyond the thoughts man fathereth.  
 This lamp, whence falls thy gaze on me returning,  
 Inshrines a soul of musings so severe,  
 They made e'en death seem laggard to its yearning;  
 This is the' eternal brightness of <sup>18</sup> Sigier,  
 Who reading lectures in the Haymart, taught  
 Unwelcome truths in syllogism to rear.'  
 Then, like the timepiece with our summons fraught,  
 What hour the bride of God doth at the bell  
 Rise till her matins have the Bridegroom sought,  
 For love, while both sides draw and both impel,  
*Tin, tin*, resounding in so dulcet ring  
 As every well-bent soul with love can swell,  
 Thus I beheld the glorious circlet wing  
 Their round again, and voice for voice deliver  
 So tempered and so sweet—'t were hidden thing  
 Save there where joy renews itself for ever.

598, and distinguished himself as a theologian. He died A.D. 636. His name was abused to authenticate the False Decretals.—Milman, *Lat. Ch.* vol. ii. 378.

<sup>16</sup> Our own Venerable Bede was a native of the county of Durham, born A.D. 672. His works on a variety of subjects attest the extent of his erudition. He died A.D. 735.

<sup>17</sup> Richard of S. Victor, of Scottish (?) origin, was Prior of Augus-

tinian Canons in the abbey of that name near Paris, and died A.D. 1174. He was leader of the Mystics.

<sup>18</sup> Sigier or Segulier, was an eminent Professor of Logic at Paris, where it is conjectured that Dante attended his lectures. The *Rue du Fouare*, in which he taught, was close to the Hôtel de Ville, but has, I believe, disappeared from modern Paris.

## CANTO XI.

*Glorie della vita di S. Francesco raccontate da S. Tommaso, il quale nell'eterna luce di Dio vede due dubbii insorti nella mente di Dante, uno de' quali vien da lui chiarito. Si parla di S. Domenico e del suo ordine.*

O INSENSATA cura de' mortali,  
 Quanto son difettivi sillogismi  
 Quei che ti fanno in basso batter l' ali !  
 Chi dietro a iura, e chi ad aforismi  
 Sen giva, e chi seguendo sacerdozio,  
 E chi regnar per forza e per sofismi,  
 E chi rubare, e chi civil negozio,  
 Chi, nel diletto della carne involto,  
 S' affaticava, e chi si dava all' ozio :  
 Quando, da tutte queste cose sciolto, 10  
 Con Beatrice m' era suso in cielo  
 Cotanto gloriosamente accolto.  
 Poi che ciascuno fu tornato ne lo  
 Punto del cerchio, in che avanti s' era,  
 Fermossi come a candellier candelo.  
 Ed io senti' dentro a quella lumiera,  
 Che pria m' avea parlato, sorridendo  
 Incominciar, facendosi più mera ;  
 Così com' io del suo raggio m' accendo, 20  
 Sì, riguardando nella luce eterna,  
 Li tuo' pensieri, onde cagioni, apprendo.  
 Tu dubbii, ed hai voler che si ricerna  
 In sì aperta e sì distesa lingua  
 Lo dicer mio, ch' al tuo sentir si sterna,  
 Ove dinanzi dissi : *U' ben s' impingua,*  
 E là u' dissi : *Non surse il secondo ;*  
 E quì è uopo che ben si distingua.  
 La provvidenza, che governa il mondo  
 Con quel consiglio nel quale ogni aspetto  
 Creato è vinto pria che vada al fondo, 30  
 Perocchè andasse ver lo suo diletto  
 La cosa di colui, ch' ad alte grida  
 Disposò lei con sangue benedetto,  
 In sè sicura e anche a lui più fida,

<sup>1</sup> Canto x. 96, and 114.

## CANTO XI.

*ARGUMENT.—Thomas of Aquinum, reading the poet's thought by the aid of Divine intuition, relates to him the life of Saint Francis.*

AH ! unrespective care of mortal kind,  
 How scanty reasoned are those arguments  
 That keep thy fluttering wings to earth confined !  
 One followed jurist-lore, and one the sense  
 Of aphorisms ; one priestly craft pursuing,  
 And one to reign by force and false pretence ;  
 This robberies, that civil trade was doing ;  
 One, in the bands of carnal pleasure lapt,  
 Was wearying him, one indolence was wooing ;  
 When I, of all these earthly baits untrapped,  
 And by so glorious reception graced,  
 High into heaven with Beatrice was rapt.  
 When each had to the circle's point retraced  
 His steps, he stood where he before had been,  
 Still as in candlestick the candle placed.  
 And one I heard, that lustre from within  
 Which had before talked with me, while it rose  
 More purely radiant, with a smile begin :  
 ' Even as in His beam mine essence glows,  
 When to the' Eternal Light mine eyes I lift,  
 I learn thine every thought, and whence it flows.  
 Thou art in doubt, and wishest I would sift  
 My speech again, and so distinctly tell  
 And full, as levels to thy sense my drift ;  
<sup>1</sup> Where first I said, " one fattening thriveth well,"  
 And where again, " none rose to take his room."  
 Here due distinction needs what from me fell.  
 The providence that sways the world by doom  
 So deeply planned, that all created sight  
 Is baffled ere it penetrate the gloom,  
 That she, <sup>2</sup> the bride of Him whose spousal rite  
 Was with loud cry and sacred life-blood poured,  
 Might journey onward to her soul's delight  
 Safe in herself and truer to her Lord,

<sup>2</sup> The Holy Catholic Church.

Duo Principi ordinò in suo favore,  
 Che quinci e quindi le fosser per guida.  
 L' un fu tutto serafico in ardore,  
 L' altro per sapienza in terra fue  
 Di cherubica luce uno splendore.  
 Dell' un dirò, perocchè de ambedue 40  
 Si dice l' un pregiando, qualch' uom prende,  
 Perchè ad un fine fur l' opere sue.  
 Intra Tupino, e l' acqua che discende  
 Del colle eletto dal beato Ubaldo,  
 Fertile costa d' alto monte pende,  
 Onde Perugia sente freddo e caldo  
 Da porta Sole, e dirietro le piange  
 Per greve giogo Nocera con Gualdo.  
 Di quella costa, là dov' ella frange  
 Più sua rattezza, nacque al mondo un sole 50  
 Come fa questo tal volta di Gange.  
 Però chi d' esso loco fa parole  
 Non dica Ascesi, che direbbe corto,  
 Ma Oriente, se proprio dir vuole.  
 Non era ancor molto lontan dall' orto,  
 Ch' e' cominciò a fa sentir la terra  
 Della sua gran virtude alcun conforto ;  
 Che per tal donna giovinetto in guerra  
 Del padre corse, a cui, com' alla morte,  
 La porta del piacer nessun disserra. 60  
 E dinanzi alla sua spirital corte,  
*Et coram patre* le si fece unito,  
 Poscia di dî in dî l' amò più forte.  
 Questa, privata del primo marito,  
 Mille e cent' anni e più dispetta e scura  
 Fino a costui si stette senza invito ;  
 Nè valse udir che la trovò sicura  
 Con Amiclate al suon della sua voce  
 Colui ch' a tutto il mondo fe' paura ;  
 Nè valse esser costante nè feroce, 70  
 Sì che dove Maria rimase giuso,  
 Ella con Cristo salse in su la croce.  
 Ma perch' io non proceda troppo chiuso,  
 Francesco e Povertà por questi amanti

\* Francis and Dominic, the former of whom was styled the Seraphic Doctor, the latter the Cherubic.

' Dante describes the site of Assisi, the first Franciscan estab-

lishment ; the second stream is the Chiasi. The town lies a little to the SE. of Perugia, and SW. of Nocera, nearly equidistant from both. Gualdo is due N. of Nocera.

As guides on either hand her course to trim  
 Two princes for her service did accord.  
<sup>3</sup> In glowing warmth one matched the seraphim;  
 The other's wisdom, while on earth he taught,  
 Showed splendour of cherubic light in him.  
 One will I speak of; either's praise is fraught  
 With fame to both, let man take which he will,  
 Because their works to one sole end were wrought.  
<sup>4</sup> Between Tupino's waters and the rill  
 Poured from that mound <sup>5</sup> Saint Ubald chose of old,  
 There hangs a fruitful side from that high hill  
 Whence through her Sun-gate suffers heat and cold  
 Perugia; and Nocera behind it makes  
 Lament with Gualdo, by stern yoke controlled.  
 Where that hill-side more gently sloping breaks  
 Her steepness, to the world a sun was shown,  
 As whilome ours from Ganges' bed awakes.  
 Then let not him whose talk the spot makes known  
 Call it Ascesi—word too short of worth,  
 But <sup>6</sup> Orient—the name by right its own.  
 Not far ascendant yet beyond his birth,  
 With certain promise of excelling grace  
 Did he begin to thrill the gladdened earth;  
 For <sup>7</sup> such a maid the stripling face to face  
 Defied his father, as in love's disport  
 Doth no man ever, more than death, embrace.  
 And there, before his own spiritual court,  
 His father present, dared with her to wed,  
 Then loved her day by day in fonder sort.  
 Widowed of her first husband, she had sped  
 More than a thousand and one hundred years  
 Obscure, disvalued, unsolicited,  
 Till he came; nor availed her what man hears,  
 How she secure with <sup>8</sup> Amyclas was found  
 Of him whose voice shook all the world with fears;  
 Nor her resolve and constancy renowned  
 So much—while Mary's self remained below,  
 She with the Saviour on His cross was crowned.  
 But lest my tale too dark a mystery grow,  
 Conceive its long-drawn aim, and in this pair

<sup>5</sup> Ubaldus was Bishop of Agubbio, and retired for penitence and meditation to the hill alluded to here.

<sup>6</sup> As giving birth to S. Francis, the *Sun* of his order.

<sup>7</sup> See v. 74.

<sup>8</sup> The poor fisherman to whose hut Lucan (*Phars.* v. 518) makes Cæsar repair for help to cross the Adriatic.



Prendi oramai nel mio parlar diffuso.  
 La lor concordia e i lor lieti sembianti,  
 Amore e meraviglia e dolce sguardo  
 Faceano esser cagion de' pensier santi ;  
 Tanto che il venerabile Bernardo  
 Si scalzò prima, e dietro a tanta pace 80  
 Corse, e correndo gli parv' esser tardo.  
 O ignota ricchezza, o ben verace !  
 Scalzasi Egidio e scalzasi Silvestro,  
 Dietro allo sponso ; sì la sposa piace.  
 Indi sen va quel padre e quel maestro  
 Con la sua donna, e con quella famiglia  
 Che già legava l' umile capestro ;  
 Nè gli gravò viltà di cuor le ciglia,  
 Per esser fi' di Pietro Bernardone,  
 Nè per parer dispetto a meraviglia ; 90  
 Ma regalmente sua dura intenzione  
 Ad Innocenzio aperse, e da lui ebbe  
 Primo sigillo a sua religione.  
 Poi che la gente poverella crebbe  
 Dietro a costui ; la cui mirabil vita  
 Meglio in gloria del ciel si canterebbe,  
 Di seconda corona redimita  
 Fu per Onorio dall' eterno spiro  
 La santa voglia d' esto archimandrita :  
 E poi che, per la sete del martiro, 100  
 Nella presenza del Soldan superba  
 Predicò Cristo e gli altri che il seguirono ;  
 E per trovare a conversione acerba  
 Troppo la gente, e per non stare indarno,  
 Reddissi al frutto dell' italica erba,  
 Nel crudo sasso, intra Tevere ed Arno,  
 Da Cristo prese l' ultimo sigillo,  
 Che le sue membra du' anni portarno.  
 Quando a colui ch' a tanto ben sortillo,  
 Piacque di trarlo suso alla mercede, 110  
 Ch' egli acquistò nel suo farsi pusillo,  
 Ai frati suoi, sì com' a giuste erede,

\* Bernardo da Quintavalle, Egidius, and Sylvester, are mentioned by Wadingk, *Ann. Misc. ad ann.* 1209.

<sup>10</sup> Pope Innocent III. who formally instituted the Franciscan Order A.D. 1210.

<sup>11</sup> From the 'Testament' of

Francis it appears that, although he bound his followers by the vow of *Poverty*, he did not sanction their practice of *Mendicancy* except in extreme cases. See Waddington, *Hist. of the Ch.* c. xix. and 5.

<sup>12</sup> Honorius III. successor to Innocent, was Pope from A.D. 1216

Of lovers, Poverty and Francis know.  
 Their heart-espousals and their jocund air  
 Love, wonder, and sweet contemplation nursed,  
 A source prolific holy thoughts to bear,  
 So fast—the venerable <sup>9</sup> Bernard first  
 Unsandaled him, and such a peace pursued  
 At speed, yet of his speeding deemed the worst.  
 O wealth unknown ! O veritable good !  
 Barefoot, Egidius and Sylvester tend  
 The bridegroom's path—so amiable of mood  
 The bride. Thence would that sire and master wend  
 With wife and household, which had now begun  
 Around the waist their lowly rope to bend.  
 Nor cowardice of heart, that he was son  
 Of Peter Bernardon, his forehead bowed,  
 Nor outward meanness strange to look upon ;  
 But kinglike he his stern intent avowed  
 To <sup>10</sup> Innocent, and for his order drew  
 A seal, the earliest to that rule allowed.  
 When now that <sup>11</sup> pauper flock in numbers grew,  
 His followers, whose wondrous life above  
 By heaven's own glorious choir were hymned more true,  
 A second chaplet, which <sup>12</sup> Honorius wove,  
 The Everlasting Spirit gave to crest  
 His pious will—the leader of that drove.  
 And when, with thirst of martyrdom possest,  
 In the proud <sup>13</sup> Soldan's presence he revealed  
 Christ and those others that obeyed His hest,  
 And, for he found the race unripe to yield  
 Conversion's fruit, and not to wait in vain,  
 Came back to harvest from Italian field,  
 On <sup>14</sup> that rude rock 'tween Tiber's, Arno's plain,  
 He took from Christ a seal, the last of all,  
 The same his limbs did two years yet retain.  
 When He that so endowed him willed to call  
 His favourite upward to the prize he wears  
 Earned by the lowliness which made him small,  
 Unto his brethren, as his rightful heirs,

to A.D. 1227. 'Archimandrite' is still an official title in the Greek Church.

<sup>13</sup> This was at the siege of Damietta, which lasted for two years, A.D. 1217–1219.

<sup>14</sup> The Rock of Alvernia, ten miles from Bibbiena, on the side

of the Corsalone, was given to S. Francis, A.D. 1213, by Count Orlando of Chiusi, and here his legend records him to have received the *stigmata*, or five marks of the Saviour's passion, on his hands, feet, and side.

Raccomandò la sua donna e più cara,  
 E comandò che l' amassero a fede ;  
 E del suo grembo l' anima preclara  
 Muover si volle, tornando al suo regno,  
 Ed al suo corpo non volle altra bara.  
 Pensa oramai qual fu colui, che degno  
 Collega fu a mantener la barca  
 Di Pietro in alto mar per dritto segno ! 120  
 E questi fu il nostro patriarca ;  
 Perchè qual segue lui, com' ei comanda,  
 Discerner puoi che buona merce carca.  
 Ma il suo peculio di nuova vivanda  
 E fatto ghiotto sì, ch' esser non puote  
 Che per diversi salti non si spanda ;  
 E quanto le sue pecore remote  
 E vagabonde più da esso vanno,  
 Più tornano all' ovil di latte vote. 130  
 Ben son di quelle che temono il danno,  
 E stringonsi al pastor ; ma son sì poche,  
 Che le cappe fornisce poco panno.  
 Or, se le mie parole non son fioche,  
 Se la tua audienza è stata attenta,  
 Se ciò ch' ho detto alla mente rivoche,  
 In parte fia la tua voglia contenta,  
 Perchè vedrai la pianta onde si scheggia,  
 E vedrai il corregger che s' argomenta  
*U' ben s' impingua, se non si vaneggia.*

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## CANTO XII.

*S. Bonaventura narra la vita di S. Domenico, e dà contezza delle  
sante anime che in questo cielo si trovano.*

SÌ tosto come l' ultima parola  
 La benedetta fiamma per dir tolse,  
 A rotar cominciò la santa mola ;  
 E nel suo giro tutta non si volse  
 Prima ch' un' altra d' un cerchio la chiuse,  
 E moto a moto, e canto à canto colse ;  
 Canto, che tanto vince nostre muse,

<sup>18</sup> Lombardi and Viviani read 'il coreggier,' understanding it of Thomas

He left in charge the dame he held so dear,  
 And bade that faithful love to her be theirs.  
 Out of her lap, to gain his kingly sphere  
 Would that illustrious soul transported be,  
 Nor to its body craved a richer bier.  
 Now ponder of how high desert was he,  
 Fit colleague chosen to maintain the bark  
 Of Peter, labouring in the open sea,  
 Right on her way. This was our patriarch;  
 Whoever, then, his mandates will obey  
 Loads with good merchandise, as thou canst mark.  
 But his peculiar flock is turned to prey  
 So gluttonous on forage newly tried,  
 They cannot help but in strange pastures stray;  
 And all the more his sheep have wandered wide  
 And left their shepherd, vagrantly to feed,  
 They throng the fold again with udders dried.  
 True, some there are who, dreading loss indeed,  
 Cling to their pastor; but so rarely seen,  
 To cowl and cloak them little cloth would need.  
 Now, if my words have not too feeble been,  
 If thou to hear me studiously have bent,  
 If thou recal my speech to mind, I ween  
 That wish of thine it partly must content  
 To see the stem off which the chips were got,  
 And see <sup>15</sup> the censure veiled i' the argument  
 "Where fattening well he thrives who trifles not."

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 CANTO XII.

ARGUMENT.—*S. Bonaventura relates the life of S. Dominic to the Poet, and acquaints him with the names of some of his associates.*

Soon as that blessèd flame for utterance  
 Of his concluding word had accents found,  
 The saintly wheel began their circling dance,  
 Nor wholly turned them in their orb around,  
 Or e'er another did with ring enclose,  
 And step on step, and song on song they wound;  
 Song, which our muses' charm as far outgoes,

Aquinas and his leathern girdle. But the usual text gives the better sense.

Nostre sirene, in quelle dolci tube,  
 Quanto primo splendor quel che rifuse.  
 Come si volgon per tenera nube 10  
 Du' archi paralleli e concolori,  
 Quando Giunone a sua ancella iube,  
 Nascendo di quel d' entro quel di fuori,  
 A guisa del parlar di quella vaga,  
 Ch' amor consunse come sol vapori;  
 E fanno quì la gente esser presaga,  
 Per lo patto che Dio con Noè pose,  
 Del mondo che giammai più non s' allaga:  
 Così di quelle sempiterne rose  
 Volgeansi circa noi le duo ghirlande; 20  
 E sì l' estrema all' intima rispose.  
 Poichè il tripudio e l' altra festa grande,  
 Sì del cantare e sì del fiammeggiarsi,  
 Luce con luce gaudiose e blande,  
 Insieme a punto ed a voler quietarsi,  
 Pur come gli occhi ch' al piacer che i muove  
 Convienne insieme chiudere e levarsi,  
 Del cuor dell' una delle luci nuove  
 Si mosse voce, che l' ago alla stella  
 Parer mi fece in volgermi al suo dove; 30  
 E cominciò: L' amor che mi fa bella  
 Mi tragge a ragionar dell' altro duca,  
 Per cui del mio sì ben ci si favella.  
 Degno è che dov' è l' un l' altro s' induca,  
 Sì che com' elli ad una militaro,  
 Così la gloria loro insieme luca.  
 L' esercito di Cristo, che sì caro  
 Costò a riarmar, dietro all' insegna  
 Si movea tardo, sospeccioso e raro;  
 Quando lo imperador che sempre regna 40  
 Provvide alla milizia ch' era in forse,  
 Per sola grazia, non per esser degna;  
 E, com' è detto, a sua sposa soccorse  
 Con duo campioni, al cui fare, al cui dire  
 Lo popol disviato si raccolse.  
 In quella parte, ove surge ad aprire  
 Zeffiro dolce le novelle fronde,  
 Di che si vede Europa rivestire,  
 Non molto lungi al percuoter dell' onde,  
 Dietro alle quali, per la lunga foga, 50

<sup>1</sup> Echo. See Ovid, *Met.* iii. 356.

Our Sirens all, in those sweet pipes conveyed,  
 As native radiance what reflected glows.  
 Through thin-drawn cloud as parallel displayed,  
 In tints alike, two bending bows adorn  
 The firmament, when Juno gives her maid  
 Command, the outer of the inward born,  
 (Like to her parley—<sup>1</sup> wandering nymph of air—  
 Whom love consumed as Sol the mists of morn,)  
 And make foreboding sons of earth aware  
 That, by God's covenant with Noah sealed,  
 No second deluge shall the world o'erbear;  
 So both the garlands as our girdle wheeled  
 Of those imperishable roses twining,  
 So to that inward did the outer yield  
 Respondence. When the dance, the song, the shining,  
 Whate'er enlivened that high festival,  
 In kindly gladness light with light combining,  
 Instant at will together calmed them all,  
 As at their mover's pleasure must the eyes  
 Together lift their lids or let them fall,  
 From one of those new lustres' heart did rise  
 A voice that drew me, turning to its place,  
 Like needle to the pole-star of the skies;  
 Then thus began: 'The love, that on my face  
 Breathes beauty, of that other leader's fame  
 Prompts me to speak, through whom so good words grace  
 Mine own. 'Tis fitting, where the one hath name,  
 The other find renown, that as they warred  
 Both to one end, their glory shine the same.  
 Christ's army, whose re-arming cost their Lord  
 So dear, behind the standard He uprears  
 Drew slow, and scant, and doubtful of reward;  
 When that Commander, who for ever wears  
 The crown, His soldiers in their peril sped  
 Of merest grace, for no desert of theirs:  
 And gave His spouse for succour, as was said,  
 Two champions, by whose deed, whose word, controlled  
 The people rallied them, so sore misled.  
 In that fair clime where Zephyr to unfold  
 The newborn leaves in gentle air awakes,  
 That glad Europa may fresh robes behold,  
 Not far remote from where the <sup>2</sup> billow breaks,  
 Screened by the bulwark of whose vasty swell

<sup>2</sup> The Atlantic.

Lo sol tal volta ad ogni uom si nasconde,  
 Siede la fortunata Callaroga,  
 Sotto la protezion del grande scudo,  
 In che soggiace il leone e soggioga.  
 Dentro vi nacque l' amoroso drudo  
 Della fede cristiana, il santo atleta,  
 Benigno a suoi ed a' nemici crudo;  
 E come fu creata, fu repleta  
 Sì la sua mente di viva virtute,  
 Che nella madre lei fece profeta. 60  
 Poichè le sposalizie fur compiute  
 Al sacro fonte intra lui e la fede,  
 U' si dotar di mutua salute;  
 La donna, che per lui l' assenso diede,  
 Vide nel sonno il mirabile frutto  
 Ch'uscir dovea di lui e delle erede:  
 E perchè fosse, quale era, in costrutto,  
 Quinci si mosse spirito a nomarlo  
 Del possessivo di cui era tutto. 70  
 Domenico fu detto; ed io ne parlo  
 Sì come dell' agricola, che CRISTO  
 Elesse all' orto suo per aiutarlo.  
 Ben parve messo e famigliar di CRISTO,  
 Che il primo amor che in lui fu manifesto  
 Fu al primo consiglio che diè CRISTO.  
 Spesse fiate fu tacito e desto  
 Trovato in terra dalla sua nutrice,  
 Come dicesse: Io son venuto a questo.  
 O padre suo veramente Felice!  
 O madre sua veramente Giovanna, 80  
 Se interpretata val come si dice!  
 Non per lo mondo, per cui mo s' affanna  
 Diretro ad Ostiense ed a Taddeo,  
 Ma per amor della verace manna,  
 In picciol tempo gran dottor si feo,  
 Tal che si mise a circuir la vigna,  
 Che tosto imbianca, se il vignaio è reo;  
 Ed alla sedia, che fu già benigna

<sup>3</sup> Calahorra, the ancient Calagurris, stands on the river Cidacos, not far from its confluence with the Ebro. It was celebrated as the birth-place of both Quintilian and S. Dominic, and for its heroic defence against Afranius, Pompey's

lieutenant, B.C. 78-72.

<sup>4</sup> The armorial bearing of Old Castile.

<sup>5</sup> *Dominicus* from *Dominus*. His parents were Felix Guzman and Juanna Aca.

<sup>6</sup> In a famine, Dominic is said

Somewhile the sun all human sight forsakes,  
 Sits favoured <sup>3</sup> Calahorra, guarded well  
 By the broad shield that <sup>4</sup> lions blazoneth,  
 One crouching under, one aloft, to quell.  
 'T was there the sainted wrestler first drew breath,  
 The Christian faith's enamoured favourite,  
 Gentle to friends, to foemen stern as death;  
 And from creation with such living might  
 His soul was furnished, in her teeming growth  
 It filled his mother with prophetic light.  
 When he and faith, accomplishing their oath  
 Of spousal at the sacred fountain, shared  
 Their mutual rescue for the dower of both,  
 The godmother that his consent declared  
 Saw in a dream the admirable fruit  
 For him and for his heirs by heaven prepared.  
 And, that description what he was might suit,  
 An angel-envoy from the cherubim  
 Named him <sup>5</sup> possessive from his Owner's root.  
 They called him Dominic; I speak of him  
 As of the husbandman ordained by CHRIST  
 A chosen help His garden-ground to trim.  
 Familiar he and messenger of CHRIST  
 Was rightly deemed, who showed his loving will  
 First at the <sup>6</sup> council first convened by CHRIST.  
 Full often was he, waking and yet still,  
 Found of his nurse upon the ground, as one  
 Who said, 'I came such vigils to fulfil.'  
 O thou his father, truly in thy son  
 Felix! O mother true Johanna styled,  
 If sound and meaning but concordant run!  
 Not for this world, by which men now beguiled  
 To <sup>7</sup> Ostiensè or <sup>8</sup> Thaddæus throng,  
 But for the genuine manna's love, the child  
 Made him a mighty doctor's name ere long,  
 So circuited the vineyard which decays  
 Quick whitening, if the vine-dresser go wrong;  
 And of the chair, more kind in other days

to have sold his books and other valuables, and to have distributed the proceeds to the poor. The allusion seems to be to Matt. xix. 21.

<sup>7</sup> Cardinal Henry of Susa, bishop of Ostia, distinguished himself by

a treatise on the Canon Law.

<sup>8</sup> Thaddæus of Bologna, a Florentine by birth, was a well-known physician of Dante's age, and valued for his researches in physical science. He died A.D. 1303.



Più a' poveri giusti, non per lei,  
 Ma per colui che siede e che traligna, 90  
 Non dispensare o duo o tre per sei,  
 Non la fortuna del primo vacante,  
*Non decimas quæ sunt pauperum Dei,*  
 Addimandò; ma contra il mondo errante  
 Licenzia di combatter per lo seme,  
 Del qual ti fascian ventiquattro piante.  
 Poi con dottrina e con volere insieme  
 Con l' ufficio apostolico si mosse,  
 Quasi torrente ch' alta vena preme;  
 E negli sterpi eretici percosse 100  
 L' impeto suo più vivamente quivi  
 Dove le resistenze eran più grosse.  
 Di lui si fecer poi diversi rivi,  
 Onde l' orto cattolico si riga,  
 Sì che i suoi arbuscelli stan più vivi.  
 Se tal fu l' una ruota della biga,  
 In che la santa chiesa si difese,  
 E vinse in campo la sua civil briga,  
 Ben ti dovrebbe assai esser palese  
 L' eccellenza dell' altra, di cui Tomma 110  
 Dinanzi al mio venir fu sì cortese.  
 Ma l' orbita, che fe' la parte somma  
 Di sua circonferenza, è derelitta  
 Sì, ch' è la muffa dov' era la gromma.  
 La sua famiglia, che si mosse dritta  
 Co' piedi alle su' orme, e tanto volta,  
 Che quel dinanzi a quel dirietro gitta:  
 E tosto s' avvedrà della ricolta  
 Della mala coltura, quando il loglio  
 Si lagnerà che l' arca gli sia tolta. 120  
 Ben dico, chi cercasse a foglio a foglio  
 Nostro volume, ancor troverà carta  
 U' leggerebbe: I' mi son quel ch' io seglio.  
 Ma non fia da Casal, nè d' Acquasparta,  
 Là onde vegnon tali alla scrittura,  
 Ch' uno la fugge e l' altro la coarta.

\* The double circle, of twelve spirits each, which surrounded Dante.

<sup>10</sup> An allusion to the common Italian proverb, 'Buono vin fa gruma, e tristo vin fa muffa.'

<sup>11</sup> Casal Maggiore is on the

southern bank of the river Po, between Parma and Mantua. Fra Ubertino, a member of this Franciscan community, declared himself friendly to a stricter rule of the order, at the general chapter held in Genoa, A.D. 1310, and, placing

To the poor righteous (not with her intent,  
 But his who sits there and corrupts his ways),  
 Not two or three disbursed for six of rent,  
 Nor chance what first fell vacant to receive,  
*Nor tithes, of God's own poor the portion meant,*  
 Was his petition—all he sought was leave  
 'Gainst erring world to battle for the seed  
 Whose <sup>9</sup> four-and-twenty plants thy cincture weave.  
 With learning then and fervent will to speed  
 And apostolic warrant, forth he flew  
 Like torrent which redundant forces feed;  
 And there his headlong rush the stems o'erthrew  
 Of heresies, with vengeance most alive,  
 Where thickest to resist the wildwood grew.  
 From him did, later, several brooks derive,  
 That, watering the catholic garden, are  
 The cause her saplings all the fresher thrive.  
 If such were one wheel of the two-wheeled car  
 Wherein rode Holy Church to self defence,  
 And won her foughten field of civil jar,  
 Full plainly ought that other's excellence  
 Appear, whose merits Thomas late rehearsed,  
 Before my coming, in so courteous sense;  
 But from the orbit by that roundlet first  
 Traced with its feloes all have so declined,  
 That <sup>10</sup> vinnewed lies what filmy crust had erst.  
 His family, which trod with heedful mind  
 Right in his steps, hath so perverted strain,  
 It flings the fore-part on the print behind;  
 And soon the harvest-gathering shall make plain  
 How bad the tillage, when the tares shall brook  
 To lose the corn-bin, and lament in vain.  
 Even yet, I grant, if any searched our book  
 From page to page, it might a leaf produce  
 Where he could read, 'I keep the print I took,'  
 Not such <sup>11</sup> Casàl's nor <sup>12</sup> Acquasparta's use,  
 Whence trainers so the written rule apply,  
 This draws the cord too tight, while that runs loose.

himself at the head of the Zealots, caused a schism in the body.

<sup>12</sup> Acquasparta is in Umbria, between Todi and Terni. To this convent belonged Fra Matteo, twelfth General of the Franciscan

Order, elected A.D. 1287, and the following year made Cardinal by Nicolas IV. His rule seems to have been as culpably lax as Ubertino's was unseasonably severe.

Io son la vita di Buonaventura  
 Da Bagnoregio, che ne' grandi ufici  
 Sempre posposi la sinistra cura.  
 Illuminato ed Agostin son quici, 130  
 Che fur de' primi scalzi poverelli,  
 Che nel capestro a Dio si fero amici.  
 Ugo da Sanvittore è quì con elli,  
 E Pietro Mangiadore, e Pietro Ispano,  
 Lo qual giù luce in dodici libelli ;  
 Natan profeta e il metropolitano  
 Crisostomo, ed Anselmo, e quel Donato  
 Ch' alla prim' arte degnò poner mano ;  
 Rabano è quì, e lucemi da lato 140  
 Il Calavrese abate Giovacchino,  
 Di spirito profetico dotato.  
 Ad inveggiar cotanto paladino  
 Mi mosse la infiammata cortesia  
 Di frà Tommaso, e il discreto latino;  
 E mosse meco questa compagnia.

## CANTO XIII.

*S. Tommaso scioglie a Dante il secondo dubbio sul re Salomone:  
 belle teorie sulla sapienza e sulla creazione; moralità e dottrina  
 di nuova pompa poetica adorne.*

IMMAGINI che bene intender cupe  
 Quel ch' io or vidi, e ritegna l' image,  
 Mentre ch' io dico, come ferma rupe,  
 Quindici stelle che in diverse plage  
 Lo cielo avvivan di tanto sereno,

<sup>12</sup> S. Bonaventura was born A.D. 1221, at Bagnarea, a town of the Roman sea-coast near the Tuscan border. He was General of his Order, created a Cardinal by Gregory X., and died at the age of fifty-three, during the session of the second Council of Lyons.

<sup>14</sup> Of Illuminato and this Augustine no particulars are known.

<sup>15</sup> Hugo of S. Victor was of Flemish origin, and taught Theology with reputation there. Some of his writings are yet extant.

<sup>16</sup> Peter 'Comestor' (*the glutton*

*of books*, which his medley proves him unable to digest) was a native of Troyes in Champagne, and taught Theology at Paris; he died A.D. 1179.

<sup>17</sup> This Spaniard is only known through the Logical treatises mentioned by the poet.

<sup>18</sup> II. Samuel xii.

<sup>19</sup> John, surnamed Chrysostom (Golden-mouth) for his eloquence, was born of noble parentage in Antioch about the middle of the fourth century. He held the see of Constantinople for six years,

- <sup>13</sup> Buonaventura's living part am I,  
 Of Bagnarèa, that in great offices  
 The left-hand care unchangeably put by.
- <sup>14</sup> Illuminato and Augustine these,  
 Among the earliest of unsandaled poor  
 Who girded on the rope their God to please.
- <sup>15</sup> Hugh of Saint Victor, <sup>16</sup> Peter Mangiador,  
 And <sup>17</sup> Spanish Pedro, yet a lamp to man  
 In his twelve breviaries of logic-lore.
- <sup>18</sup> Nathan the seer, the metropolitan  
<sup>19</sup> John Chrysostom, <sup>20</sup> Anselm, and he whose hands—  
<sup>21</sup> Donatus—deigned the primer's help to plan.
- <sup>22</sup> Rabanus here, and beaming near me stands  
 One gifted by prophetic light within,  
<sup>23</sup> Joachim, once abbot in Calabrian lands.
- My rival praises to such paladin  
 Did brother Thomas, with his courtesy  
 So fervent, and well-measured parlance win;  
 And this companion-troop he won with me.'

## CANTO XIII.

ARGUMENT.—*Song and dance of beatified Souls. Thomas Aquinas resumes his discourse to remove certain doubts in the Poet.*

IMAGINE he that is full insight craving  
 Of what I now beheld, and hold he fast  
 That image, while I speak, as rock engraven,  
 Fifteen such stars, on several regions cast,  
 As kindle heaven with vivid light so clear,

but was expelled for the keenness of his invectives against the corruptions of his time, and ended his life in exile.

<sup>20</sup> Anselm, appointed by William Rufus from the Norman Abbey of Bec to the Primacy of all England. He acquired reputation by his controversy with Roscellinus.

<sup>21</sup> Donatus, a Latin grammarian of the fourth century, wrote commentaries on Terence and Virgil. Dante's reasons for placing him here are unknown.

<sup>22</sup> Rabanus Maurus flourished in the ninth century. He was educated in the monastery of Fulda, of which he became Abbot. He studied at Tours under Alcuin, and died Archbishop of Mayence A.D. 856.

<sup>23</sup> The Abbot Joachim was born near Cosenza, and founded a community of Cistercian monks at Flora near that place. He wrote on the Trinity. His death occurred A.D. 1202.

Che soverchia dell' aere ogni compage ;  
 Immagini quel carro a cui il seno  
 Bas'a del nostro cielo e notte e giorno,  
 Sì ch' al volger del temo non vien meno ;  
 Immagini la bocca di quel corno, 10  
 Che si comincia in punta dello stelo  
 A cui la prima ruota va dintorno,  
 Aver fatto di sè duo segni in cielo,  
 Qual fece la figliuola di Minoi  
 Allora che sentì di morte il gelo ;  
 E l' un nell' altro aver gli raggi suoi,  
 Ed ambedue girarsi per maniera,  
 Che l' uno andasse al prima e l' altro al poi ;  
 Ed avrà quasi l' ombra della vera  
 Costellazione, e della doppia danza, 20  
 Che circolava il punto dov' io era ;  
 Poi ch' è tanto di là da nostra usanza,  
 Quanto di là dal muover della Chiana  
 Si muove il ciel che tutti gli altri avanza.  
 Là si cantò non Bacco, non Peana,  
 Ma tre Persone in divina natura,  
 Ed in una persona essa e l' umana.  
 Compìè il cantare è il volger sua misura,  
 Ed attesersi a noi quei santi lumi,  
 Felicitando sè di cura in cura. 30  
 Ruppe il silenzio ne' concordi numi  
 Poscia la luce, in che mirabil vita  
 Del poverel di Dio narrata fumi,  
 E disse : Quando l' una paglia è trita,  
 Quando la sua semenza è già riposta,  
 A batter l' altra dolce amor m' invita.  
 Tu credi che nel petto, onde la costa  
 Si trasse per formar la bella guancia,  
 Il cui palato a tutto il mondo costa,  
 Ed in quel che, forato dalla lancia, 40  
 E poscia e prima tanto soddisfece,  
 Che d' ogni colpa vince la bilancia,  
 Quantunque alla natura umana lece  
 Aver di lume, tutto fosse infuso  
 Da quel valor che l' uno e l' altro fece :  
 E però ammiri ciò ch' io dissi suso,  
 Quando narrai che non ebbe secondo

<sup>1</sup> Ursa Major.<sup>2</sup> The two stars of the horn-

shaped Ursa Minor nearest to the Pole.

It penetrates the air when densest massed,  
 Imagine he that <sup>1</sup> chariot whose career  
 Our zenith's lap contents both night and morn,  
 Nor turning pole e'er makes it disappear;  
 Imagine he the <sup>2</sup> mouth-vent of that horn  
 Which shapes it from the axle's point on high,  
 Round which the primal motion's whirl is borne,  
 All to have formed two circlets in the sky,  
 In fashion such as <sup>3</sup> Minos' daughter twined  
 What time she felt the chill of death was nigh;  
 The rays of one by the' other's ring confined,  
 And both revolving in so marshalled way  
 That one were first to move and one behind;  
 Then he of that true constellation may  
 And of the double dance some shadow gain,  
 That round my halting-point made frolic play;  
 As far beyond our customary strain,  
 As of all heavens the foremost in the race  
 Outruns <sup>4</sup> Chiana sauntering o'er the plain.  
 Bacchus nor Pæan in their hymn had place,  
 But how Three Persons in One Godhead meet,  
 And in one substance God and man embrace.  
 The song, the round, of measure now complete,  
 Those holy lights observant turned to us,  
 While work on work their happiness made sweet.  
 The silence of the powers unanimous  
 Anon that lustre broke, who wondrous tale  
 Had told of God's own mendicant, and thus  
 Bespoke me: 'When one stalk hath felt the flail,  
 Sweet love (the seed already laid in store)  
 Calls me to thresh the next, and shall prevail.  
 Thou deemest in the breast, whose rib of yore  
 Was drawn to mould her cheek in beauty's prime,  
 Whose longing palate cost the world so sore,  
 And in that other which, for later time  
 As earlier, the atonement so fulfilled  
 When the spear gored it, that for every crime  
 It turns the scale, whatever light was willed  
 To grace man's nature by His mighty hest  
 Who madé them both, had wholly been instilled.  
 Hence at my former words thou wonderest,  
 Wherein I told thee <sup>5</sup> how that virtue knew

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the crown of Ariadne.

<sup>4</sup> A small stream of Tuscany near Arezzo.

<sup>5</sup> See c. x. 113.

Lo ben che nella quinta luce è chiuso.  
Ora apri gli occhi a quel ch' io ti rispondo,  
E vedrai il tuo credere e il mio dire 50  
Nel vero farsi come centro in tondo.  
Ciò che non muore e ciò che può morire  
Non è se non splendor di quella idea  
Che partorisce, amando, il nostro sire ;  
Che quella viva luce che sì mea  
Dal suo lucente, che non si disuna  
Da lui, nè dall' amor che in lor s' intrea,  
Per sua bontate il suo raggiare aduna,  
Quasi specchiato, in nove sussistenze,  
Eternalmente rimanendosi una. 60  
Quindi discende all' ultime potenze  
Giù d' atto in atto tanto divenendo,  
Che più non fa che brevi contingenze ;  
E queste contingenze essere intendo  
Le cose generate, che produce  
Con seme e senza seme il ciel movendo.  
La cera di costoro, e chi la duce,  
Non sta d' un modo, e però sotto il segno  
Ideale poi più e men traluce :  
Ond' egli avvien ch' un medesimo legno, 70  
Secondo spezie, meglio e peggio frutta ;  
E voi nascete con diverso ingegno.  
Se fosse appunto la cera dedutta,  
E fosse il cielo in sua virtù suprema  
La luce del suggel parrebbe tutta.  
Ma la natura la dà sempre scema,  
Similmente operando all' artista,  
Ch' ha l' abito dell' arte e man che trema,  
Però se il caldo amor la chiara vista  
Della prima virtù dispone e segna, 80  
Tutta la perfezion quivi s' acquista.  
Così fu fatta già la terra degna  
Di tutta l' animal perfezione ;  
Così fu fatta la Vergine pregna.  
Sì ch' io commendo tua opinione :  
Che l' umana natura mai non fue,  
Nè fia, qual fu in quelle due persone.  
Or, s' io non procedessi avanti più,  
Dunque come costui fu senza pare ?  
Comincerebber le parole tue. 90  
Ma, perchè paia ben quel che non pare,

No second, whom the fifth lamp doth invest.  
Now on mine answer ope thine eyes; thou 'lt view  
Thine own believing and those words of mine  
Like point of circle centre in the true.  
All creatures mortal or immortal shine  
But as the brightness that exemplar throws  
Of His love-travail born, our Sire Divine;  
For the live lustre that so constant flows  
From lucent fount, as ne'er to separate  
From Him nor from The Love who trines in those,  
Doth of mere grace His radiance concentrate  
Mirrored as 't were in nine subsistent spheres,  
Abiding One in everlasting state.  
Thence to those latest powers it downward steers  
Sinking so far, through act on act between,  
That only works contingent, brief in years,  
It makes; and I by such contingents mean  
All things that have, as moving heaven unfolds,  
From seed or seedless, generated been.  
To these nor plastic mass, nor one that moulds  
Is given alike, the' ideal impress shown  
Thence each, with more or less transparence, holds.  
And thus it happens, one same wood hath grown  
<sup>6</sup> Fruits worse and better of the kind it ought,  
And ye at birth call different gifts your own.  
Were but the wax to nice exactness wrought,  
Did heaven its highest energy command,  
The seal's full brightness should to light be brought;  
But nature gives it scant of what was planned,  
Ever, like artist at his work, no less  
Skilled of his craft, though tremulous of hand.  
If ardent love, then, model and impress  
The image clear of that first causal One,  
There is attained the sum of perfectness.  
So to primeval earth was honour done  
Of animal perfection's complement,  
So could the virgin's womb conceive a Son.  
I therefore with thy judgment am content,  
That argues, ne'er was human nature yet  
Nor shall be such as those two men present.  
Now, if my cause no farther on I set,  
The prompt rejoinder of thy words would be  
"Then how has that fifth lamp no rival met?"  
But, to explain what is not plain to see,

<sup>6</sup> See c. viii. 93.



Pensa chi era, e la cagion che il mosse,  
 Quando fu detto, Chiedi, a dimandare.  
 Non ho parlato sì, che tu non posse  
 Ben veder ch' ei fu re che chiese senno,  
 Acciocchè re sufficiente fosse ;  
 Non per saper lo numero in che enno  
 Li motor di quassù, o se *necesse*  
 Con contingente mai *necesse* fenno ;  
*Non si est dare primum motum esse,* 100  
 O se del mezzo cerchio far si puote  
 Triangol sì, ch' un retto non avesse.  
 Onde, se ciò ch' io dissi, e questo note,  
 Regal prudenza è quel vedere impari,  
 In che lo stral di mia intenzion percuote.  
 E, se al *Surse* dirizzi gli occhi chiari,  
 Vedrai aver solamente rispetto  
 Ai regi, che son molti, e i buon son rari.  
 Con questa distinzion prendi il mio detto,  
 E così puote star con quel che credi 110  
 Del primo padre e del nostro diletto.  
 E questo ti fia sempre piombo a' piedi,  
 Per farti muover lento, com' uom lasso :  
 Ed al sì ed al no, che tu non vedi :  
 Chè quegli è tra gli stolti bene abbasso,  
 Che senza distinzione afferma o niega,  
 Così nell' un come nell' altro passo ;  
 Perch' egl' incontra che più volte piega  
 L' opinion corrente in falsa parte,  
 E poi l' affetto lo intelletto lega. 120  
 Vie più che indarno da riva si parte,  
 Perchè non torna tal qual ei si muove,  
 Chi pesca per lo vero e non ha l' arte ;  
 E di ciò sono al mondo aperte pruove  
 Parmenide, Melisso, Brisso e molti  
 I quali andavano e non sapean dove.  
 Sì fe' Sabello ed Arrio, e quegli stolti  
 Che furon come spade alle scritture  
 In render torti li diritti volti,  
 Non sien le genti ancor troppo sicure 130

' Brissus, a philosopher of remote antiquity, whose method of reasoning is censured by Aristotle, *Analyt. Post.* i. 9.

\* Parmenides, the Eleatic, visited Athens in company with Zeno,

and there became acquainted with Socrates. He embodied his tenets in a didactic poem 'on Nature,' copious fragments of which have been preserved by Sextus Empiricus and Simplicius. See a learned article

Think who he was, and what his special prayer,  
 Occasioned, when 't was ordered, "Ask of me."  
 Not so I spake, but thou mayest well be ware  
 He was a *King* that asked for wisdom's aid  
 Of purpose to suffice his kingly care,  
 'T was not to know heaven's motive powers he prayed  
 By number, or if *necessary*, tied  
 Unto *contingent*, like conclusion made,  
*Nor of first motion granted or denied*,  
 Or how inscribe, without one angle right,  
 A triangle within half-circle's side;  
 Thus royal prudence is that matchless sight  
 (If what my former word and this conveys  
 Thou mark) whereon my meaning's shaft doth light.  
 And if on "rose" thou clear thine eye to gaze,  
 Thou wilt discern, it only took record  
 Of kings, that many are, and few to praise.  
 This one distinction to my speech award;  
 And so it can with thy belief comport  
 Of the first father and our much-loved Lord.  
 Let this be lead upon thy feet, in sort  
 Ever, like wearied one's, to slack thy speed  
 To *yes* and *no*, whereof thy sight falls short.  
 For he among the fools is low indeed,  
 Whoe'er without distinguishing denies  
 Or else affirms, whichever path it lead.  
 For so befals, received opinion plies  
 Full many a time to take the falser part,  
 And feeling then the captive reason ties.  
 He worse than vainly from the bank must start,  
 Returning not the same he ventured out,  
 Who fishes for the truth, nor knows his art.  
 That <sup>7</sup> Brissus showed the world too plain to doubt,  
<sup>8</sup> Parmenides, <sup>9</sup> Melissus, all the school  
 That wandered forth, nor knew their whereabouts.  
 Such was <sup>10</sup> Sabellius, Arius, each fool  
 That were as swords—while twisting they obscure  
 Straight lineaments—to maim the scripture-rule.  
 Nor be the folk too confidently sure

on him in Dr. Smith's *Dict. of Classical Biography and Mythology*.

<sup>9</sup> Melissus, of Samos, said to have been a statesman and warrior as well as a philosopher. He seems to have followed the doctrines of Parmenides, and in some respects

to have anticipated the Berkeleian notion of the non-existence of matter.

<sup>10</sup> The Arian heresy is too well known to require explanation. Sabellius denied the plurality of Divine Persons in the Godhead.

A giudicar, sì come quei che stima  
 Le biade in campo pria che sien mature ;  
 Ch' io ho veduto tutto il verno prima  
 Il prun mostrarsi rigido e feroce,  
 Poscia portar la rosa in su la cima ;  
 E legno vidi già dritto e veloce  
 Correr lo mar per tutto suo cammino,  
 Perire al fine all' entrar della foce.  
 Non creda donna Berta e ser Martino  
 Per vedere un furare, altro offerere,  
 Vedergli dentro al consiglio divino;  
 Che quel può surgere, e quel può cadere.

140

## CANTO XIV.

*Beatrice move dubbio teologico che le viene spiegato da uno de' splendori di questo cielo ; ascende poscia col Poeta al cielo di Marte, ove stanno in perpetuo gaudio i campioni della fede.*

DAL centro al cerchio, e sì dal cerchio al centro,  
 Muovesi l' acqua in un ritondo vaso,  
 Secondo ch' è percossa fuori o dentro.  
 Nella mia mente fe' subito caso  
 Questo ch' io dico, sì come si tacque  
 La gloriosa vita di Tommaso,  
 Per la similitudine che nacque  
 Del suo parlare e di quel di Beatrice,  
 A cui sì cominciar dopo lui piacque :  
 A costui fa mestieri, e nol vi dice  
 Nè con la voce nè pensando ancora,  
 D' un altro vero andare alla radice.  
 Ditegli se la luce, onde s' infiora  
 Vostra sustanzia, rimarrà con voi  
 Eternalmente sì com' ella è ora ;  
 E, se rimane, dite come, poi  
 Che sarete visibili rifatti,  
 Esser potrà ch' al veder non vi noi.  
 Come da più letizia pinti e tratti  
 Alla fiata quei che vanno a ruota,  
 Levan la voce, e rallegrano gli atti ;  
 Così all' orazion pronta e devota  
 Li santi cerchi mostrar nuova gioia

10

20

To judge, like one afield, who dares presume  
 The blade to value ere the crop mature ;  
 For I have seen the savage briar to gloom  
 With knitted brows on early winter's frost,  
 Yet crown them later with the rose's bloom ;  
 And I have seen the bark that swiftly crossed  
 The sea through all her voyage with steady keel,  
 Founder at length, in the' harbour's entry lost.  
 Nor, seeing one to offer, one to steal,  
 Let goody Bertha, goodman Martin think  
 The secret of God's counsel they unseal,  
 For this may rise again, while that may sink.'

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CANTO XIV.

ARGUMENT.—*Thomas Aquinas, at the request of Beatrice, clears up other questions for Dante. Ascent to the Fifth Heaven in the Planet Mars. Starry Vision of the Crucifix.*

CENTRE to rim the water undulates,  
 Or rim to centre, in a rounded vase,  
 As blow dealt outside or within creates  
 An impulse. This I tell of, at the pause  
 When 'Thomas' glorious soul his word suspended,  
 Fell suddenly upon my mind, by cause  
 Of parallel resemblance born and blended  
 From him and Beatrice communing each,  
 Who gracious thus began where he had ended :  
 'Much it concerns my neighbour, though nor speech  
 Of his, nor even thought the need avow  
 To you, the root of other truth to reach.  
 Acquaint him, if the light which doth endow  
 Your substance with such flowery bloom remain  
 Eternally your ornament as now.  
 And if it so remaineth, then explain  
 How it can give your eyesight no annoy  
 When visible completeness ye regain.'  
 As roundel-dancers their intenser joy,  
 Impelled and drawn at intervals, declare  
 In louder tone, and merrier bound employ,  
 So at the prompt and reverential prayer  
 Those holy circles did new rapture tell

Nel torncare e nella mira nota.  
 Qual si lamenta perchè quì si muoia,  
 Per viver colassù, non vide quive  
 Lo refrigerio dell' eterna ploia.  
 Quell' uno e due e tre che sempre vive,  
 E regna sempre in tre e due e uno,  
 Non circoscritto, e tutto circonscrive, 30  
 Tre volte era cantato da ciascuno  
 Di quegli spirti con tal melodìa,  
 Ch' ad ogni merto saria giusto muno.  
 Ed io udi' nella luce più dia  
 Del minor cerchio una voce modesta ;  
 Forse qual fu dell' Angelo a Maria,  
 Risponder : Quanto fia lunga la festa  
 Di Paradiso, tanto il nostro amore  
 Si raggerà dintorno cotal vesta.  
 La sua chiarezza seguita l' ardore, 40  
 L' ardor la visione, e quella è tanta,  
 Quanta ha di grazia sovra suo valore.  
 Come la carne gloriosa e santa  
 Fia rivestita, la nostra persona  
 Più grata fia per esser tutta quanta.  
 Perchè s' accrescerà ciò che ne dona  
 Di gratuito lume il sommo bene ;  
 Lume ch' a lui veder ne condiziona ;  
 Onde la vision crescer conviene,  
 Crescer l' ardor che di quella s' accende, 50  
 Crescer lo raggio che da esso viene.  
 Ma sì come carbon che fiamma rende,  
 E per vivo candor quella soverchia  
 Sì, che la sua parvenza si difende,  
 Così questo fulgor, che già ne cerchia,  
 Fia vinto in apparenza dalla carne  
 Che tutto dì la terra ricoperchia ;  
 Nè potrà tanta luce affaticarne,  
 Che gli organi del corpo saran forti  
 A tutto ciò che potrà dilettarne. 60  
 Tanto mi parver subiti ed accorti  
 E l' uno e l' altro coro a dicer amme,  
 Che ben mostrar disio de' corpi morti ;  
 Forse non pur per lor, ma per le mamme,  
 Per li padri, e per gli altri che fur cari,  
 Anzi che fosser sempiterne fiamme.  
 Ed ecco in torno di chiarezza pari

<sup>1</sup> Compare *Inf.* c. vi. 106.

Both in their tourney and their wondrous air.  
The coolness of eternal dew that fell  
He marks not, who lamenteth him to sever  
From mortal life, in life above to dwell.  
To Him—One, Two, and Three—that lives for ever,  
And ever reigns in Three, and Two, and One,  
All-comprehending, comprehended never,  
Had each of those bright spirits honour done  
In triple song, with melody so sweet,  
For highest merit 't were fit guerdon won;  
And in the lesser roundlet's lamp replete  
With purest light, a lowly voice I hear,  
Such, haply, as the angel's was to greet  
Mary, that answered: 'While the festal cheer  
Of Paradise endures, our love shall lend  
Radiance to make us in such garb appear.  
Its brightness on our ardour doth depend,  
Our ardour on the vision; that no less  
On how far grace its native force transcend.  
Soon as our flesh glorious in holiness  
Shall clothe again, our person higher grace,  
As found in full perfection, shall possess;  
Then shall the boon we treasure wax apace  
Of light free granted by the Good Supreme,  
Light which enableth us to see His face!  
Whence must the vision grow from gleam to gleam,  
Grow must the ardour kindled at it, grow  
Must every ray that ardour gives to beam.  
But like to coal that in its live white glow  
The flame it makes o'erpowering, thus provides  
Its native aspect from within to show,  
So shall our lustre, ambient now that glides,  
Pale vanquished, at the flesh restored to sight,  
Which all day long the earth entombing hides.  
Nor shall we weary of a blaze too bright,  
For our corporeal organs shall be strong  
To bear whate'er can minister delight.'  
Methought, so sudden and alert the throng  
To say Amen from both surrounding choirs,  
For their dead bodies much they seemed to long;  
Haply, not for themselves alone, but sires  
And mothers, and who else were once endeared,  
Or e'er they sparkled everlasting fires.  
And lo! around a dawning gleam appeared

Nascere un lustro sopra quel che v' era,  
 A guisa d' orizzonte che rischiari.  
 E sì come al salir di prima sera 70  
 Comincian per lo ciel nuove parvenze,  
 Sì che la vista pare e non par vera;  
 Parvemi lì novelle sussistenze  
 Cominciare a vedere, e fare un giro  
 Di fuor dall' altre due circonferenze.  
 O vero sfavillar del santo spiro,  
 Come si fece subito e candente  
 Agli occhi miei che vinti nol soffriro!  
 Ma Beatrice sì bella e ridente  
 Mi si mostrò, che tra l' altre vedute 80  
 Si vuol lasciar che non seguir la mente.  
 Quindi ripreser gli occhi miei virtute  
 A rilevarsi, e vidimi translato  
 Sol con mia Donna a più alta salute.  
 Ben m' accors' io ch' i' era più levato,  
 Per l' affocato riso della stella,  
 Che mi pareva più raggio che l' usato.  
 Con tutto il cuore, e con quella favella  
 Ch' è una in tutti, a Dio feci olocausto, 90  
 Qual conveniasi alla grazia novella;  
 E non er' anco del mio petto esausto  
 L' ardor del sacrificio, ch' io conobbi  
 Ezzo litare stato accetto e fausto;  
 Che con tanto lucore e tanto robbi  
 M' apparvero splendor dentro a' duo raggi  
 Ch' io dissi: O Elios che sì gli adobbi!  
 Come distinta da minori e maggi  
 Lumi biancheggia tra i poli del mondo  
 Galassia sì, che fa dubbiar ben saggi,  
 Sì costellati facean nel profondo 100  
 Marte quei raggi il venerabil segno,  
 Che fan giunture di quadranti in tondo.  
 Quì vince la memoria mia lo ingegno;  
 Chè in quella croce lampeggiava CRISTO,  
 Sì ch' io non so trovare esempio degno.  
 Ma chi prende sua croce e segue CRISTO,  
 Ancor mi scuserà di quel ch' io lasso,  
 Vedendo in quell' albor balenar CRISTO.  
 Di corno in corno, e tra la cima e il basso,  
 Si movean lumi, scintillando forte 110

Of equal brightness o'er the first to rise ;  
In fashion like horizon newly cleared.  
And as, when early twilight climbs the skies,  
To stud them o'er come visual shapes anew  
That real or unreal mock our eyes,  
So seemed new substances to meet my view  
There dawning, and their outside orbit lead  
Circumferent beyond those other two.  
O sparkle of the Holy Ghost indeed !  
Upon my dazzled shrinking eyes how glowed  
The' insufferable flash in lightning speed !  
But Beatrice her smiling beauty showed  
To me so fair—her look I fain must leave  
Mid other sights in memory unbestowed.  
Thence power to lift them did mine eyes retrieve,  
And with my lady-love myself alone  
To higher bliss translated I perceive.  
Full well I knew my flight was upward flown  
By smile fire-flashing of <sup>2</sup> the star, whose blaze  
Had to mine eyes unwonted redness shown.  
With my whole heart, and with that voice of praise  
Alike in all, I to my God addressed  
Such holocaust as this new grace might raise ;  
Nor yet had spent them in my kindled breast  
The sacrificial fires, or e'er I found  
This offering with full acceptance blest ;  
So, ruby red effulgence flaming round,  
Came spangles out along two radiant lines ;  
' These in Thy garniture,' I said, ' are crowned,  
Most High ! ' From pole to pole as whitening shines  
The milky-way o'er heaven, so flecked with stars  
From less to larger, as to doubt inclines  
The wise, like-clustered in the deep of Mars  
Those rays <sup>2</sup> the sacred symbol's form designed,  
Which quartered circle makes, where meet the bars.  
Here memory vanquishes my power of mind ;  
For on that cross the blazing lamp was CHRIST ;  
Nor know I worthy likeness where to find,  
But whoso takes his cross to follow CHRIST  
Will yet forgive me, that I leave to trace,  
When he beholds from that tree lightening CHRIST.  
From horn to horn, from summit down to base  
Shot lustres glancing sparks in wondrous sort,



Nel congiungersi insieme e nel trapasso.  
 Così si veggion quì diritte e torte,  
 Veloci e tarde, rinnovando vista,  
 Le minuzie de' corpi, lunghe e corte,  
 Muoversi per lo raggio, onde si lista  
 Tal volta l' ombra che per sua difesa  
 La gente con ingegno ed arte acquista.  
 E come giga ed arpa, in tempra tesa  
 Di molte corde, fan dolce tintinno  
 A tal da cui la nota non è intesa, 120  
 Così da' lumi che lì m' apparinno  
 S' accogliea per la croce una melode,  
 Che mi rapiva senza intender l' inno.  
 Ben m' accors' io ch' ell' era d' alte lode,  
 Perocchè a me venia: *Risurgi e vince*,  
 Com' a colui che non intende e ode.  
 Io m' innamorava tanto quinci,  
 Che in fino a lì non fu alcuna cosa  
 Che mi legasse con sì dolci vinci.  
 Forse la mia parola par tropp' osa, 130  
 Posponendo il piacer degli occhi belli,  
 Ne' quai mirando mio disio ha posa.  
 Ma chi s' avvede che i vivi suggelli  
 D' ogni bellezza più fanno più suso,  
 E ch' io non m' era li rivolto a quelli,  
 Escusar puommi di quel ch' io m' accuso  
 Per iscusarmi, e vedermi dir vero:  
 Chè il piacer santo non è qui dischiuso,  
 Perchè si fa, montando, più sincero.

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### CANTO XV.

*Messer Cacciaguida trisavolo di Dante ragiona dello stato e costumi di Firenze, della genealogia di sua famiglia, e racconta come seguendo Currado, morì per la fede combattendo contro i Turchi.*

BENIGNA voluntade, in cui si liqua  
 Sempre l' amor che drittamente spira,  
 Come cupidità fa nell' iniqua,  
 Silenzio pose a quella dolce lira,  
 E fece quietar le sante corde,  
 Che la destra del cielo allenta e tira.  
 Come saranno a' giusti prieghi sorde

Or in conjunction, or exchanging place.  
 So here on earth are seen direct, distort,  
 Rapid, or slow, yet ever fresh displayed  
 Minute corpuscles moving, long or short,  
 Along the ray that often for the shade  
 Frames a bright edging, where a screen to shield,  
 By native wit or skill, mankind have made.  
 And as the many strings sweet tinkling yield  
 Of harp or viol, in accordance strung,  
 For one to whom the music-notes are sealed,  
 So through the cross was gathered up and flung  
 From those appearing lights a melody  
 That wrapt my sense, unknowing what they sung.  
 Well might I deem it of high laud to be,  
 When 'Rise and conquer' to mine ear was brought.  
 As one that hears, yet understands not he.  
 Here so entranced lay mine enamoured thought,  
 Unto that moment heaven did nought unfold  
 That in so sweet enthrallment held me caught.  
 My language here might seem perhaps too bold,  
 Setting my joy from those fair eyes aside,  
 Which aye content my longing to behold;  
 But he who notes the living seals provide  
 In higher sphere more beauty to dispense,  
 And how to them I was not re-applied,  
 May both excuse my self-accused offence,  
 That pleads excuse, and see true words are mine,  
 How that pure joy lacks here its evidence,  
 Because it, mounting, holier doth refine.

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### CANTO XV.

*ARGUMENT.—The Poet's Interview with his ancestor Cacciaguida.  
 Contrast of Ancient and Modern Florence.*

THE kindly will whereby that love presents  
 Itself, which doth uprighteously inspire,  
 As lawless longing by malevolence,  
 Had calmed to silence that melodious lyre,  
 And won the saintly strings to hush those airs  
 Of heaven, whose right-hand damps or wakes the wire.  
 How shall those substances to righteous prayers

Quelle sustanzie che, per darmi voglia  
 Ch' io le pregassi, a tacer fur concorde ?  
 Ben è che senza termine si doglia 10  
 Chi, per amor di cosa che non duri  
 Eternalmente, quell' amor si spoglia.  
 Quale per li seren tranquilli e puri  
 Discorre ad ora ad or subito fuoco,  
 Movendo gli occhi che stavan sicuri,  
 E pare stella che tramuti loco,  
 Se non che dalla parte onde s' accende  
 Nulla sen perde, ed esso dura poco,  
 Tale, dal corno che in destro si stende,  
 Al piè di quella croce corse un astro 20  
 Della costellazion che lì risplende ;  
 Nè si partì la gemma dal suo nastro,  
 Ma per la lista radial trascorse,  
 Che parve fuoco dietro ad alabastro.  
 Sì pia l' ombra d' Anchise si porse,  
 Se fede merta nostra maggior musa,  
 Quando in Elisio del figliuol s' accorse.  
*O sanguis meus, o super infusa*  
*Gratia Dei, sicut tibi, cui*  
*Bis unquam cœli janua reclusa ?* 30  
 Così quel lume ; ond' io m' attesi a lui,  
 Poscia rivolsi alla mia Donna il viso,  
 E quinci e quindi stupefatto fui ;  
 Chè dentro agli occhi suoi ardeva un riso  
 Tal ch' io pensai co' miei toccar lo fondo  
 Della mia grazia e del mio paradiso.  
 Indi, a udire e a veder giocondo,  
 Giunse lo spirto al suo principio cose  
 Ch' io non intesi, sì parlò profondo :  
 Nè per elezion mi si nascose, 40  
 Ma per necessità, che il suo concetto  
 Al segno de' mortai si soprappose.  
 E quando l' arco dell' ardente affetto  
 Fu sì sfocato, che il parlar discese  
 Inver lo segno del nostro intelletto ;  
 La prima cosa che per me s' intese,  
 Benedetto sie tu, fu, trino ed uno,  
 Che nel mio seme se' tanto cortese.  
 E seguitò : Grato e lontan digiuno,  
 Tratto leggendo nel maggior volume 50  
 U' non si muta mai bianco nè bruno,

Be deaf, that, to excite my willing heart  
 To ask them, made concordant silence theirs?  
 'Tis good that he without remission smart,  
 Whoe'er, for love of what may not endure  
 Eternally, from such love brooks to part.  
 As through the deep of ether calm and pure  
 From time to time a sudden fire shoots fast,  
 Startling the eyes of lookers-on secure,  
 And seems a star that changing place hath passed,  
 Save that the quarter whence it kindles light  
 Suffers no loss, nor hath it long to last;  
 Such from that horn extending on the right  
 Down to the cross's foot a single sheen  
 Flew off the cluster glittering there so bright;  
 Nor had the gem and riband parted been,  
 But glancing through the beamy stripe it played  
 Like flame that is through alabaster seen.  
 With love so genial rushed <sup>1</sup> Anchises' shade,  
 If credence to our noblest muse be due,  
 To greet his son across the' Elysian glade.  
*O thou, my blood! O grace that doth imbue  
 From God above! who ever matched thy praise,  
 That heaven twice opes her gate to let thee through?*  
 So spake the lustre, that I fixed my gaze  
 On him; thence on my lady turned it round,  
 And 'tween them both stood smitten with amaze;  
 For sparkling in her eyes a smile I found  
 So glad, I seemed with mine the deepest reach  
 Of mine own grace and paradise to sound.  
 The spirit then, to sight and hearing each  
 Delightsome, with his prelude things combined  
 I understood not, so profound his speech;  
 Nor yet of choice mysterious to my mind,  
 But of necessity—so far his thought  
 Transcending foiled the mark of humankind.  
 And when the bow with ardent longing fraught  
 So cooled, the language lower style pursued,  
 Within the scope of our conception brought,  
 The utterance by me first understood  
 Was: 'Three in One! be Thou for ever blest,  
 Who to my seed so gracious art of mood.'  
 Then followed: 'Son, a sweet and long-felt quest  
 Of hunger drawn from that great volume's lore  
 With white or black unchangeably impressed,

<sup>1</sup> Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 684.

Soluto hai, figlio, dentro a questo lume  
 In ch' io ti parlo, mercè di colei  
 Ch' all' alto volo ti vestì le piume.  
 Tu credi che a me tuo pensier mei  
 Da quel ch' è primo, così come raia  
 Dell' un, se si conosce, il cinque e il sei.  
 E però ch' io mi sia, o perch' io paia  
 Più gaudioso a te, non mi dimandi,  
 Che alcun altro in questa turba gaia. 60  
 Tu credi il vero, che i minori e i grandi  
 Di questa vita miran nello specchio,  
 In che, prima che pensi, il pensier pandi.  
 Ma perchè il sacro amore, in che io veglio  
 Con perpetua vista, e che m' asseta  
 Di dolce disiar, s' adempia meglio,  
 La voce tua sicura, balda e lieta  
 Suoni la volontà, suoni il desio,  
 A che la mia risposta è già decreta.  
 I' mi volsi a Beatrice, e quella udio 70  
 Pria ch' io parlassi, ed arrisemi un cenno  
 Che fece crescer l' ale al voler mio ;  
 Poi cominciai così : L' affetto e il senno,  
 Come la prima egualità v' apparse,  
 D' un peso per ciascun di voi si fenno ;  
 Perocchè al sol, che v' allumò ed arse  
 Col caldo e con la luce, en sì iguali,  
 Che tutte simiglianze sono scarse.  
 Ma voglia ad argomento ne' mortali,  
 Per la cagion ch' a voi è manifesta, 80  
 Diversamente son pennuti in ali.  
 Ond' io che son mortal, mi sento in questa  
 Disagguaglianza, e però non ringrazio  
 Se non col cuore alla paterna festa.  
 Ben supplico io a te, vivo topazio,  
 Che questa gioia preziosa ingemmi,  
 Perchè mi facci del tuo nome sazio.  
 O fronda mia, in che io compiacemmi  
 Pure aspettando, io fui la tua radice :  
 Cotal principio, rispondendo, femmi. 90  
 Poscia mi disse : Quel, da cui si dice  
 Tua cognazione, e che cent' anni e piùe

\* Beatrice.

† Since Dante does not recognise his great-grandfather Alighieri, in that lowest circle of Purgatory

where the Proud do penance, Lombardi suggests as the reason, that he reserved his fine iuvenile against Florence for Cacciaguida

Hast thou extinguished in this lustre's core  
 Wherein I parley ; thanks to <sup>2</sup> her good speed  
 Who impeded thy wings their lofty flight to soar.  
 Thou deemest, I thine issuing thought can read  
 From Him, that primal, as, like darting beam,  
 From some known unit five and six proceed.  
 And therefore who I am, and why I seem  
 More blithe on thee—thou makest no demand,—  
 Than any else of that gay crowd to gleam.  
 True thy belief ; for in this living land  
 Both small and great behold the glass above  
 In which thy thinkings, ere thou think, expand ;  
 But, better to fulfil the sacred love  
 Whereon mine eyes perpetual vigil hold,  
 And to a thirst of sweet desirings move  
 My heart, let thine own voice, assured and bold  
 And cheerful, word the will—the craving word—  
 To which mine answer is ordained of old.'  
 I turned me round to Beatrice ; she heard  
 Before I spake, and smiling signal threw,  
 At which with growing wings mine impulse stirred,  
 And thus began I : ' Sense and feeling too,  
 Since He, first equipoise, His visage bared,  
 Have made them of one weight in each of you ;  
 For in the sun, whose warmth and light ye shared  
 To light and kindle, these so equal spring,  
 That all resemblance fails of things compared.  
 But in poor mortals will and reasoning,  
 For that same cause to you already plain,  
 Are fledged with plumage of unequal wing ;  
 Whence I, that mortal am, and feel the chain  
 Of this disparity, no thanks repay,  
 Save heart-felt, to the blithe paternal strain.  
 Yet suppliant I to thee, live topaz, pray,  
 Within this costly jewel set to shine,  
 That thou my thirst to know thy name allay.'  
 ' O mine own leaf, whom barely to divine  
 Expectant I was glad, in me retrace  
 Thy root !' Such prologue made he, answering mine ;  
 Then added : <sup>3</sup> He from whom thy lineal race  
 Is named, who more than hundred years hath worn

here. And I think it may be  
 generally remarked, that the out-  
 bursts of virtuous indignation at  
 the corruptions of the times pro-

ceed from speakers in Paradise.  
 See C. viii. 145, ix. 126, xi. 124,  
 xii. 112, xix. 115, xxi. 130, xxvii.  
 22.

Girato ha il monte in la prima cornice,  
Mio figlio fu, e tuo bisavo fue :

Ben si convien che la lunga fatica

Tu gli raccorci con l' opere tue.

Fiorenza, dentro dalla cerchia antica,

Ond' ella toglie ancora e terza e nona,

Si stava in pace, sobria e pudica.

Non avea catenella, non corona,

100

Non donne contigiate, non cintura

Che fosse a veder più che la persona.

Non faceva, nascendo, ancor paura

La figlia al padre, chè il tempo e la dote

Non fuggian quinci e quindi la misura.

Non avea case di famiglia vote ;

Non v' era giunto ancor Sardanapalo

A mostrar ciò che in camera si puote,

Non era vinto ancora Montemalo

Dal vostro Uccellatoio, che' com' è vinto

110

Nel montar su, così sarà nel calo.

Bellincion Berti vid' io andar cinto

Di cuoio e d' osso, e venir dallo specchio

La donna sua senza il viso dipinto ;

E vidi quel de' Nerli e quel del Vecchio

Esser contenti alla pelle scoperta,

E le sue donne al fuso ed al penneccchio.

O fortunate ! e ciascuna era certa

Della sua sepoltura, ed ancor nulla

Era per Francia nel letto deserta.

120

L' una vegghiava a studio della culla,

E consolando usava l' idioma

Che pria li padri e le madri trastulla ;

L' altra traendo alla rocca la chioma,

Favoleggiava con la sua famiglia

De' Troiani, e di Fiesole, e di Roma.

Saria tenuta allor tal maraviglia,

Una Cianghella, un Lapo Salterello,

<sup>4</sup> For the extent and direction of the ancient walls of Florence, see Villani, B. iii. 3; and for the enclosures made by the second wall, built A.D. 1078, see B. iv. 7. On the second wall was a tower called Badia, from which a bell sounded the hours of *terce* and *none*, a signal to the workmen of the place. The third enlargement was begun A.D. 1284.—Villani, B.

vii. 98.

<sup>5</sup> Sardanapalus, the Assyrian, personifies here the extreme of dissolute effeminacy.

<sup>6</sup> Montemalo (or Montemario) is on the road from Viterbo to Rome, and thence the edifices of the Eternal City were first descried by the traveller. In the same manner on the road from Bologna to Florence the buildings were

Rounding the first ledge o'er the mountain's base,  
 To thee great-grandsire was, my son was born ;  
 And well 't were fitting thy good works should haste  
 The shortening of his weary way forlorn.  
 Florence, with <sup>4</sup> that old girdle round her waist  
 Whence yet she counts the hours of *terce* and *none*,  
 In peace maintained her, temperate and chaste ;  
 Nor broidered chain-work had nor crownlet shown,  
 Nor gaily-buskined dames, nor belt with power  
 Of beauty to eclipse the wearer's own.  
 Not yet the daughter in her natal hour  
 Alarmed the father's heart, lest both outgo  
 Their proper bound—the wedding-day and dower ;  
 Nor houses void of households did she know,  
 Nor came <sup>5</sup> Sardanapalus yet, her son,  
 His master-craft of chambering to show ;  
 Nor had your <sup>6</sup> Fowling-hill the victory won  
 O'er Montemalo yet, whose vanquished mass  
 Shall, as in rising, be in fall outdone.  
 I've seen <sup>7</sup> Bellincione Berti pass,  
 His leathern coat bone-clasped—his lady come  
 With face unpainted from her looking-glass.  
 Of <sup>8</sup> Nerlis have I seen and Vecchios some  
 Go well content with plain ungarnished hide ;  
 Their wives with rock and spindle and the thrum.  
 O happy these ! and each, whene'er she died,  
 Sure of her burial-rites, nor any yet  
 For <sup>9</sup> France deserted, o'er her bride-bed sighed.  
 A watcher one to tend the cradle set  
 Would soothe her baby by the prattling style,  
 First charm by father's laugh and mother's met ;  
 Another, drawing off the distaff's pile  
 Among her maidens, old-world tales would tell  
 Of Trojans, <sup>10</sup> Fæsulæ, and Rome the while.  
 Then had been held as strange a miracle  
 As now Cornelia, Cincinnatus were,

first visible from the Uccellatoio ;  
 and the poet insinuates that they  
 surpassed the Roman edifices in  
 size and splendour.

<sup>7</sup> Of the ancient house of the  
 Ravignani, and father of the beau-  
 tiful Gualdrada, whose modest  
 reply to her own father is said to  
 have won the applause of the  
 Emperor Otho (III.?). See *Inf.*  
 C. xvi. n.

<sup>5</sup> Families once illustrious in  
 Florence.

<sup>6</sup> Dante satirises the thirst of  
 gain which hurried the Florentine  
 merchants into other countries.  
 The allusion in the preceding line  
 is to the frequent expulsion of  
 citizens, as either faction prevailed.

<sup>10</sup> Florence was first founded on  
 the destruction of the ancient  
 Fæsula in that neighbourhood.



Qual or saria Cincinnato e Corniglia.  
 A così riposato, a così bello 130  
 Viver di cittadini, a così fida  
 Cittadinanza, a così dolce ostello,  
 Maria mi die', chiamata in alte grida,  
 E nell' antico vostro Batisteo  
 Insieme fui cristiano e Cacciaguida.  
 Moronto fu mio frate ed Eliseo ;  
 Mia donna venne a me di val di Pado,  
 E quindi il soprannome tuo si feo.  
 Poi seguitai lo imperador Currado,  
 Ed ei mi cinse della sua milizia, 140  
 Tanto per bene oprar gli venni in grado.  
 Dietro gli andai incontro alla nequizia  
 Di quella legge, il cui popolo usurpa,  
 Per colpa del pastor, vostra giustizia.  
 Quivi fu' io da quella gente turpa  
 Disviluppato dal mondo fallace,  
 Il cui amor molte anime deturpa,  
 E venni dal martirio a questa pace.

---

## CANTO XVI.

*Prosegue Cacciaguida a parlare de' suoi antenati e del tempo in che nacque. Narra il viver felice di Firenze antica, pria che amplificasse sue mura e sua popolazione. Menziona le principali famiglie della città, lor viej e virtù.*

O POCA nostra nobiltà di sangue,  
 Se gloriar di te la gente fai  
 Quaggiù, dove l' affetto nostro langue,  
 Mirabil cosa non mi sarà mai,  
 Che là, dove appetito non si torce,  
 Dico nel cielo, io me ne gloriai.  
 Ben se' tu manto che tosto raccorce,  
 Sì che, se non s' appon di die in die,  
 Lo tempo va dintorno con le force.  
 Dal voi, che prima Roma sofferie, 10

<sup>11</sup> Cianghella was a widow of the noble house of Tosa ; Lapo Salterello, a lawyer, and personal enemy of Dante.

<sup>12</sup> San Giovanni, close to the Cathedral in Florence.

<sup>13</sup> According to Boccaccio, from Ferrara.

A lewd <sup>11</sup> Cianghella, slanderous Salterell.  
 To life so tranquil-ordered and so fair  
 Of citizens, to so assured a tie  
 Of civil union, to so sweet repair,  
 Did Mary give me, called in travail-cry,  
 And I at once took Cacciaguida's name  
 And Christian's in your ancient <sup>12</sup> baptistry.  
 Moronto, Elisèò, were mine to claim  
 For brothers; <sup>13</sup> from the vale of Po my wife,  
 And thine own surname with her duly came.  
 Then served I Emperor <sup>14</sup> Conrad in the strife  
 Of arms, who girt me with his knighthood's guise,  
 So high my favour grew by virtuous life;  
 With him I went to scourge the blasphemies  
 Of that false law, whose tribes usurping throng  
 Your right, by sluggard pastors' fault their prize;  
 There disentangled, that foul herd among,  
 From the deceitful world I found release,  
 Whose love pollutes full many a soul with wrong,  
 And rose from martyrdom to heavenly peace.'

---

 CANTO XVI.

ARGUMENT.—*Cacciaguida recounts to Dante the Time and Place of his Birth, the amount and character of the Population then contained in Florence, and the Names of Families then flourishing but since decayed.*

O NOBLENESSE of heart, so scanty ours !  
 If here on earth below thou make mankind  
 Feel pride in thee, where languor o'erpowers  
 Our love, no cause of marvel I shall find,  
 Since there, where appetite is not distort,  
 I mean in heaven, I felt such pride of mind.  
 Thou art, indeed, a mantle soon worn short;  
 If day by day the stuff be not renewed,  
 Time round thee plies the shears in clipping sport.  
 The <sup>1</sup> *you*, by Rome first suffered to intrude,

<sup>14</sup> Conrad III. of the house of Hohenstaufen, A.D. 1138. To fall in battle with the Turks was accounted a martyr's fate.

<sup>1</sup> The plural, it seems, was first

adopted in Rome as a mode of ceremonious address, but fell into disuse there. Dante himself is specially observant of it. See *Inf.* C. xv. 30, 80.

In che la sua famiglia men persevera,  
 Ricominciaron le parole mie.  
 Onde Beatrice, ch' era un poco scevra,  
 Ridendo, parve quella che tossio  
 Al primo fallo scritto di Ginevra.  
 Io cominciai: Voi siete il padre mio,  
 Voi mi date a parlar tutta baldezza,  
 Voi mi levate sì, ch' i' son più ch' io.  
 Per tanti rivi s' empie d' allegrezza  
 La mente mia, che di sè fa letizia 20  
 Perchè può sostener che non si spezza.  
 Ditemi dunque, cara mia primizia,  
 Quai furo i vostri antichi, e quai fur gli anni  
 Che si segnaro in vostra puerizia.  
 Ditemi dell' ovil di San Giovanni  
 Quant' era allora, e chi eran le genti  
 Tra esso degne di più alti scanni.  
 Come s' avviva allo spirar de' venti  
 Carbone in fiamma, così vidi quella  
 Luce risplendere a' miei blandimenti: 30  
 E come agli occhi miei si fe' più bella,  
 Così con voce più dolce e soave,  
 Ma non con questa moderna favella,  
 Disse mi: Da quel dì che fu detto, Ave,  
 Al parto in che mia madre, ch' è or santa,  
 S' alleviò di me, ond' era grave,  
 Al suo Leon cinquecento cinquanta  
 E tre fiate venne questo fuoco  
 A rinfiammarsi sotto la sua pianta.  
 Gli antichi miei ed io nacqui nel loco 40  
 Dove si trova pria l' ultimo sesto  
 Da quel che corre il vostro annual giuoco.  
 Basti de' miei maggiori udirne questo,  
 Chi ei si furo, ed onde venner quivi,  
 Più è' tacer, che ragionare, onesto.  
 Tutti color ch' a quel tempo eran ivi  
 Da poter arme, tra Marte e il Batista,  
 Erano' il quinto di quei che son vivi.  
 Ma la cittadinanza, ch' è or mista

<sup>2</sup> The romance of the Round Table related how Queen Ginevra's lady in waiting coughed derisively on seeing Lancelot du Lac kiss her royal mistress.

<sup>3</sup> The salutation of Gabriel to

Mary.

<sup>4</sup> Lombardi, Viviani, Biagioli and others read *trenta* here for *tre*, which the Academy Della Crusca preferred, I think, rightly. It is improbable that Dante would use

But which her family were quick to doff,  
 My words again commencing made prelude ;  
 Whence Beatrice, who stood a little off,  
 Smiled with <sup>2</sup>her smile who noted that first sin  
 Recorded of Ginevra with a cough.  
 ' You are my father,' thus did I begin ;  
 ' You give me fullest hardihood of speech ;  
 You lift myself beyond myself to win.  
 Through streams so many joyance pours to reach  
 My full-fraught mind, she coins herself to mirth  
 To bear the' abundance and avoid a breach ;  
 Then tell to me, dear fountain of my birth,  
 Who were your ancestors ? What years had gone  
 To mark them, at your infancy, on earth ?  
 Tell me how large the sheep-fold of St. John  
 Then spread, and which the home-bred families  
 Worthy its highest bench to rule thereon.'  
 As, kindled at the breathings of the breeze,  
 A coal revives in flame, so I discerned  
 That lamp to sparkle at my winning pleas ;  
 And as more beauteous to my mind it burned,  
 In tone more gentle and more softly sweet  
 It told—but not in language we have learned—  
 ' From that same day when <sup>3</sup>Ave came to greet,  
 To when my mother, now a sainted soul,  
 Pregnant of me relieved her, to the feet  
 Of his own lion did this starry coal  
 Five hundred fifty and <sup>4</sup>three times retrace  
 His way with flames, rekindled thence to roll.  
 My father's birth and mine was in the place  
 Where <sup>5</sup>the last sextern first to meet is his  
 Who runs the winner in your annual race ;  
 Enough to hear of my forefathers this ;  
 But who they were, or where before had been,  
 To hold one's peace, than talk of, seemlier is.  
 All that in those days under arms between  
<sup>6</sup>Mars and the Baptist mustered, man for man,  
 Were but the fifth of these now living seen ;  
 But all her commons, ere the' alloy began,

*trenta* after *cinquanta* ; and *fiate*  
 in his verses is usually a trisyl-  
 lable. See C. xxxiii. 17. Mars  
 revolves in 687 days.

<sup>5</sup> Florence was anciently divided  
 into *sestieri*, as at a later period

into *quarters*. This was near St.  
 Peter's Gate.

<sup>6</sup> The statue of Mars on the Old  
 Bridge, and the Baptistery, were  
 the two entrance points of ancient  
 Florence.

Di Campi e di Certaldo e di Figghine, 50  
 Pura vedeasi nell' ultimo artista.  
 O quanto fora meglio esser vicine  
 Quelle genti ch' io dico, ed al Galluzzo,  
 Ed ad Trespiano aver vostro confine,  
 Che averle dentro, e sostener lo puzzo  
 Del villan d' Aguglion, di quel da Signa,  
 Che già per barattare ha l' occhio aguzzo !  
 Se la gente, ch' al mondo più traligna,  
 Non fosse stata a Cesare noverca,  
 Ma, come madre a suo figliuol, benigna, 60  
 Tal fatto è Fiorentino, e cambia e merca,  
 Che si sarebbe volto a Simifonti,  
 Là dove andava l' avolo alla cerca.  
 Sariesi Montemurlo ancor de' Conti ;  
 Sariensi i Cerchi nel pivier d' Acone,  
 E forse in Valdigueve i Buondelmonti.  
 Sempre la confusion delle persone  
 Principio fu del mal della cittade,  
 Come del corpo il cibo che s' appone.  
 E cieco toro più avaccio cade 70  
 Che cieco agnello, e molte volte taglia  
 Più e meglio una che le cinque spade.  
 Se tu riguardi Luni ed Urbisaglia  
 Come son ite, e come se ne vanno  
 Diretro ad esse Chiusi e Sinigaglia :  
 Udir come le schiatte si disfanno,  
 Non ti parrà nuova cosa nè forte,  
 Poscia che le cittadi termine hanno.  
 Le vostre cose tutte hanno lor morte  
 Sì come voi : ma celasi in alcuna 80  
 Che dura molto, e le vite son corte.  
 E come il volger del ciel della luna  
 Cuopre ed iscuopre i liti senza posa,  
 Così fa di Fiorenza la fortuna ;  
 Perchè non dee parer mirabil cosa  
 Ciò ch' io dirò degli alti Fiorentini,  
 Onde la fama nel tempo è nascosa.

<sup>7</sup> Small places in the neighbourhood of Florence.

<sup>8</sup> Galluzzo and Trespiano, villages south of ancient Florence, afterwards included within the city.

<sup>9</sup> Baldo di Aguglio; Bonifacio of Signia, usurers and extortioners.

<sup>10</sup> Had the Popes aided the Emperor in the conservation of the public order, Florence would not have been emptied of her old families, and such low-bred interlopers would not have been admitted her citizens,

<sup>11</sup> Sinifonte, or Simifonte, a

<sup>7</sup> Campi's, Certaldo's, and Figghine's blood—  
 Saw themselves pure, to humblest artisan.  
 Ah : how much better simple neighbourhood  
 Of them, the folk I mean ; and that your brink  
<sup>8</sup> Galluzzo, Trespiano, bordering stood,  
 Than wall them in, and bear the noisome stink  
<sup>9</sup> Aguglio's churl emits, or Signia's knave,  
 Whose eyes for cozening craft already wink !  
 Had not <sup>10</sup> that race, which worldly baits deprave  
 The most, been Cæsar's step-dame, but benign  
 To her own son, as mother should behave,  
 He that now trucks and trades a Florentine  
 Had turned to <sup>11</sup> Sinifonti for relief,  
 Where once his grandsire strolled with beggar's whine.  
 Of <sup>12</sup> Montemurlo yet the Counts were chief ;  
 Acone's parish <sup>13</sup> Cerchi yet might own ;  
 E'en <sup>13</sup> Buondelmonti Valdigue's fief.  
 Medley of rank and race was ever known  
 For head and fountain of the city's ill,  
 As meat supplied hath in the body sown  
 Disease ; and blinded bull falls quicker still  
 Than blinded lamb ; and often deals more blows  
 One sword than five, and better aimed to kill.  
 If thou of Luni's, <sup>14</sup> Urbisaglia's close  
 Take note, how vanished, how the same career  
 Behind them Chiusi, Sinigaglia goes,  
 Of high ancestral lines extinct to hear  
 Shall seem to thee nor novel thing nor strange,  
 When cities' selves have destined ends to fear.  
 Your matters all, like you, to mortal change  
 Are doomed, but some things still this doom conceals  
 Abiding long, while lives have shortened range.  
 And as the lunar heaven doth in its wheels  
 Robe and unrobe in restless ebb and rise  
 The shores, with Florence thus her fortune deals ;  
 And therefore 't were not thing to move surprise,  
 Of Florence nobles what I shall recal,  
 Whose old renown by time now darkling dies.

small but strong fortress on the  
 confines of the Florentine and  
 Siennese territories, taken and  
 dismantled by the Florentines, A.D.  
 1202. — *Villani*, B. v. c. 30.

<sup>12</sup> The Conti Guidi, unable to  
 defend their castle of Montemurlo  
 from the Pistoians, sold it to Flo-  
 rence.

<sup>13</sup> The Cerchi migrated from  
 Acone, the Buondelmonti from  
 their valley, to the more secure  
 residences afforded by Florence.

<sup>14</sup> Luni near Carrara, Urbisaglia  
 in the Macerata, Chiusi near  
 Perugia, and Sinigaglia on the  
 Adriatic, all decayed places.

Io vidi gli Ughi, e vidi i Catellini,  
 Filippi, Greci, Ormanni e Alberichi,  
 Già nel calare, illustri cittadini ; 90  
 E vidi così grandi come antichi,  
 Con quel della Sannella, quel dell' Arca,  
 E Soldanieri, e Ardinghi, e Bostichi.  
 Sovra la porta, che al presente è carica  
 Di nuova fellonia di tanto peso  
 Che tosto fia iattura della barca,  
 Erano i Ravignani, ond' è disceso  
 Il conte Guido, e qualunque del nome  
 Dell' alto Bellincione ha poscia preso.  
 Quel della Pressa sapeva già come 100  
 Regger si vuole, ed avea Galigaio  
 Dorata in casa sua già l' elsa e il pome.  
 Grande era già la colonna del Vaio,  
 Sacchetti, Giuochi, Sifanti e Barucci,  
 E Galli, e quei ch' arrossan per lo staio.  
 Lo ceppo, di che nacquero i Calfucci,  
 Era già grande, e già erano tratti  
 Alle curule Sizzii ed Arrigucci.  
 O quali vidi quei che son disfatti  
 Per lor superbia ! e le palle dell' oro 110  
 Fiorian Fiorenza in tutti suoi gran fatti.  
 Così facean li padri di coloro  
 Che, sempre che la vostra chiesa vaca,  
 Si fanno grassi stando a consistoro.  
 L' oltracotata schiatta, che s' indraca  
 Dietro a chi fugge, ed a chi mostra il dente  
 O ver la borsa com' agnel si placa,  
 Già venia su, ma di piccola gente,  
 Sì che non piacque ad Ubertin Donato  
 Che il suocero il facesse lor parente. 120  
 Già era il Caponsacco nel mercato  
 Disceso giù da Fiesole, e già era  
 Buon cittadino Giuda ed Infangato.  
 Io dirò cosa incredibile e vera ;  
 Nel picciol cerchio s' entrava per porta,  
 Che si nomava da quei della Pera.

<sup>15</sup> The names that follow are those of ancient Florentine houses, little known beyond their native place.

<sup>16</sup> Vair, in heraldry, a fur of peculiar shape. It was anciently used to line the garments of nobles, and consisted of small pieces put together in the shape of the little

blue glass pots in which furriers whitened their fur. Hence vair is always blazoned *argent* (the fur), and *azure* (the glass).

<sup>17</sup> It is not known who these were. As to the fraud committed by removing a hoop from the public corn-measure, see n. on *Purg.* C. xii. 105.

<sup>15</sup> I saw the Ugos and Catellines all,  
 Filippi, Greci, Ormann, Alberic,  
 Illustrious townsmen leaning to their fall ;  
 There too I saw, potential as antique,  
 How with Sannella's house the Cofferer's grew,  
 And Soldanier, Ardingo, and Bostic.  
 Over the gate where instant load of new  
 And felon crime now topples with such weight,  
 The foundering of the bark must soon ensue,  
 Lived Ravignani, whence derived his state  
 The County Guy, and such in later hour  
 As shared *his* name—Bellincion's the Great.  
 Already Pressa knew to rule with power,  
 Already Galigaio's house bore hilt  
 And pommel gilded. Grand did upwards tower  
 That column blazoned Vair, already built,  
 Sacchetti, Giuochi, and Sifanti there,  
 Barrucci, Galli,' and <sup>17</sup> they who blush for guilt  
 At unhooped bushel. Grand the stock which bare  
 Calfucci's branch, while Sizii dared assume,  
 With Arrigucci called, the curule chair.  
 How lordly saw I those who found the doom  
 Of pride in downfall ! and <sup>18</sup> the balls of gold  
 In all their mighty deeds made Florence bloom.  
 So wrought that <sup>19</sup> rabble's ancestors of old,  
 Which always, where your church is vacant, swarms  
 To fatten in your consistory's fold.  
<sup>20</sup> That spawn of insolents, who dragon arms  
 Keep for the flying, but for all that show  
 The teeth, or eke the purse, have lamb-like charms,  
 E'en now was mounting, but of lineage low ;  
 Whence Ubertain Donato's high disdain  
 Through his wife's father such for kin to know.  
 E'en now was Caponsack for merchant-gain  
 Come down from Fiesole ; were come to dwell  
 Jude and the Mud-bemired, good burghers twain !  
 A thing incredible, yet true, I'll tell ;  
 Men to the smaller circuit entrance found  
 By <sup>21</sup> gate to which the Pera's surname fell.

<sup>15</sup> The pawnbrokers' and money-lenders' device, the gilded pills, was the well-known cognisance of the Medici family, the first European bankers.

<sup>18</sup> The Visdomini, Tosinghi, and Costigiani, branches of the same stock, whose ancestors founded

the Bishopric of Florence.

<sup>20</sup> The Adimari.

<sup>21</sup> The Porta Peruzza, in those simple days named from a single family.

<sup>22</sup> Hugh, Vicar Imperial under Otho III., died on the festival of St. Thomas, Dec. 21.



Ciascun che della bella insegna porta  
 Del gran barone, il cui nome e il cui pregio  
 La festa di Tommaso riconforta,  
 Da esso ebbe milizia e privilegio ; 130  
 Avvenga che col popol si rauni  
 Oggi colui che la fascia col fregio.  
 Già eran Gualterotti ed Importuni  
 Ed ancor saria Borgo più quieto,  
 Se di nuovi vicin fosser digiuni.  
 La casa di che nacque il vostro fletto,  
 Per lo giusto disdegno che v' ha morti,  
 E posto fine al vostro viver lieto,  
 Era onorata essa, e suoi consorti.  
 O Buondelmonte, quanto mal fuggisti 140  
 Le nozze sue per gli altrui conforti !  
 Molti sarebber lieti, che son tristi,  
 Se Dio t' avesse concesso ad Ema  
 La prima volta ch' a città venisti.  
 Ma conveniasi a quella pietra scema  
 Che guarda il ponte, che Fiorenza fesse  
 Vittima nella sua pace postrema.  
 Con queste genti, e con altre con esse,  
 Vid' io Fiorenza in sì fatto riposo,  
 Che non avea cagione onde piangesse. 150  
 Con queste genti vid' io glorioso  
 E giusto il popol suo tanto, che il giglio  
 Non era ad asta mai posto a ritroso,  
 Nè per division fatto vermiglio.

<sup>23</sup> Jano della Bella, apparently the Clodius of his age.

<sup>24</sup> Il Borgo S. Apostolo, now a street parallel to the Terme Antiche N. and the Lung' Arno S.

<sup>25</sup> The Guelph and Ghibelline factions arose in Florence from the murder of B. del Buondelmonte by the Amidei, to a lady of whose house he had engaged him-

Whoever in the blazon fair-renowned  
 Partakes, of <sup>22</sup> that great Baron's grant the pledge,  
 Whose name and worth Saint Thomas' feast brings round  
 To freshen, knighthood gained and privilege  
 From him ; though <sup>23</sup> one the people's cause abet  
 To-day, who binds it with a fringing edge.  
 Gualterotti there had Importuni met,  
 And still <sup>24</sup> the suburb freer were from strife  
 Had they new neighbours lacked, their spleen to fret.  
<sup>25</sup> The house that in your town made weepings rife,  
 Through that deserved resentment which to die  
 Consigned you, and hath blanked your joyous life,  
 Herself was honoured, and each blood-ally.  
 Woe worth thee, Buondelmonte, to obey  
 Another's counsel, and her nuptials fly !  
 Many were blithe of heart, now mournful they,  
 If God had granted thee to <sup>26</sup> Ema's tide,  
 The first time thou to town didst wend thy way.  
 But Florence must a victim needs provide  
 For <sup>27</sup> that maimed marble when her peace was o'er,  
 Which doth a warder on her bridge abide.  
 I with these houses and their equals store  
 Saw Florence in repose so tranquil laid,  
 She knew no reason sorrowing tear to pour.  
 I with these houses saw her people made  
 So glorious and so just, her lily's head  
 Was never on the spear reverse displayed,  
 Nor e'er by wanton faction dyed with red.

self, and forsook her for one of the Donati.—*Villani*, B. v. C. 38, 30.

<sup>22</sup> To travel from Montebuono (whence the Buondelmonti came) to Florence, the river Ema had to

be crossed. The commentators suppose that this applies to the founder of that family.

<sup>27</sup> The broken statue of Mars on the Ponte Vecchio. Buondelmonte fell there.

## CANTO XVII.

*Cacciaguida predice le calamità e le sventure che gl' ingrati cittadini preparano a Dante esulante. Cortesia dello Scaligero ed elogio di lui. Esortazione al Poeta perchè scriva le tre cantiche.*

QUAL venne a Climenè, per accertarsi  
 Di ciò ch' aveva incontro a sè udito,  
 Quei ch' ancor fa li padri a' figli scarsi ;  
 Tale era io, e tale era sentito  
 E da Beatrice, e dalla santa lampa  
 Che pria per me avea mutato sito.  
 Perchè mia donna : Manda fuor la vampa  
 Del tuo disio, mi disse, sì ch' ell' esca  
 Segnata bene della interna stampa ;  
 Non perchè nostra conoscenza cresca 10  
 Per tuo parlare, ma perchè t' ausi  
 A dir la sete, sì che l' uom ti mesca.  
 O cara pianta mia, che sì t' insusi  
 Che, come veggion le terrene menti  
 Non capere in triangolo du' ottusi,  
 Così vedi le cose contingenti,  
 Anzi che sieno in sè, mirando il punto  
 A cui tutti li tempi son presenti ;  
 Mentre ch' i' era a Virgilio congiunto 20  
 Su per lo monte che l' anime cura,  
 E discendendo nel mondo defunto,  
 Dette mi fur di mia vita futura  
 Parole gravi ; avvenga ch' io mi senta  
 Ben tetragono ai colpi di ventura.  
 Perchè la voglia mia sarà contenta  
 D' intender qual fortuna mi s' appressa ;  
 Chè saetta previsa vien più lenta.  
 Così diss' io a quella luce stessa  
 Che pria m' avea parlato, e come volle 30  
 Beatrice, fu la mia voglia confessa.  
 Nè per ambage, in che la gente folle  
 Già s' invescava pria che fosse anciso  
 L' Agnel di Dio che le peccata tolle,

<sup>1</sup> Phaëton. Ovid, *Met.* ii.

<sup>2</sup> See the parting words of

Oderisi to him, *Purg.* C. xi. 140.

<sup>3</sup> See his interview with Fari-

## CANTO XVII.

ARGUMENT.—*Cacciaguida foretels the future exile and various sufferings of Dante, and finally exhorts him to compose his great Work.*

As <sup>1</sup> he that came the certainty to test  
 Of tauntings he had heard to Climenè,  
 Who yet the fathers of their sons' request  
 Makes niggard, such was I, such felt to be  
 Alike of Beatrice and the holy fire  
 Who had already changed his post for me.  
 Wherefore my lady bade: 'Of thy desire  
 Pour the full heat, that issuing it may make  
 Through impress good the inner stamp transpire.  
 Not that our knowledge from thy words can take  
 Increase; but thou more boldly mayst avow  
 Thy thirst, that one may mix the cup to slake.'  
 'O my dear stem! so high exalted thou,  
 That, as 't is palpable to minds terrene,  
 No triangle can two obtuse allow,  
 So things contingent ere they yet have been  
 Thou viewest, on that centre still intent,  
 To whom all times alike are present seen;  
 While I companioning with Virgil went  
<sup>2</sup> Upon the mount ordained men's souls to heal,  
 And to <sup>3</sup> the dead world's caverns made descent,  
 Sad words were spoken dimly to reveal  
 My future life, albeit to every blow  
 Of fate, myself <sup>4</sup> a very cube I feel.  
 Wherefore my wish could be content to know  
 The coming storm of fortune ere it burst,  
 Since foreseen arrow ever flies more slow.'  
 Thus to the selfsame radiance, which at first  
 Had talked with me, I spake, and, to obey  
 Beatrice, my will ingenuously rehearsed.  
 Nor with such riddlings as in ancient day  
 The foolish folk ensnared, ere yet was slain  
 The Lamb of God, who taketh sins away,

nata, *Inf.* C. x. 79; and with Brunetto Latini, *Inf.* C. xv. 60.

<sup>4</sup> The expression is Aristotle's,

*Eth.* I. 10: *τετραγώνος ἀνευ ψόγου.*

Ma per chiare parole, e con preciso  
 Latin, rispose quell' amor paterno,  
 Chiuso e parvente del suo proprio riso :  
 La contingenza, che fuor del quaderno  
 Della vostra materia non si stende,  
 Tutta è dipinta nel cospetto eterno.  
 Necessità però quindi non prende, 40  
 Se non come dal viso in che si specchia  
 Nave che per corrente giù discende.  
 Da indi, sì come viene ad orecchia  
 Dolce armonia da organo, mi viene  
 A vista il tempo che ti s' apparecchia,  
 Qual si partì Ippolito d' Atene  
 Per la spietata e perfida noverca,  
 Tal di Fiorenza partir ti conviene.  
 Questo si vuole, e questo già si cerca, 50  
 E tosto verrà fatto a chi ciò pensa  
 Là dove Cristo tutto dì si merca.  
 La colpa seguirà la parte offensa  
 In grido, come suol : ma la vendetta  
 Fia testimonio al ver che la dispensa.  
 Tu lascerai ogni cosa diletta  
 Più caramente, e questo è quello strale  
 Che l' arco dell' esilio pria saetta.  
 Tu proverai sì come sa di sale  
 Lo pane altrui, e com' è duro calle 60  
 Lo scendere e il salir per l' altrui scale.  
 E quel che più ti graverà le spalle  
 Sarà la compagnia malvagia e scempia,  
 Con la qual tu cadrai in questa valle,  
 Che tutta ingrata, tutta matta ed empia  
 Sì farà contra te ; ma poco appresso  
 Ella, non tu, n' avrà rossa la tempia.  
 Di sua bestialitate il suo processo  
 Farà la pruova, sì ch' a te fia bello  
 Averti fatta parte per te stesso.  
 Lo primo tuo rifugio e il primo ostello 70  
 Sarà la cortesia del gran Lombardo,

<sup>a</sup> Phædra, wife of Theseus, disappointed in her guilty passion for Hippolytus her stepson, falsely accused him to his father, by whom Neptune was induced to send a sea-monster which caused his affrighted horses to overturn his chariot, and Hippolytus was

killed. Euripides has a tragedy on the subject.

<sup>b</sup> Pope Boniface VIII. was then contriving the ruin of the Ghibelline party in Florence.

<sup>c</sup> These lines suggested a fine picture in our Royal Academy in 1864, by Leighton.

But with clear words precise of homely strain  
 In his own brilliant smile that parent love  
 Veiled, yet transpiring, answer made again.  
 'Contingency, that hath not means to rove  
 Beyond the tablet which your matter squares,  
 Is all in the' everlasting sight above  
 Pictured; yet nought of necessary shares  
 From that, more than from eyesight which hath glassed  
 A ship the rapid current downward bears.  
 Drawn thence, as unto listening ear is passed  
 Sweet harmony from organ, on my view  
 Appears the fated time to thee forecast.  
 From Athens as Hippolytus withdrew  
 For unrelenting <sup>5</sup> stepdame's perjuries,  
 Thy parting such from Florence must ensue.  
 This is decreed; this <sup>6</sup> he already tries  
 And soon shall gain, who meditates such ends  
 Where Christ is all day long made merchandise.  
 Clamour shall fasten, as she ever tends,  
 Blame on the wronged ones; but let vengeance bring  
 Due witness to the truth which thus amends.  
 Thou shalt take leave of every precious thing  
 Most dearly loved, and feel the first shaft there  
 The bow of exile launches from its string,  
 Thou shalt make proof how salt a taste doth bear  
 The bread of other, and how hard the road  
<sup>7</sup> Upward and downward treading other's stair;  
 And what shall make thy back's most irksome load  
 Shall be that profligate and sottish throng,  
 Thy comrades in the fall to such abode;  
 That, wholly thankless, senseless, impious wrong  
 Shall deal thee; but shall overspread its own  
 And not thy brow with reddening shame ere long.  
<sup>8</sup> Its own procedure shall the proof be known  
 Of its dull brutishness, and win thee praise  
 To' have made thee party with thyself alone.  
<sup>9</sup> The mighty Lombard's courtesy shall raise  
 Thine own first refuge and thy first retreat,

<sup>5</sup> Dante seems to have dissuaded his fellow-exiles from their attempt to assail Florence A.D. 1304, and to have withdrawn from them in disgust. On the disastrous result of their enterprise, see Villani, B. viii. C. 72.

<sup>9</sup> This is not Bartolommeo della

Scala, but either the Can Grande or his brother Albono. The Scaligers added the eagle to their cognisance of the Ladder on their becoming Imperial Vicars, A.D. 1311, by special grant of arms from Henry VIII.

Che in su la Scala porta il santo uccello,  
 Ch' avrà in te sì benigno riguardo  
 Che dal fare e del chieder, tra voi due,  
 Fia primo quel che tra gli altri è più tardo.  
 Con lui vedrai colui che impresso fue,  
 Nascendo, sì da questa stella forte,  
 Che notabili fien l' opere sue.  
 Non se ne sono ancor le genti accorte,  
 Per la novella età; che pur nove anni 80  
 Son queste ruote intorno di lui torte.  
 Ma pria che il Guasco l' alto Arrigo inganni,  
 Parran faville della sua virtute  
 In non curar d' argento, nè d' affanni.  
 Le sue magnificenze conosciute  
 Saranno ancora sì, che i suoi nimici  
 Non ne potran tener le lingue mute.  
 A lui t' aspetta ed a' suoi benefici;  
 Per lui fia trasmutata molta gente,  
 Cambiando condizion ricchi e mendici; 90  
 E porterane scritto nella mente  
 Di lui, ma nol dirai; e disse cose  
 Incredibili a quei che fia presente.  
 Poi giunse: Figlio, queste son le chiose  
 Di quel che ti fu detto; ecco le insidie  
 Che dietro a pochi giri son nascose.  
 Non vo' però ch' a' tuoi vicini invidie,  
 Poscia che s' infutura la tua vita  
 Via più là che il punir di lor perfidie.  
 Poi che tacendo si mostrò spedita 100  
 L' anima santa di metter la trama  
 In quella tela ch' io le porsi ordita,  
 Io cominciai, come colui che brama,  
 Dubitando, consiglio da persona  
 Che vede, e vuol dirittamente, ed ama:  
 Ben veggio, padre mio, sì come sprona  
 Lo tempo verso me, per colpo darmi  
 Tal, ch' è più grave a chi più s' abbandona;  
 Perchè di provedenza è buon ch' io m' armi  
 Sì che, se luogo m' è tolto più caro, 110  
 Io non perdessi gli altri per miei carmi.  
 Giù per lo mondo senza fine amaro,  
 E per lo monte del cui bel cacume

<sup>10</sup> In 1300, the year to which Dante assigns his vision, Can Grande was only nine years old.

<sup>11</sup> Pope Clement V. at first a supporter of Henry VII.'s elevation to the Empire, afterwards

Who on the steps the sainted bird displays.  
 His thought for thee shall be so kindly sweet,  
 What men put later shall have earlier place  
 Between you twain, to grant, than to entreat.  
 There shalt thou him behold, on whom the trace  
 Of this bold star was printed at his birth  
 So deep, his exploits high renown shall grace.  
 Not yet are nations conscious of his worth  
 From tender age, since but <sup>10</sup> a nine years' child  
 These wheeling orbs have girdled him on earth.  
 But ere <sup>11</sup> the Gascon have his lord beguiled,  
 Henry, shall sparkles of his virtue shoot,  
 When he nor toils endured nor monies piled  
 Shall value. Yet so widely shall the fruit  
 Of his magnificence be known—his foes  
 Themselves shall not have power to hold them mute.  
 On him and on his benefits repose  
 Thy hope; through him must many be consigned  
 To change, while beggars rich—the rich man goes  
 A beggar. Thou of him shalt bear in mind  
 Things writ, yet utter not; ' and told me things  
 That scarce in one who sees shall credence find.  
 Then added: 'Son, these are the' interpretings  
 Of words that warned thee. Lo! each snaring plot  
 That lurks to follow some few annual rings.  
 Yet envy at thy neighbours will I not  
 Thou nurse, <sup>12</sup> to live so far beyond the doom  
 That waits their treason is thy future lot.'  
 When that blest spirit silence did resume,  
 And showed her task achieved, with woof to fill  
 That warp I had presented on the loom,  
 Then I began, as one who doubting still  
 Covets some other's counsel to possess,  
 Who insight hath, right purpose, and good-will.  
 'My father, well I see how time doth press  
 Spurring toward me to deal a stroke so fell,  
 It heavier comes as man resists the less;  
 To arm me then with foresight, it were well,  
 Lest, when from me the dearest spot is torn,  
 Me from the rest my verses' sting expel.  
 Down through the world with endless bale forlorn,  
 And o'er the mount from whose fair crowning height

opposed his advance upon Italy.  
 See C. xxx. n. 4.

<sup>12</sup> The destruction of the Ghi-

bellines in their attempt on Flo-  
 rence before mentioned (n. 8), is  
 indicated here.



Gli occhi della mia Donna mi levaro,  
 E poscia per lo ciel di lume in lume,  
 Ho io appreso quel che, s' io ridico,  
 A molti fia savor di forte agrume;  
 E, s' io al vero son timido amico,  
 Temo di perder vita tra coloro  
 Che questo tempo chiameranno antico. 120  
 La luce in che rideva il mio tesoro,  
 Ch' io trovai lì, si fe' prima corrusca,  
 Quale a raggio di sole specchio d' oro;  
 Indi rispose: Coscienza fusca  
 O della propria o dell' altrui vergogna,  
 Pur sentirà la tua parola brusca.  
 Ma nondimen, rimossa ogni menzogna,  
 Tutta tua vision fa manifesta,  
 E lascia pur grattar dov' è la rogna;  
 Che, se la voce tua sarà molesta 130  
 Nel primo gusto, vital nutrimento  
 Lascerà poi quando sarà digesta.  
 Questo tuo grido farà come vento  
 Che le più alte cime più percuote;  
 E ciò non fia d' onor poco argomento.  
 Però ti son mostrate in queste ruote,  
 Nel monte, e nella valle dolorosa,  
 Pur l' anime che son di fama note;  
 Che l' animo di quel ch' ode non posa,  
 Nè ferma fede per esemplo ch' haia 140  
 La sua radice incognita e nascosa,  
 Nè per altro argomento che non paia.

---

### CANTO XVIII.

*Ascesa al sesto ciclo di Giove, ove son collocate le anime che resero retta giustizia al mondo. Ammirande bellezze poetiche, e terribile avviso al pastore che travia.*

Già si godeva solo del suo verbo  
 Quello spirto beato, ed io gustava  
 Lo mio, temprando il dolce con l' acerbo;  
 E quella Donna, ch' a Dio mi menava,  
 Disse: Muta pensier, pensa ch' io sono  
 Presso a colui ch' ogni torto disgrava.

I by my lady's eyes was upward borne,  
 And since through heaven from light to higher light  
 That have I learnt, which if I but report,  
 The taste in many a mouth shall sharply bite.  
 And if I friend the truth in timid sort,  
 Among the race that shall denote as old  
 Our times, I dread mine after-life cut short.'  
 The light that made my shining treasure's fold,  
 Whom I found there, flashed first a glittering spark,  
 As in the sunbeam mirror doth of gold;  
 Then answered me: 'No doubt the conscience dark  
 Or with her own or with another's shame  
 Shall feel thy saying, and for sourness mark.  
 But, every falsehood banished, all the same  
 Make thy whole vision manifest and clear;  
 E'en let the scratch the itching place proclaim!  
 Thy voice, although it savour of austere  
 At the first taste, digested by and by,  
 Shall leave its vital nourishment to cheer;  
 And as the rushing wind shall this thy cry  
 In fiercest gusts on tallest tops be driven,  
 Which of itself doth no mean proof supply  
 Of honour. Therefore in these orbs of heaven,  
 Upon the mount, and in the dolorous deep,  
 Famed spirits only to thy sight are given;  
 For mind of hearer no repose can reap  
 Nor firm assurance on example stayed,  
 Whose roots obscure in dull oblivion creep;  
 Nor other proof that sense hath not conveyed.'

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 CANTO XVIII.

ARGUMENT. — *The Glory of Beatrice enhanced. Ascent to the Sixth Heaven, the Planet Jupiter, seat of just Rulers. Vision of starry letters.*

ALREADY that blest spirit in his word  
 Rejoiced alone; and I the savour tried  
 Of mine, attempering with the sweet I heard  
 The bitter, when the fair, who was my guide  
 To God, said: 'Change thy musing; think how near  
 To Him, of all wrongs lightener, I abide.'

Io mi rivolsi all' amoroso suono  
 Del mio conforto, e, quale io allor vidi  
 Negli occhi santi amor, quì l' abbandono ;  
 Non perch' io pur del mio parlar diffidi, 10  
 Ma per la mente che non può reddire  
 Sovra sè tanto, s' altri non la guidi.  
 Tanto poss' io di quel punto ridire,  
 Che, rimirando lei, lo mio affetto  
 Libero fu da ogni altro disire,  
 Fin che il piacere eterno, che diretto  
 Raggiava in Beatrice, dal bel viso  
 Mi contentava col secondo aspetto.  
 Vincendo me col lume d' un sorriso,  
 Ella mi disse : Volgiti ed ascolta, 20  
 Che non pur ne' mie' occhi è paradiso.  
 Come sì vede qui alcuna volta  
 L' affetto nella vista, s' ello è tanto  
 Che da lui sia tutta l' anima tolta,  
 Così nel fiammeggiar del fulgor santo,  
 A cui mi volsi, conobbi la voglia  
 In lui di ragionarmi ancora alquanto.  
 E cominciò : In questa quinta soglia  
 Dell' albero che vive della cima,  
 E frutta sempre, e mai non perde foglia, 30  
 Spiriti son beati, che giù, prima  
 Che venissero al ciel, fur di gran voce.  
 Sì ch' ogni musa ne sarebbe opima.  
 Però mira ne' corni della croce ;  
 Quel ch' io or numerò lì farà l' atto  
 Che fa in nube il suo fuoco veloce.  
 Io vidi per la croce un lume tratto  
 Dal nomar Josuè, com' ei si feo,  
 Nè mi fu noto dir prima che il fatto.  
 Ed al nome dell' alto Maccabeo 40  
 Vidi muoversi un altro roteando,  
 E letizia era ferza del paleo.  
 Così per Carlo magno e per Orlando  
 Duo ne seguì lo mio attento sguardo,  
 Com' occhio segue suo falcon volando.  
 Poscia trasse Guiglielmo, e Rinoardo,  
 E il duca Gottifredi la mia vista

<sup>1</sup> Joshua the son of Nun, Moses' servant and successor.

<sup>2</sup> Judas Maccabeus, deliverer of the Jews from the tyranny of

Antiochus Epiphanes.

<sup>3</sup> William Count of Orange, son of the Count of Narbonne, fought against the Saracens, and after-

I turned at those love-breathing accents dear  
 Of her my comfort ; and how deep the love  
 Those sainted eyes then showed me, must I here  
 Leave mute,—not simply diffident to prove  
 My speech, but memory fails again to soar  
 Thus beyond self, unguided from above.  
 This only can I of that point tell o'er,  
 That gazing on her mine affection made  
 Free from all other wish it knew before,  
 Till of the' eternal bliss, on her that played  
 Direct, from beauteous face of Beatrice  
 Reflected vision my desire allayed.  
 She, conquering with a bright smile's artifice,  
 Said to me : ' Turn thee and give ear attent ;  
 Not in mine eyes alone sits Paradise.'  
 As sometimes here the very looks present  
 The passion, if it have so hotly burned,  
 That all-absorbed the soul obey its bent,  
 So in that holy sheen to whom I turned  
 The wish in farther converse to engage  
 With me awhile from glancing flames I learned ;  
 Who thus began : ' In this fifth upward stage  
 Of tree that lives by sap the head hath given,  
 And ever fruits, nor sheds one leaf with age,  
 Are blessed souls that, ere they came to heaven,  
 Of fame below were glorious, and had shed  
 On any song a fertilizing leaven.  
 Then mark the horns from yonder cross outspread ;  
 One, whom I now shall name, there like shall do  
 With the quick lightning from its own cloud sped.'  
 I saw <sup>1</sup> a light, the naming ' Joshua ' drew  
 Adown the cross ; e'en as it went, went he,  
 Nor yet the word before the deed I knew ;  
 And at the name of <sup>2</sup> that high Maccabee  
 I saw another move in whirling ring,  
 And lash to spin the top was happy glee.  
 So names of Charlemagne and Roland bring  
 Two I pursued with mine intent regard,  
 As eye pursues its falcon on the wing.  
 Anon my sight <sup>3</sup> Count William and Renard  
 Tracks down the cross I gazed on, and admires

wards assumed the monastic habit.  
 Tasso makes him an ecclesiastic at  
 the time of the First Crusade.

— *Ger. Lib.* C. i. 38, 39. Rinoardo  
 or Rinaldo is really Tasso's hero  
 in his great epic.

Per quella croce, e Roberto Guiscardo:  
 Indi tra l' altre luci mota e mista  
 Mostrommi l' alma che m' avea parlato, 50  
 Qual era tra i cantor del cielo artista.  
 Io mi rivolsi dal mio destro lato  
 Per vedere in Beatrice il mio dovere,  
 O per parole, o per atto, segnato,  
 E vidi le sue luci tanto mere,  
 Tanto gioconde, che la sua sembianza  
 Vinceva gli altri, e l' ultimo solere.  
 E come, per sentir più diletanza,  
 Bene operando l' uom, di giorno in giorno  
 S' accorge che la sua virtute avanza ; 60  
 Sì m' accors' io che il mio girare intorno  
 Col cielo insieme avea cresciuto l' arco,  
 Veggendo quel miracolo più adorno.  
 E quale è il trasmutare in picciol varco  
 Di tempo in bianca donna, quando il volto  
 Suo si discarchi di vergogna il carico ;  
 Tal fu negli occhi miei, quando fui volto,  
 Per lo candor della temprata stella  
 Sesta, che dentro a sè m' avea ricolto.  
 Io vidi in quella giovia facella 70  
 Lo sfavillar dell' amor che lì era,  
 Segnare agli occhi miei nostra favella.  
 E come augelli sorti di riviera,  
 Quasi congratulando a lor pasture,  
 Fanno di sè or tonda or lunga schiera,  
 Sì dentro a' lumi sante creature  
 Volitando cantavano, e faciensi  
 Or D, or I, or L, in sue figure.  
 Prima cantando a sua nota moviensi ;  
 Poi, diventando l' un di questi segni, 80  
 Un poco s' arrestavano taciensi.  
 O diva Pegasea, che gl' ingegni  
 Fai gloriosi, e rendigli longevi,  
 Ed essi teco le cittadi e i regni  
 Illustrami di te, sì ch' io rilevi  
 Le lor figure com' io l' ho concette ;  
 Paia tua possa in questi versi brevi.  
 Mostrarsi dunque in cinque volte sette  
 Vocali e consonanti ; ed io notai

\* Godfrey of Bulloin, chosen by Crusade. Robert Guiscard the  
 acclamation leader of the First Norman, who acquired the king-

<sup>4</sup> The good duke Godfrey and the wise Guiscàrd.  
 Then moved and mingling with his comrade fires,  
 The soul that had addressed me showed how fraught  
 With singer's art was he 'mid heavenly choirs.  
 I on my right side turned me round, and sought  
 To see in Beatrice my duty's line  
 Or by her words or silent signal taught,  
 And I beheld her eyes so crystalline,  
 So brightly glad, her countenance outshone  
 All former, and her last habitual shine ;  
 And as the sense of some right-working one  
 From day to day, by more enjoyment found,  
 Is conscious that his virtue's walk moves on,  
 So was I conscious that my wheeling round,  
 As wheeled the heaven, had made the arch dilate,  
 Seeing that marvel with more beauty crowned.  
 And as the change hath little time to wait  
 Its transit on fair woman, when her face  
 Of blushing shame disburdeneth the freight,  
 Such, when I turned, came on mine eyes to trace  
 By that well-tempered star's effulgent white,  
 The sixth to fold me in its close embrace.  
 I saw within <sup>5</sup> that Jovial torch's light  
 The love-enkindled sparkles on its blank  
 Shape to mine eyes the characters we write.  
 And like as birds upborne from river-bank,  
 Their mutual gratulation bent to tell  
 O'er pastures, form, now round, now lengthened rank,  
 So saintly creatures in those lamps who dwell  
 Sang in their flittings, and combined to fill  
 In proper shapes now D, now I, now L.  
 Singing, at first they moved in cadence, till  
 A moment pausing, as their dance became  
 One of those signs, they halted and were still.  
<sup>6</sup> O Pegasæan Goddess, that to fame  
 Dost raise and lasting render gifted men,  
 As they with thee for towns and realms the same  
 Achieve, to me impart thy light again  
 To stamp their forms as I conceived, and let  
 Thy power appear in these brief lines I pen.  
 Before me, then, in five times seven were set  
 Vowels and consonants—the letters cast.

dom of Naples by his valour. See  
*Inf. C. xxviii. n. 2.*

<sup>5</sup> The Planet Jupiter.

<sup>6</sup> The Muse Calliope. See *Purg.*  
*c. i. 9.*

Le parti sì come mi parver dette. 90  
*Diligite justitiam*, primai  
 Fur verbo e nome di tutto il dipinto;  
*Qui judicatis terram* fur sezzai.  
 Poscia nell' emme del vocabol quinto  
 Rimasero ordinate, sì che Giove  
 Pareva argento lì d' oro distinto.  
 E vidi scendere altre luci dove  
 Era il colmo dell' M, e lì quetarsi  
 Cantando, credo, il ben ch' a sè le muove.  
 Poi, come nel percuoter de' ciocchi arsi 100  
 Surgono innumerabili faville,  
 Onde gli stolti sogliono agurarsi,  
 Risurger parve quindi più di mille  
 Luci, e salir qual assai e qual poco,  
 Sì come il sol, che l' accende, sortille;  
 E, quietata ciascuna in suo loco,  
 La testa e il collo d' un' aquila vidi  
 Rappresentare a quel distinto foco.  
 Quei che dipinge lì non ha chi il guidi,  
 Ma esso guida, e da lui si rammenta 110  
 Quella virtù ch' ei forma per li nidi;  
 L' altra beatitudo, che contenta  
 Pareva in prima d' ingigliarsi all' emme,  
 Con poco moto seguìtò la impronta.  
 O dolce stella, quali e quante gemme  
 Mi dimostraron che nostra giustizia  
 Effetto sia del ciel che tu ingemme!  
 Perch' io prego la mente, in che s' inizia  
 Tuo moto e tua virtute, che rimiri  
 Ond' esce il fumo che il tuo raggio vizia; 120  
 Sì ch' un' altra fiata omai s' adiri  
 Del comperare e vender dentro al templo,  
 Che si murò di segni e di martiri.  
 O milizia del ciel, cu' io contemplo,  
 Adora per color che sono in terra  
 Tutti sviati dietro al malo esempio.  
 Già si solea con le spade far guerra;  
 Ma or si fa togliendo or quì or quivi  
 Lo pan che il pio padre a nessun serra:  
 Ma tu che, sol per cancellare, scrivi, 130  
 Pensa che Pietro e Paolo, che moriro  
 Per la vigna che guasti, ancor son vivi.

<sup>7</sup> John ii. 15, Matt. xxi. 12.

excommunication by the Church

<sup>8</sup> Dante censures the abuse of

of Rome, which the reigning Pope

I noted, as mine eyes their order met.  
 DILIGITE JUSTITIAM were massed  
 First verb and noun of all the picture told ;  
 QUI JUDICATIS TERRAM were the last.  
 At length within the fifth word's M enrolled  
 They kept their order so that Jove appeared  
 A disc of silver there inlaced with gold.  
 And other lights I saw, where M had reared  
 Its top, descend and settle there, I ween  
 Singing the Good that to Himself endeared  
 Draws them. Anon, as countless sparks are seen  
 To shoot, if burning logs receive a blow,  
 Whence fools are wont to augur what they mean,  
 Did more than thousand lights thence springing show ;  
 And as the sun that kindles gave to find  
 Their lot, some higher leapt and some more low ;  
 And, each subsiding on its place assigned,  
 A head and neck of eagle shape I saw  
 By that distinguished fire exactly limned.  
 Who pictures here hath none to give the law ;  
 Himself is law ; from Him remembered flows  
 The force whence earthly moulds their figure draw.  
 But that beatitude which earlier rose,  
 And seemed content, a liliated wreath on M,  
 Now slightly moved the pattern to compose.  
 Sweet star, what jewels and what store of them  
 Convinced me that our justice hath her force  
 Wrought by that heaven which thou art set to gem !  
 Wherefore I pray the mind of whom thy course  
 And power originate, to note from whence  
 The smoke that dims thy ray derives its source,  
 That now once more <sup>7</sup> He judge with angered sense  
 Purchase and sale inside the temple gate,  
 Where signs and martyrdoms have built the fence.  
 Army of heaven, whom now I contemplate,  
 Intreat for those that all misguided are  
 On earth, ill pattern prone to imitate !  
 Time was, men warred with swords ; but now 't is war  
 Some here, some there, <sup>8</sup> of that bread to deprive,  
 The tender Father doth to none debar.  
 But thou who writest, cancelling to thrive,  
 Bethink thee, for the vineyard thou dost waste  
 Peter and Paul who died are yet alive.

(Boniface VIII. or Clement V.) by withdrawing interdicts for a  
 employed to enrich his treasury sum of money.



Ben puoi tu dire : Io ho fermo il desiro  
 Sì a colui che volle viver solo,  
 E che per salti fu tratto a martiro,  
 Ch' io non conosco il Pescator nè Polo.

---

CANTO XIX.

*Molti beati splendori in figura d' aquila solvonno al Poeta il dubbio,  
 se uno possa esser salvo non avendo conosciuto la cattolica fede.  
 Vizj ed onte di alcuni regi, che troveransi scritti nel libro di loro  
 coscienze.*

PAREA dinanzi a me con l' ale aperte  
 La bella image, che, nel dolce frui,  
 Liete faceva l' anime conserte.  
 Parea ciascuna rubinetto, in cui  
 Raggio di sole ardesse sì acceso,  
 Che ne' miei occhi rifrangesse lui.  
 E quel che mi convien ritrar testeso,  
 Non portò voce mai, nè scrisse inchiostro,  
 Nè fu per fantasia giammai compreso ;  
 Ch' io vidi, ed anche udi' parlar lo rostro, 10  
 E sonar nella voce ed Io e Mio,  
 Quand' era nel concetto Noi e Nostro.  
 E comincì : Per esser giusto e pio  
 Son io qui esaltato a quella gloria,  
 Che non si lascia vincere a disio ;  
 Ed in terra lasciai la mia memoria  
 Sì fatta, che le genti lì malvage  
 Commendan lei, ma non seguon la storia.  
 Così un sol calor di molte brage  
 Si fa sentir, come di molti amori 20  
 Usciva solo un suon di quella image ;  
 Ond' io appresso : O perpetui fiori  
 Dell' eterna letizia, che pur uno  
 Sentir mi fate tutti i vostri odori,  
 Solvetemi, spirando, il gran digiuno  
 Che lungamente m' ha tenuto in fame,  
 Non trovandoli in terra cibo alcuno.  
 Ben so io che, se in cielo altro reame  
 La divina giustizia fa suo specchio,  
 Il vostro non l' apprende con velame. 30  
 Sapete come attento io m' apparecchio

• St. John the Baptist, whose image was stamped on the gold

True, thou canst plead, 'I have so firmly placed  
 My heart on ' one resolved to live alone,  
 And dragged to martyrdom by dancer's haste,  
 Nor Fisherman nor Paul to me are known.'

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CANTO XIX.

*ARGUMENT. — The Poet's question concerning the possible salvation of the Unbaptized is answered; and the offences of several nominally Christian princes exposed.*

CONFRONTING me appeared with wings expanded  
 The beauteous image, whose fruition sweet  
 Was making glad the souls to form it banded.  
 Each seemed a ruby, whence so vivid heat  
 A sunbeam blazing flashed, as made to blink  
 Mine eyes, reflecting the sun's orb complete.  
 And ne'er by voice conveyed nor writ with ink  
 Was that which to record I now must seek,  
 Nor human phantasy could reach to think;  
 For I beheld, and more—I heard the beak  
 With utterance of voice sound *I* and *mine*,  
 When *we* and *ours* was in the mind to speak.  
 And thus began it: 'I in glory shine  
 Exalted here for just and pious deeds  
 So high, it leaves desire no room to pine;  
 And left my memory such on earth as breeds  
 Encomium there from worthless people dealt,  
 That follows not the way my story leads.'  
 From out that image gushing, as is felt,  
 One single warmth where many coals consume,  
 In one sole sound did many love-notes melt;  
 That I thereon: 'O flowers that fadeless bloom  
 Of everlasting rapture; that entwined  
 Through all your odours waft me one perfume,  
 Breathe on me, and the mighty fast unbind  
 That weary while hath hunger made my lot,  
 Nor any food on earth could ever find.  
 On other realm in heaven right well I wot,  
 If God's own justice will itself be glassed,  
 Yours under darkling veil receives it not.  
 Ye know how earnestly my mind I cast

florins of Florence, the object of papal cupidity.

Ad ascoltar, sapete quale è quello  
 Dubbio, che m' è digiun cotanto vecchio.  
 Quasi falcone ch' esce di cappello,  
 Muove la testa, e coll' ali si plaude,  
 Voglia mostrando, e facendosi bello,  
 Vid' io farsi quel segno, che di laude  
 Della divina grazia era contesto,  
 Con canti, quai sì sa chi lassù gaude.  
 Poi cominciò : Colui che volse il sesto 40  
 Allo stremo del mondo, e dentro ad esso  
 Distinse tanto occulto e manifesto,  
 Non poteo suo valor sì fare impresso  
 In tutto l' universo, che il suo verbo  
 Non rimanesse in infinito eccesso.  
 E ciò fu certo che il primo Superbo,  
 Che fu la somma d' ogni creatura,  
 Per non aspettar lume, cadde acerbo :  
 E quinci appar ch' ogni minor natura  
 E corto recettacolo a quel bene 50  
 Che non ha fine, e sè in sè misura.  
 Dunque nostra veduta, che conviene  
 Essere alcun de' raggi della mente  
 Di che tutte le cose son ripiene,  
 Non può di sua natura esser possente  
 Tanto, che suo principio non discerna  
 Molto di là, da quel ch' egli è, parvente.  
 Però nella giustizia sempiterna  
 La vista che riceve il vostro mondo,  
 Com' occhio per lo mare, entro s' interna ; 60  
 Che benchè dalla proda veggia il fondo,  
 In pelago nol vede, e nondimeno  
 Egli è, ma cela lui l' esser profondo.  
 Lume non è, se non vien dal sereno  
 Che non si turba mai, anzi è tenebra,  
 Od ombra della carne, o suo veneno.  
 Assai t' è mo aperta la latebra,  
 Che t' ascondeva la giustizia viva,  
 Di che facei question cotanto crebra ;  
 Chè tu dicevi : Un uom nasce alla riva 70  
 Dell' Indo, e quivi non è chi ragioni  
 Di Cristo, nè chi legga, nè chi scriva ;  
 E tutti i suoi voleri ed atti buoni  
 Sono, quanto ragione umana vede,  
 Senza peccato in vita od in sermoni.  
 Muore non battezzato e senza fede ;

To listen, and ye know on what to brood  
In doubt hath made my long-enduring fast.'  
As falcon issuing from her loosened hood  
Arches the head and claps the' applausive wings  
To dress her beauty, and display her mood,  
So I that image saw, from triumphings  
Of heavenly grace compact, the while it pealed  
Songs such as he who there rejoiceth sings;  
Then answered: 'He the compasses who wheeled  
Unto the world's far limit, and inside  
So much distinguished hidden and revealed,  
Could not such impress of His might provide  
On the' universal whole, but that His word  
Must needs in infinite excess abide;  
And this *he* renders certain, who, preferred  
To be supreme of creatures, pride's first son,  
For light not waiting, unripe fall incurred.  
And hence appears of lower natures none  
But narrow mansion must that good afford  
Which hath no limit, sole self-measured one.  
Wherefore our vision, that must needs be poured  
One among many rays the Mind doth lend,  
Whose plenitude hath all creation stored,  
Can by its nature no such power pretend;  
But in far other than the real light  
Its own original must apprehend.  
Thus in the everlasting rule of right  
The view your world receives obtains no more,  
Than eye, bent on the sea, of inner sight,  
Which though it find the bottom from the shore,  
Finds it not off at sea, and still unseen  
'T is there, but very deepness cloaks it o'er.  
Light is there none but comes from that serene  
Unruffled ever: so is darkness there  
Where fleshly shade or venom intervene.  
That hiding-place which did thy sight impair  
Of living justice, now is opened well,  
Whereof thy questionings so frequent were,  
Debating thus: "A man is born to dwell  
On Indus' bank, and here is none to name  
The name of Christ, nor read, nor write, nor tell.  
Yet his intentions all are good, the same  
His acts; as far as human reason spies,  
In life and in discourse exempt from blame.  
Without the faith and unbaptized he dies;

Ov' è questa giustizia che il condanna ?  
 Ov' è la colpa sua, s' egli non crede ?  
 Or tu chi se', che vuoi sedere a scranna  
 Per giudicar da lungi mille miglia 80  
 Con la veduta corta d' una spanna ?  
 Certo a colui che meco s' assottiglia,  
 Se la scrittura sovra voi non fosse,  
 Da dubitar sarebbe a maraviglia.  
 O terreni animali, o menti grosse,  
 La prima volontà, ch' è per sè buona,  
 Da sè, ch' è soumo ben, mai non si mosse.  
 Cotanto è giusto, quanto a lei consuona ;  
 Nullo creato bene a sè la tira,  
 Ma essa, radiando, lui cagiona. 90  
 Quale sovr' esso il nido si rigira,  
 Poi che ha pasciuto la cicogna i figli,  
 E come quei ch' è pasto, la rimira ;  
 Cotal si fece, e sì levai li cigli,  
 La benedetta immagine, che l' ali  
 Movea sospinta da tanti consigli.  
 Roteando cantava, e dicea: Quali  
 Son le mie note a te che non le intendi,  
 Tal è il giudizio eterno a voi mortali.  
 Poi si quetaro quei lucenti incendi 100  
 Dello Spirito Santo ancor nel segno,  
 Che fe' i Romani al mondo reverendi.  
 E esso ricominciò : A questo regno  
 Non salì mai chi non credette in CRISTO  
 Nè pria, nè poi che il si chiavasse al legno,  
 Ma vedi, molti gridan CRISTO, CRISTO,  
 Che saranno in giudizio assai men *prope*  
 A lui, che tal che non conobbe CRISTO ;  
 E tai cristiani dannerà l' Etiòpe,  
 Quando si partiranno i duo collegi, 110  
 L' uno in eterno ricco, e l' altro inope.  
 Che potran dir li Persi ai vostri regi,  
 Come' e' vedranno quel volume aperto,  
 Nel qual si scrivon tutti suoi dispregi ?  
 Lì si vedrà tra l' opere d' Alberto  
 Quella che tosto moverà la penna,  
 Perchè il regno di Praga fia deserto.

<sup>1</sup> The eagle shape.<sup>2</sup> See above, r. 70.<sup>3</sup> An allusion, perhaps, to the favour shown by Cyrus, Darius,

and Ahasuerus, to the Jewish people.

<sup>4</sup> Albert of Hapsburg twice devastated Bohemia: the first time in

Now say, where is this righteousness that can  
 Condemn, and where, if he believes not, lies  
 His fault? "—Nay, who art thou, presumptuous man,  
 Would'st sit and judge of thousand miles away,  
 With the short-sightedness of one poor span?  
 Whoso with me would subtler thoughts essay,  
 Were Scripture not above you to control,  
 Should still be doubting, marvel as ye may.  
 O earthly animals! O dull of soul!  
 That primal Will, self-good, did never stir  
 From self; the good supreme she makes her goal.  
 So much is good as concord sounds with her;  
 Her to itself no creature-good can bring,  
 But effluent she its essence doth confer.'  
 As right above her nest her wheeling ring  
 The stork renews when she hath fed her young,  
 And as the sated storklet on the wing  
 Tracks her, e'en thus, while upward glance I flung,  
 Did that blest image, which so many a will  
 Suspended on its waving pinions hung.  
 'Like as my notes foil thee, that hast no skill  
 To understand,' it wheeling sung and said,  
 'Eternal judgment foils you mortals still.'  
 Then rested those effulgent kindlings fed  
 By the Holy Ghost in <sup>1</sup> that sign yet to see,  
 Which overawed the world with Roman dread.  
 Again began it: 'In this realm to be  
 None ever rose who had not faith in CHRIST,  
 Before or since they nailed Him to the tree;  
 But note thou, many cry aloud Christ, CHRIST,  
 That in the judgment shall be much less nigh  
 To Him, than one who never knew of CHRIST.  
 Against such Christians shall <sup>2</sup> that Ethiop try  
 Judgment, when those two bands shall part, to reap,  
 One endless wealth, one endless penury.  
 What scorn shall on your kings the <sup>3</sup> Persians heap,  
 When they the volume opened shall behold,  
 Inscribed the sum of all their shames to keep!  
 There shall be seen 'mid <sup>4</sup> Albert's works enrolled  
 That which shall speedily the pen provoke,  
 Turning the realm of Prague to desert-wold.

alliance with the House of Anjou,  
 leading an immense army of half-  
 pagan Cumans; the second, when  
 the Bohemian States, rejecting

him, had elected Henry of Carin-  
 thia their sovereign.—Menzel,  
*German Hist.* clxxii.

Lì si vedrà il duol che sopra Senna  
 Induce, falseggiando la moneta,  
 Quei che morrà di colpo di cotenna. 120  
 Lì si vedrà la superbia ch' asseta,  
 Che fa lo Scotto e l' Inghilese folle  
 Sì, che non può soffrir dentro a sua meta.  
 Vedrassi la lussuria e il viver molle  
 Di quel di Spagna, e di quel di Buemme,  
 Che mai valor non conobbe, nè volle.  
 Vedrassi al Ciotto di Gerusalemme  
 Segnata con un I la sua bontate,  
 Quando il contrario segnerà un emme.  
 Vedrassi l' avarizia e la viltate 130  
 Di quel che guarda l' Isola del fuoco,  
 Dove Anchise finì la lunga etate ;  
 E, a dare a intender quanto è poco,  
 La sua scrittura fien lettere mozze,  
 Che noteranno molto in parvo loco.  
 E parranno a ciascun l' opere sozze  
 Del barba e del fratel, che tanto egregia  
 Nazione, e duo corone han fatte bozze.  
 E quel di Portogallo e di Norvegia  
 Lì si conosceranno, e quel di Rascia 140  
 Che mal ha visto il conio di Vinegia.  
 O beata Ungheria, se non si lascia  
 Più malmenare ! E beata Navarra  
 Se s' armasse del monte che la fascia !  
 E creder dee ciascun che già, per arra  
 Di questo, Nicosia e Famagosta  
 Pero la lor bestia si lamenti e garra,  
 Che dal fianco dell' altre non si scosta.

<sup>5</sup> Philip IV. (The Fair), whose frequent debasements of the coinage provoked a sedition in Paris. He suppressed the Order of the Templars with a view to confiscate their vast wealth. He died of consumption A.D. 1314, but his end may have been hastened by the accident of which Dante makes mention here.

<sup>6</sup> Not only the war between Edward I. and Robert Bruce, but also the petty inroads which

rendered the English and Scottish borders unsafe so long, may be here intended.

<sup>7</sup> Alphonso X. of Castile, surnamed the Wise, does not seem altogether to merit the censure here passed on him. He did much for the jurisprudence of his kingdom. He did not, however, prosecute his claims to the Empire with vigour.

<sup>8</sup> Wenceslaus IV. son of Ottocar, king of Bohemia. See *Purg.* c.

There shall be seen the curse by <sup>5</sup> him bespoke,  
 Through false debasing of the coin, for Seine,  
 Who soon shall perish by the wild-boar's stroke.  
 There shall be seen the proud and greedy strain  
 That makes so frantic <sup>6</sup> Scot and English both—  
 To break his border neither can refrain ;  
 There seen the life of soft luxurious sloth  
 That <sup>7</sup> Spaniard, that <sup>8</sup> Bohemian to condemn,  
 Who courage knew not, and to know was loth :  
 There seen i' the <sup>9</sup> cripple of Jerusalem  
 A simple *I* his goodness to express,  
 While the reverse shall stand expressed by *M* ;  
 There seen <sup>10</sup> his avarice and faintheartedness,  
 Who that fire-island, where the lengthened race  
 Of old <sup>11</sup> Anchises ended, doth possess ;  
 And to expound him, how exceeding base,  
 The letters for his writing shall be made  
 Short-hand, recording much in little space.  
 There shall man read their filthy works displayed,  
<sup>12</sup> Uncle's and brother's, whose polluting lust  
 Hath line so noble and two crowns betrayed :  
 And <sup>13</sup> Portugal's and Norway's monarch must  
 There stand unmasked ; there Rascia's prince be writ,  
 'That could so basely Venice' coin adjust.  
 How blest were Hungary no more to sit  
 The sport of like ill-handling, blest <sup>14</sup> Navarre,  
 Her mountain-belt for armour would she fit !  
 And this should all deem earnest of such jar ;  
<sup>15</sup> Nicosia, Famagosta, for their beast  
 Already murmuring and complaining are,  
 Who with the rest to side hath never ceased.'

vii. 102, and note.

<sup>5</sup> Charles II. king of Apulia and Jerusalem, obtains a better character from other writers than Dante here assigns him.

<sup>10</sup> Frederick, son of Pedro of Arragon.

<sup>11</sup> Virgil, *Æn.* iii. 708.

<sup>12</sup> James, king of the Balearic islands, and another James of Arragon.

<sup>13</sup> Dionysius, son of Alphonso III. king of Portugal, surnamed

the Husbandman, reigned from A.D. 1279 to A.D. 1325. Of the Norwegian and Rascian princes nothing is known. Rascia was a Slavonian district.

<sup>14</sup> Navarre, naturally protected by her mountain-barrier, was threatened by the ambition of Philip the Fair, king of France.

<sup>15</sup> Cities of Cyprus, which was governed, A.D. 1300, by Henry II. to whom the poisoning of John, his elder brother, was imputed.



## CANTO XX.

*Vista d' alcune anime di regi per eccellenza di virtu preclari.  
Traiano, e Rifeo da Troia salvi, perchè illuminati da divina grazia.*

QUANDO colui che tutto il mondo alluma  
 Dell' emisperio nostro si discende,  
 Che il giorno d' ogni parte si consuma,  
 Lo ciel, che sol di lui prima s' accende,  
 Subitamente si rifà parvente  
 Per molte luci, in che una risplende.  
 E quest' atto del ciel mi venne a mente,  
 Come il segno del mondo e de' suoi duci  
 Nel benedetto rostro fu tacente;  
 Però che tutte quelle vive luci, 10  
 Vie più lucendo, cominciaron canti  
 Da mia memoria labili e caduci.  
 O dolce amor, che di riso t' ammanti,  
 Quanto parevi ardente in que' favilli,  
 Ch' aveano spirto sol di pensier santi !  
 Poscia che i cari e lucidi lapilli,  
 Ond' io vidi ingemmato il sesto lume,  
 Poser silenzio agli angelici squilli,  
 Udir mi parve un mormorar di fiume,  
 Che scende chiaro giù di pietra in pietra, 20  
 Mostrando l' ubertà del suo cacume.  
 E come suono al collo della cetra  
 Prende sua forma, e sì come al pertugio  
 Della sampogna vento che penetra,  
 Così, rimosso d' aspettare indugio,  
 Quel mormorar dell' aquila salissi  
 Su per lo collo, come fosse bugio.  
 Fecesi voce quivi, e quindi uscissi  
 Per lo suo becco in forma di parole,  
 Quali aspettava il cuore ov' io le scrissi. 30  
 La parte in me che vede e pate il sole  
 Nell' aquile mortali, incominciommi,  
 Or fisamente riguardar si vuole,  
 Perchè de' fuochi, ond' io figura fommi,  
 Quelli, onde l' occhio in testa mi scintilla,  
 Di tutti i loro gradi son li sommi.

## CANTO XX.

*ARGUMENT. — The mystic Eagle names Six Spirits who form its eye, and resolves the Poet's doubt concerning two of them who were not acquainted with the Christian Faith.*

WHEN he whose radiance all the world illumines  
Beneath our hemisphere declines, and fading  
In every part the day to twilight glooms,  
The sky first lit by him, none other aiding,  
Glows in a moment on the sight, new-fraught  
With many lights, and in them one pervading ;  
And this celestial change came to my thought  
Soon as that ensign's blessed beak was hushed,  
Neath which the world and all its leaders fought ;  
Since all those living lustres, while they flushed  
More brilliant yet, prelusive warblings quired,  
That gliding all too fleet for memory gushed.  
O gentle love, in mantling smile attired,  
How bright thy fervour in these sparkles shown,  
By holy thoughts, and only such, inspired !  
Soon as each precious and translucent stone,  
Jewelled by which I saw the sixth light gleam,  
Had stilled to silence its angelic tone,  
I seemed to hear the murmuring of a stream  
That leaps from rock to rock in clear descent,  
To show with water how its well-springs teem ;  
And from the cittern's neck as tone is lent  
To sound, and to the penetrative air  
The like at hautboy's open breathing-vent,  
Thus, all expectance of delay to spare,  
That eagle's murmuring did outlet seek  
Up through the neck, as hollow bore it were ;  
Here made it voice, hence issued by the beak  
In form of words so ordered, as my heart,  
Whereon I wrote them, looked that it should speak.  
' Now,' it began, ' thy steadfast gaze the part  
In me demands, that sees and bears the sun  
In mortal eagles : for of all that dart  
Their fires to shape my figure, are there none  
Like those which in this head emit their spark  
Forming mine eye—they loftiest rank have won.

Colui che luce in mezzo per pupilla,  
 Fu il cantor dello Spirito Santo,  
 Che l' arca traslatò di villa in villa.  
 Ora conosce il merto del suo canto, 40  
 In quanto affetto fu del suo consiglio,  
 Per lo remunerar ch' è altrettanto.  
 De' cinque, che mi fan cerchio per ciglio,  
 Colui, che più al becco mi s' accosta,  
 La vedovella consolò del figlio.  
 Ora conosce quanto caro costa  
 Non seguir Cristo, per l' esperienza  
 Di questa dolce vita e dell' opposta.  
 E quel che segue in la circonferenza,  
 Di che ragiono, per l' arco superno, 50  
 Morte indugiò per vera penitenza.  
 Ora conosce che il giudicio eterno  
 Non si trasmuta, perchè degno preco  
 Fa crastino laggiù dell' odierno.  
 L' altro che segue, con le leggi, e meco,  
 Sotto buona intenzion che fe' mal frutto,  
 Per cedere al pastor si fece Greco.  
 Ora conosce come il mal, dedutto  
 Dal suo bene operar, non gli è nocivo,  
 Avvegna che sia il mondo indi distrutto. 60  
 E quel che vedi nell' arco declivo  
 Guiglielmo fu, cui quella terra plora  
 Che piange Carlo e Federigo vivo.  
 Ora conosce come s' innamora  
 Lo ciel del giusto rege, ed al sembiante  
 Del suo fulgore il fa vedere ancora.  
 Chi crederebbe giù nel mondo errante,  
 Che Rifeo Troiano in questo tondo  
 Fosse la quinta delle luci sante?  
 Ora conosce assai di quel che il mondo 70  
 Veder non può della divina grazia,  
 Benchè sua vista non discerna il fondo.  
 Qual lodoletta che in aere si spazia  
 Prima cantando, e poi tace contenta  
 Dell' ultima dolcezza che la sazia,  
 Tal mi sembiò l' immagine della impronta

<sup>1</sup> King David. See II. Sam. v. 4, 5.

<sup>2</sup> The Emperor Trajan, see *Purg.* c. x. 76, and note.

<sup>3</sup> Hezekiah. See II. Kings xx., Isaiah xxxviii.

<sup>4</sup> Constantine, by whose transfer of the government civil and military (the laws and the Eagle) to Constantinople, opportunity was given for the Bishops of Rome to acquire influence and dominion.

<sup>1</sup> The central light that makes the pupil's mark,  
 The singer by the Holy Ghost imbued,  
 From town to town of old conveyed the ark.  
 Now knows he well what merit once endued  
 His song, how far his counsellor controlled,  
 By guerdon which proportionate accrued.  
 Of five, that round my eyebrow's arch are rolled,  
<sup>2</sup> The one that nearest to my beak is ranged  
 The friendless widow for her son consoled;  
 Now knows he well, from Christ to live estranged  
 How dear the cost is, by experience gained.  
 Of this sweet life from opposite exchanged.  
<sup>3</sup> The next in that circumference contained  
 Whereof I speak, its upward arch to raise,  
 By true repentance death's advance restrained;  
 Now knows he well, no shifting purpose stays  
 Eternal Judgment, though deserved pause  
 Prayer make below—to-morrow's of to-day's.  
<sup>4</sup> Who follows next, with good intent, the cause  
 Of evil fruit, to yield the pastor sway,  
 Became a Greek with me and with the laws.  
 Now knows he well, to him how harmless they,  
 The ills from his good work derivative,  
 Albeit they wreak the ruined world's decay.  
<sup>5</sup> He, whom thou seest the arch's bend to give  
 Downward, was William, of that land deplored  
 Which mourns that Charles and Frederic yet live!  
 Now knows he well what love in heaven is stored  
 For righteous king; and in the vivid glow  
 His aspect wears doth yet the proof afford.  
 Who might believe in erring world below  
 That <sup>6</sup> Ripheus came—the Trojan—in this round  
 The fifth among the sainted lights to show?  
 Now knows he well of that the world has found  
 To sight inscrutable in heaven's high grace,  
 Though e'en his vision fails the deep to sound.'  
 As lark that trilling first in aëry space  
 Careers; then with his last mellifluous close  
 Sated contents him silent on his place,  
 So looked to me that form which imprint shows

<sup>5</sup> William II. of Apulia and Sicily, surnamed the Good. Charles the lame and Frederic of Arragon are the two contrasted with him here. See nn. 9 and 10

of the preceding Canto.

<sup>6</sup> 'Cadit et Ripheus, justissimus unus  
 " Qui fuit in Teucris, et servantissimus æqui.'—Virg. *Æn.* ii. 426.

Dell' eterno piacere, al cui disio  
 Ciascuna cosa, quale ell' è, diventa.  
 E avvegna ch' io fossi al dubbiar mio  
 Lì quasi vetro allo color che il veste, 80  
 Tempo aspettar tacendo non patio ;  
 Ma della bocca : Che cose son queste ?  
 Mi pinse con la forza del suo peso ;  
 Perch' io di corruscar vidi gran feste.  
 Poi appresso con l' occhio più acceso  
 Lo benedetto segno mi rispose,  
 Per non tenermi in ammirar sospeso :  
 Io veggio che tu credi queste cose,  
 Perch' io le dico, ma non vedi come ;  
 Sì che, se son credute, sono ascose. 90  
 Fai come quei, che la cosa per nome  
 Apprende ben ; ma la sua quiditate  
 Veder non puote, s' altri non la prome.  
*Regnum cœlorum* violenza pate  
 Da caldo amore, e da viva speranza,  
 Che vince la divina volontate ;  
 Non a guisa che l' uomo all' uom sovranza,  
 Ma vince lei, perchè vuole esser vinta,  
 E vinta vince con sua beninanza.  
 La prima vita del ciglio e la quinta 100  
 Ti fa maravigliar, perchè ne vedi  
 La region degli angeli dipinta.  
 De' corpi suoi non uscir, come credi,  
 Gentili, ma cristiani, in ferma fede,  
 Quel de' passuri, e quel de' passi piedi ;  
 Chè l' una dallo inferno, u' non si riede  
 Giammai a buon voler, tornò all' ossa,  
 E ciò di viva speme fu mercede ;  
 Di viva speme, che mise sua possa  
 Ne' prieghi fatti a Dio per suscitarla, 110  
 Sì che potesse sua voglia esser mossa.  
 L' anima gloriosa, onde si parla,  
 Tornata nella carne in che fu poco,  
 Credette in lui che poteva aiutarla ;  
 E credendo s' accese in tanto fuoco  
 Di vero amor, ch' alla morte seconda  
 Fu degna di venire a questo giuoco.  
 L' altra, per grazia che da sì profonda  
 Fontana stilla, che mai creatura

<sup>7</sup> Ripheus before the Crucifixion, Trajan after it : the latter

Of the' everlasting pleasure, whose behest  
On each created thing its kind bestows.  
And howsoe'er I with my doubt possest  
Were there as glass with staining hues annealed,  
It would not brook to wait nor be repressed ;  
But forcing with its weight, my lips unsealed  
To ask 'What things be these?' when I discerned  
Gay sparkling gleams that festive mirth revealed.  
And instantly, with eye that brighter burned,  
The blessed ensign, lest suspense should grieve  
My mind admiring, answer thus returned ;  
'I see thee at my word these things believe,  
Yet undiscerning how they so befel,  
And therefore they are hid, though faith receive ;  
Thou dost as one who by its name learns well  
The thing, but of its essence hath no sense,  
Unless interpreting some other tell.  
The heavenly kingdom suffers violence  
That fervent love, that living hope applies,  
The will controlling of Omnipotence ;  
Yet not as man his fellow-man outvies,  
But conquers her that conquest will allow,  
And, conquered, conquer with her charities.  
The first soul and the fifth upon my brow  
Provoke thy wonder, to behold their sheen  
Emblazoning the realm of angels now.  
These left their bodies not, as thou dost ween,  
Gentile, but Christ's, resolved to trust His feet,  
'This, ere their wounding, that, when wounded seen.  
For one from hell, where never comes the sweet  
Of virtuous will restored, took flesh again,  
And that of lively hope was guerdon meet,  
Of lively hope that strained its utmost strain  
In prayers to God, His rescue bent to crave,  
That so her will right impulse might obtain ;  
The glorious soul I speak of, from the grave  
Her flesh restored, where brief was its abode,  
Believed in Him whose helping arm could save,  
And in believing so intensely glowed  
With hearty love, that on her, once more dead,  
Access to share our joys her worth bestowed.  
The other, from so deep a fountain fed  
With grace instilled, that never creature yet

rescued from the infernal regions by Gregory's intercession.

Non pinse l' occhio insino alla prim' onda, 120  
 Tutto suo amor laggiù pose a drittura,  
 Perchè di grazia in grazia Dio gli aperse  
 L' occhio alla nostra redenzion futura :  
 Onde credette in quella, e non sofferse  
 Da indi il puzzo più del paganesmo,  
 E riprendeane le genti perverse.  
 Quelle tre donne gli fur per battesimo,  
 Che tu vedesti della destra ruota,  
 Dinanzi al battezzar più d' un millesmo.  
 O predestinazion, quanto rimota 130  
 E la radice tua da quegli aspetti  
 Che la prima cagion non veggion *tota* !  
 E voi, mortali, tenetevi stretti  
 A giudicar ; chè noi, che Dio vedemo,  
 Non conosciamo ancor tutti gli eletti ;  
 Ed enne dolce così fatto scemo,  
 Perchè il ben nostro in questo ben s' affina,  
 Che quel che vuole Dio e noi volemo.  
 Così da quella immagine divina,  
 Per farmi chiara la mia corta vista, 140  
 Data mi fu soave medicina.  
 E come a buon cantor buon citarista  
 Fa seguitar lo guizzo della corda,  
 In che più di piacer lo canto acquista ;  
 Sì, mentre che parlò, mi si ricorda  
 Ch' io vidi le duo luci benedette,  
 Pur come batter d' occhi si concorda,  
 Con le parole muover le fiammette.

## CANTO XXI.

*Da cielo di Giove ascende Dante a quello di Saturno, fortunata dimora de' beati Comprensori. Vede un' altissima scala piena di resplendentissime faville che sua vista eccede. S. Pier Damiano parla al Poeta e compiangere la prevaricazione de' suoi monaci e d' altri pastori.*

Già eran gli occhi miei rifissi al volto  
 Della mia Donna, e l' animo con essi,  
 E da ogni altro intento s' era tolto ;  
 Ed ella non ridea ; ma, s' io ridessi,

• Faith, Hope, and Charity ;

Had eyes to plumb that water's primal head,  
 Her whole desire below on justice set ;  
 Wherefore God oped her eyes from grace to grace  
 To see the future ransom of our debt :  
 Thus she believed it, and thenceforth gave place  
 To paganism's ill-savoured ways no more,  
 But walked reproving 'mid the froward race.  
 To her <sup>8</sup> the damsels three thou sawest before,  
 On the right wheel, were as baptismal rite  
 Ere baptism's self a thousand years and o'er.  
 Predestination ! ah, how r condite  
 Is thy deep root, beyond their visual reach  
 Who grasp not all the primal Cause by sight !  
 And you, ye mortals, to your judgment teach  
 Wise caution ; even we, with God in view,  
 Know not as yet the chosen, all and each.  
 Our want thus ordered doth its sweet ensue,  
 Because our good does in this good refine,  
 And what the Godhead wills, that will we too.'  
 So, tempered by that imaged shape divine,  
 More clearness o'er my purblind sight to bring,  
 To me was given a gentle anodyne ;  
 And as good harper guides the quivering string  
 To follow some good singer, thus designed  
 To lend the lay charm more enrapturing,  
 So, while the figure spake, I call to mind  
 That I that pair of blessed lustres saw,  
 Their sparkles' motion with the words combined,  
 As eyes that twinkle by concordant law.

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 CANTO XXI.

*ARGUMENT. — Ascent to the Heaven of the Planet Saturn, abode of the Contemplative. Vision of the celestial Ladder. Interview with Peter Damiani.*

ALREADY had my mind and eyes uniting  
 Bent them my lady's countenance to scan  
 Once more, the care of other objects slighting ;  
 And she without a smile to me began :

*see Purg. c. xxix. 121.*



Mi cominciò, tu ti faresti quale  
 Semele fu, quando di cener fessi ;  
 Chè la bellezza mia, che per le scale  
 Dell' eterno palazzo più s' accende,  
 Com' hai veduto, quanto più si sale,  
 Se non si temperasse, tanto splende,  
 Che il tuo mortale podere, al suo fulgore, 10  
 Sarebbe fronda che tuono scoscende.  
 Noi sem levati al settimo splendore,  
 Che sotto il petto del lion ardente  
 Raggia mo misto giù del suo valore.  
 Ficca dirietro agli occhi tuoi la mente,  
 E fa di quegli specchio alla figura,  
 Che in questo specchio ti sarà parvente.  
 Qual sapesse qual era la pastura  
 Del viso mio nell' aspetto beato,  
 Quand' io mi trasmutai ad altra cura, 20  
 Conoscerebbe quanto m' era a grato  
 Ubbidire alla mia celeste scorta,  
 Contrappesando l' un con l' altro lato.  
 Dentro al cristallo, che il vocabol porta,  
 Cerchiando il mondo del suo caro duce,  
 Sotto cui giacque ogni malizia morta,  
 Di color d' oro, in che raggio traluce,  
 Vid' io uno scaleo eretto in suso  
 Tanto, che nol seguiva la mia luce.  
 Vidi anche per li gradi scender giuso 30  
 Tanti splendor, ch' io pensai ch' ogni lume  
 Che par nel ciel, quindi fosse diffuso.  
 E come, per lo natural costume,  
 Le pole insieme, al cominciar del giorno,  
 Si muovono a scaldar le fredde piume ;  
 Poi altre vanno via senza ritorno,  
 Altre rivolgon sè, onde son mosse,  
 Ed altre roteando fan soggiorno ;  
 Tal modo parve a me che quivi fosse  
 In quello sfavillar che insieme venne, 40  
 Sì come in certo grado si percosse ;  
 E quel che presso più ci si ritenne,

<sup>1</sup> The destruction of the ambitious Semele by the lightnings of Jupiter's presence is told by Ovid, *Met.* 288.

<sup>2</sup> It must always be remembered that Dante's astronomical system

made the Earth, not the Sun, its central point.

<sup>3</sup> On the golden age when Saturn reigned, see *Inf.* xiv. 94.

<sup>4</sup> This mystical ladder, the same 'whereon' as Milton describes it,

' Had I been smiling, thine were now the fate  
 Of <sup>1</sup> Semele, when she to ashes ran,  
 Because my beauty, that proportionate  
 Kindles while up the' eternal palace stair,  
 As thou hast seen, we climb to higher state,  
 So brightly blazes, if untempered 't were,  
 Thy mortal power would show beneath its beams  
 As leaflet shrivelled in the lightning-glare.  
 Now have we mounted where the seventh star gleams,  
 And by the burning Lion's breast protected  
 Now mingling with his influence downward streams.  
 Keep thou thy mind to back thine eyes directed,  
 And make of those a mirror to repeat  
 The shape this mirror shall present reflected.'  
 Whoe'er could know the pasturage, how sweet  
 To feed mine eyes upon those features blest,  
 When I transferred me different care to meet,  
 Would also learn how grateful 't was the hest  
 Of my celestial escort to obey,  
 By counterpoise in neither scale depressed.  
 Within that crystal circling on its way  
<sup>2</sup> Our world, that named of her loved monarch goes  
<sup>3</sup> 'Neath whom all wickedness yet embryo lay,  
 Golden of tint, in which transpicuous glows  
 A ray, I saw <sup>4</sup> a ladder, which defied  
 My sight to follow it, so high it rose;  
 And down the steps I also saw to glide  
 Splendours so thronged, that every light, methought,  
 Which spangles heaven poured here a dazzling tide.  
 And as when daws by native instinct taught  
 Bestir them at the breaking of the morn  
 To warm their night-chilled plumes, together brought,  
 Some unreturning are to distance borne,  
 Some to resume their former station troop,  
 And other some there wheeling make sojourn,  
 Such seemed to me the manner in that group,  
 Of sparkling lights, that came a serried host,  
 As some particular step they struck in swoop.  
 And one that halted, nearing us the most

*Par. Lost*, b. iii. 511:

' Jacob saw  
 Angels ascending and descending,  
 bands  
 Of guardians bright, when he from  
 Esau fled

To Padan Aram, in the field of  
 Luz, '

typifies the steps by which the  
 contemplative soul ascends to the  
 vision of the Almighty.

Si fe' sì chiaro, ch' io dicea pensando :  
Io veggio ben l' amor chè tu m' accenne.  
Ma quella, ond' io aspetto il come e il quando  
Del dire e del tacer, si sta, ond' io  
Contra il disio fo ben ch' io non dimando.  
Perch' ella, che vedeva il tacer mio  
Nel veder di colui che tutto vede,  
Mi disse : Solvi il tuo caldo disio. 50  
Ed io incominciai : La mia mercede  
Non mi fa degno della tua risposta,  
Ma per colei che il chieder mi concede,  
Vita beata, che ti stai nascosta  
Dentro alla tua letizia, fammi nota  
La cagion che sì presso mi t' accosta ;  
E di', perchè si tace in questa ruota  
La dolce sinfonia di Paradiso,  
Che giù per l' altre suona sì devota.  
Tu hai l' udir mortal, sì come il viso, 60  
Rispose a me ; però qui non si canta  
Per quel che Beatrice non ha riso,  
Giù per li gradi della scala santa  
Discesi tanto, sol per farti festa  
Col dire, e con la luce che m' ammantata :  
Nè più amor mi fece esser più presta,  
Che più e tanto amor quinci su ferve,  
Sì come il fiammeggiar ti manifesta.  
Ma l' alta carità, che ci fa serve  
Pronte al consiglio che il mondo governa, 70  
Sorteggia quì, sì come tu osserve.  
Io veggio ben, diss' io, sacra lucerna,  
Come libero amore in questa corte  
Baste a seguir la provvidenza eterna.  
Ma quest' è quel, ch' a cerner mi par forte ;  
Perchè predestinata fosti sola  
A questo uficio tra le tue consorte.  
Non venni prima all' ultima parola,  
Che del suo mezzo fece il lume centro,  
Girando sè, come veloce mola. 80  
Poi rispose l' amor che v' era dentro :  
Luce divina sovra me s' appunta,  
Penetrando per questa ond' io m' inventro ;  
La cui virtù, con mio veder congiunta,  
Mi leva sovra me tanto, ch' io veggio  
La somnia essenza della quale è munta.  
Quinci vien l' allegrezza, ond' io fiammeggio,

Became so bright, I said in thought, ' Full well  
I note the love that signalling thou show'st ;  
But she is mute, for whom I wait to tell  
The time and mode to commune or be still ;  
Wherefore 't is good I ask not, but repel  
My wish.' Then she, that saw my silent will  
In His discernment who doth all discern,  
Said, ' Loose thy warm desire to take her fill ;'  
And I began : ' Mine own deservings earn  
No worth for me, that may thine answer claim ;  
But for her sake who gives me leave to learn  
Asking, blest spirit, that a veil dost frame  
Of thine own ravishment, the cause expound  
Which draws thee to my side so close to flame,  
And tell me wherefore silent in this round  
The sweet symphonious airs of paradise,  
In lower orbs that so devoutly sound.'  
' Mortal, thy hearing, as thy sight, the price  
Must pay,' replied he, ' whence no song is sung  
Here, as no smile is seen on Beatrice.  
Purely to make thee joyance with my tongue  
And with my mantling light, so far descent  
Adown yon ladder's holy steps I sprung,  
Nor was it more of love more swiftness lent,  
For there aloft as much and more of love  
Glow, and in blazing manifests their bent ;  
But he—the Love Supreme—who bids us move  
Prompt servants of the mind that governs all,  
As thou observest, casts our lot above.'  
' Well note I, sacred lamp, in this high hall  
To follow what eternal forethought planned,  
True love,' I said, ' suffices at His call ;  
But this to me seems hard to understand,  
Why thou predestinate hast been preferred  
Sole to this office 'mid thy consort-band.'  
No sooner had I spoke my final word—  
The light his centre made a point, to spin  
To whirls as rapid as the millstone stirred ;  
Then answered me the love enshrined within,  
' Light from the Godhead full on me comes glowing  
Through mine enwombing sheen a way to win,  
And on my sight its added power bestowing  
Lifts me so far beyond myself, I gaze  
On the First Essence whence that milk is flowing ;  
So comes the jocund cheer to make my blaze,

Perchè alla vista mia, quant' ella è chiara,  
 La chiarezza della fiamma pareggio.  
 Ma quell' alma nel ciel che più si schiara, 90  
 Quel serafin che in Dio più l' occhio ha fisso  
 Alla dimanda tua non soddisfara ;  
 Perocchè sì s' inoltra nell' abisso  
 Dell' eterno statuto quel che chiedi,  
 Che da ogni creata vista è scisso.  
 Ed al mondo mortal, quando tu riedi,  
 Questo rapporta, sì che non presumma  
 A tanto segno più muover li piedi.  
 La mente che quì luce, in terra fumma ;  
 Onde riguarda come può laggiue 100  
 Quel che non puote, perchè il ciel l' assumma.  
 Sì mi prescrisser le parole sue,  
 Ch' io lasciai la quistione, e mi ritrassi  
 A dimandarla umilmente chi fue.  
 Tra duo liti d' Italia surgon sassi,  
 E non molto distante alla tua patria,  
 Tanto, che i tuoni assai suonan più bassi,  
 E fanno un gibbo, che si chiama Catria,  
 Disotto al quale è consecrato un ermo, 110  
 Che suol esser disposto a sola latria.  
 Così ricominciommi il terzo sermo ;  
 E poi, continuando, disse : Quivi  
 Al servizio di Dio mi fei sì fermo,  
 Che pur con cibi di liquor d' ulivi,  
 Lievemente passava caldi e geli ;  
 Contento ne' pensier contemplativi.  
 Render solea quel chiostro a questi cieli  
 Fertilmente, ed ora è fatto vano,  
 Sì che tosto convien che si riveli. 120  
 In quel loco fu' io Pier Damiano ;  
 E Pietro peccator fui nella casa  
 Di Nostra Donna in sul lito Adriano ;  
 Poca vita mortal m' era rimasa,  
 Quand' io fu chiesto e tratto a quel cappello,  
 Che pur di male in peggio si travasa.  
 Venne Cephas, e venne il gran vasello.

\* At Avellana in the Duchy of Urbino, between Gubbio and Pergola. The monastery was that of Santa Croce.

\* Lombardi makes out *two* Peters here, P. dei Onesti, and P. Damiani. His correction, *fu*

for *fui* in the next line, is adopted by Biagioli and Viviani, I think without due regard to Dante's manner. It was no unusual practice of ascetics in those days to assume a surname expressive of humiliation, especially when they

Since for the clearness on my vision poured  
 An equal clearness in my flame I raise.  
 But not the soul in heaven with light most stored,  
 Nor seraph bending most devoted eyes  
 On God, shall to thy questioning afford  
 Contentment, since what thou demandest lies  
 Far onward in the' eternal law's abyss,  
 A chasm that all created sight defies.  
 And to the mortal world report thou this  
 At thy return, that it no more presume  
 Toward goal so high to move the feet amiss,  
 The mind that here is light, is vapour-fume  
 On earth, and therefore, as it can, below  
 Scans what it may not, in heaven's highest room  
 Laid up.' His words prescribed me limit so,  
 That I the search abandoned, and controlled  
 My humble question, who he was, to know.  
 'Tween two Italian shores erect them bold,  
 Nor distant from thy country, rocks upthrown  
 So high, the thunders far beneath are rolled,  
 And shape a hunch, by surname <sup>5</sup> Catria known ;  
 Below it lies a sacred solitude  
 By wont reserved to worship God alone.'  
 Thus did the soul her third reply prelude,  
 Then thus continued : ' Here 't was mine to live  
 Bent on God's service in so stern a mood,  
 That, fed with meats the dropping olives give,  
 Both heat and cold I lightly passed afield,  
 Contenting me 'mid thoughts contemplative.  
 That cloister to these heavens was wont to yield  
 Abundance ; now so emptied of its store,  
 Needs must the change be speedily revealed !  
 There <sup>6</sup> Peter Damiani's name I bore,  
 Peter the Sinner's in her house contained—  
<sup>7</sup> Our Lady's—on the Adriatic shore.  
 Little of mortal life to me remained,  
 When I to the' hat which, changing head for head,  
 Turns bad to worse, was courted and constrained.  
 Cephas and he, the mighty vessel led

changed their place of abode with  
 a view to more rigorous penance.  
 Hofmann asserts that Damiani was  
 of the house of the Onesti. Lex.  
 Un. *Petrus Damianus*.

<sup>7</sup> This monastery of Santa Maria  
 del Portico was near Ravenna.

Damiani was made Cardinal, and  
 Bishop of Ostia, not long before  
 his death in A.D. 1072. See a  
 notice of him in Abp. Trench's  
*Sacred Latin Poetry*. I have given  
 a translation of his fine poem  
*De Gaudiis Paradisi* in my Preface.

Dello Spirito Santo, magri e scalzi,  
 Prendendo il cibo di qualunque ostello.  
 Or voglion quinci e quindi chi rincalzi 130  
 Li moderni pastori, e chi li meni,  
 Tanto son gravi, e chi dirietro gli alzi.  
 Cuopron de' manti lor gli palafreni,  
 Sì che duo bestie van sott' una pelle :  
 O pazienza, che tanto sostieni !  
 A questa voce vid' io più fiammelle  
 Di grado in grado scandere e girarsi,  
 Ed ogni giro le facea più belle.  
 Dintorno a questa vennero e fermarsi,  
 E fero un grido di sì alto suono,  
 Che non potrebbe quì assomigliarsi ; 140  
 Nè io lo intesi, sì mi vinse il tuono.

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### CANTO XXII.

*San Benedetto risponde ad una dimanda del Poeta ; gli dà contezza di sè e compiagne i religiosi prevaricati. Dante ascende all' ottava sfera, e dal segno di Gemini, sotto cui nacque, vede le sette sfere e 'l Aiuola che ci fa tanto feroci.'*

OPPRESSO di stupore alla mia guida  
 Mi volsi, come parvol che ricorre  
 Sempre colà dove più si confida.  
 E quella, come madre che soccorre  
 Subito al figlio pallido ed anelo  
 Con la sua voce che il suol ben disporre,  
 Mi disse : Non sa' tu che tu se' in cielo ?  
 E non sa' tu che il cielo è tutto santo,  
 E ciò che ci si fa vien da buon zelo ?  
 Come t' avrebbe trasmutato il canto, 10  
 Ed io ridendo, mo pensar lo puoi,  
 Poscia che il grido t' ha mosso cotanto ;  
 Nel quale se inteso avessi i prieghi suoi,  
 Già ti sarebbe nota la vendetta,  
 La qual vedrai innanzi che tu muoi.  
 La spada di quassù non taglia in fretta,  
 Nè tardo, ma' che al parer di colui,  
 Che desiando o temendo l' aspetta.  
 Ma rivolgiti omai inverso altrui,

<sup>1</sup> Alluding, perhaps, to the seizure of Boniface VIII.

Of Holy Ghost, came barefoot both and gaunt,  
 From casual hostel taking daily bread ;  
 Our modern pastors one for each side want  
 To prop, and one to lead, and one behind  
 To hold upright—such weightiness they vaunt.  
 Their robes o'erspread their palfreys, that we find  
 One skin suffice a pair of brutes to cloak ;  
 How much thou bearest, O long-suffering Mind !'  
 From step to step descending, as it spoke,  
 And whirling round, more sparklets I beheld,  
 And every whirl new brilliances awoke ;  
 Around the flame they gathered, paused, and swelled  
 Their voices to a cry so loudly sounded,  
 By nought on earth might it be paralleled,  
 Nor understood I—so the peal astounded.

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### CANTO XXII.

ARGUMENT. — *Dante meets and converses with S. Benedict. He mounts the mysterious ladder, and enters the Eighth Sphere, that of the fixed stars, in the constellation Gemini.*

O'ERWHELMED with dumb amazement, on my guide  
 I turned me like a nursling apt to run  
 Ever for help where it can most confide,  
 And she, as mother promptly to her son,  
 When pale and panting, succour brings at need  
 By her own voice, that heartening him hath won  
 So oft, said to me : ' Know'st thou not indeed  
 Thou art in heaven, nor knowest heaven is all  
 Sacred, and all things done with us proceed  
 From godly zeal ? Now may thy mind recal  
 What change their singing and my smile had brought  
 Upon thee, when their cry could thus appal,  
 Whose orison, hadst thou the meaning caught,  
 Had caused thee of the vengeance now to know,  
 ' Which thou before thy death shalt witness wrought.  
 ' The sword above smites not in haste nor slow,  
 But only as he counts it swift or slack,  
 Who with desire or dread awaits the blow.  
 But turn thee now again toward other track ;

at Anagni, and his death which shortly followed.



Ch' assai illustri spiriti vedrai, 20  
 Se com' io dico la vista ridui.  
 Com' a lei piacque gli occhi drizzai,  
 E vidi cento sperule, che insieme  
 Più s' abbellivan con mutui rai.  
 Io stava come quei che in sè ripreme  
 La punta del disio, e non s' attenta  
 Del dimandar, sì del troppo si teme.  
 E la maggiore e la più luculenta  
 Di quelle margherite innanzi fessi,  
 Per far di sè la mia voglia contenta. 30  
 Poi dentro a lei udi: Se tu vedessi,  
 Com' io, la carità che tra noi arde,  
 Li tuoi concetti sarebbero espressi;  
 Ma perchè tu, aspettando, non tarde  
 All' alto fine, io ti farò risposta  
 Pure ai pensier di che sì ti riguarde.  
 Quel monte, a cui Cassino è nella costa,  
 Fu frequentato già in su la cima  
 Dalla gente ingannata e mal disposta.  
 Ed io son quel che su vi portai prima 40  
 Lo nome di colui che in terra addusse  
 La verità, che tanto ci sublima;  
 E tanta grazia sovra me rilusse,  
 Ch' io ritrassi le ville circostanti  
 Dall' empio culto che il mondo sedusse.  
 Questi altri fuochi tutti contemplanti  
 Uomini furo, accesi di quel caldo  
 Che fa nascere i fiori e i frutti santi.  
 Quì è Maccario, quì è Romoaldo,  
 Quì son li frati miei che dentro a chiostri 50  
 Fermar li piedi e tennero il cuor saldo.  
 Ed io a lui: L' affetto che dimostri  
 Meco parlando, e la buona sembianza  
 Ch' io veggio e noto in tutti gli ardor vostri,  
 Così m' ha dilatata mia fidanza,  
 Come il sol fa la rosa, quando aperta  
 Tanto divien quant' ell' ha di possanza.  
 Però ti prego, e tu, padre, m' accerta  
 S' io posso prender tanta grazia, ch' io

<sup>2</sup> Monte Cassino is near Naples. An ancient Temple of Apollo crowned its summit in heathen times.

<sup>3</sup> Benedict was born at Nursia

in Umbria of rich parents, A.D. 480. His first retirement, at the age of fourteen, was in a cavern near Subiaco, where he dwelt three years. He is said to have framed

With glorious spirits shall thy view be filled  
 Good store, if at my word thou bring it back.'  
 Then I mine eyes directed as she willed,  
 And hundred sparklets saw, in concord such,  
 Their mutual rays new loveliness instilled.  
 I stood as one that in himself the touch  
 Of pungent wish represses, nor aspires  
 To asking—so he fears to ask too much—  
 And one, the largest and of brightest fires  
 Among those pearly jewels, forward rolled  
 Itself to give content to my desires;  
 Then from within I heard: 'Couldst thou behold  
 Like me the charity which glows 'mid us,  
 Thine own conceptions would in words be told;  
 But I, lest thou delay, while waiting thus,  
 From thine high goal, will even thy ponderings  
 Answer, whereof thou art so scrupulous.  
<sup>2</sup> The mountain, on whose side Cassino clings,  
 Was peopled on his top i' the olden time  
 Of folk deceived and prone to evil things;  
 And up that mount was <sup>3</sup> I the first to climb  
 Carrying His name, whose word to earth conveyed  
 The truth which lifts us to such height sublime;  
 And beams of grace so copious on me played,  
 That I the bordering hamlets all withdrew  
 From impious worship which the world betrayed.  
 These other fires did all as men pursue  
 Sweet contemplation, kindled by that heat  
 Whence holy flowers and fruits spring ever new;  
 Here is <sup>4</sup> Macarius—<sup>5</sup> Romoald here to greet—  
 Here are my brethren that in cloistered aisle  
 Kept the heart steadfast, and made firm the feet.'  
 And I to him: 'Thy love displayed the while  
 With me thou talkest, and the kindly mien  
 I see and mark in all your ardour's smile,  
 To mine expanding confidence have been  
 As is the sun to rosebud, when she blows  
 With petals opening to their broadest seen.  
 Wherefore I pray, and, father, thou disclose  
 If I thine image can unveiled and plain  
 Behold, if heaven to win such grace bestows.'

his celebrated *Regula Monachorum*,  
 the text-book of western conventual  
 discipline, A.D. 515.

<sup>4</sup> There were two holy men of

this name, who both flourished in  
 the fifth century.

<sup>5</sup> Romoald of Alexandria, founder  
 of the Camaldolese monks.

Ti veggia con immagine scoperta. 60  
 Ond' egli: Frate, il tuo alto disio  
 S' adempierà in su l' ultima spera,  
 Ove s' adempion tutti gli altri, e il mio.  
 Ivi è perfetta matura ed intera  
 Ciascuna disianza; in quella sola  
 È ogni parte là dove sempr' era:  
 Perchè non è in luogo, e non s' impola,  
 E nostra scala infino ad essa varca,  
 Onde così dal viso ti s' invola.  
 Infin lassù la vide il patriarca 70  
 Jacob isporger la superna parte,  
 Quando gli apparve d' angeli sì carica.  
 Ma per salirla mo nessun diparte  
 Da terra i piedi, e la regola mia  
 Rimasa è giù per danno delle carte.  
 Le mura, che soleano esser badia,  
 Fatte sono spelonche, e le cocolle  
 Sacca son piene di farina ria.  
 Ma grave usura tanto non si tolle  
 Contra il piacer di Dio, quanto quel frutto 80  
 Che fa il cuor de' monaci sì folle.  
 Chè, quantunque la chiesa guarda, tutto  
 È della gente che per Dio dimanda,  
 Non di parente, nè d' altro più brutto.  
 La carne de' mortali è tanto blanda,  
 Che giù non basta buon cominciamento  
 Dal nascer della quercia al far la ghianda.  
 Pier cominciò senz' oro e senza argento,  
 Ed io con orazione e con digiuno,  
 E Francesco umilmente il suo convento. 90  
 E, se guardi al principio di ciascuno,  
 Poscia riguardi là dov' è trascorso,  
 Tu vederai del bianco fatto bruno. "  
 Veramente Giordan volto retrorso  
 Più fu, e il mar fuggir, quando Dio volse,  
 Mirabile a veder, che quì il soccorso.  
 Così mi disse, ed indi si ricolse  
 Al suo collegio, e il collegio si strinse;  
 Poi, come turbo, in su tutto s' accolse.  
 La dolce Donna dietro a lor mi pinse 100  
 Con un sol cenno su per quella scala,  
 Sì sua virtù la mia natura vinse;  
 Nè mai quaggiù, dove si monta e cala,  
 Naturalmente fu sì ratto moto,

‘ Brother,’ he said, ‘ thou fully shalt obtain,  
In the last sphere above, thine high desire,  
Where mine and all the rest fulfilment gain ;  
There every longing perfect and entire  
Is ripened ; there alone in changeless whole  
The parts, fixed as they ever were, conspire !  
Nor place it knows not, nor to turn on pole,  
And this our ladder is to reach it reared,  
So steals away beyond thy sight’s control.  
The patriarch Jacob saw it thus insphered,  
Its upper part of highest heaven embraced,  
When with such freight of angels it appeared .  
But now to scale it no one lifts in haste  
His feet from off the ground, and down on earth  
My rule remains for paper’s idle waste.  
The walls that wont to form an abbey’s girth  
Are changed to robbers’ dens, the cowls are turned  
To wallets crammed with meal of little worth ;  
But ne’er hath usury so proudly spurned  
Against God’s pleasure, as that fruitage, whence  
The foolishness in monkish heart is learned.  
Whate’er the Church guards, all is to dispense  
On those who crave for God’s sake in their needs,  
And not on kindred, or more foul offence.  
Below, a good commencement scanty speeds  
(So pliant-frail the flesh in mortal man)  
The sapling oak, till it the acorn seeds.  
Without or gold or silver first began  
Peter ; and I with fasting and with prayer,  
And Francis would his convent humbly plan ;  
And if thou note what these at starting were,  
Then, whither each hath swerved so recklessly,  
Thou ’lt see how dark is grown what once was fair.  
Yet, truly, to behold the sea-waves flee  
At God’s command, and Jordan backward flung,  
More wondrous was, than succour here should be.’  
So spake he, and his fellow troop among  
Retired. His fellow troop more close combined,  
Then whirlwind-like all gathering upward sprung.  
My lady sweet upon their track behind  
With but a signal up that stair to spring  
Impelled me ; so her force o’ercame my kind ;  
Nor there below, of nature’s furnishing,  
Where men descend and climb, was ever known

Ch' agguagliar si potesse alla mia ala.  
 S' io torni mai, lettore, a quel devoto  
 Trionfo, per lo quale io piango spesso  
 Le mie peccata, e il petto mi percuoto,  
 Tu non avresti in tanto tratto e messo  
 Nel fuoco il dito, in quanto io vidi il segno 110  
 Che segue il tauro, e fui dentro da esso.  
 O gloriose stelle, o lume pregno  
 Di gran virtù, dal quale io riconosco  
 Tutto, qual che si sia, il mio ingegno:  
 Con voi nasceva, e s' ascondeva vosco  
 Quegli ch' è padre d' ogni mortal vita,  
 Quand' io senti' da prima l' aer Tosco;  
 E poi, quando mi fu grazia largita  
 D' entrar nell' alta ruota che vi gira,  
 La vostra region mi fu sortita. 120  
 A voi devotamente ora sospira  
 L' anima mia per acquistar virtute  
 Al passo forte, che a sè la tira.  
 Tu se' sì presso all' ultima salute,  
 Cominciò Beatrice, che tu dei  
 Aver le luci tue chiare ed acute.  
 E però, prima che tu più t' inlei,  
 Rimira in giuso, e vidi quanto mondo  
 Sotto li piedi già esser ti fei:  
 Sì che il tuo cuor, quantunque può, giocondo 130  
 S' appresenti alla turba trionfante,  
 Che lieta vien per questo etera tondo.  
 Col viso ritornai per tutte quante  
 Le sette spere, e vidi questo globo  
 Tal, ch' io sorrisi del suo vil sembiante;  
 E quel consigno per migliore approbo  
 Che l' ha per meno; e chi ad altro pensa  
 Chiamar si puote veramente probo.  
 Vidi la figlia di Latona incensa  
 Senza quell' ombra, che mi fu cagione 140  
 Perchè già la credetti rara e densa.  
 L' aspetto del tuo nato, Iperione,  
 Quivi sostenni, e vidi com' si muove  
 Circa e vicino a lui Maia e Dione.  
 Quindi m' apparve il temperar di Giove  
 Tra il padre e il figlio, e quindi mi fu chiaro

• The zodiacal sign of the Twins.  
 • The Sun was in Gemini at  
 Dante's birth.

• The moon.  
 • Hyperion, in the Greek myth-  
 ology a Titan, father of the Sun,

Motion so rapid as could match my wing.  
 So, reader, may I come to make mine own  
 That godly triumph, for the which my sin  
 Deploring oft, I smite my breast and moan ;  
 Quicker than serves to thrust thy finger in  
 The fire and pluck it out, I saw <sup>6</sup> the sign  
 That follows Taurus, and did entrance win !  
 O glorious stars, impregnate light to shine  
 With potent impulse, whence I recognise  
 My genius all, whatever share be mine,  
<sup>7</sup> The father that each mortal life supplies  
 With you arose, with you concealed his face,  
 When first I felt the light of Tuscan skies.  
 And after, when to me was granted grace  
 To enter that high orb round which ye drift,  
 Your region still was mine allotted place.  
 To you my soul for energy's high gift,  
 To dare the arduous pass that draws her course  
 Toward it, her sighs devotedly doth lift.  
 'Thou art so nigh salvation's utmost source,'  
 Beatrice began, 'that it may well behoove  
 To hold thine eyes in clearest, sharpest force.  
 Then downward look, ere thou more inly prove  
 This heaven, and see what world, how widely spread,  
 Thou now hast put below thy feet to move ;  
 That so thine heart with joy to fulness fed  
 Approach the bright triumphant throng who sweep  
 O'er this ethereal belt with jocund tread.'  
 Adown the sevenfold spheres from deep to deep  
 I turned my glance ; and lo ! so paltry seemed  
 Our globe, I saw and smiled. To hold it cheap  
 Must ever be the better counsel deemed  
 Of me, and who hath other object made  
 For thought, he can be truly wise esteemed.  
 I saw <sup>8</sup> Latona's daughter, of that shade  
 Divested, which had caused me long before  
 Believe her dense and rare, in light to wade.  
 Thy son's full aspect here unmoved I bore,  
<sup>9</sup> Hyperion, and beheld how round and near  
 His disc both Maia and Dione wore.  
 Hence did the temperature of Jove appear  
 'Tween <sup>10</sup> sire and son, and hence of their abode

which is often called by that name.  
 So Maia in the next line is used of  
 Mercury, and Dione of Venus.

<sup>10</sup> Neither so cold and pale as  
 Saturn, nor so red-hot as Mars.

Il variar che fanno di lor dove ;  
 E tutti e sette mi si dimostraro  
 Quanto son grandi, e quanto son veloci,  
 E come sono in distante riparo. 150  
 L' aiuola che ci fa tanto feroci,  
 Volgendom' io con gli eterni gemelli,  
 Tutta m' apparve da' colli alle foci :  
 Poscia rivolsi gli occhi agli occhi belli.

---

 CANTO XXIII.

*Vede il Poeta il trionfo di Cristo da Maria e da numero infinito di fulgori illuminato. Poesia veramente divina intorno alla Donna del cielo ed allo real manto di tutti i volumi del mondo, che più ferve e più s' avviva nell' alito di Dio.*

COME l' augello intra l' amate fronde,  
 Posato al nido de' suoi dolci nati  
 La notte che le cose ci nasconde,  
 Che, per veder gli aspetti desiati,  
 E per trovar lo cibo onde gli pasca,  
 In che i gravi labor gli son aggrati,  
 Previene il tempo in su l' aperta frasca,  
 E con ardente affetto il sole aspetta,  
 Fiso guardando, pur che l' alba nasca ;  
 Così la Donna mia si stava eretta 10  
 Ed attenta, rivolta inver la plaga  
 Sotto la quale il sol mostra men fretta ;  
 Sì che veggendola io sospesa e vaga,  
 Fecimi quale è quei, che disiando  
 Altro vorria, e sperando s' appaga.  
 Ma poco fu tra uno ed altro quando,  
 Del mio attender, dico, e del vedere  
 Lo ciel venir più e più rischiarando.  
 E Beatrice disse : Ecco le schiere  
 Del trionfo di Cristo, e tutto il frutto 20  
 Ricolto del girar di queste spere.  
 Pareami che il suo viso ardesse tutto,  
 E gli occhi avea di letizia sì pieni,  
 Che passar mi convien senza costrutto.  
 Quale ne' plenilunii sereni  
 Trivia ride tra le ninfe eterne,  
 Che dipingono il ciel per tutti i seni,

The shifting change they make to me was clear ;  
 And all and each, the seven unto me showed  
 How large their bulk, how rapid are their ways,  
 And how their distant mansions are bestowed.  
 The petty floor that can so fiercely raise  
 Our pride, while with the' eternal Twins I went  
 Revolving, all appeared from hills to bays.  
 On the fair eyes at last mine eyes I bent.

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CANTO XXIII.

ARGUMENT. — *Glorious Vision of the Triumph of Christ. Salutation of the Virgin Mary by the Saints.*

LIKE to the bird upon the nest abiding  
 Of her sweet brood within the leafy screen  
 She loves, while night is all things from us hiding,  
 Who, in her care to have each darling seen,  
 And find the food their sustenance to make,  
 (Wherein her heavy toil hath welcome been)  
 Prevents the time, on open branch to wake,  
 And with a steadfast gaze in ardent mood  
 Awaits the sunrise, if the dawn but break,  
 My lady thus erect, attentive stood  
 Turned toward the region where the sun displays  
 Least urgency to make his circuit good ;  
 That seeing her, suspense and eager, gaze,  
 I made me like to one whose longing will  
 Had other choice, and such with hope allays.  
 Yet short the gap between those times to fill,  
 Of mine expectance and the sight, I say,  
 Of clearing heaven from bright to brighter still ;  
 And Beatrice said : ' Lo ! the vast array  
 Of Christ's own triumph, all the fruit combining  
 Those ambient spheres have gathered on their way.'  
 Her face, methought, was kindled all to shining,  
 So brimming with ecstatic bliss her eyes,  
 'T were good that I pass on, the tale declining.  
 As in the calm of plenilunar skies  
 Diana smiles amid the nymphs eterne  
 That spangle heaven in all its mansionries,



Vid' io, sopra migliaia di lucerne,  
 Un sol che tutte quante l' accendea,  
 Come fa il nostro le viste superne ; 30  
 E per la viva luco trasparea  
 La lucente sustanzia tanto chiara  
 Nel viso mio, che non la sostenea.  
 O Beatrice, dolce guida e cara !...  
 Ella mi disse, quel che ti sobranza  
 E virtù, da cui nulla si ripara :  
 Quivi è la sapienza e la possanza  
 Ch' aprì le strade tra il cielo e la terra,  
 Onde fu già sì lunga disianza. 40  
 Come fuoco di nube si disserra  
 Per dilatarsi sì, che non vi cape,  
 E fuor di sua natura in giù s' atterra,  
 Così la mente mia, tra quelle dape,  
 Fatta più grande, di sè stessa uscìo,  
 E, che si fesse, rimembrar non sape.  
 Apri gli occhi e riguarda qual son io ;  
 Tu hai vedute cose, che possente  
 Se' fatto a sostener lo riso mio.  
 Io era come quei, che si risente 50  
 Di visione obblita, e che s' ingegna  
 Indarno di ridurlasi alla mente,  
 Quando io udi' questa profferta, degna  
 Di tanto grado, che mai non si stingue  
 Del libro che il preterito rassegna.  
 Se mo sonasser tutte quelle lingue  
 Che Polinnia con le suore fero  
 Del latte lor dolcissimo più pingue,  
 Per aiutarmi, al millesmo del vero  
 Non si verria, cantando il santo riso,  
 E quanto il santo aspetto facea mero. 60  
 E così, figurando il Paradiso,  
 Convien saltar lo sagrato poema,  
 Come chi trova suo cammin reciso.  
 Ma chi pensasse il poderoso tema,  
 E l' omero mortal che sè ne carica,  
 Nol biasmerebbe, se sott' esso trema.  
 Non è pilleggio da picciola barca  
 Quel che fendendo va l' ardita prora,  
 Nè da nocchier ch' a sè medesmo parca,  
 Perchè la faccia mia sì t' innamora, 70

<sup>1</sup> Polyhymnia, the Muse of Lyric song in general. She is commonly

Above some thousand lamps did I discern  
 One sun that lighted all their host alone,  
 As ours illumines those o'erhead to burn;  
 And through the living light transparent shown  
 The lucid substance glowed so purely clear  
 Upon mine eyes—they could not hold their own.  
 'O Beatrice, conductress sweet and dear. . . .'  
 'The might,' she said, 'which makes thy nature cower,  
 Is that whence none may find a shelter; here  
 Concentrate is the wisdom and the power  
 The paths 'tween heaven and earth that opened wide,  
 For which mankind longed many a weary hour.'  
 As lightning flash doth from the cloud divide  
 Expanding such, it may not be confined,  
 And alien from its nature, earthward glide,  
 Dilated thus amid those feasts my mind  
 To larger scope, its natural self outwent,  
 Nor can remember what its altered kind.  
 'Open thine eyes, behold what I present;  
 Things hast thou seen, whereof thy sight derives  
 The vigour to support my smile unshent.'  
 I was as one that impress faint revives  
 Of some forgotten vision, and in vain  
 To bring its image back to memory strives,  
 When I that proffer heard, so deep a strain  
 Of thanks deserving—never can it fade  
 From out the book which brings the past again.  
 Not all the tongues by 'Polyhymnia made  
 And by her sisters, in their sweetest flow  
 Of milk the richest, sounded for mine aid  
 Should now avail in thousandth part to show  
 The truth, by song that sainted smile portraying,  
 And how the sainted face took purer glow;  
 And thus, in figure, paradise displaying,  
 Well may my sacred poem overleap,  
 As one who meets a bar his course delaying.  
 But who the weighty theme in mind should keep,  
 And mortal shoulder that such burden bears,  
 Could hardly blame it, laden thus, to creep  
 Trembling. The passage which my bold prow dares  
 To cleave, was never meant for puny boat,  
 Nor mariner that his own sinews spares.  
 'Why on my face enamoured dost thou dote,

represented in an attitude of pensive contemplation, and hence the

poet aptly specifies her here.

Che tu non ti rivolgi al bel giardino  
 Che sotto i raggi di Cristo s' infiora ?  
 Quivi è la rosa in che il Verbo Divino  
 Carne si fece ; quivi son li gigli,  
 Al cui odor si prese il buon cammino.  
 Così Beatrice. Ed io, ch' a' suoi consigli  
 Tutto era pronto, ancora mi rendei  
 Alla battaglia de' deboli cigli.  
 Come a raggio di sol, che puro mei  
 Per fratta nube, già prato di fiori  
 Vider coperto d' ombra gli occhi miei ;  
 Vid' io così più turbe di splendori  
 Fulgurati di su, di raggi ardenti,  
 Senza veder principio di fulgori.  
 O benigna virtù che sì gl' imprenti,  
 Su t' esaltasti per largirmi loco  
 Agli occhi lì, che non eran possenti.  
 Il nome del bel fior, ch' io sempre invoco  
 E mane e sera, tutto mi ristrinse  
 L' animo ad avvisar lo maggior foco.  
 E com' ambo le luci mi dipinse  
 Il quale e il quanto della viva stella,  
 Che lassù vince, come quaggiù vinse,  
 Perentro il cielo scese una facella,  
 Formata in cerchio a guisa di corona,  
 E cinsela, e girossi intorno ad ella.  
 Qualunque melodia più dolce suona  
 Quaggiù, e più a sè l' anima tira,  
 Parrebbe nube che squarciata tuona,  
 Comparata al sonar di quella lira,  
 Onde si coronava il bel zaffiro,  
 Del quale il ciel più chiaro s' inzaffira.  
 Io sono amore angelico, che giro  
 L' alta letizia che spira del ventre,  
 Che fu albergo del nostro disiro ;  
 E girerommi, Donna del ciel, mentre  
 Che seguirai tuo figlio, e farai dia  
 Più la spera suprema, perchè lì entre.  
 Così la circolata melodia  
 Si sigillava, e tutti gli altri lumi  
 Facean sonar lo nome di MARIA.  
 Lo real manto di tutti i volumi

80

90

100

110

<sup>1</sup> The Apostles and other saints.      nations shall come : and I will fill  
<sup>2</sup> Haggai ii. 7, ' I will shake all      this house with glory, saith the  
 nations, and the desire of all      Lord of hosts. '

Nor turn thy gaze the beauteous garden's bloom,  
 Which flowers beneath the rays of Christ, to note?  
 The rose wherein the WORD did once assume  
 Our flesh is here, and here the <sup>2</sup> lilies wave,  
 Which to the good way lured by their perfume.  
 So Beatrice; and I, the' advice she gave  
 Right quick to take, myself once more allowed  
 The battle with my feeble eyes to brave.  
 As by a sunbeam through a broken cloud  
 Gliding undimmed, a flowery meadow bright  
 Mine eyes have seen erewhile from shady shroud,  
 So saw I numerous hosts of dazzling light.  
 Whom fervid rays from higher source invest,  
 The fountain of their splendours hid from sight;  
 O kindly power, by whom they shine impressed,  
 Thou hadst uplifted thee, meet interval  
 To grant mine eyes, of little strength possest.  
 The name of that fair flower, on whom I call  
 Ever both morn and eve, my mind to dwell  
 Upon the larger fire concentrated all;  
 And while on both mine eyes depicted fell  
 That living star in magnitude and hue,  
 Which doth above, as once on earth, excel,  
 Inside that heaven a lustre downward flew  
 Shaped like to coronal's impaling round,  
 And cincturing the star a circlet drew.  
 Whate'er the melody of sweetest sound  
 Below, that most allures the soul, would seem  
 A storm-cloud bursting with hoarse thunder-stound,  
 Compared unto the lyre's harmonic stream  
 By that fair sapphire worn for crowning tire  
 Of whom all heaven does purer sapphire gleam.  
 'I am angelic love, and wheel my fire  
 Breathed of deep gladness, from that womb—the mould  
 Where harbourage was found for <sup>3</sup> our Desire;  
 And will so, Queen of heaven, while thou shalt hold  
 On thy Son's path, and brighter make the frame  
 Of highest heaven thy presence to infold.'  
 To such a close that orbèd music came  
 Sealing its flow, while all the sparkling host  
 Of lights responsive sounded Mary's name.  
<sup>4</sup> The kingly mantle of the world that most,

<sup>2</sup> The Primum Mobile; an imaginary heaven of the Ptolemaic system, supposed to revolve from east to west in twenty-four hours,

carrying with it all the subordinate heavens, and causing the phenomena of day and night.

Del mondo, che più ferve e più s' avviva  
 Nell' alito di Dio e ne' costumi,  
 Avea sovra di noi l' interna riva  
 Tanto distante, che la sua parvenza  
 Là dov' i' era ancor non m' appariva.  
 Però non ebber gli occhi miei potenza  
 Di seguitar la coronata fiamma,  
 Che si levò appresso sua semenza. 120  
 E come fantolin, che ver la mamma  
 Tende le braccia poi che il latte prese,  
 Per l' animo che in fin di fuor s' infiamma;  
 Ciascun di quei candori in su si stese  
 Con la sua cima, sì che l' alto affetto  
 Ch' egli aveano a Maria, mi fu palese.  
 Indi rimaser lì nel mio cospetto,  
*Regina cæli* contando sì dolce,  
 Che mai da me non si partì il diletto.  
 Oh quanta è l' ubertà che si soffolce 130  
 In quell' arche ricchissime, che foro  
 A seminar quaggiù buone bobolce!  
 Quivi si vive e gode del tesoro  
 Che s' acquistò piangendo nell' esilio  
 Di Babilonia, ove si lasciò l' oro.  
 Quivi trionfa, sotto l' alto Filio  
 Di Dio e di Maria, di sua vittoria,  
 E con l' antico e col nuovo concilio  
 Colui, che tien le chiavi di tal gloria.

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### CANTO XXIV.

*Beatrice prega S. Pietro d' esaminar Dante intorno la fede. Risposte e spiegazioni del Poeta le quali comprovano la veracità e il fondamento di nostra credenza.*

O SODALIZIO eletto alla gran cena  
 Del benedetto Agnello, il qual vi ciba  
 Sì, che la vostra voglia è sempre piena;  
 Se per grazia di Dio questi preliba  
 Di quel che cade della vostra mensa,  
 Anzi che morte tempo gli prescriba,  
 Ponete mente alla sua voglia immensa,

\* Ps. cxxxvii. 1, figuratively applied. Comp. II. Cor. v. 6-8.

Wrapt round its other volumes, lives and glows  
 By breath of Godhead and His ways engrossed,  
 With inward-arching vault above us rose  
 So far, that where I stood nor form nor face  
 To my discernment did it yet disclose ;  
 Wherefore mine eyes were impotent to trace  
 That crowned radiance on her path, who sped  
 Aloft, beside her seed to take her place.  
 And like as infant whom her milk has fed  
 Would clasp the mother—for his soul doth pour  
 Its kindling warmth in act—with arms outspread,  
 So of those bright ones each essayed to soar  
 With straining crest, and thus made known to me  
 What high devotion they to Mary bore.  
 Then full within my view that company.  
 Continued chaunting *Queen of Heaven* in thrills  
 So sweet, the charm may ne'er forgotten be.  
 Ah ! what abundant increase now fulfils  
 Those wealthiest binns, that once on earth sojourned  
 To sow the ploughman's seed who thriftly tills !  
 Here live they, here enjoy the treasure earned  
<sup>5</sup> In weeping by the streams of Babylon  
 Their exile, when the gold of earth lay spurned.  
 Here triumphs <sup>6</sup> he beneath the exalted Son  
 Of God and Mary, ranking with his band  
 Of comates old and new, for victory won,  
 That of such glory bears the keys in hand.

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 CANTO XXIV.

ARGUMENT. — *Prayer of Beatrice. Descent of the Apostle Peter,  
 who examines Dante respecting his Faith.*

' O CHOICE companionhood, elected guests  
 To the blest Lamb's high supper, who provides  
 Food whence your craving still contented rests,  
 If grace of God this man to foretaste guides  
 Of that which falleth from your table's store,  
 Or ever death his span of life decides,  
 Regard his measureless desire, and pour

<sup>6</sup> St. Peter.

E roratelo alquanto : voi bevete  
 Sempre del fonte onde vien quel ch' ei pensa.  
 Così Beatrice : e quelle anime liete 10  
 Si fero spere sopra fissi poli,  
 Fianmando forte a guisa di comete.  
 E come cerchi in tempra d' orioli  
 Si giran sì, che il primo, a chi pon mente,  
 Quietò pare, e l' ultimo che voli,  
 Così quelle carole differente—  
 Mente danzando, della sua ricchezza,  
 Mi si facean stimar veloci e lente.  
 Di quella ch' io notai di più bellezza 20  
 Vid' io uscire un fuoco sì felice,  
 Che nullo vi lasciò di più chiarezza ;  
 E tre fiate intorno di Beatrice  
 Si volse con un canto tanto divo,  
 Che la mia fantasia nol mi ridice ;  
 Però salta la penna, e non lo scrivo,  
 Chè l' immaginar nostro a cotai pieghe,  
 Non che il parlare, è troppo color vivo.  
 O santa suora mia, che sì ne preghe  
 Devota, per lo tuo ardente affetto  
 Da quella bella spera mi disleghe. 30  
 Poscia, fermato il fuoco benedetto,  
 Alla mia Donna dirizzò lo spiro,  
 Che favellò così, com' io ho detto.  
 Ed ella : O luce eterna del gran viro,  
 A cui nostro Signor lasciò le chiavi  
 Ch' ei portò giù, di questo gaudio miro,  
 Tenta costui de' punti lievi e gravi,  
 Come ti piace, intorno della Fede,  
 Per la qual tu su per lo mare andavi.  
 S' egli ama bene, e bene spera, e crede, 40  
 Non t' è occulto, perchè il viso hai quivi,  
 Ov' ogni cosa dipinta si vede.  
 Ma perchè questo regno ha fatto civi  
 Per la verace fede, a gloriarla,  
 Di lei parlare è buon ch' a lui arrivi.  
 Sì come il baccellier s' arma, e non parla,  
 Fin che il maestro la quistion propone,  
 Per approvarla, non per terminarla ;  
 Così m' armava io d' ogni ragione,  
 Mentre ch' ella dicea, per esser presto 50

<sup>1</sup> John xxi. 7.

Some dew-drops on him ; of the fount, whence rolls  
 The matter of his musing, evermore  
 Ye drink.' So Beatrice, and those happy souls,  
 With flashes vivid as the comet-flame,  
 Turned them to spheres above unshifting poles.  
 And like as wheels in clockwork's tempered frame  
 Appear to one who marks while round they go,  
 Unmoved the first, the last as if it came  
 Flying, so by their difference of show  
 Those carol-dancers taught me to conclude  
 How much their wealth, as swift they went or slow.  
 From one, the fairest of those bands I viewed,  
 Saw I dart out a fire whose raptured wings  
 Left none behind with purer light imbued ;  
 And thrice encircling Beatrice in rings  
 It wheeled the dance with so divine a song,  
 My fancy fails it, nor to record brings ;  
 Wherefore my pen o'erleaps, nor writes it wrong ;  
 For our imagining, much more our speech,  
 For shades so fine is colour all too strong.  
 'O saintly sister mine, who dost beseech  
 So piously, from yonder beauteous sphere  
 Thou loosest me, thy glowing love doth reach  
 So high.' The blessed fire on his career  
 Pausing, unto my lady pointed right  
 The breathed utterance I have told you here.  
 And she : 'O thou, that hero's deathless light,  
 To whom our Lord at parting left the keys  
 He bore on earth, of joy thus wondrous bright,  
 With weighty points or lighter, as shall please,  
 Try this man's aptness in the faith, and prove ;  
 'T was in her might <sup>1</sup> thou walkedst on the seas.  
 If good his faith and hope, and good his love,  
 It is not hid from thee, whose eyes behold  
 Where everything shows pictured here above.  
 But since this realm hath citizens enrolled  
 For the true faith, so happeneth well his lot  
 To speak of Faith, her glory to unfold.'  
 As <sup>2</sup> bachelor who arming him speaks not  
 Until the master do the theme propound  
 Which he to prove, not arbitrate, hath got,  
 So armed I me with each conclusive ground  
 While she was speaking, for such questioner

<sup>1</sup> On proceeding to the higher to ancient custom of the schools.  
 degree of Master of Arts, according



A tal querente e a tal professione.  
 Di' buon cristiano, fatti manifesto ;  
 Fede che è ? Ond' io levai la fronte  
 In quella luce onde spirava questo :  
 Poi mi volsi a Beatrice, e quella pronte  
 Sembianze femmi, perchè io spandessi  
 L' acqua di fuor del mio interno fonte.  
 La grazia che mi dà ch' io mi confessi,  
 Comincia' io, dall' alto primipilo,  
 Faccia li miei concetti esser espressi. 60  
 E seguitai : Come il verace stilo  
 Ne scrisse, padre, del tuo caro frate,  
 Che mise Roma teco nel buon filo,  
 Fede è sustanzia di cose sperate,  
 Ed argomento delle non parventi,  
 E questa pare a me sua quidditate.  
 Allora udii : Dirittamente senti,  
 Se bene intendi, perchè la ripose  
 Tra le sustanzie, e poi tra gli argomenti.  
 Ed io appresso : Le profonde cose, 70  
 Che mi largiscon quì la lor parvenza,  
 Agli occhi di laggiù non sì nascose,  
 Che l' esser loro v' è in sola credenza,  
 Sovra la qual si fonda l' alta spene,  
 E però di sustanzia prende intenza ;  
 E da questa credenza ci conviene  
 Sillogizzar senza avere altra vista ;  
 Però intenza di argomento tiene.  
 Allora udii : Se quantunque s' acquista  
 Giù per dottrina fosse così inteso,  
 Non v' avria luogo ingegno di sofista. 80  
 Così spirò da quel amore acceso ;  
 Indi soggiunse : Assai bene è trascorsa  
 D' esta moneta già la lega e il peso.  
 Ma dimmi se tu l' hai nella tua borsa.  
 Ed io : Sì, l' ho sì lucida e sì tonda,  
 Che del suo conio nulla mi s' inforsa.  
 Appresso uscì della luce profonda,  
 Che lì splendeva : Questa cara gioia,  
 Sovra la quale ogni virtù si fonda, 90  
 Onde ti venne ? Ed io : La larga ploia  
 Dello Spirito Santo, ch' è diffusa

<sup>1</sup> The *centurio primipilus* commanded the first maniple of the *Triarii*, or reserve line of the Roman legion. He had charge of

And such profession to be ready found.  
 ' Good Christian, make thee manifest ; aver  
   What thing is Faith ? ' I raised my face and eyed  
   The light whose breathing asked me ; thence to her,  
 My Beatrice, I turned, who prompt replied  
   With look that warned me from my fountain-head  
   Of inward thought to pour the waters wide.  
 ' O may the grace which granteth me,' I said,  
   ' That I confess to <sup>3</sup> captain of chief place,  
   Cause that my thoughts in word be fully read ! '  
 And added, ' Father, as his pen did trace—  
   Thine own dear brother's—in its truthful scope,  
   His, who with thee set Rome the better race,  
 ' Faith is the substance of the things we hope,  
   The evidence of things not seen ; and hence  
   Her own mysterious self meseems I ope.'  
 With that I heard : ' Thou art exact in sense,  
   If why he ranks her first thou canst explain  
   Mid substances, and then mid evidence.'  
 I answered straight : ' The things of deeper strain,  
   Though here to me in liberal vision shown,  
   From mortal eyes beneath so hid have lain,  
 Their being hangs upon belief alone,  
   Upon the which our lofty hope is founded,  
   And therefore 't is in force as substance known.  
 Of this belief must be in form propounded  
   All reasoning, nor other sight obtained,  
   And thus its force as evidence is grounded.'  
 Thereon I heard : ' If all by doctrine gained  
   On earth below were understood so well,  
   There had no room for sophist-art remained.'  
 Such breathings from that kindled love-star fell,  
   Then added : ' Fairly through the test have passed  
   This money's carat and its weight ; but tell  
 Me now, if in thine own purse such thou hast.'  
   ' Yes,' I replied, ' so round, so brightly showing,  
   That on the mintage I no doubt may cast.'  
 Instant from out the luminous depth there glowing  
   Issued the words : ' Whence came it thine to boast—  
   This precious pearl—foundation firm bestowing  
 On every virtue ? ' ' From the Holy Ghost  
   That bounteous rain, so broadly-spreading seen

the Eagle, and a right to attend at  
the councils of the General.

' Dante assigns the authorship

of the Epistle of the Hebrews to  
St. Paul. Heb. xi. 1.

In su le vecchie, e in su le nuove cuoia,  
 E sillogismo, che la mi ha conchiusa  
 Acutamente sì, che in verso d' ella  
 Ogni dimostrazion mi pare ottusa.  
 Io udii poi: L' antica e la novella  
 Proposizione che sì ti conchiude,  
 Perchè l' hai tu per divina favella?  
 Ed io: La prova che il ver mi dischiude 100  
 Son l' opere seguite, a che natura  
 Non scaldò ferro mai, nè battè ancude.  
 Risposto fummi: Di', chi t' assicura  
 Che quell' opere fosser? Quel medesmo  
 Che vuol provarsi, non altri il ti giura.  
 Se il mondo si rivolse al cristianesimo,  
 Diss' io, senza miracoli, quest' uno  
 E tal, che gli altri non sono il centesimo;  
 Che tu entrasti povero e digiuno 110  
 In campo, a seminar la buona pianta,  
 Che fu già vite, ed ora è fatta pruno.  
 Finito questo, l' alta Corte santa  
 Risonò per le spere: Un Dio lodiamo,  
 Nella melode che lassù si canta.  
 E quel Baron che, sì di ramo in ramo,  
 Esaminando, già tratto m' avea,  
 Che all' ultime fronde appressavamo,  
 Ricominciò: La grazia che donnea  
 Con la tua mente, la bocca t' aperse 120  
 Insino a quì, com' aprir si dovea,  
 Sì ch' io approvo ciò che fuori emerse:  
 Ma or conviene esprimer quel che credi,  
 Ed onde alla credenza tua s' offerse.  
 O santo padre e spirito, che vedi  
 Ciò che credesti sì, che tu vincesti  
 Ver lo sepolcro più giovani piedi,  
 Comincia' io, tu vuoi ce' io manifesti  
 La forma quì del pronto creder mio,  
 Ed anche la cagion di lui chiedesti.  
 Ed io rispondo: Io credo in uno Dio 130  
 Solo ed eterno, che tutto il ciel muove,  
 Non moto, con amore e con disio:  
 Ed a tal creder non ho io pur prove  
 Fisice e metafisice, ma dalmi  
 Anche la verità che quinci piove,

\* The editors generally put the note of interrogation after *provarsi*;

but the whole chain of reasoning, it appears to me, is thus destroyed.

Over the parchments old and new engrossed,  
 Is argument that sways with edge so keen  
 To Faith concluding—all I ever heard  
 Of demonstration else is blunt, I ween.  
 Then heard I more : ' Each premiss that concurred—  
 The Old and New—so gathering up thy thought,  
 Wherefore dost thou account them God's own Word ?  
 And I : ' The proof which following works have brought  
 Tells me where truth is—works that nature ne'er  
 Heated the ore for, nor on anvil wrought.'  
 Then was it answered me : ' That such works were,  
 Who makes thee sure ? ' The very same thou art  
 Concerned to prove, none else, to this doth swear.'  
 ' If without miracles the world in heart  
 Turned Christian,' said I, ' such one work had borne  
 The others out, as not its hundredth part ;  
 For thou didst enter hungered and forlorn  
 To sow the goodly plant within the field,  
 That once was vine, and now is turned to thorn.'  
 This done, their high and holy court outpealed  
 Through all the spheres, ' Praise we one God ' resounding  
 To music made for heaven, yet unrevealed.  
 And he, the peer, who now had drawn me bounding  
 From branch to branch, by questioning, until  
 Our closer touch the utmost leaves went rounding,  
 Resumed : ' The grace whose fondling love does thrill  
 Thy courted mind, hath opened, as they should  
 Unclose, thy lips thus far to answer still,  
 That all they uttered I approve for good ;  
 But it becomes thee now to tell thy creed,  
 And where to challenge thy belief it stood.'  
 ' Saint, Father, Spirit, thou who seest indeed  
 What thou didst so believe, thou hadst the best  
 Of younger feet unto the tomb to speed ; '  
 Began I, ' thou wilt have me manifest  
 The formal shape my ready faith puts on,  
 And of her cause dost also make thy quest.  
 And I make answer, I believe in One  
 Sole God eternal, who with strong desire  
 And love doth move all heaven—is moved of none.  
 Nor to such faith do I the proofs acquire  
 Mere physical and metaphysical,  
 But truth rained down from heaven does mine inspire

Granting that such works were question as to their supernatural  
 done at all, there could be no character. \* John xx. 6-8.

Per Moisè, profeti, e per salmi,  
 Per l' evangelio, e per voi che scriveste,  
 Poichè l' ardente Spirto vi fece almi ;  
 E credo in tre persone eterne, e queste  
 Credo una essenza sì una e sì trina, 140  
 Che soffera congiunto *sunt et este*.  
 Della profonda condizion divina  
 Ch' io tocco mo, la mente mi sigilla  
 Più volte l' evangelica dottrina.  
 Quest' è il principio ; quest' è la favilla  
 Che si dilata in fiamma più vivace,  
 E, come stella in cielo, in me scintilla.  
 Come il signor ch' ascolta quel che piace,  
 Da indi abbraccia il servo, gratulando  
 Per la novella, tosto ch' e' si tace ; 150  
 Così, benedicendomi cantando,  
 Tre volte cinse me, sì com' io tacqui,  
 L' apostolico lume, al cui comando  
 Io avea detto ; sì nel dir gli piacqui.

## CANTO XXV.

*S. Iacopo esamina Dante sulla speranza e gli propone tre dubbj uno de' quali è spiegato da Beatrice. Altre splendore ; è l' anima di S. Giovanni evangelista, nel cui lume lo sguardo del Poeta resta abbagliato.*

SE mai continga che il poema sacro,  
 Al quale ha posto mano e cielo e terra,  
 Sì che m' ha fatto per più anni macro,  
 Vinca la crudeltà, che fuor mi serra  
 Del bello ovile, ov' io dormii agnello  
 Nimico a' lupi, che gli danno guerra ;  
 Con altra voce omai, con altro vello  
 Ritornero poeta, ed in sul fonte  
 Del mio battesimo prenderò il cappello ;  
 Perocchè nella Fede, che fa conte 10  
 L' anime a Dio, quiv' entra' io, e poi  
 Pietro per lei sì mi girò la fronte.  
 Indi si mosse un lume verso noi  
 Di quella schiera, ond' uscì la primizia  
 Che lasciò Cristo de' vicari suoi.

<sup>1</sup> Florence.<sup>2</sup> According to the Romish dogma of their Bishops' succession from

St. Peter, disproved, as most Protestants think, by their own list of Popes, two of whom, Linus

By Moses, Prophets, Psalmists, and the call  
 Of Gospel-sound, and that ye wrote, when ye  
 Warmed in the Spirit's heat to life-springs all.  
 And I believe the' Eternal Persons Three,  
 And these One Essence deem ; so one, so trine,  
 Their union bears that *ARE* and *IS* agree.  
 Of that profound consistory divine  
 I handle now, the gospel-lore applies  
 Full many a seal, to make the' impression mine.  
 Here is the fountain, here the birth-spark lies,  
 Till spreading out a lively flame it glows  
 Sparkling in me, like star upon the skies.'  
 As lord who hears of welcome news—then throws  
 His arms in thankfulness around his slave  
 For such good tidings, when his tale doth close,  
 Thus, while his chaunt the benediction gave,  
 Did the' apostolic lamp, whose hest obeying  
 I spake, when I had ended three times wave  
 His light round me ; so pleased him my saying.

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 CANTO XXV.

ARGUMENT.—*The Apostle James appears, and examines Dante concerning his Hope, propounding three questions, of which the second is answered by Beatrice, the other two by Dante. Arrival of the Apostle John.*

If e'er it fortune that the sacred lay,  
 Which heaven and earth have set their hand to mould  
 Till it has worn me haggard many a day,  
 O'ercome the rancour which from <sup>1</sup> that fair fold  
 Debars me yet, where, foe of wolves combined  
 To tear her, I a lambkin slept of old,  
 With other tones, with fleece of other kind  
 Poet will I return, and o'er my font  
 Of baptism will with laurel chaplet bind  
 My brow ; for here I donned the Faith that wont  
 To make souls known to God, and have the fruit  
 That Peter since encircled thus my front.  
 Then did a lustre moving toward us shoot  
 From out the squadron which the firstfruit sent  
 Of all whom Christ left <sup>2</sup> vicars-substitute ;

and Anacletus (if not a third, to their office by St. Peter himself.  
 Clemens), are recorded as ordained —Bingham, *Ant.* b. ii. 1.

E la mia Donna piena di letizia  
 Mi disse: Mira, mira, ecco il Barone,  
 Per cui laggiù si visita Galizia.  
 Sì come quando il colombo si pone  
 Presso al compagno, l' uno e l' altro pande, 20  
 Girando e mormorando, l' affezione,  
 Così vid' io l' un dall' altro grande  
 Principe glorioso essere accolto,  
 Laudando il cibo che lassù si prande,  
 Ma poi che il gratular si fu assolto,  
 Tacito *coram me* ciascun s' affisse,  
 Ignito sì, che vinceva il mio volto.  
 Ridendo allora Beatrice disse:  
 Inclita vita, per cui la larghezza  
 Della nostra basilica si scrisse, 30  
 Fa risonar la speme in questa altezza;  
 Tu sai che tante volte la figuri,  
 Quante Gesù a' tre fe' più chiarezza.  
 Leva la testa, e fa che t' assicuri,  
 Che ciò che vien quassù del mortal mondo,  
 Convien ch' a' nostri raggi si maturi.  
 Questo conforto del fuoco secondo,  
 Mi venne; ond' io levai gli occhi a' monti,  
 Che gl' incurvaron pria col troppo pondo.  
 Poichè, per grazia, vuol che tu t' affronti 40  
 Lo nostro Imperadore, anzi la morte,  
 Nell' aula più segreta, co' suoi Conti;  
 Sì che, veduto il ver di questa Corte,  
 La speme che laggiù bene innamora  
 In te ed in altrui di ciò conforte,  
 Di' quell che ell' è, e come se ne infiora  
 La mente tua, e di' onde a te venne;  
 Così seguì il secondo lume ancora.  
 E quella pia, che guidò le penne  
 Delle mie ali a così alto volo, 50  
 Alla risposta così mi prevenne.  
 La Chiesa militante alcun figliuolo  
 Non ha con più speranza, com' è scritto  
 Nel sol che raggia tutto nostro stuolo;  
 Però gli è concesso che d' Egitto  
 Vegna in Gerusalemme per vedere,

<sup>2</sup> At Santiago de Compostella.

<sup>4</sup> The reading *la larghezza* seems to agree better than *l' allegrezza* with the general tenor of the

epistle of St. James. See c. i. 5 and 17.

<sup>5</sup> Peter, James, and John, chosen to witness the Transfiguration and

And thus my lady, filled with glad content;  
 'Look ! look ! behold that peer for whom the drove  
 Of pilgrims to <sup>3</sup> Galicia's shrine have bent  
 Their footsteps.' As, when settling drops the dove  
 Close by his comrade, each to each displays,  
 Wheeling and lowly cooing, mutual love,  
 So those high glorious princes in my gaze  
 With tender welcome one the other greeted.  
 While both the food of heavenly banquet praise.  
 But, once their gratulation thus completed,  
 Each silent paused before me in such sort  
 Kindled to flame, as my weak sight defeated.  
 Then Beatrice smiling said, 'Thou whose report,  
 Illustrious spirit-life, hath written plain  
 'The liberal bounties of our royal court,  
 Make Hope to echo through this high domain;  
 For oft as Jesus would more clearly show  
 Himself to <sup>5</sup> three, thou didst her part sustain.'  
 'Lift up thy head, and prove, and surely know  
 Whate'er from mortal world to this abode  
 Ascends, must perfect in our ripening glow.'  
 This counsel by the second fire bestowed  
 Won me to lift mine eyes unto the hills  
 That erewhile bent them down with crushing load.  
 'Since our Commander of His mercy wills  
 That with His nobles face to face thou stand  
 In His most secret hall, ere death fulfils  
 Thy day, that so, these mansions duly scanned,  
 The hope which prompts below to good desire  
 May in thine own and others' heart be fanned,  
 Say what she is, and how thy spirit by her  
 Quickens to bloom ; say whence to thee supplied,'  
 So followed yet again the second fire ;  
 And she, the saint who did my pinions guide  
 Plumed for a flight so high, the word engrossed,  
 And with her answer thus put mine aside.  
 'The church yet militant no son can boast  
 Of livelier Hope, as stands in Him recorded,  
 The Sun whose rays illumine all our host ;  
 Wherefore he bath his journey's leave afforded  
 From Egypt to Jerusalem to see,

other signal miracles of our Lord,  
 are held to represent respectively  
 Faith, Hope, and Charity. Dante,  
 however, has confounded the two

apostles of the same name. James  
 the brother of John was not the  
 author of the epistle.



Anzi che il militar gli sia prescritto.  
 Gli altri duo punti, che, n on per sapere  
 Son dimandati, ma perch' ei rapporti  
 Quanto questa virtù t' è in piacere, 60  
 A lui lasc' io; chè non gli saran forti  
 Nè di iattanzia, ed elli a ciò risponda,  
 E la grazia di Dio ciò gli comporti.  
 Come discente ch' a dottor seconda,  
 Pronto e libente, in quel ch' egli è esperto,  
 Perchè la sua bontà si disasconda :  
 Speme, diss' io, è uno attender certo  
 Della gloria futura, il qual produce  
 Grazia divina e precedente merto.  
 Da molte stelle vien questa luce; 70  
 Ma quei la distillò nel mio cor pria,  
 Che fu sommo cantor del sommo duce.  
 Sperino in te, nella sua Teodia  
 Dice, color che sanno il nome tuo :  
 E chi nol sa, s' egli ha la fede mia ?  
 Tu mi stillasti con lo stillar suo  
 Nella pistola poi, sì ch' io son pieno,  
 Ed in altrui vostra pioggia repluo,  
 Mentr' io diceva, dentro al vivo seno  
 Di quello incendio tremolava un lampo 80  
 Subito e spesso, a guisa di baleno.  
 Indi spirò: L' amore ond' io avvampo  
 Ancor ver la virtù, che mi seguette  
 Infìn la palma, ed all' uscir del campo,  
 Vuol ch' io respiri a te, che ti dilette  
 Di lei, ed emmi a grato che tu diche  
 Quello che la speranza ti promette.  
 Ed io: Le nuove e le scritture antiche  
 Pongono il segno; ed esso lo m' addita,  
 Dell' anime che Dio s' ha fatte amiche. 90  
 Dice Isaia, che ciascuna vestita  
 Nella sua terra fia di doppia vesta,  
 E la sua terra è questa dolce vita.  
 E il tuo fratello assai vie più digesta,  
 Là dove tratta delle bianche stole,  
 Questa rivelazion ci manifesta.  
 E prima e presso il fin d' este parole,  
*Sperent in te*, di sopra noi s' udì  
 A che risposer tutte le carole;

\* Ps. ix. 10.

† Is. lxi. 7: 'Therefore in their

land they shall possess the double;'

and v. 10: 'He hath clothed me

Ere yet his term of service be awarded.  
 Those other questions two—not asked to be  
 For thy more learning, but that he may bear  
 Report how well the virtue pleases thee,  
 I leave to him; be his to answer there;  
 Nor grievous they, nor boastful to assert;  
 And may the grace of God his burden share!  
 Like as the learner, forward and alert,  
 Follows the teacher, so to make discerned.  
 His excellence, in what he has expert,  
 ‘Hope is a sure expectance,’ I returned,  
 ‘Of glories yet to come, and hath her spring  
 By grace divine and previous merit earned.  
 Many the stars this light to me that bring,  
 But on my heart the first instilment came  
 From him, the noblest bard of noblest king.  
 6 “Let them have hope in Thee, who know Thy name,”  
 He sings in hymnal tuned to God; and who  
 But knows it, if his faith and mine the same?  
 In thine epistle thou hast dropt the dew  
 He dropped before, and filled me to impart  
 The rain ye rained to others’ souls anew.’  
 While I was speaking, in the living heart  
 Of that bright fervour tremulously shone  
 A glow quick, sudden as the lightning-dart;  
 With that it breathed: ‘The love that burning on  
 Yet warms me to the grace, my follower  
 Until I left the field, the victory won,  
 Will have my breathing counsel thee in her  
 Still to delight thee, and it likes me well  
 Thou say what Hope in promise doth confer.’  
 And I: ‘The new and ancient scriptures tell  
 (And here itself assures me) the fixed goal  
 For spirits made of God acceptable.  
 7 Isaiah speaketh how a double stole  
 In her own land shall every soul invest;  
 And this sweet heaven is own land to the soul.  
 8 Thy brother, too, by clearer type exprest  
 To us, where he the white robes handleth, shows  
 This revelation far more manifest.’  
 Then first, my words now sinking to a close,  
*Hope they in Thee* was o’er us heard in song,  
 And due response from all the roundels rose.

with the garments of salvation, he    righteousness.’  
 hath covered me with the robe of

9 St. John. Rev. vii. 13, 14.

Poscia tra esse un lume si schiarì, 100  
 Sì che, se il cancro avesse un tal cristallo,  
 Il verno avrebbe un mese d' un sol dì.  
 E come surge, e va, ed entra in ballo  
 Vergine lieta, sol per far onore  
 Alla novizia, non per alcun fallo,  
 Così vid' io lo schiarato splendore  
 Venire a' due, che si volgeano a ruota,  
 Qual conveniasi al loro ardente amore.  
 Misesi lì nel canto e nella nota,  
 E la mia Donna in lor tenne l' aspetto, 110  
 Pur come sposa tacita ed immota.  
 Questi è colui che giacque sopra il petto  
 Del nostro Pellicano, e questi fue  
 Di su la croce al grande uficio eletto.  
 La Donna mia così; nè però piue  
 Mosse la vista sua di stare attenta  
 Poscia, che prima, alle parole sue.  
 Quale è colui ch' addocchia, e s' argomenta  
 Di vedere eclissar lo sole un poco,  
 Chè per veder non vedente diventa; 120  
 Tal mi fec' io a quell' ultimo fuoco,  
 Mentrechè detto fu: Perchè t' abbagli  
 Per veder cosa, che qui non ha loco?  
 In terra è terra il mio corpo, e saragli  
 Tanto con gli altri che il numero nostro  
 Con l' eterno proposito s' agguagli.  
 Con le due stole nel beato chiostro  
 Son le duo luci sole che saliro,  
 E questo apporterai nel mondo vostro.  
 A questa voce l' infiammato giro 130  
 Si quietò con esso il dolce mischio,  
 Che si facea nel suon del trino spiro,  
 Sì come, per cessar fatica o rischio,  
 Gli remi, pria nell' acqua ripercossi,  
 Tutti si posano al sonar d' un fischio.  
 Ahi quanto nella mente mi commossi,  
 Quando mi volsi per veder Beatrice,  
 Per non poter vederla, ben ch' io fossi  
 Presso di lei, e nel mondo felice!

<sup>9</sup> The sun being in Capricorn,  
Cancer rises exactly at sunset.

<sup>10</sup> The Virgin Mary. John xix.  
26, 27.

Next from amid them beamed a light so strong,  
    <sup>9</sup> Were Cancer with so pure a crystal fraught,  
    Winter should have a month of daylight long.  
And as the joyous maiden, simply wrought  
    To do the new bride honour, springs to dance,  
    And goes, and mingles, with no baser thought,  
So I that brightened splendour saw advance  
    To meet the pair that swift and swifter yet  
    Wheeled with the fervid love they felt intrance.  
There mingling he their song and music met,  
    While, as a bride, in calm and silent mood,  
    Her constant gaze on them my lady set.  
‘ ’Tis he that on the bosom pierced for food  
    Of us, its younglings, lay ; ’t is he that bore  
    <sup>10</sup> The great consignment, chosen where he stood  
From off the cross.’ My lady thus, nor more  
    Withdrew the fixed observance of her eye  
    After her words were uttered, than before.  
As one that on the sun looks steadfastly,  
    Then deems in part eclipsed the solar face,  
    For seeing doth his farther sight deny,  
So I essayed that latest fire to trace,  
    The while a voice said : ‘ Wherefore blind thine eyes  
    To seek what hath in paradise no place ?  
Earth in earth is my body ; and as it lies  
    Among the rest shall tarry, till complete  
    Our number to the’ eternal purpose rise.  
Both garments wearing in our blest retreat  
    <sup>11</sup> The two ascended lights alone are seen ;  
    And take these tidings thou your world to greet.’  
Hushed on that word the wheel of glowing sheen  
    Paused, and withal the concord of sweet sound  
    That blended of the triple breath had been ;  
Even as, to shun fatigue or dangerous ground,  
    The oars at whistling note together fall  
    Inert, that lashed erewhile the wave’s rebound.  
Ah ! what a terror-shock did then appal  
    My mind, when I to look on Beatrice  
    Turned me, but could not see her then, for all  
I stood beside her in the world of bliss !

<sup>11</sup> Christ, and (according to Romish tradition) the Virgin.

## CANTO XXVI.

*L'evangelista S. Giovanni esamina Dante sulla carità. Presenza d'un quarto splendore; è l'anima del primo parente la quale ragiona col Poeta e gli dà contezza di sé.*

MENTR' io dubbiava per lo viso spento,  
 Della fulgida fiamma che lo spense,  
 Uscì un spiro che mi fece attento,  
 Dicendo: In tanto che tu sì risense  
 Della vista che hai in me consunta,  
 Ben è che ragionando la compense.  
 Comincia dunque, e di' ove s' appunta  
 L' anima tua, e fa ragion che sia  
 La vista in te smarrita e non defunta;  
 Perchè la Donna, che per questa dia 10  
 Region ti conduce, ha nello sguardo  
 La virtù ch' ebbe la man d' Anania.  
 Io dissi: Al suo piacere e tosto e tardo  
 Vegna rimedio agli occhi che fur porte,  
 Quand' ella entrò col fuoco ond' io sempr' ardo.  
 Lo ben, che fa contenta questa Corte,  
 Alfa ed Omega è di quanta scrittura  
 Mi legge amore o lievemente o forte.  
 Quella medesima voce, che paura 20  
 Tolta m' avea del subito abbarbaglio,  
 Di ragionare ancor mi mise in cura;  
 E disse: Certo a più angusto vaglio  
 Ti conviene schiarar; dicer convienti  
 Chi drizzò l' arco tuo a tal bersaglio.  
 Ed io: Per filosofici argomenti,  
 E per autorità che quinci scende,  
 Cotale amor convien che in me s' imprenti;  
 Chè il bene, in quanto ben, come s' intende,  
 Così accende amore, e tanto maggio,  
 Quanto più di bontate in sè comprende.  
 Dunque all' essenza ov' è tanto avvantaggio, 30  
 Che ciascun ben che fuor di lei si truova,  
 Altro non è che di suo lume un raggio,  
 Più che in altro convien che si muova  
 La mente, amando, di ciascun che cerne

<sup>1</sup> Who laid his hands on Saul of Tarsus

## CANTO XXVI.

ARGUMENT.—*The Apostle John examines Dante respecting his Charity.  
Dante sees and communes with Adam.*

WHILE doubting of my ruined sight I paused,  
 From that refulgent flame, whose effluence  
 So ruined it, a breathing came and caused  
 Mine ears to listen, saying: 'Till thy sense  
 Of vision thou repair, which ran to waste  
 On me, discourse may well make recompense.  
 Begin, then, and declare on what is placed  
 Thy soul's desire, and if thy sight be sure  
 In thee 't is only dimmed, not all effaced;  
 Because that lady's glance who leads thee o'er  
 This realm of glories, hath like gift to heal  
 As ' Ananias' hand enjoyed of yore.'  
 ' Even at her pleasure let the cure unseal  
 Or soon or late these eyes,' I said, ' the gates  
 Whereat she entered with the fire I feel  
 Unquencht. The good this royal court that sates  
 Is Alpha and Omēga to me, whate'er  
 Of love in writing faint or full dilates.'  
 That selfsame voice which had allayed the fear  
 With which my sudden dazzlement possessed,  
 Prompted my zeal for farther converse here,  
 And said: ' Thou must through narrower sieve be pressed,  
 Assuredly, to fine thee; thou must tell  
 By whom thy bow was to such mark addressed.'  
 And I: ' By philosophic proof as well  
 As by authority which hence descends  
 Must such a love be stamped in me to dwell;  
 For good, as good, when once discovered, tends  
 To kindle love, and greater in degree  
 As it the more of goodness comprehends.  
 Then to that Essence whose transcendency  
 Is such, that every good elsewhere we find  
 Nought but a sparkle of its light can be,  
 Above all others must the loving mind  
 Of every one, that soundeth to its springs

and restored him to sight. Acts ix. 17, 18.

Lo vero, in che si fonda questa pruova.  
 Tal vero allo intelletto mio sterne  
 Colui che mi dimostra il primo amore  
 Di tutte le sustanzie sempiterne.  
 Sternel la voce del verace autore, 40  
 Che dice a Moisè, di sè parlando :  
 Io ti farò vedere ogni valore.  
 Sternilmi tu ancora, incominciando  
 L' alto preconio, che grida l' arcano  
 Di qui laggiù sovra ad ogni alto bando.  
 Ed io udi' : Per intelletto umano,  
 E per autoritade a lui concorde,  
 De' tuoi amori a Dio guarda il sovrano.  
 Ma di' ancor, se tu senti altre corde  
 Tirarti verso lui, sì che tu suone 50  
 Con quanti denti questo amor ti morde.  
 Non fu latente la santa intenzione  
 Dell' aquila di Cristo, anzi m' accorsi  
 Ove menar volea mia professione.  
 Però ricominciai : Tutti quei morsi,  
 Che posson far lo cuor volger a Dio,  
 Alla mia caritate son concorsi ;  
 Chè l' essere del mondo, e l' esser mio,  
 La morte ch' el sostenne perch' io viva,  
 E quel che spera ogni fedel, com' io, 60  
 Con la predetta conoscenza viva,  
 Tratto m' hanno del mar dell' amor torto,  
 E del dritto m' han posto alla riva.  
 Le fronde, onde s' infronda tutto l' orto  
 Dell' Ortolano eterno, am' io cotanto,  
 Quanto da lui a lor di bene è porto.  
 Sì com' io tacqui, un dolcissimo canto  
 Risonò per lo cielo, e la mia Donna  
 Dicea con gli altri : Santo, Santo, Santo.  
 E come al lume acuto si disonna 70  
 Per lo spirto visivo che ricorre  
 Allo splendor che va di gonna in gonna,  
 E lo svegliato ciò che vede abborre,  
 Sì nescia è la sua subita vigilia,  
 Fin che la stimativa nol soccorre ;  
 Così degli occhi miei ogni quisquilia

<sup>2</sup> Plato, in the opening of his Symposium: 'Ex his omnibus perspicuum esse aio, amorem Deorum omnium antiquissimum,

augustissimum que esse.' Serrano's version, comp. Aristophanes. *The Birds*, v. 695.

The truth this proof is based on, be inclined.  
 Such truth he level to my reason brings,  
 Who demonstrates to me that <sup>2</sup> Love of old  
 Is first of all the' imperishable things.  
 Such hath His voice, the truthful author, told,  
 Who saith to Moses, speaking of His own,  
<sup>3</sup> *All goodness will I make thee to behold.*  
 Thou, too, beginning thus in loftiest tone  
 Earthward to sound heaven's mystery of grace,  
 All heralds else outpealing, mak'st it known.'  
 With that I heard: 'For reason of man's race,  
 And for authority therewith uniting,  
 Of all thy loves keep God the chiefest place.  
 But say again if other ties inciting  
 Thou feel attract thee to Him; so declare  
 With teeth how many this thy love is biting.'  
 That holy purpose which <sup>4</sup> Christ's eagle bare  
 Was not so covert, but whereto he sought  
 To lead me thus professing, I was ware,  
 And thus resumed: 'Those gnawings all of thought  
 Which can convert the heart to God, agreeing  
 Harmonious, for my charity have wrought.  
 Alike the being of the world, my being,  
 The death which He to save my life endured,  
 'The goal each faithful eye like mine is seeing  
 In hope, with that live knowledge whence assured  
 I spake, have me from tide of wrong love torn,  
 And on the margin of the right secured.  
 I bear the leaves, the garden that adorn  
 Of One eternal Gardener, love as strong  
 As goodness to them each from Him is borne.'  
 Then, at my pause, one most melodious song  
 O'er heaven went echoing, and my lady's note  
 Sang HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, 'mid their throng.  
 And as when sleep is chased (so keenly smote  
 The light) by visual energy that pours  
 Back with the blaze pervading coat by coat,  
 And he, the wakened, what he sees abhors,  
 So vacantly that sudden wakening dreams,  
 Until discernment's aid his sense restores,  
 Thus Beatrice, with but one ray that beams

<sup>3</sup> Exod. xxxiii. 19: 'And he said, I will make all my goodness pass before thee.'

<sup>4</sup> The eagle, adopted from the Vision of Ezekiel, is the well-known emblem of St. John.



Fugò Beatrice col raggio de' suoi,  
 Che rifulgeva più di mille milia;  
 Onde, me' che dinanzi, vidi poi,  
 E quasi stupefatto dimandai 80  
 D' un quarto lume, ch' io vidi con noi.  
 E la mia Donna : Dentro da que' rai  
 Vagheggia il suo fattor l' anima prima,  
 Che la prima virtù creasse mai.  
 Come le fronda, che fiette la cima  
 Nel transito del vento, e poi si leva  
 Per la propria virtù che la sublima,  
 Fec' io in tanto in quanto ella diceva,  
 Stupendo ; e poi mi rifece sicuro  
 Un disio di parlare, ond' io ardeva ; 90  
 E cominciai : O pomo, che maturo  
 Solo prodotto fosti, o Padre antico,  
 A cui ciascuna sposa è filia e nuro ;  
 Devoto, quanto posso, a te supplico,  
 Perchè mi parli ; tu vedi mia voglia,  
 E, per udirti tosto, non la dico.  
 Tal volta un animal coverto broglia  
 Sì, che l' affetto convien che si paia  
 Per lo seguir che face a lui l' invoglia  
 E similmente l' anima primaia 100  
 Mi facea trasparer per la coverta,  
 Quant' ella a compiacermi venia gaia.  
 Indi spirò : Senz' essermi profferta  
 Da te la voglia tua, discerno meglio  
 Che tu qualunque cosa t' è più certa,  
 Perch' io la veggio nel verace specchio  
 Che fa di sè pareglie l' altre cose,  
 E nulla face lui di sè pareglio.  
 Tu vuoi udir quant' è che Dio mi pose  
 Nell' eccelso giardino, ove costei 110  
 A così lunga scala ti dispose,  
 E quanto fu diletto agli occhi miei,  
 E la propria cagion del gran disdegno,  
 E l' idioma ch' usai e ch' io fei.  
 Or, figliuol mio, non il gustar del legno  
 Fu per sè la cagion di tanto esilio,  
 Ma solamente il trapassar del segno.  
 Quindi, onde mosse tua Donna Virgilio,  
 Quattromila trecento e duo volumi

<sup>s</sup> The terrestrial Eden, to which Beatrice had

In hers, from mine eyes every mote dispelled,  
Ray brighter than a thousand thousand gleams !  
Whereat my sight my former sight excelled,  
And question made, as one in blank amaze,  
Of a fourth light which I with us beheld.  
And thus my lady : ' From within those rays  
The eldest soul that eldest virtue made  
His own creator lovingly surveys.'  
Like to a leaf which bends the crest o'erweighed  
In the gale passing, and again doth rise  
By native power that lifts her upward swayed,  
So all the time she spake in mute surprise  
I bowed, and then reviving felt secure  
In warmth my burning thirst of speech supplies ;  
And I began : ' O fruit alone mature  
Produced ! for whom, O sire of ancient day,  
Daughter and son's wife every bride makes sure,  
I pray thee with what earnestness I may,  
Speak to me ; thou mine inward will dost view,  
Which I, to hear thee sooner, leave to say.'  
Time is when hooded beast makes such ado,  
That, merely by the wrapper's sequent roll  
Detected, all its longing must show through ;  
And in like sort the first created soul  
How blithe it came my pleasure to fulfil  
Transparent made beyond its veiling stole ;  
Then breathed : ' Far better I discern thy will,  
Though never of it word between us pass,  
Than thou of what thou hast the surest skill,  
Since I behold it in the truthful glass  
That prints its image on the things of time,  
But none to lend in turn such image has.  
Fain wouldst thou hear how long is past the prime  
When God my home did <sup>b</sup> that high garden make,  
Where up so long a stair *she* bade thee climb ;  
How long mine eyes their pleasure there could take,  
What special cause the grand despite begun,  
And what the language which I framed and spake.  
Now, not the tasting of the tree, my son,  
Did in itself to such an exile doom,  
But singly to the law the trespass done.  
I, where thy dame brought Virgil from the gloom,  
Four thousand and three hundred solar turns

Di sol desiderai questo concilio ; 120  
 E vidi lui tornare a tutti i lumi  
 Della sua strada novecento trenta  
 Fiate, mentre ch' io in terra fumi.  
 La lingua ch' io parlai fu tutta spenta  
 Innanzi che all' ovra inconsumabile  
 Fosse la gente di Nembrotte attenta ;  
 Chè nullo affetto mai razionabile,  
 Per lo piacere uman, che rinnovella,  
 Seguendo il cielo, sempre fu durabile.  
 Opera naturale è ch' uom favella ; 130  
 Ma, così o così, natura lascia  
 Poi fare a voi secondo che v' abbella.  
 Pria ch' io scendessi all' infernale ambascia,  
*El* s' appellava in terra il sommo bene,  
 Onde vien la letizia che mi fascia ;  
*El* si chiamò poi, e ciò conviene,  
 Chè l' uso de' mortali è come fronda  
 In ramo, che sen va, ed altra viene.  
 Nel monte, che si leva più dall' onda,  
 Fu' io, con vita pura e disonesta, 140  
 Dalla prim' ora a quella ch' è seconda,  
 Come il sol muta quadra, all' ora sesta.

## CANTO XXVII.

*Quanto vede sembra al Poeta un riso dell' universo. S. Pietro dice parole di sdegno contro coloro che mal adempiono in terra le sue veci. Volo alla nona spera ; Beatrice spiega la natura e il moto di questo cielo.*

AL Padre, al Figlio, allo Spirito Santo  
 Cominciò gloria tutto il Paradiso,  
 Sì che m' inebbriava il dolce canto.  
 Ciò ch' io vedeva, mi sembrava un riso  
 Dell' universo ; perchè mia ebbrezza  
 Entrava per l' udire e per lo viso.  
 O gioia ! o ineffabile allegrezza !  
 O vita intera d' amore e di pace !  
 O senza brama sicura ricchezza !  
 Dinanzi agli occhi miei le quattro face 10

<sup>a</sup> The years of Adam's life, Gen. v. 5.

<sup>b</sup> See Matt. xxvii. 46.

And two, in this assembly longed for room ;  
 And through each light to round his track that burns  
     <sup>6</sup> Nine hundred thirty times beheld him bent,  
 While I partook of earth and earth's concerns.  
 The language that I spake was wholly spent  
 Ere yet, upon the work they hoped in vain  
 To compass, Nimrod's people toiled intent ;  
 For ne'er did liking, fruit of human brain,  
 By reason of man's pleasure that renews  
 As the skies influence, durable remain.  
 'T is nature's work that man a tongue should use,  
 But thus or thus, according as incline  
 Your fancies, nature leaves with you to choose.  
 Ere yet to draw Hell's stifling breath was mine,  
 EL was earth's name to name the Supreme Good  
 Whence comes this happiness round me to twine ;  
 Since ELI called ; and fitting 't were He should,  
 For mortal usage is like leaf on bough,  
 One goes and other comes. In life I stood,  
 Upon the mount that highest lifts the brow  
 Above the waters, sinless and with sin,  
     <sup>8</sup> From the first hour to what doth second now,  
 Sol changing quarter, from the sixth begin.'

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### CANTO XXVII.

ARGUMENT. — *Saint Peter indignantly exposes the corruptions of the Church of Rome. Ascent to the Ninth Heaven, of which Beatrice describes the nature.*

'GLORY to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,'  
 Began all paradise, till in so sweet  
 A song, intoxicate, myself I lost ;  
 Seemed in one smile the universe to greet  
 In what I saw, for hearing joined with sight  
 Let in and made my ravishment complete.  
 O gladness ! O ineffable delight !  
 O life, where love and peace the sum comprise !  
 O wealth without a want, secure from blight !  
 The four bright lustres stood before mine eyes

<sup>8</sup> According to old tradition, *Scholastic History*, Adam was  
 noted by P. Comestor in his seven hours in Eden.

Stavano accese, o quella che pria venne  
 Incominciò a farsi più vivace ;  
 E tal nella sembianza sua divenne,  
 Qual diverrebbe Giove, s' egli e Marta  
 Fossero augelli, e cambiassersi penne.  
 La provedenza, che quivi comparte  
 Vice ed ufficio, nel beato coro  
 Silenzio posto avea da ogni parte,  
 Quand' io udi' : Se io mi trascoloro,  
 Non ti maravigliar ; Chè, dicend' io, 20  
 Vedrai trascolorar tutti costoro.  
 Quegli ch' usurpa in terra il luogo mio,  
 Il luogo mio, il luogo mio, che vaca  
 Nella presenza del Figliuol di Dio,  
 Fatto ha del cimiterio mio cloaca,  
 Del sangue e della puzza, onde il perverso,  
 Che cadde di quassù, laggiù si placa.  
 Di quel color, che per lo sole avverso  
 Nube dipinge da sera e da mane,  
 Vid' io allora tutto il ciel cosperso : 30  
 E, come donna onesta che permane  
 Di sè sicura, e, per l' altrui fallanza,  
 Pure ascoltando, timida si fane,  
 Così Beatrice trasmutò scmbianza ;  
 E tal eclissi credo che in ciel fue,  
 Quando patì la suprema possanza.  
 Poi procedetter le parole sue  
 Con voce tanto da sè trasmutata,  
 Che la sembianza non si mutò piue :  
 Non fu la Sposa di Cristo allevata 40  
 Del sangue mio, di Lin, di quel di Cleto,  
 Per essere ad acquisto d' oro usata ;  
 Ma per acquisto d' esto viver lieto  
 E Sisto e Pio, Calisto ed Urbano  
 Sparser lo sangue dopo molto fieto.  
 Non fu nostra intenzion ch' a destra mano  
 De' nostri successor parte sedesse,  
 Parte dall' altra, del popol cristiano ;  
 Nè che le chiavi, che mi fur concesse,  
 Divenisser segnacolo in vessillo, 50  
 Che contra i battezzati combattesse ;  
 Nè ch' io fossi figura di sigillo

<sup>1</sup> In such case Jupiter would exhibit a ruddy glow.

<sup>2</sup> Lucifer.

<sup>3</sup> Bishops of Rome during St. Peter's life-time.

<sup>4</sup> All early Bishops of Rome and

All lighted up, and into livelier flame  
 That which had first appeared began to rise,  
 And in its altered presence such became,  
 That Jove, if he and Mars were each a bird  
<sup>1</sup> And interchanged their wings, would show the same.  
 The providence by whom is here conferred  
 Station and work, on every side had bound  
 That blessed choir in silence, when I heard,  
 'If I change colour, let it not astound  
 Thy mind, for at my speaking thou shalt trace  
 Like change of colour in all these around.  
 He that on earth usurping holds my place—  
 My place!—my place! which yet doth void remain,  
 So wills the Son of God, before His face,  
 Hath made my burial-ground a common drain  
 For all the blood and filth whence <sup>2</sup> he, the froward,  
 Who fell from heaven, in hell consoles his pain.'  
 That hue wherein the adverse sun when lowered  
 Tinges a cloud at morn or even tides  
 O'er all the heaven I saw that instant showered;  
 And like to virtuous woman that abides  
 Sure of herself, yet hearing cannot brook  
 Of other's guilt, but timid blushes hides,  
 Even so changed was Beatrice in look;  
 And such eclipse o'erspread the heaven, I ween,  
 What time the Sùpreme Power of death partook.  
 Then in a voice so changed from what had been  
 Before, his words their tale proceeding told,  
 His face itself was not more altered seen.  
 'The Church of Christ was not so reared of old,  
 With blood of mine, of <sup>3</sup> Linus, Cletus fed,  
 To be abused to gain the gain of gold;  
 But <sup>4</sup> Sixtus, Pius, Callistus, Urban bled  
 To gain this happy life wherein we stand,  
 And after many a tear their life-drops shed.  
 Nor yet that on our successors' right hand  
 A part should sit, part on their left despised,  
 Was e'er our meaning, of the Christian hand;  
 Nor that the keys, by grant to me devised,  
 Should e'er become a banner's badge to deal  
 Fierce war and conflict on <sup>5</sup> a race baptized;  
 Nor that mine effigies should stamp the seal

Martyrs, Sixtus died A.D. 126, Pius his successor, A.D. 231.  
 A.D. 157. Callistus, A.D. 224, Urban, <sup>5</sup> The Ghibelline party.

A privilegi venduti e mendaci,  
 Ond' io sovente arrosso e disfavillo.  
 In vesta di pastor lupi rapaci  
 Si veggion di quassù per tutti i paschi :  
 O difesa di Dio, perchè pur giaci !  
 Del sangue nostro Caorsini e Guaschi  
 S' apparecchian di bere ; o buon principio,  
 A che vil fine convien che tu caschi ! 60  
 Ma l' alta providenza, che con Scipio  
 Difese a Roma la gloria del mondo,  
 Soccorrà tosto, sì com' io concipio.  
 E tu, figliuol, che per lo mortal pondo  
 Ancor giù tornerai, apri la bocca,  
 E non asconder quel ch' io non ascondo.  
 Sì come di vapor gelati fiocca  
 In giuso l' aer nostro, quando il corno  
 Della capra del ciel col sol si tocca ;  
 In su vid' io così l' etera adorno 70  
 Farsi, e fioccar di vapor trionfanti,  
 Che fatto avean con noi quivi soggiorno.  
 Lo viso mio seguiva i suoi sembianti,  
 E seguì fin che il mezzo per lo molto,  
 Gli tolse il trapassar del più avanti.  
 Onde la Donna, che mi vede asciolto  
 Dell' attendere in su, mi disse : Adima  
 Il viso, e guarda come tu se' volto.  
 Dall' ora ch' io avea guardato prima,  
 I' vidi mosso me per tutto l' arco 80  
 Che fa dal mezzo al fine il primo clima,  
 Sì ch' io vedea di là da Gade il varco  
 Folle d' Ulisse, e di qua presso il lito  
 Nel qual si fece Europa dolce carico.  
 E più mi fora scoperto il sito  
 Di questa aiuola ; ma il sol procedea,  
 Sotto i miei piedi, un segno e più partito.  
 La mente innamorata, che donnea  
 Con la mia Donna sempre, di ridure  
 Ad essa gli occhi più che mai ardea : 0  
 E se natura o arte fe' pasture  
 Da pigliare occhi, per aver la mente,  
 In carne umana, o nelle sue pinture,  
 Tutte adunate parrebber niente

\* Pope John XXI. was of Cahors  
 in Languedoc ; Clement V. of  
 Gascony.

' Probably Scipio Africanus, the  
 successful rival of Hannibal.  
 \* The zodiacal Capricorn.

To bartered, lying privileges set,  
 Whence oft the blush and glow tell what I feel.  
 In shepherd's garb wolves, seen of heaven to whet  
 The ravenous fang, through all our pastures slink !  
 Vengeance of God, why slumberest thou yet ?  
<sup>6</sup> Caorsans, Gascons, of our blood to drink  
 Prepare them. O beginning, once so good,  
 To what vile end art thou foredoomed to sink !  
 But that high forecast, which with <sup>7</sup> Scipio stood  
 That the world's glory might with Rome abide,  
 Shall timely help ; so my foreboding would ;  
 And thou that to thy mortal burden tied  
 Must yet return to earth, my son, uncloset  
 Thy lips, nor hide thou what I scorn to hide.'  
 In the like sort our own air downward snows  
 Vapours in frozen flakes, what time her horn  
 Touching the sun <sup>8</sup> celestial Capra shows,  
 Upward I saw that ether so adorn  
 Herself, and with triumphant vapours snow,  
 That with us here had lately made sojourn.  
 My gaze was following their luminous show,  
 And followed, till the distance spread so vast,  
 It hid the passage of the first to go.  
 My lady, when she saw me freed at last  
 From longer upturned watch, said, ' Downward send  
 Thy glance, and mark the curve thy feet have passed.'  
 I saw that I had travelled o'er the bend  
<sup>9</sup> The first clime arches, since mine eyes had turned  
 Their earliest look, from midway to its end.  
 So I the strait <sup>10</sup> Ulysses madly rowed  
 Saw that side Cadiz ; near on this, <sup>11</sup> the shore  
 Whence fair Europa freighted her sweet load ;  
 And farther had the sight of this our floor  
 Opened, but Sol went on, his way to sever  
 From underneath my feet, a sign and more.  
 The' enamoured heart, that with my lady ever  
 Was courting, to reclaim mine eyes and bind  
 Them once more to her burned, as it had never.  
 And if or art or nature feasts designed  
 In human flesh-tints or in painting wrought,  
 To charm the eyes and thus possess the mind,  
 These all united should appear as nought

<sup>9</sup> Dante would measure the first climate twenty degrees N. of the equator.

<sup>10</sup> See *Inf.* c. xxvi. 125.

<sup>11</sup> The Phœnician coast of the Mediterranean.



Ver lo piacer divin che mi rifulse,  
 Quando mi volsi al suo viso ridente.  
 E la virtù, che lo sguardo m' indulse,  
 Del bel nido di Leda mi divelse,  
 E nel ciel velocissimo m' impulse.  
 Le parti sue vivissime ed eccalse 100  
 Sì uniformi son, ch' io non so dire  
 Qual Beatrice per luogo mi scelse.  
 Ma ella, che vedeva il mio disire,  
 Incominciò, ridendo, tanto lieta,  
 Che Dio pareva nel suo volto gioire :  
 La natura del moto che quieta  
 Il mezzo, e tutto l' altro intorno muove,  
 Quinci comincia come da sua meta.  
 E questo cielo non ha altro dove 110  
 Che la mente divina, in che s' accende  
 L' amor che il volve e la virtù ch' ei piove.  
 Luce ed amor d' un cerchio lui comprende,  
 Sì come questo gli altri e quel precinto  
 Colui che il cinge solamente intende.  
 Non è suo moto per altro distinto ;  
 Ma gli altri son misurati da questo,  
 Sì come diece da mezzo e da quinto.  
 E come il tempo tenga in cotal testo  
 Le sue radici, e negli altri le fronde,  
 Omai a te puot' esser manifesto. 120  
 O cupidigia, che i mortali affonde  
 Sì sotto te, che nessuno ha podere  
 Di trarre gli occhi fuor delle tue onde !  
 Ben fiorisce negli uomini il volere ;  
 Ma la pioggia continua converte  
 In bozzacchioni le susine vere.  
 Fede ed innocenzia son reperte  
 Solo ne' parvoletti ; poi ciascuna  
 Pria fugge, che le guance sien coperte.  
 Tale, balbuziando ancor, digiuna, 130  
 Che poi divora, con la lingua sciolta,  
 Qualunque cibo, per qualunque luna ;  
 E tal, balbuziando, ama ed ascolta  
 La madre sua, che, con loquela intera,  
 Disia poi di vederla sepolta.  
 Così si fa la pelle bianca nera,  
 Nel primo aspetto, della bella figlia

<sup>12</sup> The Twins, Castor and Pollux,

To such divine delight as, like the levin,  
Flashed on me, when her smiling face I sought,  
And me, from <sup>12</sup> that fair nest of Leda riven,  
The force one look of hers imparted free  
Bore in its impulse to the swiftest heaven.  
Though most instinct with life and high they be,  
So uniform its parts, I cannot tell  
Where Beatrice chose out a place for me ;  
But she, my heart's desire discerning well,  
Began in smiles of so delighted soul,  
God in her looks appeared all joy to dwell :  
'The nature of that motion, which the whole  
Around it moves, and still at rest maintains  
The centre, hence begins, as from its goal ;  
And to this heaven none elsewhere remains  
Save the divine Mind, by whose kindlings shine  
The love that turns it and the force it rains.  
One circle round it life and love entwine,  
As this around the rest ; and He alone  
That precinct rules, who girdles it with line.  
Its motion measured by none else is shown,  
But all beside are measured by its test,  
As that of ten by half and fifth made known.  
And now to thee may well be manifest  
How in such vessel time is wont to keep  
His hidden roots, his leaves in all the rest.  
Ah, greediness ! that plungest down so deep  
Mortals beneath thee, never one hath power  
To drag his eyes from out thy waters' sweep !  
The will in humankind shows goodly flower,  
But one incessant rainfall's noxious reek  
Her genuine plums to bastard lumps doth sour.  
For faith and innocence 't were vain to seek  
In all but baby children ; each is gone  
Or ever manly down o'erspread the cheek.  
Here, while a lisping prattler yet, is one  
Fasting, that when his tongue more freely plays,  
Crams any food at any moon set on ;  
A lisping prattler there loves and obeys  
His mother : soon his perfect speech achieves,  
And then to see her buried inly prays !  
Thus the white skin a darker tinge receives  
On childhood's visage, in the daughter fair

were the offspring of Leda by Jupiter.

Di quei ch' apporta mane e lascia sera.  
 Tu perchè non ti facci maraviglia,  
 Pensa che in terra non è chi governi ; 140  
 Onde si svia l' umana famiglia.  
 Ma prima che gennaio tutto sverni,  
 Per la centesma ch' è laggiù negletta,  
 Ruggeran sì questi cerchi superni,  
 Che la fortuna, che tanto s' aspetta,  
 Le poppe volgerà u' son le prore,  
 Sì che la classe correrà diretta ;  
 E vero frutto verrà dopo il fiore.

## CANTO XXVIII.

*Visione dell' essenza divina in un punto luminosissimo contornato dalle tre gerarchie de' nove angelici Cori. Beatrice chiarisce alcuni dubbj proposti dal Poeta.*

POSCIA che incontro alla vita presente  
 De' miseri mortali aperse il vero  
 Quella che imparadisa la mia mente :  
 Come in ispecchio fiamma di doppiero  
 Vede colui che se n' alluma dietro,  
 Prima che l' abbia in vista od in pensiero,  
 E sè rivolge, per veder se il vetro  
 Li dice il vero, e vede ch' el s' accorda  
 Con esso, come nota con suo metro :  
 Così la mia memoria si ricorda 10  
 Ch' io feci, riguardando ne' begli occhi,  
 Onde a pigliarmi fece Amor la corda,  
 E com' io mi rivolsi, e furon tocchi  
 Li miei da ciò che pare in quel volume,  
 Quandunque nel suo giro ben s' adocchi,  
 Un punto vidi che raggiava lume  
 Acuto sì, ch' il viso, ch' egli affuoca,  
 Chiuder conviensi, per lo forte acume :  
 E quale stella par quinci più poca,  
 Parrebbe luna locata con esso, 20  
 Come stella con stella si colloca,  
 Forse cotanto, quanto pare appresso

<sup>12</sup> The Julian computation of the year was 365 days, 6 hours; and the ex-

Of him who brings us morn, and evening leaves.  
 But thou, thy wonder at such deeds to spare,  
 Think, there is none on earth due sway to wield,  
 Whence humankind on erring tack doth wear.  
 But ere all January quit winter's field  
<sup>13</sup> By surplus hundredth, down below neglected,  
 A roar shall from these upper orbs be pealed  
 So loud, that fortune's gale, so long expected,  
 Shall veer the sterns where sit the prows, and speed  
 The fleet along a straighter course directed,  
 And to the flower shall genuine fruit succeed.'

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CANTO XXVIII.

ARGUMENT.—*Vision of the Deity, the central point of the Angelic Hierarchy, of which the order and names are detailed by Beatrice to Dante.*

WHEN, to rebuke their present life of vice  
 In wretched mortals, she unfolding taught  
 The truth, who does my mind imparadise,  
 As one who sees on mirror's surface caught  
 The taper's flame that lights him from behind  
 Before he counts of it in sight or thought,  
 And turns him round to prove the glass, and find  
 If it tell truth, and sees it well accord  
 With that, like music with her metre twined,  
 Even so my memory the look doth hoard  
 I cast on those fair eyes recalling yet,  
 Whence love the fetters made to take me stored ;  
 And as I turned me, and mine own were met  
 By all that in that heavenly roll is seen,  
 Whene'er sharp eyes are on its circle set,  
 I saw one point which darted light so keen,  
 That eyes whereon that fiery blaze should fall  
 Perforce must close them—so intense the sheen ;  
 And any star that hence looks least of all  
 Would show beside it ranged, as star with star  
 Is wont to range, large as the lunar ball.  
 A fiery circle, distant haply far

cess in process of time would carry the month of January into the spring.

Halo cigner la luce che il dipinge,  
 Quando il vapor, che il porta, più è spesso,  
 Distante intorno al punto un cerchio d' igne  
 Si girava sì ratto, ch' avria vinto  
 Quel moto, che più tosto il mondo cigne ;  
 E questo era d' un altro circuncinto,  
 E quei dal terzo, e il terzo poi dal quarto,  
 Dal quinto il quarto, e poi dal sesto il quinto. 30  
 Sovra seguiva il settimo sì sparto  
 Già di larghezza, che il messo di Juno  
 Intero a contenerlo sarebbe arto.  
 Così l' ottavo e il nono ; e ciascheduno  
 Più tardo si movea, secondo ch' era  
 Il numero distante più dall' uno :  
 E quello avea la fiamma più sincera,  
 Cui men distava la favilla pura ;  
 Credo però che più di lei s' invera.  
 La Donna mia, che mi vedeva in cura 40  
 Forte sospeso, disse : Da quel punto  
 Dipende il cielo, e tutta la natura.  
 Mira quel cerchio che più gli è congiunto,  
 E sappi che il suo muovere è sì tosto  
 Per l' affocato amore, ond' egli è punto.  
 Ed io a lei : Se il mondo fosse posto  
 Con l' ordine, ch' io veggio in quelle ruote,  
 Sazio m' avrebbe ciò che m' è proposto.  
 Ma nel mondo sensibile si puote  
 Veder le volte tanto più divine, 50  
 Quant' elle son dal centro più remote.  
 Onde, se il mio disio dee aver fine  
 In questo miro ed angelico templo,  
 Che solo amore e luce ha per confine,  
 Udir conviemmi ancor come l' esempio  
 E l' esemplare non vanno d' un modo :  
 Chè io per me indarno a ciò contemplo.  
 Se li tuoi diti non sono a tal nodo  
 Sufficienti, non è maraviglia,  
 Tanto per non tentare è fatto sodo. 60  
 Così la Donna mia : poi disse : Piglia  
 Quel ch' io ti dicerò, se vuoi saziarti,  
 Ed intorno da esso t' assottiglia.  
 Li cerchi corporai sono ampi ed arti,  
 Secondo il più e il men della virtute,

As halo from the light which lends it hue  
Appears, what time the vapours densest are  
That bear it, round the point careering flew  
So rapid, it had vanquished in the race  
That motion swiftest round the world to do  
Its course ; and this did second ring embrace,  
And that a third ; the third a fourth went round,  
The fourth a fifth, the fifth a sixth in place.  
Then supervened a seventh, already found  
So broad of compass, as the bow entire  
Of <sup>1</sup> Juno's envoy were but cramp to bound ;  
And thus the eighth and ninth, and every gyre  
More slowly moved, according as its sphere  
Was numbered farther from that unit-fire.  
And each in order had the flame more clear,  
As that pure sparklet at less distance stood,  
Feeling its truth, I trow, more full inhere.  
My lady, who beheld mine anxious mood  
Of pained suspense, said : ' On that point depends  
Both heaven and nature in her plenitude.  
Mark well the circle nearest it that bends,  
And in the burning love whose dart it feels  
Know why in speed its motion so transcends.'  
And I to her : ' If the' order of those wheels,  
As I discern them, had the world controlled,  
Then had sufficed me what thy service deals ;  
But in that world of sense may one behold  
The volutes ever show the more divine,  
<sup>2</sup> As more remotely from the centre rolled.  
Whence in this wondrous angel-peopled shrine  
That hath for confines only light and love,  
If destined end await that want of mine,  
Yet must I hear, why unconforming move  
(Since of myself in vain I contemplate  
Their jar) the antitype and type above.'  
' If thine own fingers with such knot to mate  
Do scarce avail, no wonder ; it hath grown  
So hard, while none attempts to extricate.'  
My lady thus ; then added : ' Make thine own  
What I shall tell thee, if thou need content,  
And be thy subtlest thought to probe it shown.  
The corporal spheres are broad or narrow bent  
According to the virtue more or less

<sup>2</sup> That is, the more distant from our globe, Dante's central point.

Che si distende per tutte lor parti.  
 Maggior bontà vuol far maggior salute;  
 Maggior salute maggior corpo cape,  
 S' egli ha le parti ugualmente compiute.  
 Dunque costui, che tutto quanto rape 70  
 L' altro universo seco, corrisponde  
 Al cerchio che più ama, e che più sape.  
 Perchè, se tu alla virtù circonde  
 La tua misura, non alla parvenza  
 Delle sustanzie che t' appaion tonde,  
 Tu vederai mirabil convenenza,  
 Di maggio a più, o di minore a meno,  
 In ciascun cielo, a sua intelligenza.  
 Come rimane splendido e sereno 80  
 L' emisperio dell' aere, quando soffia  
 Borea da quella guancia, ond' è più leno,  
 Perchè si purga e risolve la roffia  
 Che pria turbava, sì che il ciel ne ride  
 Con le bellezze d' ogni sua parroffia ;  
 Così fec' io, poi che mi provvide  
 La Donna mia del suo risponder chiaro,  
 E, come stella in cielo, il ver si vide.  
 E poi che le parole sue restaro,  
 Non altrimenti ferro disfavilla 90  
 Che bolle, come i cerchi sfavillaro.  
 Lo incendi lor seguiva ogni scintilla ;  
 Ed eran tante, che il numero loro  
 Più che il doppiar degli scacchi s' immilla.  
 Io sentiva osannar di coro in coro  
 Al punto fisso che gli tiene all' ubi,  
 E terrà sempre, nel qual sempre foro ;  
 E quella, che vedeva i pensier dubi  
 Nella mia mente, disse : I cerchi primi  
 T' hanno mostrato i serafi e i cherubi.  
 Così veloci seguono i suoi vimi 100  
 Per simigliarsi al punto quanto ponno,  
 E posson quanto a veder son sublimi.  
 Quegli altri amor, che dintorno gli vonno,  
 Si chiaman Troni del divino aspetto,  
 Perchè il primo ternaro terminonno.  
 E dei saver che tutti hanno diletto,  
 Quanto la sua veduta si profonda

<sup>3</sup> The inventor of chess, the Indian Abou-Dahir, on presenting his new game to a Persian mon-

arch, was desired by him to choose his own reward, and chose a grain of corn for the first square, two

That self-diffused through all their parts is sent.  
 Goodness more great with greater weal would bless ;  
 A greater weal the greater bulk can heap,  
 If all its parts be filled at equal stress ;  
 This, therefore, which involves in one wide sweep  
 The whole high universe, doth match the ring  
 Alike in knowledge and in love most deep ;  
 Wherefore, if thou thy measuring line but fling  
 Around the virtue, not the show to sense,  
 These substances of orbèd aspect bring,  
 Thou 'lt note a marvellous proportion hence,  
 Smaller for less, and larger for the more  
 In every heaven, to its intelligence.'  
 As our aërial hemisphere all o'er  
 Sunshine and calm abides, his gentler cheek  
 When Boreas puffs, and breathes, and what before  
 Was troubling sweeps away, the scurfy reek  
 Dissolving thin, that heaven and all its train  
 Of beauties drest in smiles their gladness speak,  
 So by my lady's grace did I remain,  
 Who with her clear reply my craving fed,  
 And like to star in heaven the truth shone plain ;  
 And when at length her words were wholly sped,  
 None otherwise do showery sparkles fly  
 From melting iron, than the circles shed.  
 With their own blaze did every sparkle vie ;  
 So great their sum, the thousand thousands cast  
<sup>3</sup> By doubling chess-board squares mount not so high.  
 To the first point which holds them, and shall fast  
 Hold ever where they ever were, their hymn  
 From choir to choir in full Hosanna passed.  
 And she who saw my doubtful musings dim  
 The mind, said : 'These first circles to thine eyes  
 Have shown the cherubim and seraphim.  
 Thus fleet they follow their appointed ties  
 To win the Point's resemblance as they may,  
 And may, so far as they in vision rise.  
 Those other loves that moving round them play  
 Thrones of God's aspect are by name addressed,  
 Since the first triad's boundary-line are they ;  
 And meet it is thou know that all are blest  
 With joy the deeper as their eyes discern

for the second, four for the third,  
 and so on ; when the king, to his  
 great astonishment, found that he

had not grain enough to pay.—T.  
 Hyde, *De Lud. Orient.*



Nel vero, in che si queta ogn' intelletto.  
 Quinci si può veder come si fonda  
 L' esser beato nell' atto che vede, 110  
 Non in quel ch' ama, che poscia seconda;  
 E del vedere è misura mercede,  
 Che grazia partorisce e buona voglia;  
 Così di grado in grado si procede.  
 L' altro ternaro, che così germoglia  
 In questa primavera sempiterna,  
 Che notturno ariete non dispoglia,  
 Perpetualmente Osanna sverna  
 Con tre melode, che suonano in tree  
 Ordini di letizia, onde s'interna. 120  
 In essa gerarchia son le tre Dee,  
 Prima Dominazioni, e poi Virtudi;  
 L' ordine terzo di Podestadi ee.  
 Poscia ne duo penultimi tripudi  
 Principati ed Arcangeli si girano,  
 L' ultimo è tutto d' angelici ludi.  
 Questi ordini di su tutti rimirano,  
 E di giù vincon sì, che verso Dio  
 Tutti tirati sono, e tutti tirano.  
 E Dionisio con tanto disio 130  
 A contemplar questi ordini si mise,  
 Che li nomò e distinse, com' io.  
 Ma Gregorio da lui poi si divise;  
 Onde, sì tosto, come occhi aperse  
 In questo ciel, di sè medesmo rise.  
 E se tanto segreto ver profferse  
 Mortale in terra, non voglio ch' ammiri;  
 Chè chi il vide quassù gliel discoverse  
 Con altro assai del ver di questi giri.

\* Hence Milton: 'Thrones, Powers.' *Par. Lost*, v. 601.  
 Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, \* Alluding to a treatise *De Cœlesti*

The truth wherein all understandings rest.  
 Hence of essential happiness we learn  
     How in the act of seeing root its seeds,  
     Not that of loving, which works second turn.  
 And merit, which good-will prolific breeds  
     Wedded with grace, is measure of their sight ;  
     From step to step thus onward course it leads.  
 The other triad, blossoming so bright  
     In this eternal dawn of spring, that knows  
     No spoiling touch of Aries' autumn night,  
 In endless spring Hosanna doth compose  
     Of three melodious tunes, that sound in three  
     Enraptured orders whence it triply flows.  
 Three names divine are in that hierarchy ;  
     First <sup>4</sup> Dominations, second Virtues placed,  
     And Powers are counted in the third degree.  
 By the two dances last but one embraced  
     Do Princedoms and Archangels circling bend ;  
     The last is all with angel sportings graced.  
 From all these orders upward looks ascend,  
     And downward so prevail they, that all feel  
     Drawing and drawn at once toward God, their end.  
 And <sup>5</sup> Dionysius with so fervent zeal  
     To contemplate their ranks himself applied,  
     Their names and difference he, as I, could deal ;  
 But <sup>6</sup> Gregory later dared from him divide,  
     Whence he himself deriding did not spare,  
     When in this heaven his eyes he opened wide.  
 Nor will I have thee wonder, man laid bare  
     So deep mysterious truth on earth below,  
     Since one to him revealed, who saw it there  
 Above, with much more truth those circles show.'

*Hierarchia*, the pretended work of  
Dionysius the Areopagite.

<sup>4</sup> Gregory the Great altered the  
order of the Angelic natures.

## CANTO XXIX.

*Beatrice legge, ove ogni luogo e tempo s' appunta, varii dubbj sorti nella mente di Dante e li risolve. Procedimento del sommo Amore nella creazione delle angeliche sustanze. Riprensioni contro l'avarizia ed ignoranza d' alcuni predicatori di ciance e favole.*

QUANDO amboduo i figli di Latona,  
 Coverti del Montone e della Libra,  
 Fanno dell' orizzonte insieme zona,  
 Quant' è dal punto che il zenit inlibra,  
 Infìn che l' uno e l' altro da quel cinto,  
 Cambiando l' emisperio si dilibra,  
 Tanto, col volto di riso dipinto,  
 Si tacque Beatrice, riguardando  
 Fiso nel punto che m' aveva vinto :  
 Poi cominciò : Io dico, non dimando 10  
 Quel che tu vuoi udir, perch' io l' ho visto  
 Ove s' appunta ogni *ubi* ed ogni quando.  
 Non per avere a sè di bene acquisto,  
 Ch' esser non può, ma perchè suo splendore  
 Potesse, risplendendo, dir, *subsisto* ;  
 In sua eternità di tempo fuore,  
 Fuor d' ogni altro comprender com' ei piacque,  
 S' aperse in nuovi amor l' eterno amore.  
 Nè prima quasi torpente si giacque ;  
 Chè nè prima nè poscia procedette 20  
 Lo discorrer di Dio sovra quest' acque :  
 Forma e materia congiunte e purette  
 Usciro ad atto che non avea fallo,  
 Come d' arco tricorde tre saette ;  
 E come in vetro, in ambra od in cristallo  
 Raggio risplende sì, che dal venire  
 All' esser tutto non è intervallo ;  
 Così il triforme effetto dal suo sire  
 Nell' esser suo raggiò insieme tutto,  
 Senza distinzion nell' esordire. 30  
 Concreato fu ordine e costruito  
 Alle sustanze, e quelle furon cima

<sup>1</sup> The Sun and Moon.

<sup>2</sup> Dante could hardly mean to insinuate the coeternity of the creature here: but he might in-

## CANTO XXIX.

ARGUMENT.—*Beatrice describes to Dante the cause and order of Creation in the Angelic ranks. Censure of the preachers his contemporaries.*

WHEN <sup>1</sup> both the children of Latona born,  
 As one the Ram, the Balance one o'erlays,  
 Make the horizon common girdle worn,  
 From that one moment when the zenith weighs,  
 Till each with each exchanging hemisphere  
 Slips from that cincture as the scalebeam sways,  
 So long, her face imbued with mirthful cheer,  
 Upon the point I, blinded, could not bear  
 Beatrice in silence did intently peer ;  
 Then thus began : ' I ask not, but declare  
 What thou wouldst hear ; it hath mine eyes impressed  
 Where every *when* is fixed and every *where*.  
 'T was with no gain of food to be possessed,  
 Which might not be ; but that His glory should  
 Say *I subsist*, in effluent glory dressed,  
 Apart from time, of no mind understood,  
 The' eternal Love did in new loves unfold,  
 In His eternity—so seemed Him good.  
 Nor as in torpid slumber lay of old,  
<sup>2</sup> Since nor with earlier nor with later flow  
 God's goings forth upon those waters rolled :  
 Conjoint and pure did form and matter go,  
 Forth issuing unto act that faultless was,  
 Like to three arrows from a three-stringed bow.  
 And as in amber, crystal, or in glass,  
 A ray so flashes, from its first descent  
 Unto its fulness doth no interim pass,  
 So that effect triform together blent  
 Did whole in essence from its Author shoot,  
 Beaming inseparable in increment.  
 Order was concreate and framed to suit  
 The substances, and those held topmost place

tend to convey the revealed fact,  
 that ' The Spirit of God ' moved  
 upon the face of the waters, while

as yet our measures of time were  
 not created. Gen. i. 2 and 14.

Nel mondo, in che puro atto fu prodotto.  
 Pura potenza tenne la parte ima ;  
 Nel mezzo strinse potenza con atto  
 Tal vime, che giammai non si divima.  
 Jeronimo vi scrisse lungo tratto  
 De' secoli, degli angeli, creati  
 Anzi che l' altro mondo fosse fatto ;  
 Ma questo vero è scritto in molti lati 40  
 Dagli scrittor dello Spirito Santo ;  
 E tu lo vederai, se bene guati :  
 Ed anche la ragion lo vede alquanto,  
 Che non concederebbe che i motori  
 Senza sua perfezion fosser cotanto.  
 Or sai tu dove e quando questi amori  
 Furon creati, e come ; sì che spenti  
 Nel tuo disio già sono tre ardori.  
 Nè giugnerlesi, numerando, al venti 50  
 Sì tosto, como degli angeli parte  
 Turbò il soggetto de' vostri alimenti.  
 L' altra rimase, e cominciò quest' arte,  
 Che tu discerni, con tanto diletto,  
 Che mai da circuir non si diparte.  
 Principio del cader fu il maladetto  
 Superbir di colui, che tu vedesti  
 Da tutti i pesi del mondo costretto.  
 Quelli, che vedi quì, furon modesti  
 A riconoscer sè della bontate,  
 Che gli avea fatti a tanto intender presti ; 60  
 Perchè le viste lor furo esaltate  
 Con grazia illuminante, e con lor merto,  
 Sì ch' hanno piena e ferma voluntate.  
 E non voglio che dubbi, ma sie certo,  
 Che ricever la grazia è meritorio,  
 Secondo che l' affetto gli è aperto.  
 Omai dintorno a questo consistorio  
 Puoi contemplare assai, se le parole  
 Mi son ricolte, senz' altro aiutorio.  
 Ma, perchè in terra per le vostre scuole 70  
 Si legge che l' angelica natura  
 E tal, che intende, e si ricorda, e vuole,  
 Ancor dirò, perchè tu veggi pura  
 La verità che laggiù si confonde,

\* This notion of Jerome, held also by several Greek Fathers, was refuted by Thomas Aquinas.

\* Lucifer, in Giudecca. See *Inf.* c. xxxiv. 110,

\* Such were the unprofitable

Over the world, which bare pure act for fruit.  
 Pure potency was seated at the base ;  
 And potency with act drew ties so fast  
 As ne'er shall be untied, in middle space.  
 True, <sup>3</sup> Jerome told you of long ages past  
 Since the' angels were created, while the frame  
 Of all the world beside was yet to cast.  
 But many a scripture does this truth proclaim  
 By those who wrote the Holy Spirit's mind,  
 And thou, observing well, shalt see the same.  
 The same in measure, too, doth reason find,  
 That of the motive powers would ne'er allow  
 They lay so long imperfect of their kind.  
 Now art thou lessoned where and when and how  
 These loves had being ; so three ardours nursed  
 In thy desire are all extinguished now.  
 Nor might the reckoner count to twenty first,  
 Or e'er a portion of that angel train  
 The subject of your elements had burst.  
 The rest abiding, in so rapturous vein  
 Began, as thou art ware, this ordered dance,  
 None ever quits the circling step again  
 The source of downfall was *his* arrogance  
 Accursèd, <sup>4</sup> who beneath his crushing load,  
 The whole world's weight concentrate, met thy glance.  
 Those whom thou findest in this bright abode  
 Confessed the bounty with more humble spirit  
 That aptness for such knowledge had bestowed ;  
 Whence with enlightening grace, and with their merit  
 So highly elevate their vision soared,  
 That full and steadfast will they all inherit ;  
 Nor would I have thee doubt, but hold assured  
 The grace received deservedly is earned,  
 Just as the' affection opens to afford  
 It harbour. If my words be inly learned,  
 On this assembly now thy musing thought  
 Thou mayst indulge, and other help be spurned.  
 But since among your schools on earth 't is taught  
<sup>5</sup> How the angelic nature is to will  
 And understanding and remembrance wrought,  
 Yet will I speak, and pure to sight instil  
 The truth equivocally there applied,

questions raised by the schoolmen  
 of the science (as they called it) of  
 Ontology. Albertus Magnus in-

quires: 'Utrum angelis insit me-  
 moria.' *De Quatuor Coëvis*, Tr.  
 iv. Qu. 27.

Equivocando in sì fatta lettura.  
 Queste sustanzie, poichè fur gioconde  
 Della faccia di Dio, non volser viso  
 Da essa, da cui nulla si nasconde :  
 Però non hanno vedere interciso  
 Da nuovo obbietto, e però non bisogna 80  
 Rimemorar per concetto diviso.  
 Sì che laggiù non dormendo si sogna ,  
 Credendo e non credendo dicer vero ;  
 Ma nell' uno è più colpa e più vergogna.  
 Voi non andate giù per un sentiero  
 Filosofando ; tanto vi trasporta  
 L' amor dell' apparenza e il suo pensiero.  
 Ed ancor questo quassù si comporta,  
 Con men disdegno, che quando è proposta  
 La divina scrittura, e quando è torta. 90  
 Non vi si pensa quanto sangue costa  
 Seminarla nel mondo, e quanto piace  
 Chi umilmente con essa s' accosta.  
 Per apparer ciascun s' ingegna, e face  
 Sue invenzioni, e quelle son trascorse  
 Da' predicatori, e il Vangelio si tace.  
 Un dice che la luna si ritorse  
 Nella passion di Cristo, e s' interpose,  
 Perchè il lume del sol giù non si porse ;  
 E altri che la luce si nascose 100  
 Da sè ; però agl' Ispani ed agl' Indi,  
 Com' a' Giudei, tale eclissi rispose.  
 Non ha Firense tanti Lapi e Bindi,  
 Quante sì fatte favole per anno  
 In pergamo si gridan quinci e quindi ;  
 Sì che le pecorelle, che non sanno,  
 Tornan dal pasco pasciute di vento ;  
 E non le scusa non veder lor danno.  
 Non disse Cristo al suo primo convento :  
 Andate, e predicate al mondo ciance : 110  
 Ma diede lor verace fondamento ;  
 E quel tanto sonò nelle sue guance,  
 Sì ch' a pugar, per accender la Fede,  
 Dell' Evangelio fero scudi e lance.  
 Ora si va con motti e con iscede  
 A predicare, e pur che ben si rida,  
 Gonfia il cappuccio, e più non si richiede.

And all confused in doctrine framed so ill.  
 These substances have never turned aside,  
 Since in the face of God they found delight,  
 Their look from that whence nothing else can hide ;  
 Wherefore they have not interrupted sight  
 From novel object, therefore need not heap  
 Remembrancings, divided thoughts to right.  
 So there below are dreamers not asleep,  
 While some believe, some not, 't is truth they treat ;  
 But the' one hath heavier guilt, and shame more deep.  
 Philosophising thus, on earth your feet  
 Tread not one path, so far does love transport  
 Of vain appearance, and its fond conceit.  
 And yet less indignation meets this sort  
 In heaven above, than when God's written word  
 Is thrust aside or from its sense distort.  
 Nothing ye reckon the cost of blood incurred  
 World-wide to sow it, and how he that sides  
 Therewith in lowliness is much preferred.  
 Each strains for wisdom's seeming, and provides  
 His own inventions, these the preacher's tongue  
 Is handling, while the gospel mute abides.  
 One tells, when on His cross the Saviour hung,  
 The moon turned back her orb, and interfered,  
 That so the sun no radiance downward flung ;  
 And others, how the light then disappeared  
 Self-hid, that neither Spain's nor India's bound,  
 More than Judæa's, such eclipse had cleared.  
 Not <sup>6</sup> Lapi, Bindi, were in Florence found  
 So rank as tales thus forged in yearly lot  
 This side and that from pulpit loud resound ;  
 So that the silly sheep, who nothing wot,  
 Return from pasture, and on wind have fed,  
 Blind to their loss, which yet absolves them not.  
 Christ to his first assembly never said  
 ' Go, preach the world fond trifles,' but revealed  
 A true foundation as His gift to spread ;  
 And by their voices that so full was pealed,  
 That for their combat, to light up the fire  
 Of faith, they made the gospel spear and shield.  
 Now those who go for preaching forth require  
 Their quips and jeers ; let a good laugh but follow,  
 The cowl puffs out,—the preacher aims no higher,

names. Lapo is the diminution of Jacopo.



Ma tale uccel nel becchetto s' annida,  
 Che se il vulgo il vedesse, vederebbe  
 La perdonanza di che si confida ; 120  
 Per cui tanta stoltezza in terra crebbe,  
 Che, senza pruova d' alcun testimonio,  
 Ad ogni promission si converrebbe.  
 Di questo ingrassa il porco sant' Antonio,  
 Ed altri assai, che son peggio che porci,  
 Pagando di moneta senza conio.  
 Ma perchè sem digressi assai, ritorci  
 Gli occhi oramai verso la dritta strada,  
 Sì che la via col tempo si raccorci.  
 Questa natura sì oltre s' ingrada 130  
 In numero, che mai non fu loquela,  
 Nè concetto mortal, che tanto vada.  
 E se tu guardi quel che si rivela  
 Per Daniel, vedrai che in sue migliaia  
 Determinato numero si cела,  
 La prima luce, che tutta la raia,  
 Per tanti modi in essa si ricepe,  
 Quanti son gli splendori a che s' appaia.  
 Onde, perocchè all' atto che concepe  
 Segue l' affetto, d' amor la dolcezza 140  
 Diversamente in essa ferve e tepe.  
 Vedi l' eccelso omai, e la larghezza  
 Dell' eterno valor, poscia che tanti  
 Speculi fatti s' ha, in che si spezza,  
 Uno manendo in sè, come davanti.

' *Becchetto* is the long lappet of the cowl, often twisted round the head or neck of the wearer. Satan is the bird of darkness alluded to.  
 ' 'By the hog dear to St. Anthony, I renounce him!' says

But <sup>7</sup> such a bird nests in the hood-band's hollow,  
 As could the vulgar see, 't would also see  
 What pardonings its faith is fain to swallow ;  
 By which on earth has grown fatuity  
 So gross, with nought of witness whence to draw  
 Its proof, for any promise 't would agree !  
<sup>8</sup> Saint Antony crams with this the swinish maw,  
 And many another's that is worse than swine,  
<sup>9</sup> Paying the coin which lacks the stamp of law.  
 But since we largely have digressed, be thine  
 On the straight path thine eyes again to bend,  
 That so the shortened time our way confine.  
 This nature graduating doth so transcend  
 In number, never speech wherein man deals,  
 Nor yet conception, might compute its end ;  
 And if thou mark what <sup>10</sup> Daniel's word reveals,  
 Thou 'lt see in thousand thousands he relates  
 Determined number still its sum conceals.  
 The primal light, whence this all emanates,  
 As many ways imbibed within it shows,  
 As are the shining ones with whom it mates ;  
 Wherefore, because the' affection sequent flows  
 On the conceptive act, with difference  
 Love's sweetness in it full or fainter glows.  
 Now contemplate the height and breadth immense  
 Of the' everlasting Power, that hath such store  
 Of mirrors made, its light refracting thence,  
 One in itself remaining as before.'

Gurth to Wamba, in his passionate  
 outburst against Cedric for wound-  
 ing his dog Fangs.—*Ivanhoe*, c.  
 xviii.

<sup>9</sup> That is, trafficking in false  
 indulgences.

<sup>10</sup> Daniel vii. 10.

## CANTO XXX.

*Salito con Beatrice all' empireo cielo vede il Poeta un mare di splendissima luce ed acquista tal virtù visiva, da poter contemplare le vive angeliche faville e i fiori delle anime beate.*

FORSE semila miglia di lontano  
 Ci ferve l' ora sesta, e questo mondo  
 China già l' ombra, quasi al letto piano,  
 Quando il mezzo del cielo, a noi profondo,  
 Comincia a farsi tal, che alcuna stella  
 Perde il parere infino a questo fondo ;  
 E come vien la chiarissima ancella  
 Del sol più oltre, così il ciel si chiude  
 Di vista in vista infino alla più bella ;  
 Non altrimenti il trionfo, che lude 10  
 Sempre dintorno al punto che mi vinse,  
 Parendo inchiuso da quel ch' egl' inchiude,  
 A poco a poco al mio veder si stinse ;  
 Perchè tornar con gli occhi a Beatrice  
 Nulla vedere ed amor mi costrinse.  
 Se quanto infino a quì di lei si dice  
 Fosse conchiuso tutto in una loda,  
 Poco sarebbe a fornir questa vice.  
 La bellezza ch' io vidi si trasmoda 20  
 Non pur di là da noi, ma certo io credo  
 Che solo il suo fattor tutta la goda.  
 Da questo passo vinto mi concedo,  
 Più che giammai da punto di suo tema  
 Soprato fosse comico o tragedo.  
 Chè, come sole il viso che più trema,  
 Così lo rimembrar del dolce riso  
 La mente mia da sè medesima scema.  
 Dal primo giorno ch' io vidi il suo viso  
 In questa vita, insino a questa vista,  
 Non è il seguire al mio cantar preciso ; 30  
 Ma or convien che il mio seguir desista  
 Più dietro a sua bellezza, poetando,  
 Come all' ultimo suo ciascuno artista.  
 Cotal, qual io la lascio a maggior bando,

<sup>1</sup> Taking the earth's circumference at 21,600 miles, 5400 would give the distance of one place where it would be noon, due east

## CANTO XXX.

ARGUMENT.—*Ascent to the Empyrean. The Poet receives a miraculous gift of sight to look upon the Elect Angels and Saints.*

<sup>1</sup> HAPLY six thousand miles from us is glowing  
 The noontide hour, and this world, as to sleep  
 On level bed, its shade already throwing;  
 What time the zenith of our heavenly deep  
 'Gins so to lighten, that some starlet fails  
 Down to this base her visible sheen to keep;  
 And as Sol's <sup>2</sup> brightest harbinger prevails  
 In onward course, concealing heavens withhold  
 View after view, until the fairest pales;  
 None otherwise the triumph which is rolled  
 Aye sportive round that point of blinding light,  
 That seems infolded where it doth infold,  
 Little by little faded on my sight;  
 Thus binding me on Beatrice to gaze  
 Love with my loss of object did unite.  
 If all that to this moment speaks her praise  
 Had been in one full eulogy combined,  
 'T were poor to match this turn with fitting phrase;  
 The loveliness I saw transcends in kind  
 Not simply us, but well I ween that none  
 Can grasp it fully, save her Maker's mind.  
 I at this pass confess myself outdone  
 By victory greater than his hardest theme  
 O'er comic bard or tragic ever won;  
 For of that gentle smile the memory's gleam  
 Dwindles my mind, her native vigour quelled,  
 As Sol the eye most dazzled by his beam.  
 From that first day when I her face beheld  
 In this our life until my present view  
 Ne'er was my song from following yet repelled;  
 Now must my chase be ended, nor pursue  
 Her beauty farther on poetic wing,  
 As any artist with his art run through.  
 Such, as I leave for mightier notes to sing

of another where it would be sun-  
 rise.

<sup>2</sup> The dawn.

Che quel della mia tuba, che deduce  
L' ardua sua materia terminando,  
Con atto e voce di spedito duce  
Ricominciò : Noi semo usciti fuore  
Del maggior corpo al ciel, ch' è pura luce;  
Luce intellettual piena d' amore, 40  
Amor di vero ben pien di letizia,  
Letizia che trascende ogni dolzore.  
Qui vederai l' una e l' altra milizia  
Di paradiso, e l' una in quegli aspetti  
Che tu vedrai all' ultima giustizia.  
Come subito lampo che discetti  
Gli spiriti visivi, sì che priva  
Dell' atto l' occhio di più forti obbietti :  
Così mi circondò luce viva,  
E lasciommi fasciato di tal velo 50  
Del suo fulgor, che nulla m' appariva.  
Sempre l' amor, che queta questo cielo,  
Accoglie in sè così fatta salute,  
Per far disposto a sua fiamma il candelò.  
Non fur più tosto dentro a me venute  
Queste parole brevi, ch' io compresi  
Me sormontar di sopra a mia virtute :  
E di novella vista mi raccesi  
Tale, che nulla luce è tanto mera,  
Che gli occhi miei non si fosser difesi. 60  
E vidi lume in forma di riviera  
Fulvido di fulgori, intra duo rive  
Dipinte di mirabil primavera.  
Di tal fiumana uscian faville vive,  
E d' ogni parte si mettean ne' fiori  
Quasi rubin che oro circonscrive.  
Poi, come inebbriate dagli odori,  
Riprofondavan sè nel miro gurge,  
E, s' una entrava, un' altra n' usciva fuori.  
L' alto disio che m' t' infiamma ed urge 70  
D' aver notizia di ciò che tu vei,  
Tanto mi piace più quanto più turge.  
Ma di quest' acqua convien che tu bei,  
Prima che tanta sete in te si sazi.  
Così mi disse il sol degli occhi miei :  
Anche soggiunse : Il fiume, e li topazii  
Ch' entrano ed escono, e il rider dell' erbe  
Son di lor vero ombriferi prefazii ;

Than my weak trumpet's, to the close inclining  
Mine hardly-compassed argument to bring,  
She, of prompt leader voice and act combining,  
Resumed, ' We quit the greater bodied mass,  
And gain that heaven which all pure light is shining,  
Light of the mind, that love's full influx has,  
Love to the One True Good, with joy replete,  
Joy, that all other sweetness doth surpass.  
Here either soldiery thine eye shall greet  
Of paradise ; and <sup>a</sup> one the same in look  
As thou shalt see before the Judgment-seat.'  
Like sudden glare that hath asunder shook  
The visual spirits, till the eye is dazed,  
Nor can the sight of strongest object brook,  
E'en thus a living light around me blazed,  
And left me wrapt in brightness which became  
Such veil, that I saw nothing where I gazed.  
' The love which calms this heaven doth ever frame  
Round those whom it embraces like defence,  
To make the candle suited for its flame.'  
No sooner these brief words were to my sense  
Brought inward, but I felt myself indued  
Beyond my native powers with more intense,  
And kindled up with so fresh sight imbued,  
There is no light so pure of lustre seen,  
The which mine eyes unblenching had not viewed ;  
And I beheld, in river's shape, between  
Two banks with early spring-time wondrous dyed,  
A light that glowed with many splendours' sheen ;  
And living sparks were glancing off such tide,  
And, like to rubies round with gold inched,  
Mingled amid the flowers from every side ;  
Thence, as inebriate with their perfumes' taste,  
They sought again the deeps of that strange well,  
And each that plunged one shooting out replaced.  
' The lofty longing which doth now impel  
And fire thee, knowledge of these sights to take,  
' Delights me all the more, the more its swell ;  
But ere so potent thirst in thee may slake,  
Behoves thee drink the draught these waters yield.'  
Me thus the sun that lights mine eyes bespake,  
Then added, ' All,—the stream—the smiling field—  
' The topaz-gems that issue and return—  
Are shadowy preludes to their truth concealed ;

<sup>a</sup> That is, the human saints.

Non che da sè sien queste cose acerbe :  
Ma è difetto dalla parte tua, 80  
Chè non hai viste ancor tanto superbe.  
Non è fantin che sì subito rua,  
Col volto verso il latte, se si svegli  
Molto tardato dall' usanza sua,  
Come fec' io per far migliori specgli  
Ancor degli occhi, chinandomi all' onda  
Che si deriva, perchè vi s' immegli.  
E sì come di lei bevve la gronda  
Delle palpebre mie, così mi parve  
Di sua lunghezza divenuta tonda. 90  
Poi come gente stata sotto larve,  
Che pare altro che prima, se si sveste  
La sembianza non sua in che disparve ;  
Così mi si cambiaro in maggior feste  
Li fiori e le faville, sì ch' io vidi  
Ambo le corti del ciel manifeste.  
O isplendor di Dio, per cu' io vidi  
L' alto trionfo del regno verace,  
Dammi virtù a dir com' io lo vidi.  
Lume è lassù, che visibile face 100  
Lo Creatore a quella creatura,  
Che solo in lui vedere ha la sua pace ;  
E si distende in circular figura  
In tanto, che la sua circonferenza  
Sarebbe al sol troppo larga cintura.  
Fassi di raggio tutta sua parvenza  
Reflesso al sommo del mobile primo,  
Che prende quindi vivere e potenza.  
E come clivo in acqua di suo imo  
Si specchia quasi per vedersi adorno, 110  
Quando è nel verde e ne' fioretti opimo,  
Sì soprastando al lume intorno intorno  
Vidi specchiarsi in più di mille soglie,  
Quanto di noi lassù fatto ha ritorno.  
E se l' infimo grado in sè raccoglie  
Sì grande lume, quant' è la larghezza  
Di questa rosa nell' estreme foglie ?  
La vista mia nell' ampio e nell' altezza  
Non si smarriva, ma tutto prendeva  
Il quanto e il quale di quella allegrezza. 120  
Presso e lontano lì nè pon nè leva,  
Chè dove Dio senza mezzo governa,  
La legge natural nulla rilieva.

Nor of themselves are these things crude to learn,  
But thine alone the want, who hast not yet  
The pride of vision which may so discern.'  
There's not a babe so sudden springs to get  
The milk, beyond his wonted hour too late  
Awaking, with his visage eager set,  
As I made haste still better to instate  
Mine eyes as mirrors, bending to the wave  
Which gushes out our sight to meliorate ;  
And soon as I mine eyelids' brim could lave  
Therein to drink, the lengthened shape it bore,  
Suddenly changing, circle's aspect gave.  
Then, like a crowd of masquers that no more  
Appear the same, if they themselves divest  
Of the false face that hid them while they wore,  
So in mine eyes with happier glories drest  
The flowers and sparkles altered, that I saw  
The royal trains of heaven both manifest.  
Splendour of God, whereby the pomp I saw  
Triumphant of that realm where truth is known,  
Grace me with power to tell it as I saw !  
There is a light above, by which is shown  
The great Creator to that creature's eyes  
Which finds repose in sight of Him alone,  
And spreads itself in figure circle-wise  
So wide, that its circumference, to inclose  
The sun, were girdle of too vast a size.  
One radiance pure its whole presentment shows  
Reflected on the surface of that sphere  
First moved, that hence with light and virtue glows ;  
And as in water at the base looks clear  
The mirrored slope, as if it fain would trace  
How rich its beauties, flower and green, appear,  
So mirrored in that light from higher place  
I saw on countless seats, and round, and round,  
Whoe'er from us have heavenward run the race.  
And if the lowest tiers within its bound  
Compass so great a light, how broad extended  
Shall the' utmost petals of this rose be found !  
Yet nor with amplitude nor height offended  
Wandered my sight, but of that joyousness  
In quantity and kind all apprehended.  
There near and far accords nor more nor less,  
For, where God governs all immediately,  
No difference can nature's law impress.



Nel giallo della rosa sempiterna,  
 Che si dilata, rigrada e redole  
 Odor di lode al sol che sempre verna.  
 Qual è colui che tace e dicer vuole,  
 Mi trasse Beatrice e disse: Mira  
 Quanto è il convento delle bianche stole!  
 Vedi nostra città quanto ella gira! 130  
 Vedi li nostri scanni sì ripieni,  
 Che poca gente omai ci si disira.  
 In quel gran seggio, a che tu gli occhi tieni,  
 Per la corona che già v' è su posta,  
 Primachè tu a queste nozze ceni,  
 Sederà l' alma, che fia giù augosta,  
 Dell' Alto Arrigo, ch' a drizzare Italia  
 Verrà in prima, che ella sia disposta.  
 La cieca cupidigia, che v' annalia,  
 Simili fatti v' ha al fantolino, 140  
 Che muor di fame e caccia via la balia;  
 E fia Prefetto nel foro divino  
 Allora tal, che palese e coverto  
 Non anderà con lui per un cammino.  
 Ma poco poi sarà da Dio sofferto  
 Nel santo uficio; ch' el sarà detruso  
 Là dove Simon mago è per suo merto,  
 E farà quel d' Alagna esser più giuso.

\* The Emperor Henry of Luxemburg was elected in preference to his competitors Frederic, son of the deceased Albert of Hapsburg, and Charles of Valois, A.D. 1308, at the instigation of Pope Clement V. His entrance into Italy, A.D.

1310, was hailed by the Ghibelline party with most lively satisfaction, but he appears to have wasted time in the northern provinces; and the Orsini and Robert of Naples, secretly favoured by the fickle Pope, were thus enabled to

To that unfading rose's golden eye,  
 Which opes, unfolds, and breathes in perfumed songs  
 Praise to the Sun that ever in that sky  
 Makes vernal bloom, as one who silent longs  
 To speak, led Beatrice my steps, and said,  
 ' Mark, of the white-robed ones how vast the throngs !  
 Behold our city's girth, how amply spread !  
 Behold our benches filled so full, that now  
 Few souls are wanting till our tale be sped.  
 In that high chair, whereon thou bendest brow  
 The crown already cresting it to see,  
 Ere at this nuptial-meal a guest art thou,  
 Shall sit <sup>4</sup> the soul, imperial doomed to be—  
 Great Henry's—who shall come aright to sway  
 Italian land, ere yet herself agree.  
 The blinding greed, which fascinates the prey,  
 Hath made them like to infant who doth pine  
 Hungered to death, and drives the nurse away.  
 Then, too, shall <sup>5</sup> one in judgment-hall divine  
 Be prefect, who with him shall ne'er accord  
 Open or hid to walk one common line ;  
 Yet shall not long be suffered of the Lord  
 In holy place, but downward thrust to doom  
 Where Simon Magus has the just reward,  
 And sink <sup>6</sup> Alagna's son to lower room.'

take the field against him. Yet  
 the advance of Henry's son from  
 Bohemia seemed to promise ulti-  
 mate success, when the Emperor  
 perished suddenly at Buonconvento,  
 near Sienna, of poison given him

by a monk. Menzel, *Gen. Hist.*  
 c. clxxv.

<sup>5</sup> Clement V. See *Inf. C.* xix.  
 n. 8.

<sup>6</sup> Boniface VIII. See *Inf. C.*  
 xix. n. 4.

## CANTO XXXI.

*Discrive il Poeta le due corti, i canti e i fulgori degli Angeli e de' Beati di Paradiso. Tornata allo splendente alto suo seggio, Beatrice prega S. Bernardo di narrare a Dante le glorie di Maria Vergine.*

In forma dunque di candida rosa  
 Mi si mostrava la milizia santa,  
 Che nel suo sangue Cristo fece sposa ;  
 Ma l' altra, che volando vede e canta  
 La gloria di colui che la innamora,  
 E la bontà che la fece cotanta,  
 Sì come schiera d' api, che s' infiora  
 Una fiata, ed una si ritorna  
 Là dove suo lavoro s' insapora,  
 Nel gran fior discendeva, che s' adorna 10  
 Di tante foglie, e quindi risaliva  
 Là dove il suo amor sempre soggiorna.  
 Le facce tutte avean di fiamma viva,  
 E l' ale d' oro e l' altro tanto bianco,  
 Che nulla neve a quel termine arriva.  
 Quando scendean nel fior di banco in banco  
 Porgevan della pace e dell' ardore,  
 Ch' egli acquistavan ventilando il fianco.  
 Nè lo interporsi tra il disopra e il fiore  
 Di tanta plenitudine volante 20  
 Impediva la vista e lo splendore ;  
 Chè la luce divina è penetrante  
 Per l' universo, secondo ch' è degno,  
 Sì, che nulla le puote essere ostante.  
 Questo sicuro e gaudioso regno,  
 Frequente in gente antica ed in novella,  
 Viso ed amore avea tutto ad un segno.  
 O trina luce, che in unica stella  
 Scintillando a lor vista sì gli appaga,  
 Guarda quaggiuso alla nostra procella. 30  
 Se i Barbari, venendo da tal plaga,  
 Che ciascun giorno d' Elice si cuopra,  
 Rotante col suo figlio ond' ell' è vaga,

<sup>1</sup> Of the Elect Angels.

<sup>2</sup> Helice, in Greek Mythology,

## CANTO XXXI.

ARGUMENT.—*Description of the heavenly host of Angels and Saints. Beatrice ascends to her appointed throne, and in her stead Saint Bernard appears to Dante.*

IN figure, then, of fair white rose unfolded  
 That saintly warrior-host unto my sight,  
 Whom Christ in His own blood a spouse hath moulded ;  
 But <sup>1</sup> the bright army which in joyous flight  
 Behold and chaunt His glory who inspires  
 Their love—His goodness lifting them such height,  
 Like swarm of bees that one while deep retires  
 In flower-cups, and again is homeward borne  
 To where their toil its honey-taste acquires,  
 Flew down on that great flower which leaves adorn  
 So copiously, and thence remounting came  
 To where their love doth evermore sojourn.  
 Their faces had they all of living flame,  
 And wings of gold, and all the rest of hue  
 So white—was never snow could reach the same.  
 From bench to bench, when on the flower they flew,  
 Of their own peace and fervent love they strewed,  
 Which as they fanned the flank they gathered new.  
 Nor fulness of such wingèd multitude,  
 That 'twixt the flower and space above it throws  
 Its bulk, or sight or brilliance could preclude,  
 For light divine so penetrative glows  
 Through all creation, as each part is proved  
 Worthy, that nought its influence can oppose.  
 This realm secure in blissfulness unmoved,  
 With people old and new abundant stored,  
 All on one mark concentrate looked and loved.  
 O Three-fold light in single star that poured  
 Effulgent on their face dost so content,  
 Down on our stormy wrack one glance afford !  
 If the barbarians from such region sent  
 As <sup>2</sup> Helicè doth every day o'ercast,  
 Wheeled with the son on whom her heart is bent,

was a nymph changed by the jealous Juno into the constellation of Ursa Major. Boötes is her son.

Veggendo Roma e l' ardua su' opra

Stupefacensi, quando Laterano

Alle cose mortali andò di sopra ;

• Io, che al divino dall' umano,

All' eterno dal tempo era venuto,

E di Fiorenza in popol giusto e sano,

Di che stupor doveva esser compiuto !

40

Certo tra esso e il gaudio mi facea

Libito non udire e starmi muto.

E quasi peregrin, che si ricrea

Nel tempio del suo voto riguardando,

E spera già ridir com' ello stea,

Si per la viva luce passeggiando,

Menava io gli occhi per li gradi,

Mo su, mo giù, e mo ricircolando.

Vedeva visi a carità suadi,

D' altrui lume fregiate e del suo riso,

50

Ed atti ornati di tutte onestadi.

La forma general di paradiso

Già tutta il mio sguardo avea compresa,

In nulla parte ancor fermato fiso ;

E volgeami con voglia riaccesa

Per dimandar la mia Donna di cose,

Di che la mente mia era sospesa.

Uno intendeva, ed altro mi rispose ;

Credea veder Beatrice ; e vidi un sene

Vestito con le genti gloriose.

60

Diffuso era per gli occhi e per le gene

Di benigna letizia, in atto pio

Quale a tenero padre si conviene.

Ed, ella ov' è ? di subito diss' io.

Ond' egli : A terminar lo tuo disiro

Mosse Beatrice me del luogo mio ;

• E se riguardi su nel terzo giro

Del sommo grado, tu la rivedrai

Nel trono che i suoi merti le sortiro.

Senza risponder gli occhi su levai,

70

E vidi lei che si facea corona,

Riflettendo da sè gli eterni rai.

Da quella region, che più su tuona,

Occhio mortale alcun tanto non dista,

\* The Church of S. John Lateran is still the first in dignity of the Roman sacred edifices ; and the neighbouring palace was inhabited

by the Popes till after their return from Avignon, when the Vatican became their usual residence.

† Bernard, the ornament of the

Beholding Rome, with wonder stood aghast  
 At her tall fabrics, when in pride of place  
<sup>3</sup> The Lateran all mortal works surpassed;  
 I, that from man to Godhead, face to face,  
 From time unto eternity was come,  
 From Florence to a wise and upright race —  
 Of mine amazement what should be the sum?  
 Certes, it made me (with my rapture mating)  
 Wish to hear nothing, and myself be dumb.  
 And as, in temple of his vow while sating  
 His eyes, the pilgrim recreates his soul,  
 And hope already seizes of relating  
 Its glories, thus I led mine eyes to roll  
 Through that live light, and o'er the benches rove  
 Now up, now down, now circling round the whole.  
 Looks I beheld, that won to holy love,  
 Adorned with Other's light, and native smile,  
 And motions graced all pureness to approve.  
 Already Paradise, its form and style,  
 My view had fully compassed in the main,  
 And yet on no part halting fast the while;  
 And with rekindled thirst I turned again  
 To ask my lady of some certain things  
 Which yet my mind did in suspense retain.  
 One was my meaning—other answer brings:  
 I looked for Beatrice; and <sup>4</sup> an aged one  
 Saw clad in that bright host's apparellings.  
 Expanding o'er his eyes and cheeks there shone  
 Benign enjoyment, loving action graced,  
 As suits the tender father for a son:  
 And 'Where is she?' sudden I said in haste;  
 Whence he: 'To satisfy thy heart's desire  
 Hath Beatrice drawn me from my seat displaced;  
 And her, if thou look upward on the gyre  
 Third from the summit, thou wilt yet descry  
 Throned where her merits could her lot acquire.'  
 I lifted up mine eyes without reply,  
 And I beheld her, as herself she crowned,  
 The beams reflecting of eternity.  
 Never from highest tract where thunders sound  
 Is mortal eye so distant, howsoe'er

Cistercian Order, and probably the  
 most influential man of his age,  
 founded A.D. 1115 the Abbey of  
 Clairvaux, over which he presided  
 in person. He was the champion

of orthodoxy against Abelard, but  
 sanctioned the second Crusade, and  
 the persecution of heretics gene-  
 rally.

Qualunque in mare più giù s' abbandona,  
 Quanto lì da Beatrice la mia vista ;  
 Ma nulla mi facea, chè sua effige  
 Non discendeva a me per mezzo mista.  
 O Donna, in cui la mia speranza vige,  
 E che soffristi per la mia salute 80  
 In inferno lasciar le tue vestige ;  
 Di tante cose, quante io ho vedute,  
 Dal tuo podere e dalla tua bontate  
 Riconosco la grazia e la virtute.  
 Tu m' hai di servo tratto a libertate  
 Per tutte quelle vie, per tutt' i modi  
 Che di ciò fare avean la potestate.  
 La tua magnificenza in me custodi  
 Sì, che l' anima mia che fatta hai sana,  
 Piacente a te dal corpo si disnodi. 90  
 Così orai ; e quella sì lontana,  
 Come pareva, sorrise, e riguardommi ;  
 Poi si tornò all' eterna fontana.  
 E il santo Sene : Acciocchè tu assommi  
 Perfettamente, disse, il tuo cammino,  
 A che prego ed amor santo mandommi,  
 Vola con gli occhi per questo giardino ;  
 Chè veder lui t' acconcerà lo sguardo  
 Più al montar per lo raggio divino.  
 E la Regina del cielo, ond' i' ardo 100  
 Tutto d' amor, ne farà ogni grazia,  
 Perocch' io sono il suo fedel Bernardo.  
 Quale è colui, che forse di Croazia  
 Viene a veder la Veronica nostra,  
 Che per l' antica fama non si sazia,  
 Ma dice nel pensier, fin che si mostra :  
 Signor mio Gesù Cristo, Dio verace ;  
 Or fu sì fatta la sembianza vostra ?  
 Tale era io mirando la vivace  
 Carità di colui, che in questo mondo, 110  
 Contemplando, gustò di quella pace.  
 Figliuol di grazia, questo esser giocondo,  
 Cominciò egli, non ti sarà noto  
 Tenendo gli occhi pur quaggiuso al fondo ;  
 Ma guarda i cerchi fino al più remoto,  
 Tanto che veggi seder la Regina,

<sup>a</sup> At her descent to Limbo to influence Virgil. See *Inf.* C. ii. 70.

<sup>b</sup> So the Virgin Mary is styled by her Romish worshippers.

<sup>c</sup> The noted relic at Rome,

The sea down which 't is plunged be most profound,  
 As was from Beatrice my vision there ;  
 Yet nought affected, for her image fell  
 On me, no mean commingling to impair.  
 ' Lady, in whom my hopes energetic swell,  
 And who for my deliverance hast deigned  
<sup>5</sup> To leave thy footprints on the floor of hell,  
 For all the wondrous sights mine eyes have gained  
 Thankful I own the grace and energy  
 Thy power, thy goodness, have to me obtained ;  
 'T is thou that from a slave hast brought me free,  
 By all those ways, by all those methods tried  
 Wherein for such a work the pith might be ;  
 Cause thy munificence in me abide,  
 That so my spirit, healed by thee alone,  
 Welcome to thee, be from my flesh untied.'  
 Such was my prayer ; and she, so distant shown,  
 Appearing, with a smile my look repaid,  
 Then to the ' Eternal Fountain turned her own.  
 And thus the sainted elder said : ' To aid  
 Thy full accomplishment of this thy way,  
 Which prayer and holy love prevailing made  
 My care, do thou with wingèd glance survey  
 This garden ; for the sight to loftier aim  
 Shall fire thy gaze, to pierce the Godhead's ray.  
 And she, <sup>6</sup> the queen of heaven, for whom I flame  
 Wholly with love, shall give thee graces store,  
 For I to be her faithful Bernard claim.'  
 As he that haply from Croatian shore  
 Journeys our <sup>7</sup> Veronica to behold,  
 Nor sates his wonder with its fame of yore,  
 But says in thought, until 't is seen unrolled.  
 ' Lord Jesus Christ, my very God indeed,  
 And were thy features cast in yonder mould ? '  
 So felt I, on the fervid love with heed  
 Gazing of him, who on that peace divine  
 Did in our world by contemplating feed.  
 ' O son of grace, it never shall be thine,'  
 Began he, ' this our joyous life to know,  
 While downward on the base thine eyes decline ;  
 But mark those circles to their utmost row,  
 Until thou shalt discern where sits the queen

which is said to have derived its  
 name from *vera icon*, or 'true like-  
 ness,' as being a napkin applied to

our Lord's face on His way to Cal-  
 vary, and receiving the miraculous  
 impression of His features.



Cui questo regno è suddito e devoto.  
 Io levai gli occhi ; e come da mattina  
 La parte oriental dell' orizzonte  
 Soverchia quella, dove il sol declina, 120  
 Così, quasi di valle andando a monte,  
 Con gli occhi vidi parte nello stremo  
 Vincer di lume tutta l' altra fronte.  
 E come quivi, ove s' aspetta il temo,  
 Che mal guidò Fetonte, più s' infiamma,  
 E quinci e quindi il lume è fatto scemo ;  
 Così quella pacifica oriafiamma  
 Nel mezzo s' avvivava, e d' ogni parte  
 Per egual modo allentava la fiamma.  
 Ed a quel mezzo con le penne sparte 130  
 Vidi più di mille Angeli festanti,  
 Ciascun distinto e di fulgore e d' arte.  
 Vidi quivi a' lor giuochi ed a' lor canti  
 Ridere una bellezza, che letizia  
 Era negli occhi a tutti gli altri santi.  
 E s' io avessi in dir tanta divizia,  
 Quanta ad immaginar, non ardirei  
 Lo minimo tentar di sua delizia.  
 Bernardo, come vide gli occhi miei  
 Nel caldo suo calor fissi ed attenti, 140  
 Gli suoi con tanto affetto volse a lei.  
 Che i miei di rimirar fe' più ardenti.

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 CANTO XXXII.

*S. Bernardo mostra gli scanni degli Eletti del vecchio e del nuovo testamento, e scioglie al Poeta alcuni dubbi sui parvoli collocati in cielo. Posto dell' angelo Gabriello.*

AFFETTO al suo piacer quel contemplante,  
 Libero uficio di dottore assunse,  
 E cominciò queste parole sante :  
 La piaga, che Maria richiuse ed unse,  
 Quella ch' è tanto bella da' suoi piedi  
 E colei che l' aperse e che la punse.  
 Nell' ordine, che fanno i terzi sedi,

\* The Oriflamme was the Royal Standard of France, displayed only on great occasions in war, when the Sovereign took the field in

To whom this subject realm doth reverence owe.  
 I raised mine eyes ; and as in morning sheen  
 The wide horizon's oriental spread  
 Surpasses that where Sol's decline is seen,  
 So, as from valley climbing mountain-head,  
 Mine eyes beheld a tract the most extreme  
 Subdue that whole front in the light it shed ;  
 And as the welkin, when it waits the team  
 By Phaeton guided ill, doth flames increase,  
 And this and that side fainter glows the gleam,  
 So central blazed that <sup>8</sup> Oriflamme of peace  
 More vivid, and alike on every part  
 Thinned out the glow by gradual release ;  
 And to that centre I saw angels dart  
 Uncounted, sporting glad on open wing,  
 Each one distinct in lustre and in art.  
 There on their revels and the songs they sing  
 I saw such beauty smile, that happiness  
 Swam in the eyes of all that saintly ring.  
 And had I wealth of words my thought to dress  
 As to imagine, 't would not yet embolden  
 Of her delights the meanest to express.  
 Bernard, who saw mine eyes intently holden  
 With earnest look upon her ardent blaze,  
 Turned his on her, so deep a love unfolding  
 As made mine own more eager yet to gaze.

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 CANTO XXXII.

ARGUMENT.—*S. Bernard points out to Dante the place and degree of certain Saints of the Old and New Covenants, and resolves the Poet's doubt as to infants. Hymn of Praise to the Virgin.*

DEVOTED to his love, that musing one  
 Freely the teacher's office, to reveal,  
 Assumed, and in these holy words begun :  
 ' The wound which Mary salved and closed to heal,  
 ' That form so bright in beauty at her feet  
 Is she that oped and piercing made us feel.  
 Where thrones the third in order circling meet,

person, and gathered all his feudat-  
 ories round him for its defence.

<sup>1</sup> Eve.

Siede Rachel di sotto di costei,  
 Con Beatrice, sì come tu vedi.  
 Sara, Rebecca, Iudit, e colei 10  
 Che fu bisava al cantor, che, per doglia  
 Del fallo, diase: *Miserere mei*,  
 Puoi tu veder così di soglia in soglia  
 Giù digradar, com' io ch' a proprio nome  
 Vo per la rosa giù di foglia in foglia.  
 E dal settimo grado in giù, sì come  
 Insino ad esso, succedono Ebree,  
 Dirimendo del fior tutte le chiome;  
 Perchè, secondo lo sguardo che fee  
 La fede in Cristo, queste sono il muro 20  
 A che si parton le sacre scalee.  
 Da questa parte, onde il fior è maturo  
 Di tutte le sue foglie, sono assisi  
 Quei che credettero in Cristo venturo.  
 Dall' altra parte, onde sono intercisi  
 Di voto i semicircoli, si stanno  
 Quei ch' a Cristo venuto ebber li visi.  
 E come quinci il glorioso scanno  
 Della Donna del cielo, e gli altri scanni  
 Di sotto lui cotanta cerna fanno, 30  
 Così di contra quel del gran Giovanni,  
 Che sempre santo il deserto e il martiro  
 Sofferse, e poi l' inferno da due anni:  
 E sotto lui così cerner sortiro  
 Franceso, Benedetto e Agostino,  
 E gli altri sin quaggiù di giro in giro  
 Or mira l' alto provveder divino,  
 Che l' uno e l' altro aspetto della fede  
 Egualmente empierà questo giardino.  
 E sappi che dal grado in giù, che fiede 40  
 A mezzo il tratto le due discrezioni,  
 Per nullo proprio merito si siede,  
 Ma per l' altrui con certe condizioni;  
 Chè tutti questi sono spirti assolti  
 Prima ch' avesser vere elezioni.  
 Ben te ne puoi accorger per li volti,  
 Ed anche per le voci puerili,  
 Se tu gli guardi bene e se gli ascolti.  
 Or dubbi tu, e dubitando sili;

<sup>2</sup> See *Inf.* C. ii. 101.

<sup>3</sup> Judith (according to the Apocryphal story) rescued Bethulia

from siege by assassinating Holofernes, captain of the Assyrians.

Below her place, as it is thine to see,  
 Level with Beatrice is <sup>2</sup> Rachel's seat.  
 Sarah, Rebecca, <sup>3</sup> Judith there, and she,  
<sup>4</sup> Great-grandame of the Psalmist, who in grief  
 For guilt implored, *Be merciful to me.*  
 So canst thou see them, as I name the chief,  
 From throne to throne how each a step declines,  
 Where down the rose I go, from leaf to leaf.  
 And from the seventh step down, as on the lines  
 Thus far, do Hebrew dames succeed, and theirs  
 To cut through all that rose's early twines;  
 For as the faith in Christ their place prepares  
 According to its view, they frame the wall  
 To part in half the consecrated stairs.  
 On this hand, where the flower is ripe in all  
 Its leaves, whoe'er believed in Christ to rise  
 Thereafter, faith does in their seats instal;  
 On the' other, where a void incisive lies  
 To cleave the semicircles, those are placed  
 To Christ already come who turned their eyes.  
 And as this side the seat of glory graced  
 By heaven's high mistress, and the other tiers  
 Beneath her, have so large partition traced,  
 Such opposite <sup>5</sup> the mighty John's appears,  
 Who, always saint, the desert and the doom  
 Of martyrs bore; then hell for two long years.  
 And 'neath him, severing as their lots assume,  
 Have Francis, Benedict, Augustine, place,  
 And, round to round, the rest to lowest room.  
 Now mark the depth of providential graee,  
 Since the same faith, in one or other view,  
 Shall equally fill up this garden-space.  
 And downward from the step that cuts in two  
 Both those compartments round their middle girth  
 Know, none have seats to their own merit due,  
 But with conditions fixed, for Other's worth;  
 For these are spirits all, while yet too weak  
 To make their true election, freed from earth;  
 Well canst thou by their lineaments, and eke  
 Their childish tones, inform thee of their part,  
 If thou regard them well, and hear them speak.  
 Now dost thou doubt, and, doubting, silent art;

<sup>4</sup> Ruth, the Moabitish ancestress  
of our Saviour.

Limbo at the triumphal ascent of  
our Lord. See *Inf. C.* iv. 52.

<sup>5</sup> The Baptist, translated from

Ma io ti solverò forte legame, 50  
 In che ti stringon li pensier sottili.  
 Dentro all' ampiezza di questo reame  
 Casual punto non puote aver sito,  
 Se non tristizia, o sete, o fame ;  
 Che per eterna legge è stabilito  
 Quantunque vedi, sì che giustamente  
 Ci si risponde dall' anello al dito.  
 E però questa festinata gente  
 A vera vita, non è *sine causa*  
 Intra sè quì più e meno eccellente. 60  
 Lo Rege, per cui questo regno pausa  
 In tanto amore ed in tanto diletto,  
 Che nulla volontade è di più ausa,  
 Le menti tutte nel suo lieto aspetto  
 Creando, a suo piacer di grazia dota  
 Diversamente ; e quì basti l' effetto.  
 E ciò espresso e chiaro vi si nota  
 Nella Scrittura Santa in que' Gemelli,  
 Che nella madre ebber l' ira commota.  
 Però, secondo il color de' capelli 70  
 Di cotal grazia, l' altissimo lume  
 Degnamente convien che s' incappelli.  
 Dunque, senza mercè di lor costume,  
 Locati son per gradi differenti,  
 Sol differendo nel primiero acume,  
 Bastava sì ne' secoli recenti  
 Con l' innocenza, per aver salute,  
 Solamente la fede de' parenti.  
 Poichè le prime etadi fur compiute,  
 Convenne a' maschi all' innocenti penne, 80  
 Per circoncidere, acquistar virtute.  
 Ma, poichè il tempo della grazia venne,  
 Senza battesimo perfetto di CRISTO,  
 Tale innocenza laggiù si ritenne.  
 Riguarda omai nella faccia ch' a CRISTO  
 Più s' assomiglia, chè la sua chiarezza  
 Sola ti può disporre a veder CRISTO.  
 Io vidi sovra lei tanta allegrezza  
 Piover, portata nelle menti sante,  
 Create a trasvolar per quella altezza, 90  
 Che quantunque i' avea visto davante,  
 Di tanta ammirazion non mi sospese,

\* Esau and Jacob, Gen. xxv. 22.

But I will loose for thee the potent chain  
 That hampers thee from subtle thoughts of heart.  
 Within the amplitude of this domain  
 Atom of chance can ne'er have room to spring,  
 No more than sorrow, thirst, or hunger gain,  
 Since of eternal law is everything  
 Thou seest confirmed, that in exactitude  
 All fits, as to the finger fits the ring;  
 And therefore of this swift-translated brood  
 To the true life, not *causeless* here are blest  
 Some more, some less, with excellence endued.  
 The King by whom this kingdom lies at rest  
 In love so great and in so great delight,  
 That never will hath dared make more request,  
 All souls creating, in His happy sight  
 At pleasure gifts them with His grace conferred  
 Diversely—be the' effect enough to right.  
 And that is taught express and clear by word  
 Of Holy Scripture, in the <sup>6</sup>twin-born pair  
 Whom wrath while yet within their mother stirred.  
 According, then, with colour of the hair  
 Such grace may own, that highest light must needs  
 Be shaped in frontlets worthy of its wear.  
 They thus, unguerdoned for habitual deeds,  
 Are ranked in steps distinct; their innate force  
 Of vision only such distinction breeds.  
 . So well sufficed in ages next the source  
 With innocence, to make salvation sure,  
 To parents' faith alone to have recourse.  
 Those early times fulfilled, <sup>7</sup> the males, though pure  
 From guilty stain their plumes, a fresh supply  
 Of strength by circumcision must procure.  
 But when the time of promised grace came nigh,  
 Without the perfect baptism wrought by CHRIST  
 Such innocence was chained below to lie.  
 Look now upon <sup>8</sup> the face that most to CHRIST  
 Is likened, for her lucidness hath power  
 Alone to nerve thee for beholding CHRIST."  
 I saw such joyousness upon her shower,  
 Borne by those holy spirits create to soar  
 High through that empyrèan, that to this hour  
 Was nought of all mine eyes had seen before  
 My thought in admiration so suspended,

<sup>7</sup> Gen. xvii. 10.<sup>8</sup> The Virgin Mary's.

Nè mi mostrò di Dio tanto sembiente.  
 E quell' amor che primo lì discese,  
 Cantando *Ave, Maria, gratia plena,*  
 Dinanzi a lei le sue ali distese.  
 Rispose alla divina Cantilena  
 Da tutte parti la beata Corte,  
 Sì ch' ogni vista sen fe' più serena.  
 O santo Padre, che per me comporte 100  
 L' esser quaggiù, lasciando il dolce loco  
 Nel qual tu siedi per eterna sorte,  
 Qual è quell' angel, che con tanto giuoco  
 Guarda negli occhi la nostra Regina,  
 Innamorato sì, che par di fuoco ?  
 Così ricorsi ancora alla dottrina  
 Di colui ch' abbelliva di Maria,  
 Come del sol la stella mattutina.  
 Ed egli a me : Baldezza e leggiadria, 110  
 Quanta esser puote in angelo ed in alma,  
 Tutta è in lui, e sì volem che sia,  
 Perch' egli è quegli che portò la palma  
 Giuso a Maria, quando il Figliuol di Dio  
 Carcar si volse della nostra salma.  
 Ma vienne omai con gli occhi, sì com' io  
 Andrò parlando, e nota i gran patrici  
 Di questo imperio giustissimo e pio.  
 Quei duo che seggon lassù più felici,  
 Per esser propinquissimi ad Augusta, 120  
 Son d' esta rosa quasi due radici.  
 Colui che da sinistra le s' aggiusta,  
 È il Padre, per lo cui ardito gusto  
 L' umana specie tanto amaro gusta.  
 Dal destro vedi quel Padre vetusto  
 Di santa chiesa, a cui CRISTO le chiavi  
 Raccomandò di questo fior venusto.  
 E que' che vide tutt' i tempi gravi,  
 Pria che morisse, della bella sposa  
 Che s' acquistò con la lancia e co' chiavi ;  
 Siede lungh' esso ; e lungo l' altro posa 130  
 Quel Duco, sotto cui visse di manna  
 La gente ingrata, mobile e ritrosa.  
 Di contro a Pietro vedi sedere Anna,  
 Tanto contenta di mirar sua figlia,

<sup>9</sup> The Angel Gabriel.

<sup>10</sup> In pictures of the Annunciation  
Gabriel is represented sometimes

with a palm-branch, sometimes  
with the olive, but I think most  
frequently with a lily in his hand.

Nor aught revealed to me such likeness bore  
 Of God. And <sup>9</sup> he, the love who first descended,  
 As *Hail, O Mary, full of grace*, he sung,  
 His mighty wings before her wide extended.  
 To that angelic hymn responsive rung  
 The blissful court of God on every side,  
 That o'er each face serener light was flung.  
 'O thou, for me contented to abide  
 Thus low, the sweet place leaving, holy sire,  
 Where lot eternal does thy seat provide,  
 Which is that angel, whom such joys inspire  
 Into the eyes of her, our queen, to gaze  
 So deep enamoured that he seems all fire?'  
 Thus I resought the teaching he conveys  
 Yet once, who fairer beams by Mary's glow,  
 As doth the morning star by solar blaze.  
 And he to me: 'Boldness and lightsome flow,  
 What may in angel or in soul be wrought,  
 All meets in him,—and we would have it so.  
 For this is he <sup>10</sup> the palm who downward brought  
 To Mary, when the Son of God decreed  
 He would with burden of our flesh be fraught.  
 But now direct thine eyes as I shall lead  
 Speaking, and to that grand patrician host  
 Of this most just and holy realm give heed.  
 The two, throned high 'mid blessed ones the most,  
 As next in place to yon imperial Queen,  
 To give this rose a root could either boast;  
 That on the left hand sitting next her seen,  
 The father by whose daring taste mankind  
 The tasters of so bitter fruit have been.  
 Rightward thou dost that ancient father find  
 Of Holy Church, to whom in trust to hold  
 Christ of this lovely flower the keys consigned.  
 Beside him <sup>11</sup> one that ere his death unrolled  
 For that fair spouse saw times of all distress,  
 Who with the spear and nails was won of old.  
 And next the other doth his rest possess  
 That captain, under whom the manna fed  
 The ingrate, fickle herd of frowardness.  
 See, fronting Peter <sup>12</sup> Anna's seat is spread,  
 That on her daughter looking so content,

<sup>11</sup> St. John the Apostle, author of the Apocalypse.

<sup>12</sup> Anna, in Roman Hagiology, is mother of the Virgin.



Che non muove occhio per cantare Osanna.  
 E contro al maggior Padre di famiglia  
 Siede Lucia, che mosse la tua Donna,  
 Quando chinavi a ruinar le ciglia.  
 Ma perchè il tempo fugge, che t' assonna,  
 Qui farem punto, come buon sartore 140  
 Che, com' egli ha del panno, fa la gonna;  
 E drizzeremo gli occhi al primo amore,  
 Sì che, guardando verso lui, penetri,  
 Quant' è possibil, per lo suo fulgore.  
 Veramente, nè forse tu t' arretri  
 Movendo l' ale tue, credendo oltrarti;  
 Orando grazia convien che s' imperti,  
 Grazia da quella che puote aiutarti;  
 E tu mi seguirai con l' affezione,  
 Sì che dal dicer mio lo cuor non parti; 150  
 E cominciò questa santa orazione.

### CANTO XXXIII.

*Invocazione o prece di S. Bernardo a Maria affinchè avvalori Dante a fissare lo sguardo nell' abisso dell' eterna Luce. Vista in quel mare di lumi di tutto il creato. Irradiata dal superno fulgore la mente del Poeta dimostra in parte la gloria di Lui e perviene a scorgere come la divina all' umana natura si congiunse.*

VERGINE madre, figlia del tuo Figlio,  
 Umile ed alta più che creatura,  
 Termine fisso d' eterno consiglio,  
 Tu se' colei che l' umana natura  
 Nobilitasti sì, che il suo Fattore  
 Non disdegnò di farsi sua fattura.  
 Nel ventre tuo si raccese l' amore,  
 Per lo cui caldo nell' eterna pace  
 Così è germinato questo fiore.  
 Quì se' a noi meridiana face 10  
 Di caritade, e giuso, intra i mortali,  
 Se' di speranza fontana vivace.  
 Donna, se' tanto grande, e tanto vali,  
 Che qual vuol grazia, e a te non ricorre,  
 Sua disianza vuol volar senz' ali.  
 La tua benignità non pur soccorre

<sup>13</sup> Lucia, Light of Divine Grace personified. See *Inf.* c. ii. 97.

Not even Hosanna singing turns the head ;  
 And fronting the great sire of our descent  
 Sits <sup>13</sup> Lucia, she who sent thy lady down  
 What hour thy brow to ruin thou hadst bent.  
 But since the time thy sleeping sense to drown  
 Runs out, we like good seamster here will end,  
 That as his cloth allows him makes the gown,  
 And toward the primal Love our eyes will bend,  
 Causing to penetrate, as far as may,  
 Thy look to Him, till dazzling blaze defend.  
 In sooth, nor haply, thinking to make way  
 Thy wings thou wavest, and art losing ground ;  
 Grace to obtain, 't is needed but to pray,  
 Grace from her hand in whom thy help is found ;  
 And thou with inward bent shalt follow on  
 Mine utterance, nor let thy heart rebound—'  
 And he commenced this hallowed orison.

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 CANTO XXXIII.

ARGUMENT.—*Bernard addresses his prayer to the Virgin. The Beatific Vision of Unity in Trinity is revealed to Dante.*

' O VIRGIN mother, daughter of thy Son,  
 Humbler than creature and more elevate,  
 Determined end of counsel unbegun,  
 'T is thou that hast ennobled man's estate  
 To such as HE disdained not to assume,  
 Its own Creator, and Himself create !  
 Then was the love rekindled in thy womb,  
 By whose prolific heat thus blossoming  
 Doth <sup>1</sup> yonder flower in peace eternal bloom ;  
 For us thou art meridian lamp to bring  
 Warmth of pure love ; and down where mortals lie  
 Thou art of hope the vivifying spring.  
 Lady, thou art of rank and might so high,  
 Whoe'er needs grace, nor yet to thee repairs,  
 Wills his desire without a wing to fly.  
 Thy bounty succours not alone for prayers

<sup>1</sup> The Rose formed of Elect Spirits ; see the preceding Canto.

A chi dimanda, ma molte fiate  
Liberalmente al dimandar precorre.  
In te misericordia, in te pietate,  
In te magnificenza, in te s' aduna 20  
Quantunque in creatura è di bontate.  
Or questi, che dall' infima lacuna  
Dell' universo iusin quì ha vedute  
Le vite spiritali ad una ad una,  
Supplica a te per grazia di virtute  
Tanto che possa con gli occhi levarsi  
Più alto verso l' ultima salute.  
Ed io, che mai per mio veder non arsi  
Più ch' i' fo per lo suo, tutti i miei prieghi  
Ti porgo, e prego che non sieno scarsi, 30  
Perchè tu ogni nube gli dislegghi  
Di sua mortalità co' prieghi tuoi,  
Sì ch' il sommo piacer gli si dispieghi.  
Ancor ti piego, Regina, che puoi  
Ciò che tu vuoi, che tu conservi sani  
Dopo tanto veder gli affetti suoi.  
Vinca tua guardia i movimenti umani.  
Vedi Beatrice con quanti beati  
Per li miei prieghi ti chiudon le mani.  
Gli occhi da Dio dilette e venerati, 40  
Fissi nell' orator, ne dimostrano  
Quanto i devoti prieghi le son grati.  
Indi all' eterno lume si drizzaro,  
Nel qual non si de' creder che s' invii  
Per creatura l' occhio tanto chiaro.  
Ed io ch' al fine di tutti i disii  
M' appropinquava, sì com' io doveva,  
L' ardor del desiderio in me finii.  
Bernardo m' accennava, e sorrideva,  
Perch' io guardassi in suso; ma io era 50  
Già per me stesso tal qual ei voleva;  
Chè la mia vista, venendo sincera,  
E più e più entrava per lo raggio  
Dell' alta luce, che da sè e vera.  
Da quinci innanzi il mio veder fu maggio  
Che il parlar nostro, ch' a tal vista cede,  
E cede la memoria a tanto oltraggio.  
Qual è colui che sognando vede,  
E dopo il sogno la passione impressa  
Rimane, e l' altro alla mente non riede; 60  
Cotal son io, che quasi tutta cessa

Of any asking, but, times numberless,  
Freely prevents them, ere to ask be theirs.  
With thee is mercy, thine is tenderness,  
Thine is munificence ; in thee arrayed  
All goodness meets that creature can possess.  
He now, that from the deepest caverned shade  
Of all creation hitherwards has viewed  
The lives of spirits one by one displayed,  
Sues for thy grace, to be with force endued  
So potent, that he may with eyes upturned  
Gaze higher toward the last beatitude.  
And I, that never for mine own sight burned  
More than for his, with all my prayers appeal  
To thee, and pray their scantness be not spurned,  
That by thy prayers thou every cloud unseal  
Of which his mortal nature makes a screen,  
That the chief bliss to him itself reveal.  
Farther, I pray thee to preserve, O Queen,  
His heart's bent (thou thy pleasure canst command)  
In sober health after such vision seen ;  
Each human impulse let thy guard withstand ;  
See Beatrice, and with her how many blest  
To thee for my petitions fold the hand.'  
Those eyes beloved of God and honoured best,  
Fixed on the pleader, showed us in their sight  
How grateful pious prayers to her addrest.  
Thence turned them full upon the' eternal light,  
Access to which that creature e'er acquired,  
Were ill believed, with eyebeam yet so bright.  
And I, that nearer drew the end desired  
Of all man's wishes, at my duty's call  
Put out the flame which had my longing fired.  
Bernard upon me smiled and signed withal  
That I look upward ; but without a guide  
Mine act already did his wish forestal ;  
For mine own sight becoming purified  
Still more and more within the radiance drew  
Of that high light whose truth is self-supplied.  
Henceforward my beholding vaster grew  
Than human speech, which at such vision wanes,  
And at such over-break wanes memory too.  
Like him who sees in dreaming, when remains  
The' imprinted feeling, though he dream no more,  
And of the rest his mind no trace regains,  
Such am I, while my vision all is o'er

Mia visione, ed ancor mi distilla  
 Nel cuor lo dolce che nacque da essa.  
 Così la neve al sol si disigilla,  
 Così al vento nelle foglie lievi  
 Sì perdea la sentenza di Sibilla.  
 O somma luce, che tanto ti lievi  
 Da' concetti mortali, alla mia mente  
 Ripresta un poco di quel che parevi;  
 E fa la lingua mia tanto possente, 70  
 Ch' una favilla sol della tua gloria  
 Possa lasciare alla futura gente;  
 Chè, per tornare alquanto a mia memoria,  
 E per sonare un poco in questi versi,  
 Più si conceperà di tua vittoria.  
 Io credo, per l' acume ch' io sofferesi  
 Del vivo raggio, ch' io sarei smarrito  
 Se gli occhi miei da lui fossero avversi.  
 E mi ricorda ch' i' fu' più ardito  
 Per questo a sostener tanto, ch' io giunsi 80  
 L' aspetto mio con valor infinito.  
 O abbondante grazia, ond' io presunsi  
 Ficar lo viso per la luce eterna  
 Tanto, che la veduta vi consunsi!  
 Nel suo profondo vidi che s' interna,  
 Legato con amore in un volume,  
 Ciò che per l' universo si squaderna;  
 Sustanzia ed accidente, e lor costume,  
 Tutti conflati insieme per tal modo,  
 Che ciò ch' io dico è un semplice lume. 90  
 La forma universal di questo nodo  
 Credo ch' io vidi, perchè più di largo,  
 Dicendo questo, mi sento ch' io godo.  
 Un punto solo m' è maggior letargo,  
 Che venticinque secoli alla impresa,  
 Che fe' Nettuno ammirar l' ombra d' Argo.  
 Così la mente mia tutta sospesa  
 Mirava fissa immobile ed attenta,  
 E sempre di mirar faceasi accesa.  
 A quella luce cotal si diventa, 100  
 Che volgersi da lei per altro aspetto  
 E impossibil che mai si consenta:  
 Perocchè il ben, ch' è del volere obbietto,  
 Tutto s' accoglie in lei, e fuor di quella

As vanished, yet upon my mind the sweet  
 Distils in balmy drops, that vision bore.  
 So dissipates the snow in solar heat,  
<sup>2</sup> So by the breeze amid the light leaves drifted  
 The sibyl's oracles dissolved to fleet.  
 O light supreme, that art so high uplifted  
 O'er man's conceptions, once more let my mind  
 Be with some fragment of thy presence gifted !  
 And cause my tongue such potency to find,  
 That of thy glory but one spark alone  
 It may to future ages leave behind ;  
 So shall, by some faint gleam on memory thrown,  
 And some faint echo these my lines convey,  
 Thy victory better be conceived and known.  
 I deem, by sharpness of the living ray  
 Which I supported, that my sight were spent  
 If once mine eyes had from it glanced away ;  
 And I remember, this more boldness lent  
 To me, that I endured till face to face  
 On The' Infinite of Might my look I bent.  
 That I dared venture for so long a space  
 My gaze through that eternal light to keep  
 Till sight was emptied—how exuberant grace !  
 That saw I harbour in its inmost deep  
 Bound in one volume (love the cords supplies)  
 Which spreads o'er all the universe to sweep ;  
 Substance, and accident, and properties  
 Of both, all fused together by such law,  
 That what I tell One simple light doth rise.  
 The universal form methinks I saw  
 Of that cohesion whence, while this is spoke,  
 I feel me larger draught of joy to draw.  
 One moment deals me more lethargic stroke  
<sup>3</sup> Than five and twenty ages that endeavour  
 Whence Argo's shadow Neptune's wonder woke.  
 Wholly absorbed, and fixed, and swerving never,  
 My spirit thus maintained her gaze intense,  
 And still to gaze fresh ardour kindled ever ;  
 Such becomes mind in that light's influence,  
 'T were all impossible that she, to fill  
 Her sight elsewhere, consent to turn her thence,  
 Since good, whate'er is object of the will,  
 There gathers all, and what is perfect there

<sup>2</sup> See *Inf.* c. xviii. n. 9.

E difettivo ciò ch' e lì perfetto.  
 Omai sarà più corta mia favella,  
 Pure a quel ch' io ricordo, che d' infante  
 Che bagni ancor la lingua alla mammella.  
 Non perchè più ch' un semplice sembante  
 Fosse nel vivo lume ch' io mirava, 110  
 Che tal è sempre qual era davante ;  
 Ma per la vista che s' avvalorava  
 In me, guardando, una sola parvenza,  
 Mutandom' io, a me si travagliava.  
 Nella profonda e chiara sussistenza  
 Dell' alto lume parvemi tre giri  
 Di tre colori e d' una continenza ;  
 E l' un dall' altro, come Iri da Iri,  
 Parea riflesso, e il terzo parea fuoco  
 Che quinci e quindi egualmente si spiri. 120  
 O quanto è corto il dire, e come fioco  
 Al mio concetto ! e questo, a quel ch' io vidi,  
 E tanto, che non basta a dicer poco.  
 O luce eterna, che sola in te sidi,  
 Sola t' intendi, e da te intelletta  
 Ed intendente te ami ed arridi !  
 Quella circolazion, che sì concetta  
 Pareva in te, come lume riflesso,  
 Dagli occhi miei alquanto circonspecta,  
 Dentro da sè del suo colore stesso 130  
 Mi parve pinta della nostra effige,  
 Perchè il mio viso in lei tutto era messo.  
 Qual è il geometra che tutto s' affige  
 Per misurar lo cerchio, e non ritruova,  
 Pensando, quel principio ond' egli indige ;  
 Tale era io a quella vista nuova :  
 Veder volea, come si convenne  
 L' imago al cerchio, e come vi s' indova ;  
 Ma non eran da ciò le proprie penne,  
 Se non che la mia mente fu percossa 140  
 Da un fulgore, in che sua voglia venne.  
 All' alta fantasia qui mancò possa ;  
 Ma già volgeva il mio disiro e il *velle*,  
 Sì come ruota che igualmente è mossa,  
 L' amor che muove il sole e l' altre stelle.

Without that light abides defective still.  
Now shall my speech be briefer, to compare  
With what I call to mind, than infant's phrase  
Who moistens yet the tongue with suckling's fare ;  
Not that with more than one and simple phase  
The living light whereon I looked was fraught,  
Which, as at first, the same doth ever blaze,  
But through my sight, which added vigour caught  
In me from gazing, one sole presence here  
Before my changing self transforming wrought.  
In that high light's profound subsistence clear  
I saw three circles, that of colours show  
Threefold, and one circumference appear ;  
And reflex one, as Iris' bow from bow,  
Seemed from the other, and the third seemed flame  
From this and that breathed out in equal glow.  
To my conception, oh ! how weak, how lame  
Is language ! nay, my very thought confessing  
Short of my vision—'t is too mild a name.  
O light eterne, that only self-possessing,  
Only self-knowing and self-known, with smile  
Of love self-cognisant, thyself art blessing,  
That orbic motion which, conceived in style  
Of light reflected, in thy bosom glowed,  
When deeply studied of mine eyes awhile,  
Within itself, of its own colour, showed  
To me depicted in our lineaments !  
Wherefore my look on this was all bestowed.  
As of geometer, whose whole intents  
Are set to square the circle, nor divine  
By thought what missing principle prevents,  
O'er that new sight such ponderings were mine ;  
How matched the image to the round, I fain  
Would see, and how itself do there inshrine ;  
But for that flight my proper wings were vain,  
Had not a bright flash suddenly assailed  
My mind—and on it came the wished-for gain.  
Here power to mine high-soaring fancy failed ;  
But like to wheel moved equal through its bars,  
To turn my wish and will e'en now prevailed  
The love that moves the sun and other stars.

<sup>4</sup> God Incarnate in the Person of the Son.

END OF THE PARADISE.



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